

26-1907

CORDIAL WELCOME TO REGER'S MUSIC 72-16-1906 His Extraordinary Variations Delight Audience at Symphony Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Variations and fugue on a merry theme by J. A. Hiller (1770).....Reger
Summer day on the Rhine.....Schjelderup
Sunrise over the Himalaya.....Schjelderup
Spanish caprice.....Rimsky-Korsakoff

All these pieces were performed in Boston for the first time.

Max Reger chose for the theme of his opus 100 a little roguish tune sung by a country girl in Hiller's operetta, "The Harvest Wreath." On this theme

he built 11 variations—one of them has nearly 200 measures—and a fugue. This set of variations is his third work for orchestra. His "Sinfonietta" provoked both hisses and applause in German concert halls. The composer was called by some an immortal; by others a madman "towing notes about." His "Serenade," which has been played here, also made enemies. The set of variations, first performed at Cologne Oct. 15 of last year, has been praised to the skies. We find Johannes Reichert of Dresden saying that each variation is a concise symphonic movement; that the variations are great because they are not variations. On the other hand, some say there never were such orchestral variations as these of Reger. There are others who are still noisier in their joy and characterize the work as "epoch making." Thus they indulge themselves in the hazardous pleasure of prophecy.

Is this set of variations a great work? Or does it remind the hearer of Mueller's translation from the Buddhist Gospels?

Hammer, hammer, tinkle, tinkle.
The shake, the shiver and the slumber.
The never-ending beginning.
The beginning that never ends.

Two sections of this work impress at once the average hearer: the second variation, by reason of its charm of mood and in consequence of a euphony that is seldom found in Reger's compositions, a euphony in this instance both harmonic and orchestral; then there is the fugue, which, built up with extraordinary skill, is colossal in structure, irresistible in its rhythmic sweep, rich in engrossing material and literally overpowering in the climax. These two sections at once excite interest and compel admiration. For in them is not only unusual technical skill displayed, but there is in the one case a direct emotional appeal, and in the other the hearer recognizes an expression of grandeur.

In the other variations there are emotional moments, but they are incidental, or they seem to be only digressions, as though the commentator of a serious and dry text should enliven a page by a display of fancy in a foot note. There is everywhere an exhibition of astonishing technique, a mastery over all sorts of harmonic complications, and as some one has said, Reger delights to wallow in counterpoint. Some of these exhibitions are dreary as far as any enjoyment outside of appreciation of the mastery is concerned.

There is much that is without aesthetic significance, nor can I agree with those who applaud Reger's use of the orchestra. He is not sensitive in his harmonic schemes; he is not a colorist; he has little sense of finesse; he does not care for nuances, demitints; he prefers to be rough and boisterous; and when he condescends to play with an emotion, he plays with it awkwardly. Worst of all, he knows not the value

of reserve; he insists on hammering his knowledge into you; not for a moment would he allow you to infer that he is an uncommonly skillful musician. Nor will he spare you though you beg for mercy and show him your watch. Like the narrator in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," he says his allotted say.

The work is very difficult and exhausting, but the performance was a superb one, in its elasticity and virility. Dr. Muck again showed a quality which he has in the highest degree: the ability to interpret a composition as the composer would probably have it interpreted, the ability to comprehend the composer's intentions, and also to infer from the "Miliu" of the composer that which vitalizes in the presentation of his thoughts. The audience received the work with unusual favor and Dr. Muck was more than once recalled.

Gerhard Schjelderup, a Norwegian now nearly 50 years old, studied at Paris and then went to Germany. Since 1896 he has dwelt in Dresden. He has known years of poverty and distress. He is described as a man of liberal education, a gentle, brave and independent soul, who is neglected by his colleagues because he will not ally himself to any musical party. Living in Dresden he remembers the friends of his native land, and he cannot forget them even when he sees in his mind's eye the sun rising over the colossal Himalaya.

The two pieces belong to the better class of pictorial music, which should never be confounded with that which is purely panoramic. Schjelderup gives his hearers credit for imagination. They must assist him, or, at least, step

toward him. Whether the "local color" is pronounced, whether the title of the first piece might be applied to an inlet of another northern land, is immaterial. To him who has never seen a Norwegian fjord, the one portrayed by Schjelderup in tones is plausible; it is romantic, it is beautiful.

Whether Schjelderup's sun could not have risen with equal effect over a Norwegian mountain or one of the Alps is again immaterial. The music was written for a Norwegian drama performed in Dresden a few years ago. It may have more significance in the playhouse. As a concert piece it is interesting and effective. The two pieces are free flights of fancy. They are poetic and individual. Here is a Norwegian who does not dilute Grieg. While he is a modern in the use of the orchestra and in his harmonic scheme he is not bizarre or "precieux."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish Caprice was pronounced by no less a man than Tchaikowsky to be "a colossal masterpiece of instrumentation." This was said over 20 years ago. The praise may now seem extravagant as far as the whole work is concerned, but the movement "Scene and Gypsy song" is certainly a marvel of instrumentation, though Berlioz preceded Rimsky-Korsakoff and orchestral miracles have been worked since Tchaikowsky

praised. The caprice is entertaining, but there is more of Spain in Chabrier's Rhapsody or in Debussy's piano piece "Evening in Grenada." The performance was brilliant and the daring feats of the composer were rivalled by the orchestra.

A BERLIOZ CONCERT.

Mr. Albert Debuchy purposes to give a concert of music by Berlioz in Jordan Hall on Friday afternoon, March 20. The programme will include the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; the ball scene from "Romeo and Juliet"; the trio for flutes and harp from "The Flight into Egypt"; minuet and Rakoczy march from "The Damnation of Faust"; and the first scene of act 2 of "The Trojans at Carthage." There will be solo singers, a chorus of 60 and an orchestra of 64. There will be no public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra that afternoon.

HER ALLOWANCE.

"Has a wife the right to retain as her own personal property savings made out of the money given to her by her husband for housekeeping purposes?"

This question came up recently in an English court. The judges supported counsel in the opinion that the money belonged to the husband; that the wife acted merely as his banker. In the particular case the wife was charged with unfaithfulness while her husband was in South Africa, and there is, therefore, apparent justice in the decision; but the judges laid down the statement as a general one.

Man's inhumanity to woman makes her often sly and mean. There are husbands who give the wife a certain amount each month for housekeeping, and demand an exact accounting. They do not ask her to be unduly economical, for they are fond of good living, but she is obliged to keep a cash account, and her accounts must balance. If she wishes money for her own personal needs she is obliged to go to her husband for each want. There are women who are forced to ask for money whenever they wish to shop or take pleasure, who are obliged to name every need, and to state in advance what the probable cost will be, who are under the necessity of asking even car fare. Their husbands are not close in dealing with men; they spend money freely on themselves; they give the wife what she wants and without a wry face, without chatter about "the extravagance of women," but the wife must ask.

These husbands have various reasons for their conduct. One may think that his wife has the mania of shopping, and with an allowance would run riot. Another wishes his wife to feel wholly dependent on him, "I work hard for my money. See how generous I am with you. Should you not be grateful? Are you not glad you married me? Whenever you ask for anything I give it to you." The wonder is that no thunderbolt strikes him in his attitude of the Model Husband. Then there is the careful man of business, who wishes to know how every dollar is to be spent.

If a man cannot trust his wife, he

had better live away from her. Let him give to her at stated intervals a sum of money according to his means. Let him not be curious concerning her disposition of it. Has he no respect for her pride? Does he wish to pry into her little needs and little extravagances? The majority of women are more thrifty than the majority of men. They are better bargainers in shop and market. They are inclined to save something, even when the allowance is necessarily small. Nothing irritates a woman more than the necessity of asking for little sums of money. Never does a husband appear meaner, more insignificant in his wife's eyes, than when he takes out a well filled wallet and doles out to her what she timidly says she should have.

Then there are husbands, good-looking and broad-shouldered, who do not work, who have no salary, no income. The wife pays all the bills and gives the husband a certain amount of spending money every Monday morning. But this phase of matrimony is too pathetic for minute consideration.

Leslie Harris.

Leslie Harris, a celebrated English entertainer with the piano, who will give entertainments in Steinert Hall on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 20th, 21st and 22d, has the advantage over many entertainers of account of his musical training. Originally intended for the musical profession, he studied piano and harmony and counterpoint at his home conservatory in Liverpool, and the organ under Dr. D. C. Browne of Norwich Cathedral. "Mr. Harris has the same loving touch of the keys as had that other eloquent entertainer at the piano, before he became too great to please with this charming nonsense, the late Richard Mansfield. He is much more of a pianist and he has much the same sense of fitness of key to the thought to be expressed, the same delightful power of filling his chords with full harmonic richness." One of the numbers at his second recital will be the "Merry Widow" waltz as it might have been played by Mozart, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Chopin and others.

COMING CONCERTS.

Mme. Katherine Goodson will give a piano recital at the Hotel Somerset Monday afternoon, the 24th. This will be the last concert in Miss Terry's series.

Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson of Baltimore will play music for two pianos in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon the 25th. The programme will include Hutcheson's "Caprice in F sharp" (Ms.) and Liszt's Concerto Pathétique.

The Monzaley quartet of New York will give its second concert in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, the 25th. The programme will include Schubert's quartet in A minor, op. 29; San Martin's sonata for two violins and cello, and Dvorak's quartet in E flat major, op. 5.

The third and last of the concerts announced by Chickering and Sons and directed by Mr. Dolmetsch, will take place in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, the 26th. The programme will include Bach's concerto in D major for harpsichord, flute and strings and Bach's "Comtesse" cantata for soprano and bass voices, flute, horn, strings and harpsichord. The singers will be Mrs. Sundelius and Mr. Denghausen.

Felix Fox, at his third chamber concert in Steinert Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 26th, will play piano pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, MacDowell, D'Albert and Wildor. Mr. Ferir, first viola of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will play with him Rubinstein's sonata for viola and piano and Forsyth's "Keltic Song."

The last Hoffmann quartet concert will take place on Thursday evening, the 27th, when Mrs. Beach's piano quintet, Op. 67, will be performed for the first time with the assistance of the composer. The other pieces will be Schumann's quartet, Op. 41, No. 2, and two movements of Debussy's quartet.

The Carolyn Becker quartet will give a concert in Steinert Hall Thursday evening, March 5, assisted by Mr. Grisez, first clarinetist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Miss Gertrude Belcher, pianist. Mozart's clarinet quintet, Moszkowski's suite for two violins and piano; a quartet by Brahms.

G. L. Lansing and H. F. Odell will give a festival mandolin and banjo concert in Jordan Hall, Wednesday evening, March 25. The following will appear: The Boston Operatic Society, 60 voices, the Boston Ideal Club, the Langham orchestra, Lansing's Mandolin orchestra, the M. I. T. Mandolin Club, Fred Kendall, humorist, and an orchestra of 200 banjos, mandolins and guitars.

Row at Majestic
Spoils the Play

Harvard Students Throw Lemons
at Actors and Actresses in
"Brown of Harvard."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Brown of Harvard," a play in four acts by Rida Johnson Young, produced under the personal supervision of Henry Miller. The cast was as follows:

Tom Brown.....	Henry Woodruff
Gerald Thorn.....	Albert Perry
Wilfred Kenyon.....	J. Heron Miller
Claxton Maddern.....	Eugene O'Brien
John Cartwright.....	Douglas J. Wood
"Tubby" Anderson.....	Arthur Shaw
"Happy" Thurston.....	William Rosell
Walter Bernard.....	J. W. Strong
Arden Pierce.....	Kenneth Lacey
Thompson Coyne.....	Charles West
"Bud" Hall.....	Robert Stow Gil
Victor Colton.....	Hal McAllister
Miss.....	W. Scott Bailey
Collington.....	Daniel Pennell
Miss.....	Frank Willard
Miss.....	Frank Willard
Miss.....	Mabel Burt
Miss.....	Willette Kershaw
Miss.....	Lolita Robertson
Miss.....	Ethel Martin

An account of the disturbance made by young gentlemen of Harvard University, and also by some, no doubt, who wished to be counted as Harvard students, is given elsewhere in this issue of The Herald. The disturbance began before the going up of the curtain, and it continued throughout the performance.

Groaning, whistling, hissing, derisive laughter and insulting remarks made to the women and the men of the company were supplemented by the throwing of lemons from the orchestra seats and from the boxes at the actors and actresses.

There was a return to the days of Garrick, when an audience would show its dissatisfaction with verbal force, and by pelted the actors with fruit, with Seville oranges, or at times with decayed vegetables. It must be confessed that the wit of the disturbers last night was of a cheap and tiresome order. It lacked the pungency and vigor of the dissatisfied in the heroic days of the drama. On the other hand, the lemon in Garrick's time had not its present objectionable symbolism.

The conduct of the young gentlemen of Harvard University was an insult to those of the audience who were present to enjoy the play, and to the men and women on the stage. The young gentlemen seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in baiting each one of the actresses as she appeared. It is a pity that the son of the German Emperor was not present, to become at once acquainted with the advantages of an American university education.

In view of the circumstances, any critical notice of the play and of the performance would be unfair. A review will be published in The Herald of Wednesday morning.

GIVE PAINE'S OPERA
IN CONCERT FORM

"Azara" Sung by Cecilia Society as Third During Its
31st Season.

The Cecilia society gave the third concert of its 31st season last night in Symphony Hall. B. J. Lang then made his last appearance as the conductor of the Cecilia at a regular concert of the society, which he has led from its organization.

The work performed was "Azara," a grand opera in three acts by the late John K. Paine. The performance was in concert form. The music of the various characters was sung by H. F. Merrill, Rainulf; George Deane, Gontran; Mrs. Alice B. Rice, Azara; Mrs. Bertha C. Child, Odo; Earl Cartwright, Aymar; Stephen Townsend, Malek; Mrs. Rebecca Howe, Garsie; Miss Adelaide Griggs, Colas; James H. Rattigan, a huntsman. There were 60 players from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

There was a pathetic interest in the performance of Prof. Paine's "Azara." The composer had worked on the opera for many years; he saw it published; until the day of his death he lived in the hope of seeing it performed either in the Metropolitan Opera House or in some theatre of Germany, for a translation into German was made by Karl Pflüger. The composer died having heard only performances of the ballet music and other excerpts.

It has been said that Prof. Paine was urged by Theodore Thomas to write an opera when Thomas was at the head of the American Opera Company, which came to a sad ending. When Mme. Farnes went to Paris a little over 20 years ago to study singing with Mme. Marchesi she looked forward to impersonating some day, somewhere, the heroine of this opera, for the composer had a firm belief in her future, and he had her voice in mind when he wrote much of the music for Azara.

Even last night the opera was not performed as a whole. Cutting was absolutely necessary to end the performance at a reasonable hour. Malek was reduced to an insignificant figure in the first act. Orchestral introductions and interludes were cut out or shortened, the ballet music was left out, and the long "orchestral scene" in the second act was not performed. There was much cutting, although the programme book described the cuts, with the exception of that of the ballet music, as "few" and "short." These omissions were often detrimental to the musical continuity and to the development of the plot.

Tribute to Late Composer.

The production of this opera by the Cecilia at Mr. Lang's last concert was a pious act, a tribute to the memory of the late composer. The performance gave many an opportunity of forming some idea of the character of the music and imagining what the effect would be if the opera were played in a theatre with the characters in costume and with stage scenery and effects.

I say "some idea," not with reference to the nature of the vocal performance last night, but because the music of an opera can be judged fairly only by hearing it in its proper place with an orchestra accustomed to operatic works, led by a conductor trained in operatic ways. Orchestral passages that in a concert performance may seem insignificant, commonplace, may in the opera house be illustrative or dramatic.

Suppose, for an example, that Gluck's "Alceste" were to be performed tonight in a concert. Of what effect would the horn call of Charon be? On the stage where at that moment the situation is pathetic, tragic, this call is intensely dramatic. No orchestral storm and fury could so chill the hearer's blood, for the hearer is then a spectator. Furthermore he has been gradually prepared for this master stroke, not only by his ears, but by his eyes.

The opera has been characterized as a meretricious form of art because it makes at one and the same time many appeals to the hearer. It is not necessary to discuss now the truth of this statement. It is enough to say that a composer of an opera plans his work as a whole and in detail for the demands, the exigencies, the glamor of the opera house. He does not write an oratorio or a cantata. He writes with a view to dramatic action, stage settings, costumed and experienced singers. He knows full well, if he have what is known as stage instinct, that what might make little effect in concert, might arouse enthusiasm in the theatre.

Pity Paine Could Not Hear Work.

It is a pity that the composer of "Azara" could not have heard his opera soon after it was completed. There are few who do not learn by experience. A performance reveals the weak spots, the inconsequential passages, the redundant pages. It teaches the value of conciseness, the worthlessness for stage purposes of laboriously constructed numbers that have no dramatic value though they may have a fair appearance in the score.

The performance last night was in the nature of a memorial service. I do not think it would be just or decent to speak of "Azara" as though it were an opera performed in the opera house while the composer were alive. No doubt Prof. Paine would have made changes had the work been put in rehearsal. No doubt many pages would have been omitted, not necessarily those that were cut out last night.

The solo singers and the chorus were earnest in endeavor. Mrs. Rice sang the purely lyrical passages skillfully. Her tones were pure and often of an exquisite character. Her performance was one to be commended heartily.

Mr. Lang was welcomed when he came upon the stage by warm and long continued applause. There were other demonstrations of the good will entertained toward him by the Cecilia audiences and of the appreciation of his services in the cause of music during his long and honorable career as conductor of the society.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES
FOURTH CONCERT

Miss Louise Ormsby, Soprano, and Mr. Bak of the
Symphony Assist.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its fourth concert last night in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Meyerbeer, chorus of bishops and priests from "L'Africaine," with organ, piano, four trombones and two trumpets; Gibson, "A Summer's Lullaby"; Wieniawski, polonaise brillante (Mr. Bak); Kremser, "Through Whispering Boughs"; songs, Goring-Thomas, "Le Balser"; Vaux, "Si Mes Vers"; Massenet, "Si tu Veux, Mignone"; and Noel Paine (Miss Louise Ormsby); Sullivan-Brewer, "The Lost Chord"; Rudolph Wagner, "Troubadour's Song"; Vieuxtemps, andante from second concerto, Zarycki, mazurka (Mr. Bak); Foster-Van der Stucken, "Old Folks at Home" (baritone solo by Mr. Wilson); songs, Quilter, "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal"; Ham-

mond, "Twins in the Lovely Month of May"; Del Riego, "Happy Song" (Miss Ormsby); Neven, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," with violin obbligato; Soldiers' chorus from "Faust," with organ, piano and brass instruments. Miss Louise Ormsby, soprano, of New York; Mr. Adolph Bak, violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra; Messrs. A. S. Wolsow and W. Hill, trumpets, and G. W. Woelber, trombones, assisted. Mr. John O'Shea, organist and pianist, and Mr. Grant Drake, pianist, also assisted.

It will be noticed that three or four favorite compositions were sung to the evident pleasure of the audience. The selection of Kremser's part song was peculiarly appropriate, for the Vienna Male Singing Society, of which he has been first conductor since 1869, will soon visit America. Whether such arrangements as those of the choruses by Meyerbeer and Gounod have true musical value is a question for academic discussion. There is no doubt but that they suit the popular taste.

The club sang with a finish that was not finical, with marked variety of expression and with a vigor that was within musical bounds. The soloists were recalled and they added to the programme. Not the least pleasant feature of the concert was Mr. Wilson's delivery of Foster's familiar but ever beautiful melody in the arrangement by Van Der Stucken.

It is understood that the 36th season of the club which closed last night has been a prosperous one in all respects.

CONCERT FOYER

Note on Miss Bessie Abbott and
Her Career; Sang Here
Last December.

GOSSIP ABOUT MUSIC
AND MUSICIANS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Why did not Miss Bessie Abbott sing in Boston?

She told New York reporters on April 5 that there was no question at any time of her going to Boston to sing with the company. "My lawyer began his negotiations with Mr. Conried a month ago, and there was no talk of my going to Boston or elsewhere with the company."

The acting manager of the Metropolitan Opera House Company in Boston told me two days before the performance of "Martha" that Miss Abbott had not arrived and that he was afraid she would not come. He made the same statement on Wednesday night, and added that there was still a chance of her coming, although he did not think she would. The fact that he wished to substitute "La Boheme" with Miss Farrar, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti, and that the local management insisted on a performance of "Martha" so that the subscribers would not be disappointed, has already been published in The Herald. The statement reflects on the subscribers rather than on the management. Possibly the subscribers would have preferred "The Bohemian Girl" to even "Martha."

Miss Abbott sang here at one of Mrs. Hall McAllister's morning concerts at the Hotel Somerset the 17th of last December. She then sang "Caro nome" from "Rigoletto," Tschalkowsky's "Berceuse" and Godard's "Chanson de Juliet." In the aria she disappointed, and she evidently was hurt by the coolness of the audience. She sang the song by Tschalkowsky in a most charming manner. I heard Miss Abbott later in the season in New York in the concert given at the Metropolitan Opera House just before the performance of "Salome." She then sang in the final trio from "Faust." Her voice was of exquisite purity and it filled easily the huge room.

It is a pity that Miss Abbott disappointed us. It is a pity that she had to speak of "My lawyer," although every respectable prima donna is supposed to have a lawyer as well as a secretary, lady's maid, and a mother. A husband is convenient but not indispensable.

Miss Abbott is suing for damages because Mr. Conried did not allow her to sing as often as it seemed good to her. She says that Mr. Conried made many promises to her when he engaged her. "He failed to do anything that he promised, and for that reason I began my suit for damages. I am a nervous wreck as a result of all that I have suffered at the Metropolitan."

She was to sing, she says, the parts of Martha, Mimi, Glida, Lucia, Violetta, Susanna, the Queen of Navarre, Marguerite and Juliet whenever the operas were performed. Mr. Conried answered: "To enable her to do it I would have had to reject the services of Mme. Sembrich and Miss Farrar, whom the public was anxious to hear." Mr. Conried adds that Miss Abbott demanded for next year 20 appearances on subscription nights and 30 others at \$500 a performance. Miss Abbott was engaged as a substitute and not as a leading prima donna.

The press agent of the Metropolitan Opera House company described her in glowing terms in the circulars sent to the Boston newspapers.

It appears that she was born at Riverside, near Ogdensburg, N. Y., "in the country seat of the Pickens family."

Now listen to this: "Miss Abbott numbers among her immediate ancestors: Pickens of South Carolina, one of whom was Governor of the state and ambassador to Russia. She is a descendant of one of the oldest families in England—the "Abbotts of Abbotsford" and is a grandniece of the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury. She was educated at St. Joseph's Convent and St. John's private school, New York city." Then there is the story of Mr. Jean de Reszke's interest in her and of her study in New York and Paris for opera.

I have a picture of the sisters Abbott before me, for Bessie and Jessie were then known as "Abbott," not "Abbott." The photograph was taken by Hall of New York. The sisters are in costume, with skirts that show their slim, pretty legs to the knees, and queer, dinky hats. One sister is playing a mandoline, the other is picking a banjo. They appeared on the Empire stage in London, June 29, 1896, and a reporter of the Sketch then said: "When I was much younger I lived in a state of great doubt as to whether sisters were a dispensation of Providence or a music hall arrangement. On reaching years of indiscretion I became acquainted with specimens of the special brand of sisters attached to variety theatres and found that these curious relatives were generally unlike in every way, and possessed nothing in common except incapacity and a mother who usually received about 25 shillings a week and a free pass to the family brougham. This common mother was often led into strange remarks about her daughters, and these remarks, usually born of whiskey and soda, helped to increase my state of uncertainty."

The doubting Thomas of us at last found two sisters alike in form and feature, born on the same day, with a charming mother. The sisters "Abbott" convinced him.

Their story was a simple one. They were obliged to leave the "country seat" near Ogdensburg. They were in Augustin Daly's company; in "Little Christopher Columbus," managed by Mr. E. E. Rice; then they went into variety theatres. Miss Bessie gave the reason for becoming variety entertainers: "You see, at the theatre we are worked to death and paid well; on the variety stage the work is lighter, the pay is splendid." The sisters pleased the Londoners and were "complimented by the Prince and Princess of Wales." It was in 1897 that Miss Bessie attracted the attention of Mr. Jean de Reszke by singing with her sister plantation songs on an ocean steamer. She sang for him later in London, and he offered to train her for the operatic stage. Miss Bessie in those happy days of variety shows had no secretary; she had no lawyer.

Mr. David Bispham came to grief with his opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield." A London critic wrote: "Mr. Bispham, we know, had great confidence in Mme. Lehmann's melodious work, but it may be doubted whether he quite took into account the immense number of theatre-goers there are in London who are drawn to music plays in proportion to the popularity of the comedians taking part in them. It is a melancholy fact that good light opera rarely, if ever, succeeds in London on the strength of its musical charm. One could point to numerous failures, complete or comparative, in proof of the assertion that comic opera which goes short of a liberal supply of 'low comedy'—the 'lower' the better as a rule—is almost invariably cold-shouldered by the London public." Mr. Bispham gave a concert last month in London with a programme made up exclusively of selections from Mme. Lehmann's opera.

Mr. Frank Richardson, who has the reputation in London of being a humorist, says: "It is deplorable to note that the mania which has, for so long, been prevalent among the younger and less competent actresses on the light opera stage for being photographed exhibiting every pearly tooth in their beautiful heads is spreading. The leading lady at one of our most serious playhouses is now developing into a colossal snapper advertisement."

Mr. Wakeling Dry and Dr. H. M. Lee have given a series of musical entertainments in London, called "The Four O'Clocks." There were lectures on music and also vocal and instrumental music. The announcement stated that "in addition to the lecture and the tea there will be some dozen pictures to look at." There were certain afternoon piano and song recitals in Boston this season at which tea with lemon might appropriately have been poured.

Goldmark has completed his new opera based on Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." He says that the play pleased him by the contrast between gravity and mirth. The librettist has condensed the plot and "transposed the text to meet the musical requirement, but only where absolutely necessary." The opera is in three acts. "The second," in Bohemia, "afforded me opportunity to develop intense national life; here also occur the national dances." Shakespeare's "Bohemia" has a sea coast. Why should it not also have the national dances, although the polka was unknown in the dramatist's time? Polkines is a baritone; Leontes, a tenor; Florizel, a lyric tenor; Autolycus, a bass buffo; and Perdita will be impersonated by a young playactress.

There is still doubt concerning the successor to Fritz Schell as conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra. "A cablegram was received from Steinberg of Cologne declining to accept the conductorship unless he were paid an immense salary that the Philadelphia orchestra could not afford." The business manager said recently that while Mr. Leandro Campanari gave eminent satisfaction he would not be appointed, neither would Mr. Herbert, Mr. Damrosch nor—Mr. Nahan Franko.

The Playgoers Club of London discussed the question "Should Actresses Marry?" We do not know whether they should or not, but they do. As Mr. Oliver Herford once asked: "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?" Hazlitt said that to marry a playactress for the admiration she excites on the stage, is to imitate the man who bought Punch.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes, apropos of the new managers of the Opera of that city, that the standard of performances has not been very high of late. "The 'Mise-en-scène' may present certain points of excellence peculiar to Paris, but the actual interpretation of works is often inferior either to Covent Garden or to the Metropolitan of New York. It is to be feared that intrigue plays a part in the distribution of roles, and that new talent is not sufficiently encouraged. Moreover, the Parisian public seems to have lost its enthusiasm for good music. It goes to the Opera as a matter of course, as a sort of social function, to be seen of its neighbors and to talk, in the entr'actes, the 'potins' of the boulevard. Many things should be swept away; old institutions, that no longer justify their existence. The maintenance of a permanent corps de ballet is, in itself, something of an absurdity, the seating accommodation needs readjustment, and the orchestra to be placed underground as at Bayreuth. Finally, there is the question of the 'foyer de la danse,' which, in its present state, is an abomination."

If any young woman is demented with the mania of going on the stage either as a chorus girl, or to play Juliet, or to impersonate Brunhilde the first season, let her read Mr. John Fyvie's "Comedy Queens." As a London reviewer wrote: "Lives of great actresses do not always remind us that we may make our lives sublime. . . . With few exceptions, these brilliant women, so prodigal in their weaknesses, so captivating and enchanting, the toasts of princes and peers, loving and loved, flattered and caressed and applauded, turning the heads of statesmen and philosophers, the darlings of their day, yet lost everything, and fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from their high estate, died miserably. Mr. Fyvie is a candid chronicler, and spares us very few details. The beautiful faces of most of his heroines smile joyously on us as they smiled on our be-wigged and be-ruffled Georgian forefathers. But we, less happy than they, can not only see them on the stage, the admired of all admirers, but can stand by the dreary death beds of the forgotten favorites, and sigh over the tragedy of the lavish, generous, warm-blooded, artistic temperament, which gave so prodigally, and garnered so little. Bless them! We hope they are happy somewhere now."

Nor is the unhappy ending always the result of a grasshopper life. If there was a Charlotte Clarke, who, "after many amours and much merry masquerading in man's clothe, was reduced to selling sausages for a livelihood, and finally died in a squalor," there is also the industrious Mme. Georgina Burns, who sang for years with the Carl Rosa company. Her savings were lost in some musical venture, and she was forsaken, forgotten and destitute a month ago, when an appeal was made to establish her at Liverpool as a teacher of singing. She is now only 47 years old, but she retired from the stage in 1895. She was the wife of Leslie Crotty, a baritone, and when she left the Carl Rosa company he and she started a light opera company of their own. For several years she was too sick to earn anything.

The following paragraph, published in the London Telegraph, is of general application: "Must it be interpreted as yet another sign of the 'entente cordiale' that English concertgoers are now so thoroughly familiar with the French language that they no longer need a translation of French lyrics in books of words? At any rate, a vocal recital given in London last Monday was remarkable for this anomaly, that whereas the words of the songs interpreted in German and in Italian were translated for the benefit of the audience, those sung in French were printed in that language only. Of course, as the audience only paid 6d. for the privilege of being able to follow the text of the songs, it really did not matter. Besides, as has been hinted, it is gratifying to think that every educated Londoner now speaks and understands French as perfectly as a veritable boulevardier. Blessed 'entente'!"

In Kansas City there is an orchestra of old men "who play not for worldly gain but for mutual enjoyment for themselves and for the entertainment of their families and friends." The director, an elderly and moving spirit, is a gray-haired brick mason. "In the winter and rush of business," he laid aside the fiddle which he had played as a boy, until about seven years ago a niece asked him to teach her to play a violin which she had received as a gift. "Then it all came back to him." He gathered about him a few of his old friends until there was an orchestra of 15. "In the line of music there is nothing from Wagner and Verdi down to Sousa and ragtime. The orchestra is afraid to tackle." The cornetist is "a salesman for a thrashing machine house in the Western bottoms."

April
13 "THE SHADES." • 1907
A correspondent asks if "The Shades" is now ever seen as the sign of a barroom, and what was the origin of the term. We have seen the sign in London and other English towns, and many years ago it was not uncommon in New York. The

word came from England, where it was usually applied to wine-vaults, though early in the 19th century "The Shades" at Spring Gardens was a subterranean ale-shop.

There was something poetic about the term, and it was much to be preferred to "sample room," which was common in this country in the sixties and seventies, and may even now be seen. "The Shades" suggests quiet and seclusion and friendly, intimate conversation. The term "sample room" first appeared on doors put up across the back part of certain wholesale wine and liquor stores. In the back room there was sampling until there was so much dead-beating that wine and liquor served as "samples" were sold at a price. The term was afterward applied to any barroom, for it was thought to be more genteel and respectable. This led Richard Grant White to say: "Very worthy and well-behaved, and even intelligent, men do keep bars and taverns; but if they do, let them say so. When I see 'sample room' over a door, I feel a respect for a barroom, and as if I could take to my heart a man who owns that he keeps a grog shop."

April 14 1907
22ND CONCERT BY
MUCK'S ORCHESTRA
Boston Symphony Heard in
New and Harmless Serenade
by Max Reger,

HADLEY'S "SALOME" PLAYED FIRST TIME

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Serenade for orchestra, op. 95.....Reger
"Salome," tone poem after Oscar Wilde's
Tragedy, op. 55.....Hadley
"Romeo and Juliet," overture fantasia after
Shakespeare.....Tschalkowsky

Reger's serenade was played in Boston for the first time. The performance of Hadley's symphony was probably the first. I say "probably," for although the work was rehearsed by Jehin's orchestra at Monte Carlo, the departure of the orchestra with the opera company of the Prince of Monaco for a short visit to Berlin probably postponed the performance.

The Serenade of Reger was produced at Cologne late in the fall of last year. The Theodore Thomas orchestra played it at Chicago the 16th of last month.

Unlike the composer's Sinfonietta, the Serenade was not hissed violently in Berlin when Mr. Nikisch produced it at a Philharmonic concert, nor has it awakened screams of protest in other cities of Germany. It is scored peculiarly. Two strong choirs are used, one muted, one unmuted. The double basses are unmuted. The other instruments are two flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, kettledrums and one harp.

We have heard little of Reger's music in Boston. A serenade for flute, violin and viola was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony quartet a little over a year ago. It turned out to be an amiable, agreeable composition, neither pretensions nor important. A year ago this month, Mr. Marteau introduced a much stronger work, the Sonata, in F sharp minor, for violin and piano. The Sonata was distinguished by a charming allegretto and a finale in variation form which ended with an exceedingly brilliant fugue. The music was often intensely dramatic; the dramatic expression moved freely in old moulds. Songs by Reger have been sung here, chiefly by Mr. Sharpe in the semi-privacy of his dwelling house.

There are some who shout and do not grow weary of shouting the praise of Max Reger. According to them, he is a modern Bach, he is the greatest of all composers now living, he is already numbered among the immortals. These shouts naturally irritate sane persons and drive them to the other extreme. They deny all musical gifts to Reger, except extraordinary facility and industry, qualities that are not praise-worthy, when the composer has nothing to say. Qualities that may be justly considered as dangerous; they lead an exasperated public to demand that the composer be bound over to keep the peace.

Serenade Is Soporific.

But there is nothing to irritate any one in this serenade. On the contrary, music induces a disposition to sleep. It is as blameless as the Ethiopians, to whom Zeus paid visits when he was weary of the quarrels and revelling

on Olympus. There is also nothing in the music to support the statements of the Regerites, for it is not emotional, it is not beautiful, it is not interesting except episodically, and then as by accident; it is not even discordant in an original and glorious manner; it is a long weaving of common-places.

It flows along, now like a thick stream of cold molasses, and now with the lightness of slippery water. I know of no ancient or modern music that reminds a well disposed hearer so much of the summer drink recommended by John Phosnix: Three parts of water-gruel and two of root beer; thickened with a little soft squash, and strain through a camellia-strainer. The fatal facility of the man! One can see him writing counterpoint with both hands. His facility is called only by his long-windedness.

Mr. Henry Hadley, born in Somerville, has been living in Europe for the last three years, going about as a conductor of his works and those of others. It is said that he composed his "Salome" before he saw the score of Richard Strauss' opera, which, imported, shocked the sensitive feelings of certain professional critics in New York and aroused an edifying discussion concerning morality in life and art which ceased only with the full publication of the evidence in the Thaw trial.

It was fortunate for Mr. Hadley's peace of mind that his "Salome" was performed for the first time in Boston and not in New York. No protests or advance were sent to Symphony Hall; no letters from indignant citizens and citizenesses were published in the newspapers. Nor was there last night any exodus of persons with outraged feelings from the hall. The statues did not fall from the niches. There was no thunderbolt, there was no quaking of the earth. Yet Mr. Hadley had the courage to say frankly that his music was in illustration of the tragedy by Oscar Wilde, a tragedy, by the way, that is superb in its fantastical beauty and strange dramatic intensity.

This music is programme music, but the programme is not of the interlinear nature so dear to lazy schoolboys who cared not for Caesar and Virgil. Mr. Hadley printed on a page of his score the argument of Wilde's tragedy. He gave only one title in the course of the score: "Salome's Dance." The hearer may find the opening pages illustrative of the moonlight night and the great terrace in the Palace of Herod and of the dialogue that begins:

The Young Syrian: How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

The Page of Herodias: Look at the moon. How strange the moon seems! She is like a woman rising from a tomb. She is like a dead woman. One might fancy she was looking for dead things.

Must Remember Wilde.

But he must do his own task of identification. He may find a trombone theme typical of John the Baptist; he may associate certain pages with the desire of Salome, and connect trumpet calls with appearance of the sensual, superstitious, sly, neurasthenic Tetrarch, but he does this at his own risk. It is enough if the hearer, knowing Wilde's tragedy, is constantly reminded; if his imagination is quickened by the music.

Mr. Hadley's "Salome" made a marked and immediate effect, nor was this due to the fact that it came after Mr. Reger's soporific serenade, for there was an intermission between the works so that the audience had time to pinch itself or set its blood in circulation by a quick walk in the corridor. Mr. Hadley's music pleased because it has melody, rhythm and color; because it is poetical, dramatic, imaginative. It is not necessary to inquire how closely he reproduces the text of episodes in the tragedy; this would be foolish and futile. He has caught in a large measure the spirit of the tragedy, and that is the important thing.

There are a few pages here and there that he would not doubt write better a dozen years from now, or he would reject them. The music that may be supposed to typify John the Baptist is conventional. There is little suggestion of the wild man from the desert in it. But the perverse caprices, the desire, the passion of Salome are expressed amorously and ardently in the music. The dance is one of much distinction in its exoticism, not is it too realistically oriental.

The opening pages have mood, and this mood, changed as a landscape when the moon is clouded, makes an effective close with its tragic interruption, the command of Herod, unable through horror or jealousy to look longer on Salome's ecstasy. There is much individuality in the stronger portions of the work. There is freedom in thought and in expression. The music as a whole is a marked advance on Mr. Hadley's symphony that was performed here two seasons ago.

Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" has been played here several times. Dr. Muck gave a very dramatic reading of this overture, which must be reckoned among the greatest of Tschalkowsky's compositions. The feud music has seldom, if ever, had such significance, nor has the glowing love theme, the chant of triumphant love that mocks time and space, ever been sung with more overwhelming passion.

Coming Concerts.

The sixth and last concert of the Boston Symphony quartet will take place in Chickering Hall on Monday evening, April 22. This is the concert that was announced for April 1. The programme will be as follows: Schumann's quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1; three movements from a serenade, op. 61, by Jacques-Dalcroze (first time here), and Beethoven's septet, op. 20. Mr. Griacz, clarinet; Mr. Hess, horn; Mr. Sadoni, bassoon, and Mr. Keller, double bass, will assist.

Mr. Felix Fox will give his last chamber concert in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, the 22d, when he will be assisted by Miss Mary V. Pratt, pianist. The programme will include Arensky's "Silhouettes," Saint-Saens' Scherzo, op. 87, and Widor's Toccata for two pianos.

Mr. Fox will play MacDowell's Sonata Tragica, pieces by Chopin and Schumann's Toccata.

Mme. Maud Powell, who will play at the Symphony concert this week will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, April 23, with the assistance of Mr. George Falkenstein, pianist. Her programme will include these pieces: Schubert's Rondo Brilliant, op. 70; Adagio in C minor from Florillo's Etude No. 35 (unaccompanied); Tartini's "L'Art de l'archet" (variations on a theme by Corelli);

Couperin's "La Fleurie" (translated by Mme. Powell); Rondo, from Mozart's Serenade, written for the wedding of Elizabeth Haffner; Arensky's Concert de Salon, op. 34; "The Coquette" from op. 31, by Brockway; Slavic Dance No. 7, from Dvorak's op. 72, and Wieniawski's Polonaise in D major.

Tickets are now on sale at Chickering Hall for the concert of Mr. Alwin Schroeder, Thursday evening, April 25. This will be the farewell appearance in Boston of Mr. Schroeder, who is about to take up his residence in Frankfurt, Germany. He will be assisted by his daughter, Miss Elfride Schroeder; Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Max Zach and Mr. H. G. Tucker.

The programme of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's second recital in Chickering Hall, Friday evening, the 26th, for the MacDowell fund, will consist of songs and piano pieces by the unfortunate composer. Mr. Heinrich will be assisted by Mrs. Minnie L. Longley, pianist.

Mr. George Copeland, Jr., will give a piano recital in the Hotel Tulleries Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when he will play pieces of Bach, Chopin, Debussy, Pfitz, Moret, Mendelssohn and other composers.

A concert will be given by the Chorister Club at the Hotel Tulleries on Tuesday evening. The club is composed of past and present members of boy choirs. Miss Edith W. Bly will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Monday at 8:15 P. M. She will play pieces by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Chadowick, Wagner-Brassini and Liszt.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, will give a recital here Saturday afternoon, the 27th.

Mr. Heberlein, cellist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, May 13. The programme will include his Emperor gavotte for eight cellos.

Other announcements are made on the music page of this issue.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The sale of seats for the second Pension Fund concert in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, the 28th, will open at the box office of Symphony Hall next Friday morning. The programme will consist of seven overtures and preludes by Wagner in chronological order and the funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods." It was estimated at the time that as many people were turned away from Symphony Hall as those who secured seats. This will be Dr. Muck's last appearance but two, for on the following Friday and Saturday come the final public rehearsal and concert of the season, and on May 14 Dr. Muck sails for Germany, where he will remain during the summer, returning to Boston at the end of September. Mail orders may now be sent in to Symphony Hall, addressed to Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager.

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION.

Beginning with a large class of untrained voices 10 years ago, the choral union of today is one of the most prosperous musical organizations of the city. The chorus, which numbers about 400, is made up for the greater part of singers without individual training. It was formed particularly for such lovers who are not music students but enjoy a recreative general study of a good class of music. The rehearsals are held on Sunday afternoons and the only expense is cents each lesson, payable at the door. Music is provided for rehearsal use free of charge. The support of the movement comes from the people themselves. The dues collected at the door defray the expense of hall, music, printing, etc. The services of the director, organist and officers are given without compensation. The musical progress has been marked.

Handel's "Samson" will be given in Symphony Hall on April 21. Miss Lucy Anne Allen, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Child, alto; Mr. Theodore Van York, tenor; Herbert Witherspoon, bass, will be the solo singers. More than half the seats for this concert have been sold by the members to their friends.

Since the society was established over \$20,000 have been paid out for solo singers, orchestra, rent of halls, music, etc. No sum of money, however small, has been paid to any of the promoters of the society. Mr. Cole has proved himself to be the one man for the appointed work, and his influence on the development of the People's Choral Union cannot be too highly estimated.

Mr. John A. O'Shea of Boston was the organist at the inauguration of the new organ of St. Ann's Church, Montreal, April 2. He played pieces by Bach, Wagner, Caellerts, Thiele, his own offertory in E, a fantasia by Buck, transcriptions of the march from "Tannhauser" and the overture to "William Tell." The reviews published in the Montreal journals were of a very complimentary nature.

Mr. Willy Jaffe has been sounding the praises of Wisconsin's geniuses in music. One of them, a composer of a "tender age"—he is 19 years old—J. Homer Davis, lives in Chicago. He has written over 200 compositions: a symphony, three overtures, an orchestral suite, an operetta, a cantata, a mass, a string quartet, over 100 songs. He is "credited with a wonderful gift for melody." There is also Mr. Robert Adams Bull of Waukegan, who gave a piano recital in Berlin, not to mention Mr. Donald Ferguson, a native of Waupun. He is studying in London. "What I have seen so far of Ferguson's creative efforts leads me to believe that he will make good."

COIFFURE RIVALS

Sir Edward Elgar Thinks Poorly of Music Critics; Mr. Lang's Farewell; Coming Singers.

BY PHILIP HALE.

THEY are still discussing in London and Paris the question of the theatre hat. It appears that pins are no longer the sole means of attaching hats to hair. There are clusters of curls "that are part and parcel of the millinery worn and tress draperies; in other words, festoons of hair actually carried right over on to the hat's brim and there secured by means of decorative little golden prongs." Therefore, if a male has the courage to ask a woman in front of him to remove the obstruction, her "apparently straightforward and simple action will involve the ruination of a structure that has taken 'ages' to erect, and the safe stowing away of hat pins, veil, stray curls, gold prongs and the millinery triumph itself."

Women in Boston have been at last persuaded by entreaties and ridicule and obliged by managerial decree to remove their hats in theatres. Is it through malice that they have devised a still more ingenious obstruction than the most flamboyant hat?

The elaborate coiffures displayed during the week of opera reminded the unfortunate male spectator of 18th century elaboration, when ships at sea, a coach and horses, vegetable gardens, bird cages and equally fantastical coiffures were in fashion; when the women slept with their heads in cages to prevent catastrophes. The coiffures recalled the speech of Increase Mather to the women of this city when a comet seen in 1683 excited wonder and alarm. Mather intimated that the vanity of the Boston women attracted the comet's tail. "Will not the haughty daughters of Zion refrain their pride in apparel? Will they lay out their hair, and wear their false locks, their borders and towers like comets about their heads?" They recalled the news item published by the Boston Gazette of May in 1771 which told of a young woman who was thrown from a carriage. Her tower was partly torn off, and it proved to be stuffed with yarn, wool, tow, curled hair and hay. The boys played football with the mass in the street.

What was a man to do in opera week? Could even the most exasperated, cut off from any view of the stage, say in a dulcet and beguiling manner: "Madam, would you mind taking off your hair?"

There are men with high shoulders and square, gigantic heads. They, too, are obstructionists. As a rule, they are sparsely thatched or they are bald. A man directly behind one of them can only endure with an inward agony, or crumple his overcoat and sit on it in the endeavor to view the promised stageland.

Mme. Rejane and Mme. Bernhardt in their own theatres have attempted to introduce the London rule of abolishing hats in the stalls. Parisian milliners have designed hats, little "beguins" of gold and silver mesh, net and lace, with pearls, diamonds and other gems, but with fiendish mockery they have added at one side a panache of feathers. No wonder a Parisian journalist says: "A fold of tulle, a twist of tissue, or a lappet of lace is the foundation of the latest Parisian theatre-hat, so-called, but to please the women it must be distinguished by a widely waving osprey, a bunch of nodding blossoms, or a cluster of fruit and foliage. It may be more aesthetic to sit behind a Gourah plume that sweeps from side to side like a comet in its course, or a turban flanked by a tuft of marabout as thick as a broom-head, but it is hardly less disconcerting to the vision than a powdered coiffure, raised on pads and frames, and surmounted by a navy, would be."

The Parisian writers of "revues" have used this theatre-hat for material. In one of the recently-produced entertainments, a row of damozels appears on the stage in matinee hats. This is practically their whole costume. Each hat is trimmed round the crown with long fox-brush feathers, and the face of the wearer cannot be distinguished behind a lace veil, which hangs from the brim after the manner of a curtain. Compere asks the meaning of all this. Told that the damozels thus disclose the enormity of guilt in millinery, he reproves them. Then each young woman removes her veil to drape her shoulders with it, unwinds the feather and puts it, like a boa, around her throat, takes off the huge hat, pinches it in various places, and lo, it is a reticule, to be slung upon the wrist. The lining alone crowns the head. Compere is delighted, and he reminds the audience that if women insist on wearing immense hats the men must respond by refusing to take off their "silkies."

But the present coiffure is as objectionable in the theatre as any hat invented to excite the rage of the male.

When Apuleius fell in love with Fotis, he pronounced a wondrous eulogy on woman's hair, a eulogy which ended: "Finally there is such a dignity in the hair, that whatsoever she be, though she be never so bravely attired with gold, silks, precious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her hair be not curiously set forth she cannot seem fair." At that moment the hair of Fotis "hanged upon her shoulders, and was dispersed abroad upon her partlet, and in every part of her neck, howbeit the greater part was trussed upon her poll with a lace."

Apuleius, however, was not in the theatre. His Fotis was the show.

Sir Edward.

There is but one Sir Edward in music, the Sir Edward Elgar who was characterized by President Hadley of Yale University as "the greatest living composer." (It is a good thing to have these questions of degree settled for all time.) The same Sir Edward talked a few days ago to a reporter in Chicago.

"We sat," said the reporter, "on a gorgeous but uncomfortable red plush divan in the corridors of the Auditorium Annex, and nearby stood Sir Edward's man servant with his master's coat and hat, respectful, but impatient."

Does like the picture? Truly, a scene for the Historical Painter.

Sir Edward began pleasantly by saying that the great need of the musical world at present is intelligent musical criticism. He knows this, because he said he had not read a criticism of any of his own compositions since 1893.

Sir Edward's remarks seem peculiarly ungrateful toward certain Englishmen who have insisted loudly that he and Richard Strauss are the two great composers of the world. One Londoner not long ago put Sir Edward by the side of

Bach; he screamed in his enthusiasm for the author of "The Apostles" rather than for the cantor of Leipzig.

According to Sir Edward, the critic writing for a daily newspaper should confine himself strictly to a musical analysis. He should talk only about harmonic progressions, cross-relations, inverted themes, augmentation and diminution, and the precise character of the coda, "with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse."

"This inability to listen to and to appreciate music musically is not limited to the men who attempt to write about it. It is characteristic of our entire so-called musical public. People are interested in the artist rather than in his art. In society it is always the personality of the musician that I hear discussed. I had lunch with Nikisch yesterday," some one says, proudly. But who Nikisch really is, what he stands for in the musical world, this person probably knows nothing of."

This is an old complaint. And all this time Sir Edward's man servant was standing, respectful but impatient.

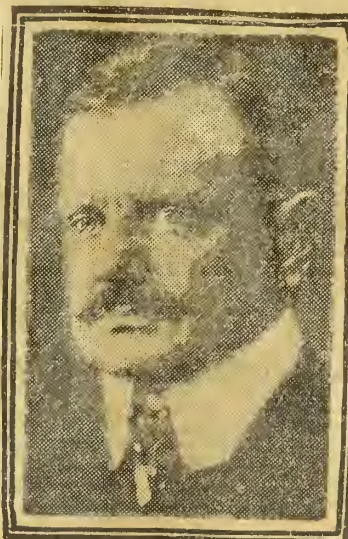
Programme Music.

The reporter, sidgiting on the "gorgeous but uncomfortable red plush divan," asked Sir Edward whether "the programme music of the present is due

Portraits of Sibelius, the Finn composer whose violin concerto will be played on Saturday by Mme. Maud Powell; of Miss Charlotte Elliott, soprano, who will sing at the Marine band concert tonight; of Mr. Samuel W. Cole, the conductor of the People's Choral Union, and of Miss Lucy Allen, soprano, who will sing in its concert next Sunday night.



Miss Maud Powell.



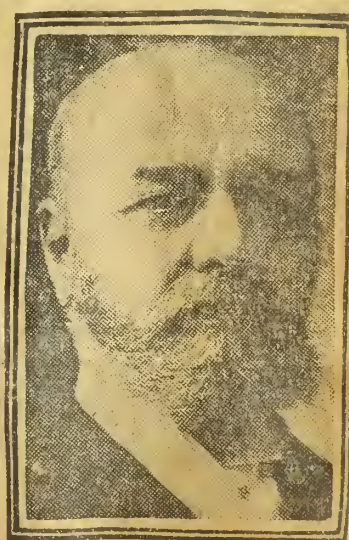
Jan Sibelius.



Miss Charlotte Elliott.



Miss Lucy Allen.



Samuel W. Cole.

to the effort on the part of the composers to cater to this attitude of the public and the critics? Is this attitude the logical result of descriptive and symbolic music? He winked at Sir Edward's man servant, as much as to say, "Now I've got him."

The answer was as one from a tripod, deep and vague. "Rather it is the logical result of musical ignorance. Program music is a natural phase of our development but whether this development is leading us to it is quite impossible to say. Musical progress, at present, is a working out in all directions. Each man is going his own way perfecting the resources of the orchestra and adapting them to his special needs, enlarging the possibilities of harmonic color, creating new forms, or modifying old ones."

done in the oratorio," wishing to be pleasant, singers and players and ways say pleasant things in Enrico Caruso, "strolling lobby" of his hotel in Chicago, as gay and debonaire, said a few days ago: "I'm to be here. I like to sing before a big audience. Of course there is no one in America like New York, but after New York I like Chicago best." And you said this, Enrico, soon after you had left Boston, as though all had not been forgiven or forgotten when you came out as Mario in Puccini's music drama?

Sir Edward answered: "But not with intention of modifying the oratorio. I have never written a work for an especial purpose or for a particular occasion. My oratorios were the result of an ideal long cherished and slowly realized—the outcome of an artistic impulse, not of a calculated plan. That they have been produced for the most part of the Birmingham festivals is an entirely natural coincidence, nothing more."

Of course, Birmingham had to have them. He insisted that he never supplied or edited any detailed programme or analysis of any one of his works. But Sir Edward has his faithful Achates, Mr. Jaeger, who is full of explanations and shakes out analyses from both sleeves, nor has Sir Edward ever contradicted any of Mr. Jaeger's confidential disclosures to the palpitating public.

Incidentally, Sir Edward "affirmed with decision" that Richard Strauss is "the greatest genius of the age." Now it is up to Sir Richard to say something in appreciation of Sir Edward.

Mr. Lang's Farewell.

It was characteristic of Mr. Lang that when the Cecilia Society, which he organized, which he has conducted for 31 seasons, wished to pay him public honor on his retirement from office, he expressed the desire that the concert should be in aid of a most deserving charity.

The history of the Cecilia Society under his leadership is an important, an essential part of the history of music in Boston. It is safe to say that but for his personal efforts and unflagging enthusiasm the people of this city would still be ignorant of the great majority of choral works composed during the last 75 years. He had the gift of interesting not only the chorus, but the public in whatever he undertook. The confidence of the public in him was so great that if at any time he had simply made the announcement that on a certain night a choral work would be performed under his direction, many would at once have procured tickets without knowing the title of the work or the details of the promised performance.

With all his enthusiasm for the best music, Mr. Lang was unusually practical in matters of business. He was shrewd and far seeing. He remembered the text in Luke: "For which of you intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it, begin to mock him, saying, this man began to build, and was not able to finish."

His energy, his wide acquaintance, his indomitable will, together with marked business capacity, enabled him to maintain the society, which has been to him as the apple of his eye, in the face of obstacles that would have disheartened others.

Now that he retires after long and arduous service, he may well find comfort and pride not only in the record of his achievements, but in the fact that the society which will always be dear to him is now established on a sure foundation, a foundation laid by his own hands.

Coming Singers.

Miss Mamie Kingsbury of Gunnison, Col., "will be taken abroad by Mr. Conried with him in his American grand opera company this summer," and the Denver Republican says that Mamie is "the latest laurel added to the collection." Just where and when will the "grand American opera company" give performances in Europe this summer? Mr. Conried has farewelled New York, but he said nothing about this opera company. Perhaps he was too much occupied with Miss Abbott's complaint.

Mrs. Primrose is another singer who will have a glorious career. Her husband, Mr. George H. Primrose of musical fame, says: "She has the voice of a Melba." He may be prejudiced, though his enthusiasm is pardonable. But the Milwaukee Sentinel corroborates him. She was singing in that city last week. "A healthy-looking woman, with the bloom of youth still fresh on her cheeks." She sang Schubert's "Serenade" in her husband's show, and her singing "met with favor among music-lovers, not only in Milwaukee, but in every prominent city in

which she has appeared." The reporter talked with her in her dressing room. She will still be with the show next season, and, although singing Schubert's "Serenade" is her forte, as Artemus Ward used to say, she will then sing the waltz song from "Faust."

You know it—but before an answer could be given she was trilling several bars in a clear lyric soprano, so that the reporter at once identified the air. She will go to Europe after next season, and she will study there "at least two years." "To get at the correct pronunciation of German, French and Italian, one needs must go to Europe. I feel that the polish can only be had where the language is native." But could she not study German in Milwaukee, French in New Orleans and Italian in the North end, Boston? Mrs. Primrose will "remain an American to the last."

"I shall sing in grand opera and I think opportunities will come to me in number. It seems to me that young women gifted with good voices have a glorious future before them in America as every breast responds to music and the days of those singers who delight us today are fast passing away."

Just there the prompt boy knocked at the door and thus added to the "knocking."

May Miss Kingsbury and Mrs. Primrose and the American girl whose name is Legion all be successful!

PERSONAL.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, who will sing at the concert of the United States Marine band this evening, was born at Savannah, Ga. She took lessons of Constantin von Sternberg of Philadelphia, sang in church and concerts, and entered the Dresden Conservatory. In Porto Rico she became interested in Spanish music, and after a year she became an assistant in the music division of the library of Congress. In 1903 she was sent to Hawaii and the Philippines to report on the condition of music in those colonies. She resigned her position last winter to return to a singer's life. She is described by the press agent as "tall, not too slender, graceful with the grace of the South, magnetic to a wonderful degree," and she presents in her "gently impressive stage presence the personality of culture, refinement, intellect and appreciation of her art and her audience."

The Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children, to which the proceeds of the Cecilia concert Wednesday night in honor of Mr. Lang will be given, is an institution supported wholly by public subscription, and open to all children who by reason of infirmity or deformity cannot obtain the education and care in the public schools which they need. The education provided is as complete as that of the public schools, and to this is added special industrial training, to fit the children for occupations within their physical possibilities. Many helps, like special desks, special hours for rest, an absence of the long periods when the pupils must sit in one position at their desks, the care of trained nurses, and special transportation, are provided. The school has a new building on St. Botolph street, and is wholly out of debt, so that all the money realized from this concert can be placed directly in the maintenance fund.

THE U. S. MARINE BAND.

The United States Marine Band, Lieut. Santelmann, conductor, will give a concert in Symphony Hall this evening. The band has been praised for its concerts at the capital by music-loving visitors from all over the world. Lieut. Santelmann has increased its membership from 30 to 60 musicians. The programme will include Reinecke's overture, "Friedensfeier," Bizet's suite "L'Arlésienne," Wagner's prelude to "Parsifal," scenes from Puccini's "La Bohème," and selections from Dvorak's symphony, "The New World." The band is to play the official march of the United States Marine corps, "Semper Paratus," a number of popular southern melodies, "The American Patrol," marches by Sousa, waltzes by Strauss, an arrangement by Director Santelmann of the song "Bella," and a large number of other popular selections. Miss Charlotte St. John Elliott, a coloratura soprano, will be heard for the first time in this city. She will sing "Thou Brilliant Bird," from "The Pearl of Brazil." Mr. Ole J. May will play Waldron's "Le Secret," a euphonium solo. The box office will be open at 1 o'clock today.

THE PROPER HAT.

It is said that at the afternoon performances of opera at the Boston Theatre certain men, wishing to be attired irreproachably, donned frock coats and wore opera hats, crush hats, the hat invented by the ingenious Mr. Gibus, the hat known in colloquial French as an accordion. Fashions change, and we did not wish to comment on the apparent solecism until we had consulted the authorities.

We obtained, through the courtesy of a tailor to whom we are indebted in other ways, a copy of "The Correct Dress Chart." An opera matinee surely comes under the head, "Afternoon Teas, Shows, Church, and Promenade," for an opera, whether it be by Verdi or Puccini, is a show. The "correct dresser" would then wear, according to this chart, which is as the laws of the Medes and Persians,

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. The United States Marine band, Lieut. Santelmann conductor.

MONDAY—Quincy school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Mr. Kanrich conductor. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Langey, "Evening Breeze"; Saint-Saens, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel"; Paderewski, minuet; Gounod, "Funeral March of a Minuet"; Wagner, selection from "Tannhauser." Mrs. Charlotte Gaine, soprano, will sing an air from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers" and Walthew's "May Day." Mr. Claude Fisher, violinist, will play Wienlawski's polonaise in A major.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Cecilia Society in honor of Mr. B. J. Lang and for the benefit of the Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children. Gabriel Plerne's "Children's Crusade." Solo singers: Mrs. Cabot Morse, Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould, Mrs. Clara Jackson, Mr. Frank Ormsby, Mr. L. B. Merrill, Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Laura P. Eaton, Miss Josephine Martin, Miss Adelaide Griggs, Mr. Earl Cartwright. A chorus of 100 children from the Somerville schools and an orchestra will assist.

South Boston high school, 8 P. M. Concert of the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Weber, overture to "Euryanthe"; Herbert, canzonetta for strings; Chamnade, "Dance of the Wine Flasks," from "Callirhoe"; Haydn, andante from "Surprise" symphony; Tschalkovsky, miniature overture and "Dance of the Reeds," from "Nut Cracker"; suite, Wagner, selection from "Tannhauser." Mrs. Victoria Johnson McNally, contralto, will sing "Knowest Thou the Land," from "Mignon," and Zarzkycki, from "Carmen." Mr. Kanrich will play a mazurka by

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Olga von Radecki, pianist, assisted by Messrs. Willy Hess, violinist, and Heinrich Warnke, cellist. The programme will include Schubert's piano trio, E flat, op. 100; Brahms' piano trio, op. 8; a new prelude by Rachmaninoff and Leschetitzi's "Danse a la Russe," for the piano. Mr. Hess will play Bruch's Romance, op. 42, and Wienlawski's Scherzo Tarantelle, op. 16. Tickets are on sale at Symphony Hall.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor: Grieg, overture, "In Autumn" (first time in Boston); Sibelius, violin concerto, Mme. Maud Powell violinist (first time in Boston); Paine, prelude to "The Birds of Aristophanes"; Debussy, three orchestral sketches, "The Sea" (by request).

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. First of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's recitals. Miss Anna Monteith will sing the closing scene from Strauss' "Salome" and an air from Beethoven's "Fidelio"; Miss Emily Wardwell will sing a scene from Isouard's "Billet de Loterie" and an air from Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio"; Mr. Heinrich Schuermann will sing an air from Donizetti's "La Favorita" and Mr. Heinrich will sing three groups of songs by B. L. Whelpley, with the composer as accompanist.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Emil Paur: Bach-Busoni, Prelude and Fugue in D major; Beethoven, Sonata in C sharp minor; Chopin, Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in D flat, Polonaise in A flat; Paur, Intermezzo; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12; Rubinstein, Barcarole in F minor; Balakireff, "Islamey."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

a frock or cutaway coat; a waistcoat of the same material as coat or of white linen duck; striped worsted trousers, light or dark; a plain white shirt with cuffs attached, a poke or wing collar; an ascot once over or four-in-hand cravat; gray suede gloves; boots of patent leather or varnished calfskin buttoned tops; gold links, gold studs, and a chaste cravat pin. But the hat? the hat?

No license of fancy is allowed. "High silk with felt band." Not a white plug with a weed on it; not a derby or bowler; not a sombrero or slouch; not a telescope; least of all a gibus.

A dress chart for the year should be inclosed in every prospectus of Mr. Conried's company. We should not then be shocked by the painful sight of eminent Bostonians at an evening performance wearing a house coat and carrying ostentatiously an opera hat, or pleasingly conscious of claw-hammers and brocaded waistcoat, but wearing a black string tie and carrying down the aisle a shameless derby.

SLEEPLESS JURORS.

It is not surprising that the jurors in the Thaw case grew angry in discussion. Confining men, already worn out by a long trial in foul air, without giving them an opportunity to sleep, is not conducive to calm and philosophical discussion. In old times jurors were not allowed food and drink until they had come to an agreement. The treatment of jurors chosen for murder trials in New York might well cause a visitor from another planet to stare at our modern civilization as revealed in criminal procedure.

The juror must, first of all, have no opinion, no matter what he has read. If he has had the slightest acquaintance with murdered or accused or counsel on either side, he is presumed to be incapable of giving an honest verdict on the facts. Imprisoned after the judge's charge, he is denied sleep, the one thing that clears the brain and quickens the perception.

If in some of its aspects "the law is an ass," as the late Englishman declared, its administration is sometimes true to its lineage.

DE SENECTUTE.

Let us now praise famous men and women and their fathers that begat us. We read of Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman of Madison Township, Clarion county, Pa., "Aunt Betty," as she is familiarly known. One hundred and thirteen years old, she has seven children, fifty-five grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren living. For eighty years the Presbyterian church has acknowledged her as a member in good and regular standing. She has committed nearly the whole Bible to memory. She is clear-witted, agile in her movements, fond of outdoor life. She can leap nimbly into the air and knock her heels together thrice before alighting on mother earth.

All this is praiseworthy and wonderful, but there is still more to be told. She has smoked a pipe from the days of her youth, and she says she is "a glowing example for those who contend tobacco does not shorten the span of existence." From her use of the word "glowing," we have a right to infer that she is not continually using the match box, that she is one of those whose pipe is always lighted and of free suction. Truly a remarkable woman!

How different her fate from that of Mr. William Pattison of Kalamazoo, Mich., where they grow celery. He departed this mortal life in the summer of 1903, and his family attributed his untimely settling forth at the age of 89 years to nicotine poisoning. For the last 20 years of his life he kept an account of the number of cigars he smoked. A hardy, robust person, he preferred domestics, not "threefurs," but those at 10 cents apiece. A bit of an epicure, this Mr. Pattison. The secret of his strength was this: For forty years he drove a stage, and the open air exercise toughened him. In an evil day he substituted pipes for cigars, although warned tenderly that the change would undermine his constitution. In twenty years he smoked 100,000 cigars, then he grew careless in his diary, but careful reckoners think he must have reduced 200,000 cigars to ashes. "When it was suggested to him not

long before the finish that he should take a reef in his supply, he refused upon the ground that "Goethe drank 20,000 bottles of wine and was not cut off until his 83d year." We are indebted to the earnest student of sociology, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for this interesting account of a great but comparatively unknown man.

Mr. Johnson also communicated to us from his rich storehouse of notes for the volume "Sedatives and Stimulants," the seventh of his projected and colossal work, "Man as a social and political beast"—Mr. Johnson is now reading the proofs of the first volume (elephant folio, richly illustrated, sold only by subscription)—the extraordinary case of Mr. Joe Wells of Mount Laurel, Long Island. Mr. Wells in August, 1903, was 86 years of age and for sixty years he had eaten four pancakes a day, which were made by his wife, who was then alive but not kicking. In sixty years he had eaten, as a simple process in arithmetic will convince the most sceptical, 87,600 pancakes. It is said that four Long Island pancakes contain about two square feet. Mr. Wells had then eaten 43,800 square feet. How much fertile land these pancakes would cover and how high a triumphal column constructed of the pancakes would soar are problems that we recommend to little Johnny for mental exercise after supper

when the family is happy beneath the evening lamp.

If Mr. Pattison had eaten the pancakes and Mr. Wells had smoked the cigars, would the hero of Kalamazoo be now alive, and would Mr. Wells have been cut off at 86 in the flush of manhood?

AN OLD WORD.

The Pall Mall Gazette finds fault with Mr. Henry James for using the word "ancientries" in his "American Scene," one of the finest and at the same time most extended examples of "darkest James." "Ancientries," according to the Pall Mall, is one of the "rare locutions and rare or new-coined words employed not so much out of wanton eccentricity, but once again to compel attention and emphasis gratia."

But the word "ancientry"—the quality or estate of being ancient or very old—has been used in English from Sir Thomas North to Jean Ingelow, from Shakespeare to Horace Walpole. It is not necessary for Mr. James to coin words or to ransack the most complete dictionary to darken thought.

April 15 1907

NOW AND THEN.

Mr. Delmas last Friday night talked as a guest at a dinner given by the University of California Club of New York. He incidentally gave his younger hearers "a homily on the advantages of plain surroundings and the evils of wealth and luxury." These remarks immediately after the Thaw trial had a peculiar point.

Nothing is more entertaining to the college graduate of many years than the table expenses contracted by undergraduates today. He wonders at the equipment of their rooms, at their luxurious tastes. He remembers the happy years when he built his own fire in the Franklin stove, and often made his own bed; when he broke the ice in the water pitcher in his haste to be in chapel at an ungodly hour. When he wished to bathe the altogether, he would break into the bathroom in the Theological building, the only building then provided with set tubs and hot and cold water. If he wished to hit the bowl in merry company, the drink was beer, ale, or, on a holiday, a claret or whiskey punch.

Champagne was then as remote as old Falernian. Only the wildly extravagant rode in a hack from the railway station to his simply furnished room.

BULGING SHIRT FRONTS.

A London student of sociology has come to the conclusion that the average Englishman, however rich he may be, whatever his rank in life, wears a badly-fitting dress shirt. He has studied dress shirts in the ballroom, but, as he says, to realize the truth of his assertion "at its worst observation," the student should frequent public dinners. "At a famous political dinner held in London three years ago the array of bulging shirt fronts was so hideously pronounced that before the evening was over the remarkable spectacle formed a topic of general observation among those present. Had an artist painted the scene, it is likely that the shirt fronts would have appeared immaculate on his canvas; he would not have dared to paint the actual scene."

Yet in this country it is customary to associate a western statesman of the fine old school with crumpled shirt front and leg boots, just as the southern statesman of ante-bellum days eschewed a waistcoat and chewed plug tobacco, which often lent a rich embroidery to his expansive shirt front. It all depends on the man. There are heroes to whom a bulging front gives additional distinction; but no one looks heroic when his coat rises persistently above his shirt collar or when his trousers flap at half mast.

A PASSING SHOW PLACE.

The Herald commented not long ago on the demolition of the famous Parisian prison, St. Lazare. The visitor in Paris will soon miss a still more celebrated entertainment, for the doors of the Morgue are to be closed to curious and professional sightseers. The "Box for the Frozen," the "Museum of Comrades," as the Morgue is called in the grim slang of the city, had a singular fascination for men and women of every land and station. To us the Chamber of Horrors in Mme. Tussaud's in London was more ghastly. Death ennobles the clown and the Emperor, and the face murdered or the suicide is often serene and sometimes sanctified, but the irony of wax strikes horror to the soul.

It is doubtful whether one in a dozen of the strangers who rushed to the Morgue after their arrival in Paris had any idea of the origin of the word itself as applied to this building. "Morgue" meant at first a sad, solemn or austere countenance, or "the mumping aspect of one that would seem graver than he is." Later the word was used in a more restricted sense. We now quote from the French and English Dictionary of Mr. Randle Cotgrave (the edition before us is the one published in 1673): "Morgue: also (in the Chatelet of Paris) a certain Chair wherein a new-come prisoner is set, and must continue some hours without stirring either head or hand, that the Keeper's ordinary servants may the better take notice of his face and favor." The word was applied to the place where a prisoner was retained so that the keepers might see his "morgue" and recognize him in case he endeavored to escape. Later dead bodies were exposed in these jail places for the purpose of identification, and the public was allowed to look at the bodies through a little window. These bodies were exposed in Paris as late as 1804 in the "Basse-Geole," or "Morgue" of the Chatelet prison. About that year the Morgue on the Quai du Marche-Neuf was built. The building known today was erected in 1864.

The Morgue has had its poets who have philosophized, or been realistic in the attempt to create a new shudder, but no one of them has equalled Walt Whitman with his "City Dead House."

Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the damp brick pavement,
The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not.
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odors morbidly impress me,
But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate, fair house—that ruin!

Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crumbled, crush'd,
House of life, ere while talking and laughing—but ah, poor house, dead even then.
Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead!

MARINE BAND CONCERT.

Varied Programme Enjoyed at Symphony Hall Last Night.

The United States Marine band, William H. Santelmann, conductor, gave a concert last evening in Symphony Hall. Miss Charlotte St. John Elliott, soprano; Ole J. May, euphonium, and Robert E. Seel, flute, assisted. The proceeds of the concert are to be given to the Working Boys' Home.

The printed programme included Reincke's overture, "Friedensfeier"; Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite, Waldron's "The Secret" for euphonium solo; Wagner's prelude to "Parsifal," excerpts from Puccini's "La Boheme," two movements from Dvorak's "New World" symphony, soprano aria from David's "The Pearl of Brazil," and "The Star Spangled Banner."

These works, however, chosen probably as suitable to the day, were hardly more than links in a chain of encores, which made the programme a generous one and gave it quite a different character from the printed list. It must be said, too, that the interpolated numbers on the whole suited the audience better than the more pretentious works, and the relief was general when Reincke's tedious and interminable overture gave way to a stirring performance of "Marching Through Georgia."

The concert was nothing if not varied, and made a brilliant spectacle for the men's striking uniforms kindled many an eye, and their evolutions and grouping in one of the encore pieces lent a pleasing movement to the scene.

Bizet's suite was followed by a popular march, and "Bedelia" came joyously upon the heels of "La Boheme." Everything was encoored at least twice; a brass sextet was received with enthusiasm, and the occasional whistling in unison of those whose mouths were not engaged with their instruments added yet another touch of variety.

As for the quality of the performance, it was admirable. Lieut. Santelmann has his men under excellent control. The response is instantaneous, and the quality of tone very agreeable, and the spirit and rhythm infectious. The leader himself is quiet and unaffected in manner, and gets his effects with but little display, at the same time giving an impression of authority.

Miss Elliott has a high voice and sang with apparent ease. Mr. Lee played the flute obligato in David's aria. The soloists, as the band itself, were enthusiastically encoored, and Lieut. Santelmann was warmly recalled.

April 16 1907

OUR DUST CLOUDS.

In England associations interested in the motor car industry have joined the National Dustless Roads Committee, which is trying to abate the dust nuisance.

Why should there not be an organized effort in Boston to put an end to the nuisance of dust clouds in all the streets of the Back Bay, a nuisance that excites the wonder, pity and contempt of visitors and is a sore discomfort and a menace to the health of the citizens?

In London years ago the dust, the shifting real estate, was a nuisance. Sheridan in his "School for Scandal" makes a character remark: "As Lady Betty Curriple was taking the dust in Hyde Park." Bostonians are forced to take the dust whether they walk or drive in wind-swept streets from Beacon to Columbus avenue.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

A newspaper correspondent assures us that "all London is waiting with open pockets to welcome their American cousins with open hands."

This reminds us of Artemus

Ward's tribute to English hospitality. He paid this tribute in the letter entitled "Science and Natural History," which he contributed to Punch: "Hospitality has been pored all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my rival in London of my getting into a cab without a Briton coming and politely shutting the door for me, and then extending his open hand to ards me, in the most friendly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit tuchin gesture, wel-

cum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't he."

April 17 1907

COPELAND PIANO RECITAL PLEASING

Mr. George Copeland, Jr., gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Tulleries. The programme was as follows: Bach, Sarabande from English suite, No. 5; Chopin, preludes Nos. 3, 17, etude, ballade No. 1; Debussy, Claire de Lune and prelude; Pfitz, Espana; Moret, Bourree Bratonne and prelude; Mendelssohn, scherzo; Paganini-Liszt, etude No. 2; Moszkowski, Ocean etude.

The concert was commendably short and the programme was far from being conventional. There was no thunderous disarrangement of one of Bach's fugues for organ; there was no long-winded sonata; there was no piece played because the pianist believed a performance of it to be a solemn duty to himself and incidentally to art; the final piece was neither a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt nor Tausig's arrangement of a military march by Schubert. "For this relief much thanks." The programme was well suited to the occasion, viz., the entertainment of a fair-sized and most friendly disposed audience composed almost exclusively of women.

Pfitz's "Espana" and the pieces by Moret are unfamiliar here. The former has little character and any effect made by it is due to rhythm rather than to melody or color. Of the two pieces by Moret, I preferred the Bourree, which smacks of the soil, yet the Prelude has individuality and of whatever school the composer may be he thinks for himself. Moszkowski's "Ocean" etude represents the sea as calm at a watering place, or aroused for a moment by an indefatigable landlord to gratify the curiosity of visitors from far inland. There is gambling at the Casino and there is a band playing.

Mr. Copeland has certain indisputable gifts as a pianist. His tone is agreeable, except when he smites the piano in fortissimo passages, and in romantic music his tone is often liquid and poetic. He can sing a melody. His general mechanism, though it is developed to such a degree that he played Liszt's transcription and other pieces with plausible brilliance, is not yet sure, for his runs were at times unclean, and his fleetness was gained at the expense of accuracy.

He was heard to his special advantage in the pieces by Bach—and what a pleasure it was to hear a piece by Bach that was not an impudent transcription!—Debussy, Moret and Mendelssohn. His performance of the pieces by Chopin gave little true pleasure, first of all because of the pianist's lack of rhythm. Inasmuch as in other pieces he showed a sense of rhythm, it is only fair to suppose that he mistook irregular and nervous rhythm, the shortening or the elimination of a final beat in a measure, for the famous and much discussed rubato of Chopin. Nor was his interpretation of the pieces by Chopin aesthetically satisfactory; it was generally matter of fact in respect to sentiment and amateurish in the expression of emotion.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. B. J. Lang conductor, gave a performance of Gabriel Pierne's musical legend, "The Children's Crusade," last evening, in Symphony Hall.

The concert was in aid of the Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children, and was in all respects similar to the production of this work at one of the regular concerts of the society earlier in the season.

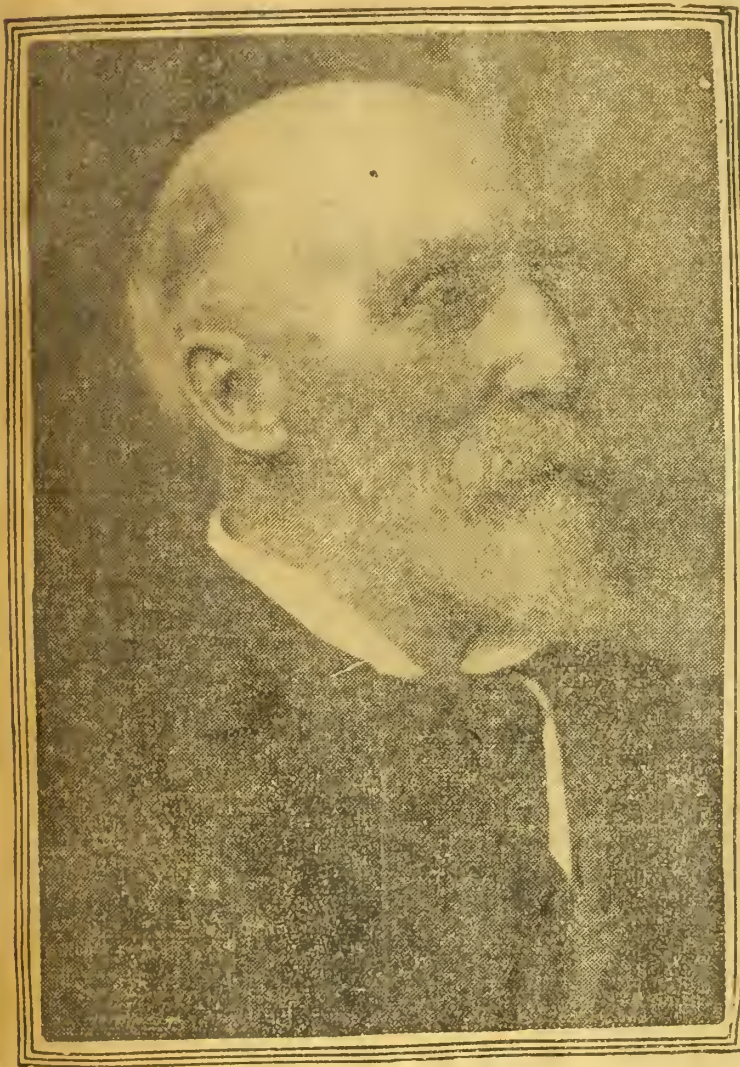
The solo parts were distributed as follows: Allis, Mrs. Cabot Morse; Alain, Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould; a mother, Mrs. Clara Jackson; the narrator, Frank Ormsby; a sailor, L. B. Merrill; voice on high, Earl Cartwright.

There were also a quartet of women, a chorus of children from the Somerville schools, an orchestra of 60 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. B. L. Whelpley was the organist, and Miss Mary Ingraham the accompanist.

The Herald commented last Sunday upon the graceful act of Mr. Lang in requesting that this concert, which the society had wished to give in his honor, should be turned into a benefit for one of the most deserving charities of the city. The choice of this school for little

LANG'S LAST CONCERT IN AID OF CHILDREN

Mr. B. J. Lang, for Over 30 Years Conductor of the Famous Cecilia Society, and Who Gave His Last Concert As Its Leader Last Night, When Pierre's Children's Crusade Was Given in Symphony Hall for the Benefit of the Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children.



(Copyright, 1907, by Odin Fritz.)

Industrial School for Little Cripples Benefited by Performance of Pierre's "Children's Crusade."

unfortunates was, moreover, in view of the title and nature of the work performed, singularly fitting, as well as courteous.

The clarity is supported, according to a note in the programme, entirely by public contribution, receiving no municipal or other kind of aid. Mr. Lang's welcome as he took his place last evening demonstrated sufficiently that his generous impulse had aroused warm and general sympathy.

As for Mr. Lang's position in the musical life of this city, and his achievements with and for the society which he has directed ever since its establishment more than 30 years ago, there is nothing to be said at this late day that has not been said repeatedly.

The list of works, printed in last evening's programme, which have received their first performance in Boston under the Cecilia is a long one and speaks for itself in the scope, variety and significance of its items. A society capable of producing such a list of works, a list taxing in its demands in proportion as it is varied in interest, plays a part whose value to the music world is real and substantial.

That the achievements of this organization have been due almost wholly to the personal efforts of its conductor, was keenly appreciated by the audience last evening. Audience and chorus arose to welcome Mr. Lang as he came to the conductor's stand. He was forced to bow repeatedly, and it was only after prolonged applause that the performance could begin. After the second movement of the work, the moment's intermission was much protracted by the presentation of flowers and wreaths, and the enthusiasm was repeated at the close of the performance. The hall was about two-thirds full.

April 18, 1907

CONCERT FOYER

Death of Mme. Artot, First
Love of Tschaiowsky
at Age of 72.

DOINGS AND SAYINGS OF MUSICAL PEOPLE

BY PHILIP HALE.

Tschaiowsky's first love died a few days ago in Paris at the age of 72. Her name was Marguerite Josephine Desiree Montagney, but she was known in opera houses as Mme. Artot and she was the wife of a baritone singer, Padilla y Ramos.

She went as the star of an Italian opera company to Moscow in the spring of 1868 and there Tschaiowsky, who was then about 23 years old, five years her junior, heard her, saw her, met her and fell madly in love with her. She was not perhaps a beautiful woman, but her skin was snow-white; her neck and hands were exquisitely shaped; the mobility of her face was enchanting; she was the personification of grace. She was a passionate singer and play actress. Her intonation was flawless, her voice had indescribable warmth, her vocalization was inimitable.

Tschaiowsky met her at supper on the night of her benefit. When she visited Moscow again in the fall he kept away from her, but he saw her by accident at a party and she reproached him for not calling on her. Constitutionally and incredibly shy, he would not have called on her, had not Anton Rubinstein dragged him to her rooms. Then a day did not pass without an invitation from her, and soon they loved each other. They were to be married in 1869, though there were obstacles. Her mother thought her daughter too young—Desiree was then 23 years old—and she did not relish the thought of her living in Russia, while Tschaiowsky's friends did not wish him to marry a prima donna, to be merely the "husband of his wife." Desiree would not leave the stage.

The father of Tschaiowsky wrote to his son a remarkable letter about the proposed marriage. "You love her and she loves you, and that should settle the matter, if—Oh, this cursed if!—If your love is real and substantial, everything else is nonsense. She would not wish you to play the part of a servant, and you could compose even if you accompanied her from town to town. I lived with your mother for 21 years, and

all that time loved her with the passion of youth and respected her and adored her as a saint. . . . True, our future is known only to God; but why should you foresee that you will be robbed of your career? Be her servant, but be an independent servant. Do you truly love her, will you always love her? I know your character, my dear son, but, alas! I do not know you, dear Sweetheart; I know your beautiful soul and good heart only through him. It might be well for you both to test your love; not by jealousy—God forbid!—but by time. Wait and ask each other, 'Do I really love him? Do I truly love her? Will he (or she) share with me the joys and sorrows of life unto the grave?'

While Tschaiowsky was busy at Moscow with the production of his first opera, "The Voyevode," Desiree, in January, 1869, married at Warsaw the baritone Padilla, without a word of explanation to her lover.

Tschaiowsky bore no grudge against her. As a woman, she was always dear to him, and as a singer he never found her equal.

About a year after her marriage he knew that he would be obliged to meet her. He wrote: "This woman has caused me to experience many bitter hours, and yet I am drawn to her by such an inexplicable sympathy that I begin to look forward to her coming with feverish impatience."

When she came on the Moscow stage in "Le Domino Noir," for which Tschaiowsky had written recitatives and choruses, Kashkin sat next Peter, who was greatly moved. "When she appeared," says Kashkin, "Tschaiowsky held his opera glass to his eyes and never lowered it during the whole performance; but he must have seen very little, for fear after rolled down his cheeks."

Tschaiowsky met Desiree at Berlin in 1883. There had been an occasional exchange of letters between them. He wrote to his brother Modest: "I was inexpressibly glad to see her again; we made friends at once, without a word as to the past. Her husband, Padilla, embraced me heartily. Tomorrow she gives a dinner. As an elderly woman she is just as fascinating as she was 20 years ago." He wrote at another time that in Berlin she had been a great comfort to him.

In 1889 Desiree and her husband moved to Paris. She grew fat—Tschaiowsky had written in 1875: "She has grown horribly fat and has wholly lost her voice." She taught and her daughter won success in concerts.

Tschaiowsky married in 1877 a beautiful woman, Antonina Iwanowna Mijukowa. She was 23 years old, very poor, good, and affectionate. They lived together only a couple of months. She had long loved him. He had told her he could never love her, that he was irritable, mercurial, almost a misanthrope, and a man of a precarious income. He left her and was almost in a state of madness. His brother Modest said: "Peter never in his life—not at that time, not later—either by word of mouth or by letter—attributed the sad outcome of his marriage to any fault of his wife. He insisted that she had always behaved honorably and upright; that she had never deceived him." Peter, in turn, had dealt honorably with her. "Only when they were brought close together were they both aware that between them lay an abyss of misunderstandings that could never be bridged, that they had wandered as in a dream, that they had unintentionally deceived themselves in everything."

Here is a pleasant paragraph from the New York Evening Sun:

"To a large number of persons in Great Britain and Boston, Mass., the whole art of music is covered by the names of Handel, without the unlaud, and of Haydn, and its one form of expression is the oratorio. They make some concessions to earlier days, it is true, by accepting Bach's 'Passion music' and even to extreme modernity by admitting Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' but the backbone of music for them is still the oratorios of Handel and Haydn. These the 50-year-old tenors and sopranos of the Boston society still sing with the fervor and faith, though not perhaps with the vigor of their younger days. The English newspapers recently printed the picture of a gentleman who sang in the first performance of 'Elijah' in England in 1846 and who has been singing it ever since."

Miss Gertrude Rennyson, who studied here and was well known as a soprano in Mr. Savage's English grand opera company, has been engaged by the Monnaie Opera House, Brussels.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company it was decided that inasmuch as the late Charles W. Strine had done all the preparatory work for the spring tour of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company, all profits accruing to him for the whole season should be paid over to his widow.

Miss Louise Le Baron, who will sing at the Castle Square Theatre during the summer season, was for two seasons the contralto of the Fritz Scheff company, and she has sung at Sunday night orchestral concerts in New York.

A Munich upholsterer has constructed a fiddle wholly out of wooden matches. Any fiddler using it ought to give easily a fiery interpretation.

Miss Mary Minchhoff, who was once much talked about as a dazzling coloratura singer, was in London some weeks ago. Her intonation was described as "occasionally faulty." Florid passages "were not sung with the necessary ease and animation."

Mme. Schumann-Heink, it is said, received \$500 a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. Mr. Hammerstein, it is also said, will pay her \$500 next season for eight performances.

The Tatler of London gives us con-

donal and valuable information about Mme. Nordica. It appears that when she was young she "would persist in mingling her voice with those of her elder sisters, much to their annoyance." To quiet her they paid her money. We are also informed that now she earns about \$75,000 a year and always carries

about with her a machine for making coffee.

"Dixie" will be sung in German by the United Singers of Brooklyn in Prospect Park of that city June 2.

Beethoven's ninth symphony has been performed in Denver (April 5) without the choral movement. Mr. Foster Henschman of the Denver News did not deplore the omission. "Some of the choruses are inspiring, but there are those who prefer the instrumental work alone, and with reason." The performance was not flawless. As Mr. Henschman remarked: "The band had bitten off more than it could chew." But after all the first hearing of the symphony has been held, and this is something. Yesterday it was tried out.

A Mme. Florac teaches singing in Dublin. Is she a relation of the immortal Paul de Florac in "The Newcomes"? "My mother, who is an angel of forgiveness," said the entertaining Paul, "would receive her prodigal, and kill the fatted veal for me. But what will you? He annoys me—the domestic veal."

The Denver Post informs us that operatic managers are in despair because Mrs. John Godfrey Roebel, formerly Miss Louise Engel, "a wealthy society belle" of Colorado Springs, will not go on the stage. Many offers, for instance, "have besieged her" from Mr. Savage's company. "Up to the present time she has preferred to devote herself to society and her own writing, in both of which roles she is very clever."

"Her fame as an actress was gained while under the direction of Garnett Holme, the English stage manager," Mrs. Roebel, who "came originally from Mouségan, Mich.," "was no superficial student. She spent 'an entire year' with Mr. Holme. 'In vain did he plead to introduce her to the footlights.'"

Why should these things be told? Cannot Mr. Roosevelt compel her to go on the stage? Then there is Mrs. Roebel's sister, Miss Helen Engel, who won renown by "her handsome carriage"—"hansom kerriage" they called it then. Saint-Saens says she is the most beautiful woman in Paris. "While her voice is said to be even sweeter than her violin playing."

The headline of the article reads: "Madam Butterfly" wants Mrs. Roebel. Boston wants Mrs. Roebel and Miss Helen, too.

Many of us remember Mme. Aino Ackte, who sang here in opera three seasons ago, a rather handsome woman, with academic gestures and clear, calm voice. She visited London for the first time early in the year, and an account of her conversation with a reporter has just found its way across the Atlantic.

"Ah, the many new parts I have sung!" She is forever travelling—like Mephistopheles, as he assures Martha. When the reporter said that the simple life in Helmsfors, her home, must always be welcome, she answered with a laugh: "The simple life at home! No, no. It is here, the simple life! (and she glanced round the Bloomsbury drawing room.) At home, with my husband and my friends, I am tres mondaine. It is all dinner parties, receptions, concerts, dances." No hoing in the garden for her; no darning stockings, no evening hours spent over an improving book.

"How you English are warm—enthusiastic! And your critics—how kind! I had been told they were so severe. It made something of good in my heart to read what they said." (She should discuss the question of criticism with Sir Edward.) "Now I hope they will like my Senta. Shall I tell you something?" Did she whisper her thoughts concerning the character of Senta into the reporter's strained ear? Did she reveal some technical or aesthetic secret? "I

have a marvellous costume for it—real Norwegian. When I was in Norway I got the real jewels for it and the real embroideries, then I took them back with me to M. Worth and he made it all into something of beautiful!"

No wonder the reporter added: "The reply had given us a fall, as they say, but Mme. Ackte smiled radiantly."

Mme. Ackte expected to sing in Strauss' "Salome" this month at Dresden. "Of course, Salome is a very bad woman and a fool, but how interesting!" From this it will be seen that Mme. Ackte has sounded the psychological depths of the part.

Mr. Henry Russell has discovered a wonderful singer in Seattle. She is Miss Florence Considine. She is only 15 years old, and, if the portrait of her published in the Seattle Times is a faithful one, she has a determined chin and rolling eyes. Mr. Russell will see to it that she is educated properly in Europe. The tenor Constantino was deeply impressed by her "striking all of her notes squarely on the middle instead of on either side." Such a singer deserves instant encouragement.

The programme of Easter music played by the American Lumber Company band at Albuquerque, N. M., deserves a passing notice. It included a descriptive suite, "The Mouse and the Clock," and "The Preacher and the Bear"; a spring-time suite, in which "The Bullfrog and the Coon" and "My Trilix-Dixie Girl" were skillfully introduced; "By the Watermelon Vine" and "Ida—Ho!" a wild western fantasy.

April 19 1907

MISS VON RADECKI SCORES A SUCCESS

Miss Olga von Radecki, pianist, assisted by Mr. Willy Hess, violinist, and Mr. Heinrich Warneke, cellist, gave a chamber concert yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall.

The programme was as follows: Brahms' Trio in B major, op. 8 (original version). Piano pieces—Prelude, Rachmaninoff, and Gavotte, d'Albert. Violin solos—Romance, Bruch, op. 42, and Scherzo-Tarantelle, op. 16, Wieniawski; Schubert's Trio in E flat, op. 100. Mr. Max Zach was the accompanist.

This concert was especially interesting by reason of the performance of Brahms' trio in the original version, as it was composed in 1854 and played in Boston in 1855 (December 26) with Mr. William Mason as pianist. Of late years the revised version is preferred by the majority of pianists, but without good reason.

Poets and composers are not always fortunate in their revisions. Mr. Churton Collins in his edition of the early poems of Tennyson, which includes the various readings, comments on the "elaborate revision and scrupulous care" of the poet, and he names six poems with the accompanying statement: "It may be doubted whether, in these poems at least, Tennyson ever made a single alteration which was not for the better." But Tennyson, as Wordsworth, more than once refined away the strength of a line and filed too assiduously.

Let any reader of Walt Whitman compare the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" with the later ones published during the poet's lifetime and he will see how even Whitman turned lines of rugged force and marked significance into something smooth and commonplace.

A composer, when he has fully mastered the mechanism of expression, is no doubt inclined to rewrite early works. He forgets that the very immaturity of a composition, its naivete and its frank and wild enthusiasm, gave it flavor and worth; that is, if the inherent musical thought was of any value.

The Verdi of "Othello" and of "Falstaff" was a far greater artist than the Verdi of "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," but Verdi would have made a great mistake if he had revised the earlier operas; if he had reorchestrated them. "Pannhauser" in the first version is preferable to the opera with the stage Venusberg scene prepared for the Paris stage because in the former there is a uniformity of style. The later music, by reason of broader proportions, super-refined harmonic scheme, gorgeous coloring, is incongruous. It is too evidently an interpolation.

A work should be representative of the composer as he thought and felt at the time he wrote it. If he is dissatisfied with it, as soon as he attains the age when the manner of expression possesses him, let him be thankful that there were years in his career when that which was within him would out in any way; when thought flowed and was not sluggish or stagnant; when there was enthusiasm rather than scholarly meditation.

Miss von Radecki, as an ensemble player, has rhythm and a good sense of proportion, two qualities that are not always found in performers of chamber music, though these qualities are indispensable.

She made little out of the piece by Rachmaninoff, which was not the prelude that made him famous, but one that has much less distinction. Mr. Hess was warmly applauded for his performance of the pieces by Bruck and Wieniawski. There was a small and very friendly audience.

April 20 1907

WILHELM HEINRICH

Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, assisted by Miss Emily Wardwell, soprano, Mr. Heinrich Schuermann, tenor, Mr. B. L. Whelpley, composer and pianist, and Dr. Louis Katterborn, pianist, gave a concert last night in Chickering Hall.

Miss Wardwell sang "Non, je ne veux pas chanter" from Isouard's "Billet de Loterie," "Che pur aspro al core" from Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio," and the Shadow song from "Dinorah." Mr. Schuermann sang "Spirito gentil" from "La Favorita" and "Celeste Aida" from "Aida."

Mr. Heinrich sang these songs by Mr. Whelpley: "All in a Garden Green," "Wanderer's Night Song" (MS, first time), "Oh, Happy Swallow," "Winter Song" (MS, first time), "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," "Phyllis Is My Only Joy," "I Know a Hill," "A Forest Song," and settings to songs from Tennyson's "Maud."

It was expected that Miss Anna Monteth would sing an aria from "Fidelio" and the closing scene of Richard Strauss' "Salome." She, however, was unable to take part in the concert on account of the serious sickness of her mother.

Miss Wardwell and Mr. Schuermann are pupils who are not yet ready to sing in public. The voice of each one would naturally give promise for the future, but at present they need careful and thorough training in the elementary principles of singing. The arias they chose tax the resources of the most experienced singers.

Mr. Heinrich sang with the enthusiasm that has prevailed against obstacles which would seem to many unsurmountable. Mr. Whelpley's

songs are, for the most part, carefully constructed and they have musical interest. The most spontaneously lyrical outburst is found in "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold." There is true sentiment in "I Know a Hill," and the music to Tennyson's verses has emotional quality.

In "Go Not Happy Day" there is a picturesque suggestion of primitive music, in illustration of lines that have excited the scorn of certain literary critics. These lines are not so flat and absurd as those in "Birds in the High Hall Garden," in which we are told that although Maud is not 17, she is nevertheless "tall and stately." How did Mr. Whelpley pluck up courage to set music to this twiddle-twaddle?

There was a very friendly audience. Mr. Heinrich, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little Longley, pianist, will give another concert next Friday night. The programme will be made up wholly of songs and piano pieces by MacDowell and the proceeds will be given to the fund in aid of the unfortunate composer.

GERMAN TEMPERANCE.

The Emperor William has been applauded because he insists on frugal fare at regimental mess dinners whether he be present or not. The bill-of-fare is to include only soup, fish, joint, vegetables and cheese, as at his own daily table. No liquors are to be served. The wine must be plain red or white "table wine." Not even a single glass of French champagne is to be put down with the joint.

There is a distressing rumor, however, that German champagne is allowed in moderate quantities. This reminds us of Mr. George W. E. Russell's application in "Seeing and Hearing" of two familiar lines to the champagne formerly dear to Englishmen:

How sad, and bad, and mad it was—
And, oh! How it was sweet!

DECORATED.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie chortled in his joy when the red ribbon and the cross of a commander of the Legion of Honor were given to him by appreciative France. "I know," said Mr. Carnegie, "what an honor the Legion of Honor confers. Nobody but men of the highest merit are admitted to the honor of that order; nobody but men who have really done something are so decorated."

We would not for the world put a drop of wormwood in Mr. Carnegie's cup, but we beg of him to be more accurate in statement. For over half a century there has been complaint in France over the recklessness with which this honor has been given. Mr. Carnegie should skim the amusing and bitter pages of the Count de Viel Castel's memoirs. "Decorated? It is now an honor not to have the red ribbon," was said even before the Second Empire. Mr. Carnegie should remember the Wilson scandal in the days of "Pere" Grévy, President of the republic. Above all, Mr. Carnegie should read and ponder De Maupassant's delightful story, "Decore"; but perhaps the tales of the ingenious Guy do not find a home in any one of Mr. Carnegie's libraries.

April 21 1907

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 22D CONCERT

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "In Autumn".....Grieg
Concerto in D minor for Violin.....Sibelius
Overture to "Oedipus Tyrannus".....Paine
Symphony Sketches, "The Sea".....Debussy

Grieg's overture and the violin concerto were played here for the first time. Debussy's "Sea" sketches were played for the second time this season by request.

Prof. John K. Paine died a year ago on the 25th of this month. It was meet and fitting that tribute should be paid his memory. The overture to "The Birds" of Aristophanes was first announced, but the overture to the tragedy of Sophocles was thought to be more appropriate to the occasion, and it was substituted; not, however,

till the programme book had been made up by the printer. The hurried substitution accounts for the inadequacy of the notes on Prof. Paine's Sophoclean overture.

Thirty years ago Mr. Thomas Hardy declared that haggard Egdon Heath appealed to "a subtler and scarier instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming." He questioned whether the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty was not approaching its last quarter. "The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young."

The violin concerto of Sibelius and in fact the symphonies of this composer recall this saying of Hardy. The somberness of this Finn is not an affectation; it is not worn as a costume for a masquerade; it is constitutional; it is the color of his natural speech. It is not the expression of a peevish pessimist; it is broad and deep and elemental. There is something titanic about it. It is as though the composer were still under the spell of the old northern mythology. There is the thought of the rhapsodic bard; there is the suggestion of the Saga. Look at the face of this composer. Mark the firmness, the determination, the grimness of the expression. Would you expect genteel phrases, sugared sensuousness, irresistible appeals to palpitating ladies, from such a man?

The first movement is as a Bardic improvisation. It is in a sense emotional, yet its emotional effect on an audience will be slight until the audience is accustomed to this strange language. The second movement is one of grand and constant beauty. The long melody is as the large utterance of an early goddess. It is shot through with emotion of the noblest kind. This mood is established at once and it is not changed or lessened. There is no reminder of composer or interpreter.

The music is not laboriously invented, it did not come to Sibelius by accident as he was asking for a theme. The finale is not a perfunctorily brilliant ending written because no concerto should be without a finale. It has marked character, a character consistent with what has gone before. In the aggressive lightness of the opening measures there is the playfulness of a cave man, rude exultation at the sight of more friendly nature after long hibernation.

No more virtuoso greedily for popular favor would choose this concerto for personal display. Mme. Powell has never been in the habit of setting applause-traps. I know of no violinist now before the public who is better entitled to respect and admiration. In whatever she has undertaken in the course of her long and honorable career, she has been true to herself and to art in its highest form. No merchant ever trafficked in her heart. To speak of her mechanism at this late day would be an impertinence, for her abilities have long been recognized by two continents.

The greater the task to which she devotes herself, the more quickly do her skill, her brains, her soul respond. It is enough to say that her performance of this exceedingly difficult concerto was worthy, both in mechanism and in aesthetic and emotional quality, of the high ideal which she has had steadily before her.

The concerto is not a concerto in the ordinary meaning of the term; it is rather a symphonic poem with a violin obbligato.

The task appointed for conductor and orchestra is also one of extreme difficulty, yet the ensemble performance was of such a nature that the composer was glorified and the occasion made memorable.

Grieg's overture, composed over 40 years ago, and long afterward robed in a fresh orchestral dress, is based on his song, "Autumn Storms," and a Norwegian harvest tune. There are charming bits in it, especially in episodic sections, and in orchestral detail. There is youthful fancy in it; there is youthful enthusiasm; there is possibly here and there a stroke of genius; but as a whole the overture seems to be made in a small way, and the greater Grieg is in the smaller pieces.

Prof. Paine's overture with its classic spirit was placed effectively between the concerto and the sketches of the extraordinary, unique Debussy. It was a good thing to hear these sketches again. The second was even more delightfully fantastical than at the first hearing and new and rare beauties were disclosed in the third. Whether this music portrays phases of the sea depends on how much of the ocean is in each hearer. To the majority of New Yorkers the sea is Coney Island.

To certain highly estimable Bostonians there is no sea except off Nahant. To those who understand the meaning of the saying, "The ever young and ever venerable sea; the sea, because there is no other name for it," the music of Debussy is full of charm and fascination. The true force and beauty of such music is in the hearer. We must never forget the line of Walt Whitman: "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments." There are some to whom instruments appeal in vain unless they are used in conventional, orthodox manner. In a way that is approved by both the selectmen and Mrs. Grundy.

EMIL PAUR'S RECITAL.

Able Conductor Appears as Piano Virtuoso in Jordan Hall.

Mr. Emil Paur gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in D major for organ, transcribed by Busoni; Beethoven, Sonata in C sharp minor; Chopin, Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in D flat, Polonaise in A flat; Paur, In-

termezzo; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12; Rubinstein, Barcarole in F minor; Balakireff, Islamey.

Mr. Paur appeared in Boston for the first time as a pianist May 1, 1894, when he played his own concerto. Mrs. Paur then played the orchestral part of the concerto arranged for a piano, and she assisted her husband in Schumann's andante and variations and Beethoven's "Manfred," both for two pianos. Mr. Paur played Schumann's "Carnival."

This was about 13 years ago. Of late years Mr. Paur has seemed anxious to shine as a virtuoso pianist, not content with his reputation and adventures as a conductor. If you look at the sketch of Mr. Paur in Riemann's "Musik Lexikon" (Leipzig, 1905), you

will find him described there as an "excellent pianist and violinist" before there is any account of his career as a conductor.

Perhaps "excellent" is not the one word for "vortrefflich," which sometimes means famous, perfect, superior, capital, splendid. The quotation shows, however, that Mr. Paur has still a reputation in Europe as a pianist. As a matter of fact, he played both the violin and the piano in public when he was 8 years old, but he was known chiefly in Vienna, where he studied at the Conservatory, as a violinist, and he played as such in the court orchestra from 1872 to nearly the end of 1875, so that in 1874 and 1875 both he and Mr. Nikisch fiddled in the opera house under the direction of Mr. Gerick.

But for 30 years Mr. Paur has been busy as a conductor. Daily practice and eternal vigilance are the price of glorious and resplendent deeds done by a pianist. While it is true that technique thoroughly established in youth does not wholly abandon one until rheumatism or gout settles in the fingers, nevertheless it is not quickly obedient to the pianist's call unless it be constantly nourished.

Mr. Paur showed by his performance as a pianist when he visited Boston two months ago with the Pittsburgh orchestra that he has a certain facility, a certain grasp. He showed these qualities yesterday, but his performance as a whole was that of an accomplished score-reader, rather than that of a distinguished virtuoso in the better and higher meaning of the term.

First of all, he has not a pronounced sense of color; the gradations of tonal force between fortissimo and pianissimo are few; his expression is more inclined to be matter of fact than sensuous, poetic, imaginative. His technique is uneven. He will often play scale passages surprisingly well, and then a passage in thirds or a trill, or an arabesque will be almost clumsy.

His performance of Busoni's transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue—the latter is a bravura piece for organ, and old August Haupt snuffed at it and would not give it to his pupils—was unsatisfactory in many ways. It was at times muddy; it was at times unrhythmic. It may here be said that Mr. Paur throughout the concert made an immoderate use of the damper pedal. The performance of this transcription was nervously rough. No doubt he was disturbed by the stream of late comers.

On the other hand his performance of the sonata had excellent qualities especially in the first movement and in the finale. In the pieces by Chopin he was heard to best advantage in the Ballade, but even in this there was much to be desired; indeed, it is hard to associate Mr. Paur with romantic interpretation, unless he is at the head of his orchestra.

His Intermezzo was played with more grace, and it gave pleasure to the audience. The brilliance of his interpretation in the pieces by Liszt and Balakireff was won by main force, and the polish gained by the physical endeavor was not distinguished by clear splendor.

The true friends of Mr. Paur recall memorable orchestral performances which he led here: those of Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra," the overture to "Gwendoline" and the entracte from the same opera, Tschakowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, and other works that appealed to him. They wonder why this conductor of indisputable ability is now eager to appear in public as a solo pianist.

There was an applause audience of fair size.

A NEW LAW LEXICON.

Mr. Frank Richardson of London some weeks ago suggested some definitions for a new Law Lexicon. Flip-pant as they may seem to some, they are of present pertinency.

Lunatic: "A person who commits a carefully thought-out murder." A Pontius Pilate: "The judge who sentences that person to death." Reprieve: "Generally a miscarriage of mency." A theatre "is not a law court." Verdict: "The opinion of twelve men on a subject which they don't understand." Prisoner: "An innocent man who is now allowed to convict himself out of his own mouth." A summing up: "Length without breadth."

London Woman Lectures on Theory Advanced Long Ago; Amusing Comment on Opera in Chicago; Schroeder's Farewell.

BY PHILIP HALE.

MRS. NORTHESK WILSON, lecturing in London, says that voices have colors, and that these colors reveal character.

Mme. Melba's voice, according to Mrs. Wilson, is a "high blue splashed occasionally with purple." The voice of Mr. Forbes Robertson is "violet speckled with green, which is the color of the depressed." Now if your voice is a light green you are "adaptable"; but if it is "a species of gaslight green, you have 'religious feeling tinged with fear.' The voice of a philanthropic woman is pink, while one of pale gray—without the slightest dash of hellotrope—comes from a person of highly intellectual parts. The singing of Mme. Alice Gomez suggests orange. Mme. Gomez was born at Calcutta; her father was a Spaniard, her mother was of Portuguese descent. It would seem as though her voice should be dark and tawny—like old port that is bought at a corner grocery.

Let us suppose that Mme. Gomez's tones were yellow, not orange. What would the symbolism be? As a rule, nearly all men, civilized or barbarous, have regarded the color with distaste. The Chinese and the dwellers in the Malay countries are an exception. The Tormentors of the Inquisition, the headsman of many lands, the murderer in Spain about to be executed, were clad in yellow garments. Jesters and fools wore yellow, or yellow and green. In England yellow is avoided by Cornishmen, and in other parts of England it is supposed to convey or betoken rheumatism.

Not long ago the Pall Mall Gazette published this interesting statement, and added: "A doctor of Penzance told in print the other day how a man consulted him for lumbago. The patient was surprised to find himself suffering, because he had always worn a cat skin vest; but on minute examination of this article he discovered a few yellow hairs in it. That explained the misfortune. He told the doctor how a man he knew, a bragging, reckless youth, walked from Newquay to Bodmin wearing a yellow necktie, just for bravado. Rheumatic fever seized him that night."

A person who has heard the chimes at midnight and seen the seven stars has in the morning a dark brown taste in his mouth. This is a well known physiological fact. Mrs. Wilson goes so far as to say that an inebriate has a dark brown voice. It is not necessary now to inquire in a spirit of scientific investigation whether what are popularly described as "a gin voice" and "a beery voice" are species of "the dark brown." Mrs. Wilson says that if a tosspot, even if he be the most indefatigable two-handed drinker, signs the pledge and keeps it, he will be rewarded with "the deep blue hue of purity." But the Rajput farmers refused to sow their fields with indigo, when that crop was very profitable, because the product ultimately would be blue, and though blue to many is the emblem of love, truth and constancy, the Zezids of Mesopotamia cannot abide the color in their houses or in their dress, and they reject even the innocent donkey because his ashy gray approaches blue.

Mrs. Wilson speaks of "a jealous person with a voice that looks like a patch of burnt sienna, streaked with tongues of fire and struck by lightning." (By the way, how does any one see a voice?) She does not speak of the brass voice, of the silvery, of the German silvery, or of the "shrill edged shriek of a mother" dividing the "shuddering night." Of what color is the voice that is as vinegar to the teeth?

"If a person learns that he has an immoral voice, he can decide to rectify his disposition. After a while, if he persists in the straight and narrow path, his voice will change as his disposition alters." Was this the reason why Mr. Jean de Reszke sang as a blameless tenor after some years spent as a dissolute baritone? Is this the reason why many contraltos by nature would fain be sopranos and ruin their voices in the endeavor?

Lost Notes.

This reminds me of a sad accident that happened to Miss Sinah Cartwright, a girl of 19 years, who worked for a cake maker at Ashton-under-Lyne, England. Her hair was caught in a revolving shaft: a quantity of hair was torn from her head, her scalp was injured; she suffered severely from shock.

Miss Sinah was not only interested in the cake industry, she was a "trained vocalist." She was the leading soprano at Eycroft chapel, and for special engagements at local concerts she was in the habit of receiving a guinea or half a guinea.

She brought an action against her employer for compensation. Before she lost some of her hair and suffered from shock "she was able to reach top C above the treble clef easily, but after it she could only get the B flat with difficulty." She had tried to sing at one or two concerts, but her vocal powers were impaired. "Her doctor told her that she must not appear on a platform again till she could sing 'Rejoice greatly.' This made some of the loungers in court laugh. Laughter is easily provoked in any court, especially when the case is a tragic one.

Furthermore, after the accident, whenever Miss Sinah attempted to sing, she had a pain in her head. "She had not attempted to reach 'top C' on a public platform since the accident."

The defence was that the plaintiff had incurred her injury by her own voluntary act. The jury could not agree, and she is not rejoicing greatly.

Lumley's Friend.

Let us return to Mrs. Northesk Wilson.

Her color theory is not original with her. Mr. Benjamin Lumley, a shrewd, bustling, pompous person, who was for 20 years director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, wrote "Reminiscences of the Opera," a singularly entertaining book. It was published in 1864, with a portrait of the ingenious and splendidly whiskered author.

In this book Mr. Lumley tells of a person with whom music and colors were so intimately associated that whenever he listened to a singer a color corresponding to the voice became visible to the eyes. Therefore a voice can be seen. "The greater the volume of the voice," says Lumley, "the more distinct is the color, and when the voice is good, the high and low notes are of the same color; whereas if different colors appear during the performance of the same singer, the voice is naturally unpleasant or has been forced out of its natural register."

Lumley then gives a chart of vocal colors. Patti's voice was a light and dark drab, with occasional touches of coral; Mario's was a beautiful violet, more like satin than velvet; Sims Reeves' was a golden brown, something like shot-silk; "Tamberlik, a carmine, but unequal, on some notes the color very strong and on some notes scarcely any color. The voice like a cannon when fired; a flash succeeded by haziness, but the flash very brilliant whilst it lasts." He thus describes the voices of 20 other singers famous in their time. Clara Novello's voice was: "Tomato (sic), always the same, but a cold, glaring color"; and of Penco's he said: "Some notes yellow, like a beautiful canary color; but some notes are like yellow ochre—a vulgar yellow."

The faculty of seeing colors when listening to singers was sometimes a source of pain to Lumley's friend. There were voices that "caused an appearance of the colors of snails, stale beer, sour milk, curry powder, rhubarb, mud splashes, and tea leaves from which the water has been strained."

German singers were not in fashion when Lumley's friend was thus amusing himself, otherwise these last named colors might well have characterized voices made in Germany. The gallant Lumley prefaces the list of unpleasant comparisons by saying, "I do not mention names."

Colored Audition.

This characterization of a voice by a color is only a phase of the phenomenon named by some "colored audition." The subject has interested both men of science and fantastical writers from

about the middle of the 15th century to the present day; from the Jesuit Father Castel, who found a relationship between the seven notes of the scale and the seven colors of the spectrum, to Lady Archibald Campbell, with her thin and queer book on "Rainbow Music"; from J. L. Hoffmann (1786) to Dr. L. Destouches; from Goethe to Galton. There are the tables of experiments made by Dr. Suarez de Mendoza, Prof. Flournoy, by Bleuser and Lehmann, and many others; there are the fantasias of Huysmans and others.

J. L. Hoffmann, for example, described the human voice as green. To a medical student examined by Luasana, in 1864, the bass voice was a deep shade, the tenor was chestnut, the soprano was red and the voice of a young girl in speaking was azure blue, while that of a woman from 25 to 30 years old was violet. This student's brother "saw" voices in the same way.

To a public officer 50 years old who was examined by Lauret in 1885, mezzo soprano was clear yellow, soprano was yellowish or white and pure white, tenor ranged from deep yellow to a canary color, baritone was chestnut to yellow, bass was a dark chestnut.

And so other sounds, and numbers, geometrical figures, odors, contacts, proper names, names of days, months, dates, epochs, consonants, vowels, all suggest colors. Some hear in a starry sky an acute sound. Mention the name Joseph to another and he sees a yellow shape, while Jacob reminds him of chestnut; to still another the smell of onion and garlic is green. Suarez de Mendoza examined a musician to whom "Aida" was blue, "The Flying Dutchman," a misty green; "Tannhauser," blue, and the overture to "Struensee" the color of wine-lees. One sees the music of Chopin as yellow; another has toothache listening to "Don Giovanni."

Any one who wishes to study these correspondences of sound, color, odor, should read Dr. Jules Millet's "Audition Coloree" (Paris, 1892), and "La Musique et quelques-uns de ses effets sensoriels," by Dr. L. Destouches (Paris, s. d.).

Opera in Chicago.

Mr. Conried's opera season of a week in Chicago was successful, and not only because the receipts amounted to nearly \$80,000.

The first opera performed was "L'Africaine." I quote from the Chicago Daily Journal: "Mr. and Mrs. James Breckinridge Waller, with their guests, whom they entertained at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield Taylor, arrived just as Mme. Rappold started her first number; then there was a sound of heavy silk dragging across the thick carpet, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy McWilliams made their way to their box, accompanied by their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Dudley and Mr. Belden."

Mrs. Field was also present. "She was distinguished not so much for her handsome black gown of stiff silk and lace as for her gracious manner and her sweet, sad, pensive face." Jewelled butterflies were worn in "flocks"; "countless small ones clung to Miss Eddy's golden tresses as if they were holding their annual swarm there."

Mrs. Taylor "might have been known as the 'Lady with the Sleeves.' Of all the jewels in the house, hers were the showiest. Her dog collar of pearls was a treasure." Nor should Mrs. Coleman be passed over. "Mrs. Coleman never appeared more queenly, gracious and beautiful than last evening in her gown of deep pink, although she obviously still feels a little languid from her immense achievement as the most successful manager of a big social event that Chicago has ever had."

Miss Mabel Bradley was also one of his guests, and her animated face and beautiful white shoulders were one of the most attractive features of the audience."

Random Notes.

The Chicago Journal thinks that the emotional side of Miss Farrar's nature "needs development." "As yet the real pathos of the tragedy of Mme. Butterfly is not understood by her. She has caught a glimpse of it, but it has not burned into her soul." The Journal also says that Mme. Eames now gives "intelligent portrayals of character," and that Mme. Jacoby has "a regal figure."

Mme. Eames visited the park zoo in Chicago and was disappointed in a lioness that was named after her 10 years ago. She "shuddered and hurried by the cages" of rats and mice. "I can stand for most anything but to watch rats or hyenas. They give me the creeps."

For some reason or other Mr. Caruso did not visit the zoo.

A Mme. Ciapparelli, engaged in place of Miss Abbott, took the part of Mimì in Chicago.

The Chicago News let itself go over "Madame Butterfly": "Madame Butterfly," the most modern appreciation of emotion set to music, indicates that the art and imagery of the Tuscan can strike the high spots poetically and passionately. The invasion of our boasted civilization in the flowery kingdom, with its careless conventionalism for the passionate pleasure of the moment, has its dark spots branding infamy in its sorrowful trail. It is to be feared that the little story of Luther Long has more of fact than fiction in its fabric. The genius of Puccini has not only an acute sense for the tellingly theatrical in music, a lyrical command of the poetry of longing in love notes, but the significant symbolism of despair."

It praised Miss Farrar for "overleaping the conventional limitations of operatic acting, still it conforms to the contours, sways with the rhythms and obeys the accents of the music."

Miss Alten also made friends: "Her voice is like the pealing of a silver bell. Life with her would never be dull or devoid of interest."

The Tribune said that Miss Farrar has "the rare ability to stand still and sing." It also said: "Whether Chicago people refuse to take New York as a fashion plate to copy, or whether they have decided that it is vulgar to wear tiaras for the multitude to gaze upon, is a

question. Whichever it may be, it is chanced that Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor was the only woman to wear a tiara, and she only recently returned from New York and the season of opera there, so she may have acquired the habit."

"Between acts the people walked and chatted in the foyers, and a few of the privileged ones were introduced to Johanna Gadschik."

My Johanna, she lives in Harlem. I go to see her every Saturday night.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, the violinist, who will give a recital here on Saturday afternoon, first played in Boston as a child wonder, in Copley Hall, May 14, 1895, at a concert given by Mrs. Hunsicker of Philadelphia, and he played at another concert a few days later. A Bostonian became interested in him, saw to it that he was carefully taught, and freed him from the evils of premature performances in public. Mr. Hartmann studied here with two or three teachers, but he owes his greatest measure his technique and his general artistry to Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler.

After Mr. Hartmann left Boston to gain experience in Europe, he played with unusual success in London, Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, Budapest, Copenhagen, Christiania and more remote cities, as Sofia, Bucharest, Constantinople, Cairo. He has travelled in company with Mme. Patti, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Casals and others.

The press agents have vied with each other in their passionate descriptions. Mr. Hartmann is "The Young Ysaye," an "Atlas of the violin, bearing in his music a world of pain"; he is "pale and with a demoniacal profile." There was a prisoner who, reading in his cell The Lamentations of Jeremiah, wrote at the end: "Cheer up, old boy, cheer up."

Critics take a more cheerful view. According to them, Mr. Hartmann has "a tone of superlative sweetness"; "his temperament puts a heart beat into every measure"; his technique is "all conquering, a source of new delight and pleasure."

Mr. Hartmann has been playing throughout the United States this season. It is a pity that he did not come to Boston earlier in the season. Many remember the great promise of his boyish years in this city, and have read with interest the story of his brilliant career in Europe. They will now have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

Mr. Schroeder's Farewell.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder will give a farewell concert on Thursday night, and it is to be hoped that his many friends and the admirers of his skill and taste will then show publicly their appreciation and affection by attending the concert rather than by talking jauntily about it.

Mr. Schroeder came to the United States in 1891 as solo violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as the successor of Mr. Anton Hekking. He was not first of all a cellist. Born at Neuhausleben in 1855 he first studied the piano with his father, with his brother and then with J. B. Andre. Then he turned his attention to the violin and took lessons of De Ahna in Berlin, where he also studied theory with Tappert. In 1871-72 he played the viola in the Schroeder quartet—his brothers were the other members. At last he determined to be a cellist, and in 1875 he entered Liebig's orchestra as first cello. After playing with Liebig's orchestra, with Loubé in Hamburg, in 1880 he became a member of the Gewandhaus orchestra, Leipzig, and taught the cello at the Leipzig Conservatory.

In Leipzig Mr. Schroeder was the cellist of Petri's quartet, and he soon acquired a widespread reputation as a chamber player. In Boston he joined the Kneisel quartet and made his first appearance Oct. 19, 1891. On Oct. 24 of that year he appeared for the first time as a soloist at the Symphony concerts. He then played Volkmann's concerto in A minor. As solo cellist of the Symphony orchestra he played concertos by Davidoff, Loeffler, Dvorak, Saint-Saens, D'Albert; also pieces by Volkmann, Brahms, Klengel and Dvorak.

In all that he undertook, whether he played a formidable concerto with orchestra, in chamber music, or a group of pieces in a semi-private concert he displayed fully his rare art and his fine taste. His leaving Boston to make his home in New York was a distinct loss to this city. His departure for Frankfurt will be regretted throughout the land, for his great gifts are known and recognized in many states.

COMING CONCERTS.

The annual series of Pop concerts will begin in Symphony Hall on Monday evening, May 6. They will continue for eight weeks. There will be the usual "special nights" for the Institute of Technology, Harvard and Tufts Colleges.

The Boston Operatic Society, Mr. H. F. Odell director, will give a performance of "Erminie" in Jordan Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 7, 8. The chief singers will be Miss Sophie Barnard, Erminie; Miss Jessie B. Strirling, Cerise; Miss Louise Senton, Javotte; Miss Bertha Cote, the princess; Mr. A. R. Marshall, Ravennas; Mr. D. E. Bowen, Ravennas; Mr. G. B. Bigelow, the Chevalier, and Mr. C. C. Long, the Marquis.

In order that the Thursday afternoon concert of the United States Marine band may be popular with all classes, Mr. Mudgett has decided to put the price of each seat in Symphony Hall at 50 cents.

Mr. Hermann Heberlein, the violoncellist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Monday, May 13, at 8 P. M. The programme will include some of his own compositions, among them the "Kaiser Gavotte," for eight cellos, composed on the occasion of the birth of Wilhelm's sixth child.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, who will give a recital here Saturday afternoon; Mr. Alwin Schroeder and Miss Elfriede Schroeder, soprano, who are to appear at the farewell concert of the cellist on Thursday night.



Arthur Hartmann,
Violinist.



Elfriede Schroeder, Soprano.



Alwin Schroeder,
Cellist.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Performance of Handel's "Samson" by the People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole, conductor, at its second and last concert of the season. Solo singers: Miss Lucy Allen, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Child, contralto; Mr. Theodore Van Yox, tenor; Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass. Full orchestra; Mr. Shedd, organist.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Fourth and last chamber recital of Mr. Felix Fox. Miss Mary V. Pratt, pianist, will assist. The programme will include Arensky's "Silhouettes," suite No. 2, Widor's "Toccata" (arranged by I. Philipp), and Saint-Saens' scherzo, op. 87, for two pianos, and these solo pieces: Two preludes, ballade in A flat major, and etude in C minor by Chopin; "Jeux d'eau" by Ravel; MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica"; Sonetto 123 del Petrarca, Liszt.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth and last concert of the Boston Symphony quartet. Schumann, quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1; Jacques-Dalcroze, three movements from serenade for two violins, viola and violoncello, op. 61 (first time in Boston); Beethoven, sextet for string and wind instruments, E flat, op. 20. Messrs. Grisez, clarinet; M. Hess, horn; Sadony, bassoon, and K. Keller, double bass, will assist.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Violin recital by Mme. Maud Powell, assisted by Mr. George Falkenstein, pianist. Schubert, "Rondo Brilliant," op. 70, for piano and violin; Forlilla, adagio, C minor from etude No. 35 (unaccompanied); Tartini, variations on a theme by Corelli; Couperin, "La Fleur" (transcribed by Mme. Powell); Mozart, rondo from the serenade written for the wedding of Elizabeth Haffner; Arensky, concert de Salon, op. 54; Brockway, "The Coquette" from op. 31; Dvorak, "Slav Dance No. 7," from op. 72; Wienlawski, polonaise in D major.

WEDNESDAY—Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Last of a series of 40 free concerts given this season by the music department of the city of Boston. Mr. Albert M. Kanrich, leader of orchestra. Orchestral pieces: Overture to "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; "Music of the Spheres," Rubinstein; selection from "Lullaby," Wallace; scherzo from "Rustic Wedding," symphony, Goldmark; miniature overture and "Dance of the Reeds," from Tchaikowsky's "Nut Cracker" suite; Schubert's "Military March" No. 2. Miss Margaret Gallagher, soprano, will sing, "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation," and Stern's "Printemps." Mr. Kanrich will play these violin solos: Svendsen's "Romance" and Wienlawski's mazurka, "Obertass."

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the United States Marine Band, Lieut. William H. Santelmann, conductor.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Farewell concert of Mr. Alwin Schroeder, violoncellist, assisted by Miss Elfriede Schroeder, soprano. Messrs. Perabo, Tucker and Zach. Violoncello concerto D major, first movement, Davidoff; songs, "La Calandria," Tomelli; "Mondnacht," Schumann; "Vergiliches Staedchen," Brahms; duet for piano and violoncello, "Variations Concertantes," op. 17, Mendelssohn; violoncello solos: Dvorak's "Waldesruhe," Chansarel's "Scyllene," Cossman's "Tarentelle"; songs, "Spring of Love," H. Parker; "Eglington," Henschel; "Fruehlingszeit," R. Becker; sonata for violoncello by Locatelli.

FRIDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second and last of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's Evening Recitals. Concert in aid of the MacDowell fund. Piano pieces of MacDowell played by Mrs. Minnie L. Longley; songs of MacDowell sung by Mr. Heinrich.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. Victor Bendix, symphony in D minor, No. 4 (first time in Boston); Chabrier, rhapsody, "Espana"; Smetana, overture to "The Sold Bride."

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Mr. Arthur Hartmann. Concerto in E major and Charconne, Bach; Air, Goldmark; Romanze, Henriches; "The Zephyr," Hubay; "To a Wild Rose," MacDowell (transcribed by Hartmann); "Airs Russes," Wienlawski. Mr. Adolphe Borschke, pianist, will play the first movement of a sonata by Schytte, and Tausig's arrangement of a Military March by Schubert.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

The last formal planola recital of the season will be given in Steinert Hall next Wednesday afternoon, when Mrs. Blanche Heimburg, Kilduff, soprano, will sing Liszt's "Lorelei," Goring Thomas' "Summer Night," and Victor Harris' "Madrigal."

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The second concert of the year for the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution will be given on next Sunday evening, in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck will repeat the programme of the first pension fund concert this season—seven preludes and overtures by Wagner, those to "Rienzi," "The

Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," and "Parsifal," and the funeral march from "The Dusk of the Gods."

Messrs. Chickering & Sons made a generous donation to the pension fund of the orchestra by giving to it the receipts from the series of Sunday afternoon concerts this season. The following letter has been sent to them:

BOSTON, March 12, 1907.
Dear Sirs—In behalf of the board of directors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your magnificent donation to the pension fund. Please accept the assurance that this gift will most materially help us in the endeavor to make this fund a real and practical

help to members of the Boston Symphony orchestra who may be incapacitated by age or sickness.

Very truly yours,
F. E. SCHUCHMANN, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Charles Cahier, better known in this country as Mrs. Morris Black, has become a member of the Vienna Opera House company.

Here is an extract from an English novel published recently: "Phoebe would have destroyed her best hat any day sooner than have omitted to sit down to the piano and strike the opening chords of the 'Marsellaise' at 10 minutes to 9. As soon as her father was in his armchair with his first cup of coffee, she began the martially pious strains of the Old Hundredth, and after that she was at liberty to stray whither her fancy led, so long as she refrained from Cherubini and arrangements by Lancelot Smith."

The London Telegraph published the following paragraph: "Answers to examination papers are apt to make good reading. A prize distribution in Manchester a few days ago revealed some delightful examples in the musical line. Thus, 'What is an interval?' elicited the reply, 'A short pause for refreshments.' Then, 'Finale,' written at the end, means that 'it is a good piece'; 'Presto' is Italian for 'turn over'; 'Allegro Moderato' is the name of a famous Italian composer who wrote a large number of pieces; 'Poco Crescendo' is a little swell; 'Con duo pedale—with cold feet'; and, last, but surely not least, 'Staccato' means 'stick to the notes.'"

Mr. Louis Lombard gave an orchestral concert at Mustapha-Superieur, Algeria, in honor of the Gynecological, Obstetrical and Paediatric Congress.

One of the late Augusto Rotoli's popular melodies may now have still wider circulation. Mr. Thomas B. Doolittle has set words of a religious nature to it that the song may be sung in church.

Mr. John S. Duss of brass band fame will have to fight if he wishes to retain property worth from five to six millions, which he possesses as the only surviving member of the Harmony Society in Pennsylvania. "Proceedings have been instituted in Allegheny to have the property turned over to the state."

A Mrs. Cecil Edwardes made her first appearance in Paris at one of Reynaldo Hahn's concerts, and the correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette blew lusty blasts on the horn in praise of her: "The audience was delighted at the clear crystalline notes of the debutante, who looked charming in her white satin dress with a mauve orchid set in the bosom. Her voice is a lyrical soprano of astonishing range; the lower register is excellent and at the same time the high trills come with perfect ease and liquid sweetness. The house it applauded to the end of the air, and it applauded between each verse as if determined to emphasize its pleasure." The correspondent talked with her while her face was "still glowing with the pleasurable emotions of her success." She is described as "young and distinctly pretty." She was born in Montreal and part of her married life was spent in Vancouver. In Paris she studied with Mr. Jean de Reszke, and she "dreams of an appearance in grand opera."

"Barrington," playing in London music halls, describes himself as an "unscrupulous pianist." There are many of them, but few have "Barrington's" frankness.

Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff had great success in the Greek Theatre near San Francisco. The Chronicle began by saying: "To hear Alexander Petschnikoff, always the poet and dreamer, after having listened to the fireproof and unsentimental Rosenthal, who was the last visiting artist, seemed like stealing back into the flower-laden fields once more, and revelling in the joys of poetry. Not that Rosenthal is not a great artist, for that is undeniable—but who does not invariably cherish music as an excuse to give vent to his own foolish dreams and romances? And so it is that the playing of the young Russian violinist, although he has his limitations, is

strongly appealing. * * * Mrs. Petschnikoff was rather disconcerting when she made her appearance with her husband for the last number. She looked so truly poetic and artistic in a fascinating gown of cream-colored velvet that it was hard at first to give Mozart credit for having written such a beautiful concertante symphonie for violin and viola."

Mme. Sembrich's manager cancelled the date for a concert at Terre Haute, April 12 "because of the unsatisfactory sale of tickets." As the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune remarked: "The prices had been boosted too high for Terre Haute patrons."

VERBAL INTIMACY.

The drawing room question in France today is this: Should a wife call her husband "vous" or "tu"? The majority of Frenchwomen say with Dean Swift and Charles Lamb that man and wife should not display their affection in the presence of others, when they themselves are only fellow-guests.

Marriages between cousins are common in French high society. The husband and wife have "tutoi'd" from the time they were children. Is it not affection for them to drop "tu" for "vous"? It is said that when a man and his wife quarrel they at once "vous" each other. Should there be this symptom of abiding difference in public?

In New England we do not know these delicate distinctions. In the old days a wife, taught in her childhood that she should always honor her husband, called him Mr. Graves, or whatever his name was, before their children or even when they were alone. Perhaps the Christian name, often taken from the Bible, chilled verbal endearment. The wife would stumble over "Zenas, dear." And what is the pet name derived from Obed? The early New Englander repressed sternly all emotions. Many devoted wives were "Mrs." to their husbands from the wedding ceremony to the burial. Did they never yearn secretly, passionately

for some foolish word of affection? Or did they rejoice in fear and trembling at the awful dignity of "Mr. Parsons," whose first name was of use only at the postoffice, the polls, or in the family Bible?

COLLECTORS.

A Viennese lawyer has been disbarred for a practice "which was pronounced unseemly and derogatory to the dignity of his profession, namely, the habit of picking up and collecting the fag ends of cigars in public streets." It was said in his defence that he was suffering from a peculiar nervous disease, and that certain other persons of superior education and high social position are unable to withstand the impulse to pick up scraps of paper, twigs, corks, anything lying on the pavement.

What did the lawyer do with the cigar ends? He surely did not smoke them as they were? Did he chop them up for pipe tobacco? Did he grind them for snuff? In Vienna they do not "dip." Did he sell them to cigar manufacturers or tobacconists? His disposal of them is a mystery. If he was demented with the mania of collecting, his collection was never shown to the public.

What did Dr. Johnson do with the Seville orange peel that he carefully scraped and put into his pocket? Boswell pumped him in vain, and when he finally said with mock solemnity to Johnson, "He scraped them and let them dry, but what he did with them next he never could be prevailed upon to tell," the sage answered: "Nay, sir, you should say it more emphatically; he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell." Did the great lexicographer take the peel, finely powdered, in a glass of hot red port as a remedy against indigestion? He had recommended this medicine to Miss Boothby, and asked her not to mention it to a doctor. "Physicians," he added, "do not love intruders." Did he sell the peel at the place in Newgate street where they made orange butter, "the oil of the orange inspissated, which they mix perhaps with common pomatum and make it fragrant"?

Why did Aristotle wear on his belly a leather pouch full of hot oil, and why did he collect assiduously earthenware pots which were found in a great quantity after his death? Why did Dragonetti, the celebrated double bass player, collect dolls of all kinds?

There is no accounting for the whims and manias of collectors. How can an apparently sane man find delight in a room full of death masks? There are harmless and estimable persons who form collections of objects associated with the execution of criminals. The true collector is a man of a fixed idea. Cross him in the pursuit of a rare book, coin, stamp, etching, what-you-will, and he is dangerous; he may steal, he may commit murder. One of the reasons why Walt Whitman thought of going and living with the animals was that "not one is demented with the mania of owning things." Yet dogs, monkeys, magpies, crows have been collectors, not of food to be eaten at a more convenient time, but of playthings or of rubbish that pleased their fancy.

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AN INCOMPLETE LIST.

Mr. Frank Richardson of London has the reputation of being an irresistible humorist. He contributes a column entitled "In and Out," which is often "out," to the Pall Mall Gazette. Punch, the envious Punch, described him recently as Mr. Frank Whiskerson, because he is "the greatest English authority on whiskers." Mr. Richardson is the man who, rebuked for his flippancy on the subject of death, answered: "The bulk of people are dead. Only a small minority are alive. Being alive is really a form of disease which our medical men are rapidly exterminating."

This irresistible humorist, apropos of the New Jersey legislator who introduced a bill imposing a tax on whiskers, supplied a list of known face furnishings, "the first official list": Whiskers, earguards, face fins, weathercocks, face fungus, holdalls, hearth rugs, cutlets, paint brushes, and the whiskerette; while mustaches are the inverted eyebrow, the walrus, and the soup strainer.

This list is sadly incomplete. We miss the Piccadilly weepers, the Galway sluggers, the zymos, and these

are the most distinguished and characteristic of all whiskery decorations.

MILD AND MUCH ENDURING.

Ulysses was characterized as "the much enduring." Mr. Alexander Kels of Lodi, Cal., has even a better right to the epithet.

Some of The Herald readers may remember Mr. Lindsal B. Hicks, who sank into fame by being entombed for sixteen days; he was fed through a pipe and he was rescued alive. Mr. Hicks, after basking in the sun, did not wish to enter again into the bowels of Mother Earth. He listened gladly to the words of a showman and was easily persuaded. When the Lindsal B. Hicks Show went to Lodi, Mrs. Kels saw it and confided to Mr. Hicks that she had been a play-actress; that she did not find room in Lodi to invite her soul; that she knew she could "make good with the troupe." She therefore went with the show to San Francisco.

Mr. Kels is an industrious worker in a meat market. Did he catch up a cleaver and take the next train when he heard the news? Did his strong frame totter? Did he choke with emotion behind a face-covering apron?

"This makes the fourth time my wife has left me in this manner," said the philosophical Mr. Kels; "I am going to get a divorce and that will end our troubles, at least I hope so." As mild a man as ever trimmed a kidney chop or weighed linked sausages, he deserved a wife of less pronounced histrionic ambition. We like to think of him hearing of his Lora's flight from some kindly neighbor, "This is getting monotonous," said Mr. Kels.

LUTE RIFTS.

Mrs. Alice Camp remembers that night in June (1906) upon the Hudson river. Mr. Camp appeared before her and her daughter of 25 years "in a rather negligee condition." She remonstrated with him. He answered with Roman firmness that if her daughter did not like it, "she could skidoo"; a flippant answer, one that might easily irritate a sensitive person.

On another occasion Mr. Camp called his Alice "a homely old pig." A thrifty soul, he complained of the gas bill, gave her an allowance of only \$5 a week, and deducted ten cents from her allowance in order to pay for tinsel to deck a

Christmas tree. Mr. Camp also objected to canned food, and assured Alice that his next wife would not be over 28 years old.

The argument was not all one-sided. Mrs. Camp, heated in the discussion, threw water, not on herself, but in her husband's face.

Mr. Camp's counsel put much stress on the fact that Mrs. Camp had advertised for a husband and that J. Edward was the chosen answer. But what had this fact to do with J. Edward's conduct? Did she specify her requirements in the advertisement? Did she specify height, weight, complexion, disposition? Did she insist that the applicant should be thoroughly housebroken? Judgment must be deferred until these questions are satisfactorily answered.

'SAMSON' GIVEN BY PEOPLE'S CHORAL

Large Audience Attends the Union's Recital at Symphony Hall.

The People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole, conductor, gave its 10th annual concert last evening in Symphony Hall, presenting Handel's oratorio, "Samson." The chorus was assisted by Miss Lucy Anne Allen, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Messrs. Theodore Van York, tenor; Herbert Witherspoon, bass; Herman A. Shedd, organist; Arthur D. Babcock; Miss Edith Snow, accompanist, and members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, principal. Mr. L. Klopffel played the trumpet solo.

The nature and aims of the People's Choral Union are so generally known by this time that it is hardly necessary to recall them. The chorus is composed of untrained voices, the requirements for membership being slight, as the organization is for the benefit of lovers of music who have not had the time or the opportunity for individual study.

They are taught to read and to care for a good quality of music, and twice yearly they give a public concert. That this chorus should not only have been maintained for 10 years, but have achieved the solidity and reputation that it has now established for itself, proves both the ability of its director and the genuine appreciation of the many who have availed themselves of its advantages.

It must be confessed that last evening's concert was not up to the standard of this society. The chorus, usually well drilled and capable of a good volume of tone, was often uncertain in response; the orchestra lagged or played raggedly; and both were frequently at odds with the solo singers.

In addition to this the organ became unruly, and spoiled two recitatives. As the performance proceeded hesitancy became confusion, and once or twice Mr. Cole found it necessary to stop and recommence a passage. These vicissitudes were met without unnecessary awkwardness and with very little delay, so that the audience found genuine enjoyment in the performance as a whole; but it would not be fair to judge the chorus by its general work of last evening.

The soloists were warmly applauded, as were also certain airs and choruses. There was a very large audience.

April 23 1907

Mr. Felix Fox, assisted by Miss Mary Vincent Pratt, pianist, gave his fourth and last chamber concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Arensky, "Silhouettes," suite No. 2 for two pianos; solo pieces; Ravel, "Jeux d'eau"; Liszt, "Sonetto 123 del Petrarca"; Chopin, two preludes, ballade in A flat, etude in C minor; Widor, toccata (arranged by Philipp Saint-Saens), scherzo, op. 87, both for two pianos; MacDowell, Sonata Tragica.

The concert was a pleasant one. It entertained an appreciative audience, and there are concerts that cannot justly be ranked among entertainments. There are some persons who insist on taking music too seriously. They insist that concerts should be educational, instructive. (As a matter of fact, there are didactic programmes.) They delight in historical programmes. They applaud only the approved works of approved composers, just as there are persons who are happiest when they have complete sets of the old editions of British poets and British essayists and make no room on their shelves for Swinburne, Paterson, Thomas Hardy or Meredith, while they will tell you that Shelley had deplorable atheistic tendencies, Keats was sensuous, and Mr. Chesterton is nothing but a boaster.

Mr. Fox is a pianist of serious aims and purposes, but he recognizes the fact that some of the radical music of today will be classic 50 years from now. He

also appreciates the fact that music need not always be austere or cryptic. He acquaints his audiences with modern compositions; he at times gives them immediate pleasure by letting them hear music which, while it is respectable or even skilfully constructed, is at the same time interesting to the general public by reason of pretty, graceful melody and piquant rhythmic devices.

The "Silhouettes" of Arensky played yesterday by him and Miss Pratt might be dismissed as salon-music of the better class, music that has a certain elegance but no pronounced emotional quality. It pleases the ear and does not offend the understanding. It is music that is wholly free from Russian characteristics, and might have been written in Paris or Vienna. The silhouettes are entitled: "The Learned Man," "The Coquette," "The Dreamer" and "Punchinello," and each in turn is characterized sufficiently if not sharply. Philipp's transcription of Widor's toccata is effective. The scherzo by Saint-Saens is cleverly made out of very slight material, and it contains padding that is as idle chatter.

The ensemble playing was excellent. Miss Pratt is a young musician of pronounced versatility. It would have been interesting to hear her as a solo player.

Mr. Fox played with more warmth and breadth than we are accustomed to associate with his performance which on several occasions has been distinguished chiefly by brilliance. Yesterday he was often poetic, as in the pieces by Ravel and Liszt, and his interpretation of MacDowell's sonata was not without the heroically tragic spirit. He and Miss Pratt were warmly applauded.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Fox will give a series of concerts next season. There are piano pieces by later French composers than even Debussy which should be heard here, and few pianists have Mr. Fox's courage in appreciation.

WILLY HESS GETS LEAVE.

Concert Master Will Visit Europe—Karl Wendling Takes Place.

Mr. Willy Hess, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at his own urgent request, has been released from active duty. He has made this request that he may benefit his health by a sojourn in Europe and incidentally accept certain important engagements as a virtuoso in European countries.

His three years in Boston have entailed constant and arduous work. Mr. Hess will sail with his family for Germany next month.

His successor for the season of 1907-08 will be Mr. Karl Wendling of Stuttgart, who is the concert master of the Court Orchestra of that city, both in the opera house and in the symphony concerts. He is also the leader of a string quartet. His reputation as a concert master is more than local, in fact he is ranked among the leading men that occupy similar positions in European cities, and he has served as concert master at Bayreuth. Mr. Wendling has obtained leave of absence for one year. He will arrive in Boston next fall.

QUARTET'S LAST CONCERT

New Serenade for Strings by Jacques-Dalcroze Given.

The Boston Symphony Quartet gave its sixth and last concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Tchaikowsky, Quartet in D major, op. 11 No. 1; Jacques-Dalcroze, three movements from Serenade, op. 61; Beethoven's Septet in E flat major, op. 20. Messrs. Grisez, clarinet, M. Hess, horn, Sadony, bassoon, and K. Keller, double bass, assisted.

The programme was an interesting one. The andante of Tchaikowsky's quartet long ago made the composer famous all over the world, and it is still beautiful by reason of its ineffable melancholy and tenderness. Thirty years ago Tolstol sat by Tchaikowsky when a concert was given at Moscow in honor of the novelist. "Never in the whole course of my life," wrote Tchaikowsky in his diary, "did I feel so flattered, never so proud of my creative power, as when Leo Tolstol, sitting by my side, listened to my andante while the tears streamed down his face." This andante, by the way, is based on a Russian folk-song which Tchaikowsky heard in 1869 at Kamenka and noted at the time.

Jacques-Dalcroze, born in Vienna of French extraction, studied at Geneva, Vienna and Paris, and now teaches composition at the Conservatory of Geneva. Although he has written operas, cantatas, piano pieces and many songs, he is known in Boston chiefly by his violin concerto which was played here last season by Mr. Marteau, a work distinguished chiefly by piquant harmonies and fantastically brilliant instrumentation. Three movements from the Serenade were played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Quartet at a Sunday concert in Chickering Hall last February.

And The Herald commented upon them at the time. The work was unfamiliar to many in last evening's audience. Of the three movements the last, an allegro scherzando, gave apparently the greatest pleasure by its infectious and captivating rhythm. All the movements have a certain charm, but have not much distinction, and make no lasting impression.

Tchaikowsky's quartet aroused more spontaneous enthusiasm, and was probably the more grateful task of the two for the players, who gave it a keenly sympathetic performance. The applause was prolonged after the memorable andante, which is in the nature of a violin solo with accompaniment by the

other strings and Mr. Jones was obliged to respond individually.

The septet was pleasant by reason of the variety it gave to the programme, and the agreeable quality of the blended tone. But for these attributes the music would scarcely have borne being placed at the end of such a programme. There was an appreciative audience of moderate size.

April 24, 1907

MME. MAUD POWELL

Mme. Maud Powell, violinist, assisted by George Falkenstein, pianist, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Schubert, Rondo Brilliant, for piano and violin, op. 70; Fiorillo, Adagio, C minor, from Etude No. 35 (unaccompanied); Tartini, variations on a theme by Corelli; Couperin, "La Fleurie" (transcribed by Mme. Powell); Mozart, Rondo from the Serenade written for the wedding of Elizabeth Haffner; Arensky, Concerto d. Salon, op. 54; Dvorak, Slavic Dance No. 7, from op. 72; Brockway, "The Coquette" from op. 31; Wieniawski, Polonaise in 1. major.

The name of Fiorillo is little known to concert-goers, yet the adagio by him as played last night made a deep impression and Mme. Powell was obliged to play it a second time. Federico Fiorillo, born in 1752, at Brunswick, where his father, Ignazio, a Neapolitan, was living, was at first a mandoline player; he became a famous violinist, but after he chose London as his dwelling place he was celebrated chiefly by his skill on the viola. He wrote much music, and the majority of his compositions are still in manuscripts. His 36 caprices, however, have been published in at least two editions, one edited by Spohr, who added a part for an accompanying second violin, and one edited by David.

Perhaps this adagio seemed the more noble and superb by coming immediately after Schubert's Rondo, which is surely not among that composer's inspired compositions, although certain violinists entertain an affection for it.

The programme was well contrasted. Mme. Powell's transcription of Couperin's tender fancy is not a disarrangement; it preserves the perfume of the original. Arensky's concerto is frankly for the salon and it has true brilliance. The waltz section is happily conceived. The bid for immediate popularity is not too pronounced, and though the greater part of the work is music for a virtuoso's display, the pages are not cheap and there are many evidences of sound musicianship.

Mme. Powell played with the breadth, dignity, and passion that set her apart from other women, and with her sure and highly developed mechanism put her in the class of leading violinists. To say that she plays like a man would be only a sorry compliment; her performance has greater distinction than that of many men who are applauded. To say that her artistry is conspicuous for virility would not be saying all that should be spoken.

There are women pianists who in the hope of attaining virility become either Amazons or Xantippes. In order to show their physical force and mental grasp they pound and shriek and scream. The truly virile man is also tender. He has a reserve force. Virility is not merely a matter of brawn and muscle.

Mme. Powell has strength, sanity, sweep of vision, musical and aesthetic understanding; she also has the emotional quality that characterizes women, but her sentiment is not a whispered confidence nor does it degenerate into sentimentalism.

She comprehends alike the noble serenity, the classic spirit of the old Italians, the romanticism of later writers for virtuosos, the restlessness of the ultra-moderns in thought and in expression. She is not an exponent or an interpreter of only one school.

She plays with uncommon gusto. There were moments last night when by vigor of interpretation she lost tonal quality, but these moments were few. Her performance as a whole was one that will be remembered for solidity and brilliance of technique and for the higher qualities that stamp the artist. The audience was not so large as one as she deserved, but it was enthusiastic. Mr. Falkenstein played excellent accompaniments.

April 25, 1907

CONCERT FOYER

Scotti, the Baritone, Appears as Psychological Analyst.

WHAT MME. NORDICA AND OTHERS SAY

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Scotti is talking to reporters in western cities. His remarks are interesting. He does not talk about the diet of a singer and his own views concerning hygiene; he does not declare his undying devotion to the American flag and the women of America; he does not name his favorite amusements, books, dishes.

He reveals himself as a psychologist. Mr. Victor Maurel must now look to his laurels.

Mr. Scotti analyzed in Chicago the character of Tonio in "Pagliacci." The

part, he says, contains three personalities. When Tonio comes before the curtain to recite the prologue, he is the artist, the interpreter, in other words, Mr. Scotti. He represents the composer and author; he invites the public to give attention to the drama about to be performed. "Only when the tragedy of the drama is touched upon does the composer break into song. Therefore the opening of the prologue should be delivered almost in a speaking voice. The lyric beauty of its second half is emphasized by the contrast, thus obtained."

It is hard for English speaking people to understand the character of Tonio, who is neither a circus clown nor a pantomime clown; who is not a comedian of the theatre. "In Italy it is the custom of such strolling hands of players as are represented in 'Pagliacci' to include in their number some poor, half-witted fellow, who shall unconsciously furnish amusement to the peasants. Such a one is Tonio. Poor stupid fool he is, eluding out a miserable existence by his own misfortune. How absurd to dress him in expensive silks! How mistaken to make him the clever or even the intentional clown!"

Tonio's love for Nedda is blind animalism. "His malice is the instinct of the wounded brute." He intentionally attempts burlesque action only once, in the play within the play. "I try to present him in the first act bestial, malicious; in the second pitifully absurd, and at the last shocked by the sudden and terrible tragedy into momentary dignity."

This reasoning is sane and worthy of a truly dramatic singer.

But Mr. Scotti is still more entertaining in his discussion of Scarpa's character.

Mr. Scotti says that when he undertook the composition of this part he read all historical works that have any bearing on the character. What are these works?

The story of Scarpa's bargain with Tosca is an old one. He is the Juriste of Cinthio's tale, which, retold by George Whetstone, in 1578, served Shakespeare in "Measure for Measure." Similar bargains actually carried out are recorded by historians. But in what historical work did Mr. Scotti find help for his characterization of the Scarpa of Sardou and Puccini's librettists?

When Sardou's play was produced at the Porte Saint-Martin, in 1887, Jules Lemaitre wrote about Scarpa: "Do not liken him to Richard III., Iago, Nero, men of brains, complex characters, artists. This Scarpa is a monster without nuances. * * * If he is atrocious to the verge of madness—a cold delirium—it is only that he may not lose his position as a spy. He is not a man, he is a dramatic means. He is an instrument needed by Sardou to torture two victims, to create frightful situations in which they gasp and suffer agonies."

And it was Mr. Lemaitre who characterized "Tosca" as neither drama nor literature, but pantomime, "a pantomime of the decadent empire, made to be enjoyed by Nero or Theodora."

According to Mr. Scotti, this Scarpa was an elegant and polished aristocrat, so feared that he was welcomed at court as though he were an ambassador, suave, courteous. Tosca's appeal to him for the life of her lover arouses interest, which turns to admiration and then to lust. "All lustful men are brutal," says Mr. Scotti. Then Scarpa's brutality breaks through the veneer of elegance and he is revealed as "the cold, selfish, calculating sensualist."

As Mr. Lemaitre puts it—is Mr. Scotti acquainted with the criticism? Scarpa makes phrases, "well written" phrases, and this is horrible. He says to Tosca: "Ah, what a fine thing this coupling of my desire and your hate will be! He is atrocious; his atrocity is supernatural." Mr. Scotti would have him as superbly sinister and malignant as the husband in Browning's "Last Duchess," until the fit comes upon him and he rushes round the room, overturning furniture and seriously alarming Miss Florio Tosea.

Mr. Scotti says that he leaves nothing to the inspiration of the moment. "I know that here I disagree with many of my countrymen who possess abundant natural talent for acting, but neither the patience nor the application to work out their parts. They should learn from the French stage."

Mme. Nordica was asked in San Francisco whether "calamity in the artistic life" did not sometimes work out for good. "Goodness knows, I have had enough of it in mine," was the answer. The reporter with infinite tact "recalled the incidents of her last divorce and remarked that the tragedies in her life seem to have left her very cheerful." Now listen to what Mme. Nordica said: "But the path of the artist is not strewn with roses. Have you ever heard the fable of the old man who ate all the herbs along the roadside, but who was shocked to see that another old man was following him and eating what he was throwing away?"

Mme. Nordica said in the course of the conversation that she enjoyed a chat about art, politics, literature or music. She deplores "the tendency of the critic to try to be funny." "It is impossible to deceive an American audience concerning the merits of a singer or an operatic production." She has decided to make her home in California, for she loves the climate, and the people. And as she talked, the color in her cheeks was glowing, and her eyes—great, blue, magnetic eyes—flashed with the fire of genius aroused.

"All you have to do," said the reporter of the Chronicle, "is to look at Lillian Nordica to know that she is a winner. When the time came to say good afternoon, I was still meditating on the pearls of wisdom that had fallen from the lips of this remarkable woman."

Apropos of the talk about a production

of "The Ring" in English at Covent Garden, the Musical Times published for the first time a letter written by Wagner in 1877 to Mr. Emil Sander of Melbourne, relative to the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Australia. Wagner said: "May you be enabled to have my works placed before you in 'English,' for only then can they be thoroughly understood by an English speaking public. We hope to achieve this in London." The Wagnerian's music dramas should be sung only in German, will please sit up and take notice.

A pupil, asked at a musical examination to state the number of Beethoven's symphonies, their keys and their titles, if any, answered: "Beethoven wrote four symphonies: the 'Pastoral,' the 'Eroica,' the C minor, and the Ninth."

Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist, says it is necessary for a professional pianist to practice "unfailingly" four hours a day.

Miss Florence Schmidt writes to the Pall Mall Gazette that she has frequently heard an Englishman, Mr. Frederick Norton, sing a high D flat from the chest "with a tone and volume equal to Caruso." Mr. Hammerstein's attention is called to Mr. Norton. As Mr. Lenox remarked: "Many a true word is spoken from the chest."

A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., to the New York World reads as follows: "No intermission was provided for in the programme, so only 19 persons turned out to hear Moritz Rosenthal, the noted pianist, at Macauley's Theatre. Four of these had paid a dollar each, and their money was refunded." The appropriate head line was "Too Long Between Drinks."

At a Symphony concert in Denver, the last one of the season, the programme was made in accordance to requests, and it was as follows: Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; Saint-Saens, prelude to "The Deluge"; suite No. 1 from "Carmen"; Handel's "Largo." A "pretty and charming Denver lass" sang "the lovely aria, 'Il va venir' from 'La Juive'."

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke of England says that the Scotch are "the most unmusical and conceited race on God's earth." "The Scotch's fearful curse is his hard-headedness; there is also a horrible and detestable lack of imagination, always fatal where music is concerned." Mr. Holbrooke also thinks that "Annie Laurie" deserves to be welded into a fine orchestral work.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth went to the opera in Cincinnati. The Commercial Tribune said: "Mrs. Longworth, during her visit to the May Festival last year, was the centre of curiosity, but this element seems to have died away, and this very splendid looking young woman is now allowed the freedom and lack of annoyance which is the privilege of any other American-born citizen." We regret to learn from the same authority that "Dressing with a capital D was lacking." "There were not a half-dozen décollete gowns worn and light evening theatre waists were in the great majority." It seems, then, that dressing with a capital V was also lacking.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan are among the subscribers to the Royal Opera season, which will begin the 30th at Covent Garden.

Mr. Jules Lombard, "the veteran war-time basso of Chicago," had a benefit concert in that city on his 76th birthday, April 18. He sang "Maggie," "I'm a Child of a King" and other "favorite songs" and received about \$1000. The Daily Telegraph (London) of the 13th roasted Mr. Joseph Holbrooke delicately: "At a recent concert, 'scorning the services of an assistant,' this many-sided musician himself turned over the pages of the piano piece he was playing. Only those who have never tried to do it will require to be told that the apparently simple task of 'turning over' needs considerable tact and address. A few weeks since Mr. de Pachmann, with characteristic effusiveness, marked the conclusion of the Chopin concerto he played at an Albert Hall Sunday concert by shaking hands cordially with the assistant who had performed the office for him, and really there have been times when the 'page-turner' has seemed to merit a special 'call' for himself. But Mr. Holbrooke elected to negotiate the pages with his own fingers, and did so, it is said, with remarkable dexterity, despite the exacting demands of the piano part. Only what Mrs. Bardell called 'natural genius' could do it."

The autograph manuscript of one of Mozart's concertos brought about \$3100 at a recent auction sale in Leipzig.

Another infant phenomenon, and again a fiddler, young Leopold Lustig, made his first appearance in London the 15th. He was discovered by Prof. Kisewetter of Leipzig. Leopold is now 13 years old, but he is said to have played the fiddle "all his life." His parents took him to England when he was an infant, and his first instrument was bought at a stall for 2s. 9d. Wilhelmj has taught the boy, and thinks so highly of him that, "when the lad first gave concerts on the continent, he allowed him to take the name, 'Lustig-Wilhelmj.'"

This reminds us of the fact that a little girl "barely 9 years of age," after playing pieces by Chopin in public, was blindfolded by her father, who placed a cloth over the keys. "Instead of resenting this treatment of the instrument, the tiny pianist proceeded to give a 'surprisingly accurate' performance of one of the smaller of the Polish composer's works in this form, following it up with a really brilliant reading of Godard's 'Valse Chromatique.'" The unfortunate child hails from Bristol, England.

The Emperor William is never weary of patronizing art. He recently gave gold bracelets with his monogram in diamonds to prima donnas of the Monte Carlo opera company, which was performing at the Royal Opera, Saint-Snens, Massenet and Grieg all took luncheon with the Emperor at the

castles.

Julian Edwards' "Mermaid," a dramatic cantata, was performed by the Mesurgula Society of New York last Tuesday night. Mrs. Viola Waterhouse, formerly of Boston, was the solo soprano. There was a "maple sugar social" at the house of Mrs. Charles H. Garlin at North Ross, N. Y., a fortnight ago, and the marriage of Mr. Edwards and Miss Barrett, teachers in one and the same school, was announced in a pleasingly unconventional manner. "Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are musicians, and it was announced that a piano and mandolin duet would be given by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards telling the old story. Every one was completely overwhelmed with surprise and the young couple were deluged with rice."

April 26, 1907

ALWIN SCHROEDER'S FAREWELL CONCERT

Alwin Schroeder, the distinguished 'cellist, gave a farewell concert last night in Chickering Hall. He was assisted by his daughter, Miss Elfriede Schroeder, soprano, and by Messrs. Perabo, Tucker and Zach, pianists. The programme was as follows: Davidoff, concerto D major, first movement; songs, Tomelli's "La Calandria," Schumann's "Mondnacht," Brahms' "Vergebliches Staendchen," Mendelssohn, "Duet," variations concertantes, for piano and cello, op. 11; cello solos, Dvorak's "Waldesruhe" (by request), Cui, "Berceuse"; Chausse, Sicilienne; Cossman, Tarantelle; songs, H. Parker's "Spring of Love," Henschel's "Eglantine," R. Becker's "Frueblingszeit," sonata for cello by Locatelli.

Mr. Schroeder may well look back on the events of last evening with pleasure. Farewell concerts are often like benefit concerts, a grief and an injury to the concert giver. The benefit concert is often a pecuniary loss. And what can be more dismal than the thought of a once applauded musician farewelling in public only a few friends.

The people of a city are not always thoughtful, kind and generous when a musician once a favorite by reason of his artistic skill and personal characteristics returns after a sojourn in another town. The people are not always responsive to the farewell of one who has dwelt among them and labored earnestly and well for their musical education and pleasure. He that leaves a city, no matter how greatly he may be honored in his new home, is soon only a vague tradition in the place where he was formerly a joy and a pride.

To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

Mr. Schroeder is Fortunate.

Mr. Schroeder has had a more fortunate experience. Chickering Hall was filled last night with warm friends and honest admirers. They admired him and they applauded him as artist and as man when he lived and moved among them. They welcomed his visits to this city, whether he appeared as an ensemble player or as a virtuoso. Now that he is about to leave this country to make Frankfurt-on-the-Main his dwelling place, they gladly renewed their pledges of affection and wished him the success, the honor and the happiness that are due him, wherever he may live.

And not only was there applause that was heartfelt and not perfunctory; there was the wreath of honor, and Mr. Tucker, in behalf of friends, presented Mr. Schroeder with a silver pitcher, suitably inscribed.

When Mr. Schroeder left this city and the Symphony orchestra with his fellow-members of the Kniesel quartet, those truly interested in the musical welfare of Boston felt both a personal and a civic loss. Now that Mr. Schroeder leaves this country, the sense of loss is widespread. Yet his wisdom is a natural one, and it is to be respected. He would fain live again in his fatherland; he would fain display again his indisputable skill as a virtuoso in cities that long ago acknowledged his talent and have long missed him. May the realization fulfil the wish!

He will be remembered here as an artist of high aims and pure purposes; an artist that respected his calling and was never weary of making for musical righteousness; a man, who though justly conscious of his ability, was always dignified and modest in the presence of the public.

The concert was evidently much enjoyed, and they that took part with Mr. Schroeder shared in the applause.

Music Notes.

The United States Marine band gave its second concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a small but appreciative audience.

27 PASSING BELIEFS.

Read the famous chapter in Victor Hugo's "Shakespeare" about the precise knowledge of the world and the universe as imparted by the philosophers and learned men of Greece, and you will wonder how the science of this century will be regarded by the men of 2500 A. D.

You smile at odd medical prescriptions. Here is one of the seventeenth century: "Earthworms slit and cleansed and cut in pieces and chopped, a good mess of pottage made thereof with oatmeal and water and

...en by them that have the black jaundice, doth perfectly cure them thereof though it is never so long rooted. This is very true and hath been oftentimes proved." Yet we read in a contemporary that the thyroid gland of a sheep is an excellent thing to stimulate men and women to "curiosity and a desire to study."

UP OR DOWN.

There is still heated discussion over the question whether the horseshoe should be nailed so that the heel be up or down. There can not be any question as to the fact that if you find a horseshoe and nail it over a door or on a door of entrance to your house or flat witches cannot enter.

This belief is universal. The horseshoe as an amulet is known among Turks, Jews, Gentiles, infidels, believers, heretics. The crescent emblem of the Buddhists is a horseshoe. The safeguard against witchcraft may be found in Tunis, Constantinople, Spain, Sicily. Images of crocodiles made in Calro carry horseshoes on snout and tail. The rich and aristocratic, the poor and lowly, believe alike in the efficacy of the charm. Two rusty old horseshoes were fastened on the highest marble step that led to the entrance of the house of the Duchess of St. Albans and her husband, Mr. Coutts, at Holley Lodge.

It is well known that pikes are fond of riding horses at night; they will ride them furiously, so that the poor animals are found in their stalls the next morning jaded and in a muck of sweat. A scythe hung up to stable rafters will keep the horses safe from harm, but for a dwelling house a horseshoe is indispensable. Furthermore, if you know the dwelling house of a witch, nail a horseshoe on her door and she cannot go out to work harm. A horseshoe stolen and put on the chimney hearth will bring good luck to a house and its intimates.

But in all the horseshoe lore there is not a word about the proper position of the heel of the shoe. In pictures the shoe is represented indifferently with the heel turned up or down. The main point is to find a horseshoe and then nail it on or over the main door of your dwelling. To quote the lines of Mr. Edward Harrigan, a sweet poet: So one and all I give ye timely warning, Never take the horseshoe from the door.

THE HEROIC MOULD.

The Women's Civic Club of New Haven, Ct., has been investigating the local theatres. The president says in her report that she finds nothing immoral in the play "Nathan Hale"; "but I think it is against public interest to let a short fat man take the heroic role of Nathan Hale. No fat man should be cast in patriotic roles."

Does any sane person question the patriotism of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan? Does patriotism beat only in the skinny breast of the slab-sided and the gaunt? Go to!

Should only men and women of heroic figure impersonate heroes and heroines? Garrick, Kean, Talma, Rachel, Matild Heron were under the heroic size. Was not the part of Hamlet written for Burbadge? "He's fat and scant of breath." Was there ever a more romantic figure in melodrama and tragedy than Charles Fechter,

even in his days of fatness and cruelly grotesque physical suffering?

MR. HEINRICH'S RECITAL.

Tenor Heard in Concert for Benefit of MacDowell Fund.

Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little Longley, pianist, gave the second in his series of two evening recitals last evening in Chickering Hall. The concert was for the benefit of the MacDowell fund, and the programme consisted of works of that composer. Mr. Heinrich sang "Du Liebst Mich Nicht," "Mich Liebchen," "Das Rosenband," "Cradle Hymn," "Idylle," "Confidence," "Long Ago," "Thy Beaming Eyes," "A Maid Sings Light," and three settings of songs by Robert Burns, "Ye Banks and Braes," "Menie," and "My Jean." Mrs. Longley played "To a Water Lily," "Song to the Sea," "Improvisation," "Idylle," "Shadow Dance," and "Hungarian." The most salient characteristic of the programme was the extreme brevity of nearly all its numbers, a characteristic which apparently piqued the enjoyment of the audience, as many repetitions were demanded. The programme itself was commendably short, even with the numerous encores.

Mr. Heinrich was greeted with enthusiasm by a friendly audience, and he sang with his usual animation. Mrs. Longley played amiably and repeated several numbers.

QUARTET DISBANDS AT SAILING OF HESS

Boston Symphony Four, Losing Their Leader, Give up Organization.

With the departure of Prof. Willy Hess for Europe, it has been decided to give up the Boston Symphony quartet, of which he was the leader as well as being the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. For the first time since the organization of the Kneisel quartet, which had substantial support from Mr. Higginson until it was placed on a paying basis, the Boston Symphony orchestra will be without a chamber music organization under the direct patronage of the management.

It has been found almost impossible to arrange a schedule of concerts and rehearsals for the Boston Symphony quartet which does not interfere with the more important work of the orchestra. As the quartet comprised the concert master and another leading violin of the orchestra, as well as the principal viola and principal violoncello, there could be no conflict in dates, and, naturally, the quartet had always to give way to the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony quartet was organized in the fall of 1904 as the successor of the Arbos quartet, which had succeeded the Kneisel quartet.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 23D CONCERT

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Bendix
"España," rhapsody for orchestra.....Chabrier
Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana

The performance of the Symphony by Bendix was the first. The symphony has not yet been published.

Victor Bendix, a younger brother of Otto Bendix, who was for some years well known in Boston as a pianist, was born in Copenhagen nearly 56 years ago. He is a conductor and a pianist. His fourth symphony was composed last year.

It is a work that appeals more to the eye than to the ear. If you look over the score, you see contrapuntal problems deftly solved, you recognize the ability of a man who is versed in theory and has routine experience. When you hear the music played, you become aware that the solution of the problems was often a matter of little importance or that the result was not effectively stated.

Of the four movements the finale is the most interesting, as far as impressions on the nerves are concerned, although the third movement has occasionally a placid beauty; not beauty of a high degree, not beauty of marked originality; it is mild and contemplative. The finale, however, has a certain force that commands respect.

Needless Complexity.

The first movement suffers from needless and harassing complexity in the expression of simple and conventional thought. The Intermezzo has a chief theme which has somewhat the character of a folk tune. Whether the theme be wholly original or suggested by a song of the people, it is peculiarly melancholy, and the melancholy

is not of the pleasing, not of the tragic sort; it is rather a long drawn out complaint.

The symphony is heavily scored. There are few agreeable or striking contrasts of orchestral timbres; there is little sense of orchestral color. The work as a whole is monotonous in color, and the drab is thickly applied. The composer seems disinclined to allow any of the players moments for rest and recreation. There are the instruments; why should they not be constantly in service? At the beginning of the Intermezzo there is an endeavor to gain effects by discretion in the choice of instruments. The endeavor is at first successful, and unusual harmonization aids in producing a peculiar, I might say a depressing color.

Labor Rather Than Inspiration.

The symphony is an honest work. It is a work of labor rather than of inspiration. There are many notes in it, for Bendix has not the gift of reticence; they often jostle each other, and a melodic line will be almost obscured by injudicious instrumentation or by the harmonies that should throw it into bold relief.

As a whole, the symphony, like many other honest and respectable things and persons, is tiresome. Dr. Muck did everything in his power to make it effective, but the music itself has little true emotional quality.

One can gain a vivid idea of Spain by reading the books of George Borrow and Richard Ford and by hearing Chabrier's "España." The stay-at-home may see the fairer country. Would that this superbly brilliant and audacious rhapsody were more familiar! I hear that there are some who think it "hardly worthy" of a place on a "symphony programme."

Technical Skill.

There would be no use in arguing the question. Yet it might surprise these men and women, if they were to learn that there is more technical skill displayed in the composition of "España" than in the great majority of solid and estimable pieces which have been written during the last 50 years, symphonies, symphonic poems, preludes and fugues, symphonic prologues and the like. Think, too, of Chabrier's harmonies, rhythms and dazzling orchestra.

Furthermore, there is the marvelous imagination of the man displayed here as in his "Gwendoline" music. The death of Bizet is acknowledged to be a most severe loss to musical France. The death of Chabrier—and he was dead as to his mind before his body released the unfortunate soul—was perhaps even a greater loss.

The performance of "España" was brilliant, irresistible, but not always flawless in the matter of precision. The audience was moved to genuine enthusiasm.

Smetana's ever delightful overture

was taken at an appropriately lively pace, one that like the rhapsody, tested the virtuosity of the orchestra.

MR. HARTMANN'S RECITAL.

Violinist Is Assisted by Mr. Adolph Borschke, Pianist.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, assisted by Mr. Adolph Borschke, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Bach, Concerto in E major for violin; Schytte, First movement of a sonata for piano; Bach, Chaconne for violin; violin pieces, Goldmark, Air; Fini Henriques, Romanze; Hubay, Zephyr; Schubert-Tausig military march; violin pieces: MacDowell-Hartmann, "To a Wild Rose," Wleniawski, Airs Russes.

Mr. Hartmann played here in the spring of 1895. He was then a boy and he was announced as Master Hartmann. His unusual ability made friends for him. He was withdrawn from the concert stage and put under the musical care of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, to whom he owes the solidity and the brilliance of his technique. The time came for him to learn by experience and he went to Europe. His career there as a virtuoso has been an enviable one. Toward the end of a long series of concerts given in this country he visited the city where his student years were spent.

It is a pity that he did not come earlier in the season. It is a pity that he was not heard with the Symphony orchestra. He is a violinist of much more than ordinary parts and he deserved a larger audience than that which applauded him yesterday. He is a virtuoso of indisputable talent.

His tone is pure, full, imposing in passages that demand breadth of treatment, warm and sensuous in song. The brilliance of his technique is neither superficial nor accidental, it rests on a firm foundation.

His nature is musical. He thinks for himself and the individuality of his expression, though it needs chastening in some respects, is interesting. His Hungarian blood leads him occasionally into extravagant speed. If his performance of Bach's Concerto was excellent, especially his performance of the first two movements, that of the Chaconne cannot be highly commended, for in it there was a lack of dignity, and too often there was a disturbing restlessness, instead of classic nobility; there were excesses in pace; there was distortion in expression. The contrast between the performance of the Concerto and that of the Chaconne was indeed marked. The Chaconne is not a composition to be played in the Hungarian manner.

Mr. Hartmann was particularly fortunate in his interpretation of the charming Romance by Fini Henriques, the Dane, and in the two Hungarian pieces which he added to the programme. The latter were played with irresistible spontaneity, dash, rhythmic elasticity, so that they were as the wild and haunting improvisations of a gypsy.

Mr. Hartmann's technical acquirements were admirably displayed in the familiar piece by Wleniawski.

The audience, in which there were discriminative musicians, was heartily appreciative of Mr. Hartmann's many excellent qualities. He added other pieces than those named to the programme, and he was obliged to repeat his transcription of MacDowell's piano piece.

Mr. Borschke accompanied with sympathy and taste. He has an agreeable touch and a fluent mechanism. These were also well displayed in the solo pieces. He, too, was recalled, and he responded to the long-continued applause after the march by playing again.

"POP CONCERTS."

The annual series of "pop concerts" in Symphony Hall, which begin on Monday evening, May 6, will continue this year only eight weeks instead of the usual nine. The last concert will be given on Saturday evening, June 29. The first conductor, as last year, will be Mr. Timothee Adamowski. Mr. Adamowski announces that he has procured a number of novelties in the way of light and graceful music. The usual number of "special nights" will be given. Full details regarding the season will be announced next week. Tables may now be reserved for the first week.

ORPHEUS CONCERT.

The Orpheus Musical Society announces that its next concert will be

given in Jordan Hall, Huntington avenue, on the evening of Friday, May 3, at 8 o'clock. The Bethoven Orchestra Club, M. Otto Fritzsche, conductor, has kindly volunteered its services and will assist at the concert. The committee in charge of the concert has succeeded in securing the services of Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt as soloist for the occasion. As the proceeds of the concert are to be devoted to the building fund of the society, the committee appeals to its members and friends to assist in making this concert a financial success.

The programme of the concert is published in "Concerts of the Week."

COMING CONCERTS.

An organ recital will be given at the Elliot Church, Newton, next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, by Mr. S. Archer Gibson, organist of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, assisted by Mr. Edward P. Johnson, tenor soloist of the same church. The public is invited.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Gounod's "Gallia" will be sung at the third concert of the Cantabrigia Club in the First Baptist Church, Cambridge, Monday, May 6, at 8 P. M., by the Lister chorus, Mr. Robert N. Lister, conductor, assisted by Mrs. Lister, soprano; Miss Elizabeth A. Lister, soprano; Mr. John E. Daniels, tenor, and Mr. J. D. D. Comey, organist.

The 17th annual festival of the Choir Guild will be held April 30, at St. Paul's Church, Mr. W. A. Locke, choirmaster; Mr. Snow, organist; May 8, at the Church of the Advent, Mr. S. B. Whitney, choirmaster; Mr. Snow, organist; May 15, at the Church of the Messiah, Mr. W. A. Paul, choirmaster; Mr. W. N. Kilburn, organist. The performances will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

On Monday evening the pupils of Mr. John Orth will give a recital in Steinert Hall.

A concert will be given in Steinert Hall next Thursday evening in aid of the fund for the benefit of the sufferers from the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica. The programme will be furnished mainly by the Park male quartet, assisted by Abbie May Lambert, mezzo soprano; Adeline M. Stallings, reader; Josephine T. Durrell, violinist, and John W. Peach, pianist.

Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter's pupils will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, May 6.

Mr. Hermann Heberlein, violoncellist and composer, will give a concert in Steinert Hall Monday night, May 13. Mr. Heberlein will play a number of his own compositions, including the "Kaisergraviotte" for eight cellos, which he composed on the occasion of the birth of the sixth child of the German Emperor. Mr. Bernhard F. Listemann will play "Ballade et Polonaise," by Viueuxtemps.

The sixth and last Boston Symphony concert in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre next Thursday evening, May 2, at 8 o'clock. The soloist will be Miss Olga von Radecki, pianist, and the programme will be as follows: Weber, overture, "Euryanthe"; Arensky, concerto in F minor; Brahms, symphony No. 1, in C minor.

The song recital which was to have been given by Mr. C. Fol Plancan several weeks ago will take place in Jordan Hall next Thursday evening. Mr. Frank Watson, pianist, will assist. Miss Minnie Stratton will be the accompanist.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett, soprano, assisted by Miss Lida Low, pianist, will give a recital in her studio, 18 St. Botolph street, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

OPERA IN JORDAN HALL.

Mr. Theodore Drury announces the first performance of grand opera in Boston by a company of negro singers in Jordan Hall on Thursday evening, May 16, at 8:15 o'clock.

The programme will include the first three acts of "Aida," with Miss Daisy Allen, Mrs. Kelly Armstead, Mr. James Worsham, Mr. Theodore Drury, Mr. William Richardson and Mr. Edward Rollins as the chief singers, and the first scene of the second act of "Carmen," with Miss Genevieve Lee, Miss Addie Taylor, Mr. Drury and Mr. Rollins as the chief singers. Mr. Drury has given several performances of this nature in New York with much success. His purpose is "to create a taste for classic music" among the people of the race. Mr. Drury has trained the majority of the singers who will take part here.

PORTRAITS OF THE CHIEF SINGERS OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY.



Clara Lane, Soprano.

WORKS NEW AND OLD.

An "astounding" piano quartet in E major, op. 4, by Paul Schelnpflug was performed at Cincinnati April 11. "At every moment during the 45 minutes of performance the listener was startled by some audacious newness of effect, unharmed with some soulful bit of melody, or set tingling with some fiery climax that burst forth with volcanic intensity."

House Young's "Blessed Damsel" for soprano and tenor solos, chorus and orchestra, is described by the Pall Mall Gazette as "not a very interesting position, more owing to the composer's lack of constructive skill rather than actual melodic invention. Some pages have charm, but the music is of a sort of way; Mr. Young has not learnt how to get continuity and how to lay out his subjects to the best effect. The idea of employing only a small orchestra was a good one, but a good deal of the writing for the instruments was rather immature."



Louise Le Baron, Contralto.



J. K. Murray, Baritone.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. By general request the Wagner programme of Dec. 30 last will be repeated: Overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Siegfried's funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods," prelude to "Parsifal."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-fourth and last public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. Volkmann, overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III.," Liszt, symphonic poem No. 11, "The Battle of the Huns"; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, "Eroica." Kaufmann conductor, assisted by Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto; Mr. Harry T. Upham, violinist, and the Beethoven Orchestral Club; Mr. Otto Fritzsche conductor. The programme will include these vocal numbers: Mozart's "Consecration of Song," Seidel's "Mein Herz thut dich auf," Billster's "Der Eichwald," Wagner's "Steirabum," Kristinus' "Serenade," Paché's "Abend-Stimmung," Brambach's "Rheinfahrt," Wagner's "Unter dem Doppeladler," orchestral numbers, overture to "Zampa," "Asa's Death," from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite; fantasia "The Bohemian Girl," intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (with organ), Margis' "Valse Bleue," Mrs. Hunt will sing Liszt's "O Lieb so lang," Gounod's "Ho messo nuove," D'Erlanger's "Morte," Chabrier's "Les Cigales," Grieg's "An das Vaterland," Corner's "Wienlied," L. Damrosch's "Valentine" and Mrs. Beach's "Year's at the Spring."

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-fourth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

CASTLE SQUARE OPERA.

The summer season of the Castle Square Stock Opera Company will open tomorrow night with a performance of DeKoven's "Robin Hood." Clara Lane, Louise Le Baron, Hattie Belle Ladd, Fannie D. Hall, and Messrs. Murray, Davies, Thayer, Shields, Pringle, and Fitzgerald will be the chief singers. Mr. A. W. MacCollin will be the stage director, and Mr. Clarence Rogers the conductor. The part of Robin Hood will be taken by Harry Davies, one of the most popular members of last summer's company, and that of Maid Marian by Clara Lane, whose return to the Castle Square has been expectantly awaited. Little John will be played by J. K. Murray, Will Scarlet by George Shields, Friar Tuck by W. H. Pringle,

Alan-a-Dale by Louise Le Baron, Dame Durden by Hattie Belle Ladd and Annabel by Maud Earl.

The management believes that the company engaged will give performances of opera superior to any ever offered at popular prices in America. Favorite members of last season's company have been re-engaged; the new members will make an even higher standard possible, and the regular organization will be constantly supplemented by singers of established reputation in the leading roles. The chorus of 40 has been in process of selection for months, and the augmented orchestra, the exceptional resources of the theatre in the matter of stage settings, make it obvious that exceptional presentations may be expected.

Among the operas to be produced are "Parsifal," "Lucia," "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Faust," "La Traviata," "Carmen," "The Bohemian Girl," "Pagliacci," "The Gondoliers,"

"Dorothy," "Patience," "The Mascotte," "The Mikado," "Chimes of Normandy," "Pinafore," "Erminie," "Trial by Jury." The management will welcome suggestions from patrons as to the choice of operas to be performed.

PERSONAL.

The death of "Owen Hall," James Davis, the man that wrote the books of "Florodora," "The Geisha," "An Artist's Model" and other more or less ingenious musical comedies, was noticed in The Herald at the time. It was then said that he was fond of cards and horse racing. The Pall Mall Gazette now informs us that "the matter with the late James Davis was, as he explained some time ago, Owen Hall. Owen Hall could never keep the money that the versatile Jimmy was at the pains to make."

Davis was from 1885 to 1887 the editor and proprietor of the Bat. An adverse verdict in a libel action killed the Bat and sent the editor to the continent where he stayed long enough to invent his scheme of musical comedy. "Jimmy Davis made hundreds of money out of it, and Owen Hall could never put his hands on a fifty-pound note. Yet Jimmy so believed in Owen that he turned him into a limited company, the limit of which has been thus prematurely reached."

Mr. Andrew Black, baritone, is giving concerts in Australia. He said to a reporter: "I have heard a good many excellent Australian voices. It all comes from living in this atmosphere, which is absolutely grand for the voice. This is the place for the voice, but the training of it is another matter. If you could import teachers from France or Italy you would rapidly develop a fine school of vocalists. The winter in Italy is pretty severe on the voice, but here you

revel all the year round in a beautiful climate, and that is the secret of your success so far. With such a perfect climate there should be a range of voice in Australia to be found nowhere else in the world." Mr. Black certainly knows his business.

Mr. Nikisch was warmly praised by some for his piano accompaniments to Miss Elena Gerhardt, singing in London April 11. The Pall Mall Gazette, however, ventured to suggest that "his preluding between the songs" was "scarcely necessary and even a little tiresome."

Mr. Hans Richard of Cincinnati is indeed a formidable pianist. We read that he has "a marvellous technique, especially dazzling in all octaves and colossal climaxes, which are as firm and sky piercing as the Alps, among which he was born."

Mr. Nico Poppelsdorff, a pupil of Ysaye at the Brussels Conservatory, has been fiddling in London. "He is a sufficient master of the usual technical dexterities that we are now accustomed to have set before us on these occasions." The critic "detected character" in his playing.

EATING TO MUSIC.

Dispatches from London inform us that there is discussion concerning the peptic value of music. "The verdict of alimentarians seems to be that it mainly depends upon the quality and loudness of the music." "Soft, dreamy music ought to have a soothing effect upon the nerves, thereby promoting digestion. Many persons cannot eat when music is being played without keeping time to it with their jaws."

There has been for centuries "a friendly tie" between eating and music. "The harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe" were in the feasts of the Hebrews. What said Jesus, the son of Sirach:

A consort of music in a banquet of wine
Is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold.
As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold,
So is the melody of music with pleasant wine.

Ponder famous feasts of Tam-burlaine when he served golden crowns to his generals as a second course; of Catherine I. of Russia when she ate oysters from Holstein; of Louis XV. when the dining table rose and fell through the

floor; of Montezuma when Cortez envied him and planned his death; of Prince Napoleon with his Pompeian infamy; of the two Kings of Horn sitting down with Van Schouter, the Dutch wanderer. It was the fashion in the London of 1764 to sup in the open air not far from a band; Horace Walpole flirted with Mme. de Boufflers while they ate to sound of horn and hautboy. There was music with the feast among the ancient Greeks in Iceland, in Samarcand, Janina, Carcassonne, Teheran.

And years ago there was discussion of the question whether music aids digestion. Ange Goudar, whom Casanova knew in London, the strange adventurer who wrote a volume of priggish maxims, pamphlets on music, and at last married the still more adventurous Sarah, ate only to slow music, for he feared indigestion if he put down chicken to the accompaniment of a jig.

The fact that many persons cannot eat to music without keeping time with their jaws served Mr. Thomas Hardy in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Michael Mail told his experience:

Truly now, there's a friendly tie of some sort between music and eating. Once I was sitting in the little kitchen of the Three Choughs at Casterbridge, having a bit of a dinner, and a brass band struck up in the street. Such a beautiful band as that were! I was sitting eating fried liver and lights. I well can mind—ah, I was! and to save my life I couldn't help chawing to the tune. Band played six-eight time; six-eight chaws I, willy-nilly. Band plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights as true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere! Ah, I shall never forget that there band!

Experiments with music should be made on Fletcherites. Would a hardened masticator be moved to injurious acceleration by eating, say cold slaw, to an exciting two-step? Would constant practice with Handel's Largo convert a bolter to a ruminative person of bovine placidity? We are all inclined to gobble at home or in a restaurant. If there must be music in public dining rooms, no movement should be allowed faster than an andante molto. Even an andante con moto should be rigorously forbidden.

"TOM JONES" PRES EXPURGATED E

The Censored "Mikado"; Nordica's Experiences in California; Summer Season of Opera at the Castle Square Theatre.

BY PHILIP HALE.

WHEN we were boys we read "Tom Jones" behind the woodpile or in the garret, safe from the paternal eye.

Today this masterpiece would seem tame and dull to the daughters of our leading and most estimable citizens in comparison with the novels written by daughters of English clergymen and by uneasy elderly maidens of New England descent.

Nevertheless, the tradition that "Tom Jones" is an improper book has not wholly died out. The announcement that a comic opera based on Fielding's novel has been produced in Manchester, Eng., and performed in London with great success, will, therefore, awaken interest in the breasts of all those who go to the theatre that they may be shocked. For this opera will undoubtedly be imported.

I like to think of Mr. Anthony Comstock as even now absorbed in the novel in order to confirm his suspicions, absorbed and irritable when he is disturbed.

Is the part of Molly Seagrim taken by a soubrette? Is the speech of Squire Western faithfully preserved? What has the librettist made out of the scene between Tom and Mrs. Waters at the inn? Does Mrs. Fitzpatrick appear in all her ripeness? And Lady Bellaston, the frank and superb Lady Bellaston? Is there no grand aria for her?

Alas, alackaday! The Manchester Guardian informs us that Tom "as a comic opera hero is quite as proper and respectable a person as any one would wish to meet." The Daily Graphic says: "Tom Jones, to be made acceptable to the 20th century, needs a certain amount of whitewashing, particularly in regard to his relations with the opposite sex. In this respect the new Tom is all that could be wished."

I remember the disappointment of a sophomore at Yale who bought a copy of Fielding's novel at a ridiculously low price at a second-hand bookstore. He was showing it exultingly to his room-mate. The latter looked at once for favorite passages and found them not. He turned to the title page and there he read: "Adapted for family reading." And yet the shy and melancholy Cowper did not hesitate to read "Tom Jones" aloud to Mrs. Unwin and women of her household.

It is impossible to think of Tom without Molly, Mrs. Waters and the Lady Bellaston. Nor is there any harm in thinking of these noble dames. As Coleridge well said: "Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change—actually change with some, appear to change with all but the abandoned. . . . A young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited, by aught in this novel is already thoroughly corrupt. . . . I dare believe that no young man who consulted his heart and conscience only, without adverting to what the world would say, could rise from the perusal of Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' 'Joseph Andrews' or 'Amelia' without feeling himself a better man."

This is the period when composers turn for operatic subjects to plays and novels. The drama that appeals to them is sometimes founded on a novel, and we have a lyric tragedy like "Madame Butterfly." Fielding's long-winded rival Richardson, has given a hero and a heroine to the operatic stage, witness Perelli's "Clarissa Harlowe" and Hirschmann's "Lovelace"; but no one, I believe, has yet thought of putting that consummate prig, Sir Charles Grandison, into operatic costume. Now we have "Tom Jones," with music by Mr. Edward German, a Welshman, whose true name is Jones, but Mr. Thompson, the librettist, did not have the courage to introduce Molly of Mrs. Waters or the true Lady Bellaston, who should be a dramatic, passionate contralto. There were operas entitled "Tom Jones" before German's. Were the librettists of these operas braver?

A French "Tom Jones."

Philidor, the famous chess player, whose true name was Danican, wrote music to a libretto by Poincnet based on Fielding's "Tom Jones." This opera was produced in Paris Jan. 27, 1765. Some say it was heard some little time before at Versailles. It at first met with little favor. At the first performance a guard arrested two men, one of whom was saying to the other: "Shall I cut? Shall I cut?" The neighbors thought they were thieves. When the arrests were at the guardhouse the suspected one explained himself: "We are tailors, and I have the honor to make Mr. Poincnet's clothes. He is the author of this new piece. Now as I ought to make him a new coat so that he can appear before the audience, which will certainly call for him at the second performance, and as I know little about the worth of plays, I took with me my head man. He is a clever fellow—he makes out all my bills. I was asking him from time to time whether it would be worth while to cut the cloth, for the pay would come from this piece." Poincnet was in the habit of telling this story, which I found in the "Annales Dramatiques" of 1812.

About two years before Philidor wrote his music, a comedy in five acts, "Tom Jones a Londres," by Desforges, was produced in Paris. It is not necessary to infer that Poincnet built on this comedy, for the novel itself was well known in France.

Philidor knew the fame of the novel in England. He made his first visit to London in 1747, and then met all the celebrated chess players of the period. The English liked him, and as Mr. George Allen observed, the published his not hasty likers. Philidor published his "Analyse du Jeu des Echecs" at London in 1749. "Tom Jones" was published in that year. Philidor stayed in England

until 1751, and was there again from about the middle of 1752 to the close of 1754. Mr. Allen asserts that he was ignorant of English literature, because he told some one that he had set music to Dryden's ode for St. Cecilia's day, whereas the ode to which he set music—it was performed at the Haymarket in 1754—was by Congreve; but Philidor made the statement nearly 30 years after the performance.

Philidor's "Tom Jones" failed at first. There is a sour article about it in the correspondence of Grimm and Diderot: "Never was a piece announced more magnificently, and never was there a more brilliant failure; the flatness of the librettist brought down a storm of hisses on the composer. Mr. Philidor has been justly punished for his obstinacy in working with this dull Mr. Poincnet."

The second performance was applauded, and after a time the music was highly appreciated. The characters in the opera are Jones—or Jone, when the rhyme demands it—Squire Western, Mrs. Western, Sophia, Honora (Mrs. Honour), Alworthys (sic) Blifil, "Dowling the Quaker" and the hostess of the Inn at Upton.

Squire Western's descriptive hunting song is one of the features of the opera, which has numbers that would give pleasure today.

In England.

Joseph Reed, who died in 1757 at Stepney, where he was a rope maker, wrote the book of "Tom Jones," a play with music, which was published and performed in 1763.

He must have been a serious person. Listen to these sentences in his preface to "Tom Jones": "I have stripped face to his libertinism to render him as I imagined more amiable and interesting; and have metamorphosed Parson Supple into a country squire to avoid giving offence to the cloth. The characters of Western and Honour I have divested of their provinciality . . . I

have also endeavored to purge Western's character of its coarseness and indelicacy, in conformity to the refined taste of the present age."

The Nightingales figure in Reed's play. The songs were sung to airs by Arne, Arnold, Handel, Galuppi, and others.

Thomas Linley, the elder, set music to a "Tom Jones," which was produced in London in 1785. Was the libretto practically Reed's?

And now comes the opera with the book by A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge, lyrics by Charles H. Taylor, music by Edward German, which was produced at Manchester, March 30.

There is no Molly, there is no Mrs. Waters, but soft! lo, there is a Lady Bellaston—a tame Lady Bellaston, who, however, is the cause of a "misunderstanding" between Tom and Sophia. Partridge is introduced, but Black George, Square and Thackum are conspicuous by their absence. Nor does Dowling the Quaker, who in Philidor's opera amused the Parisians by keeping his hat on, appear on this stage.

Sophia's aunt is introduced, the immortal Mrs. Western. "You know the easiness of my nature; I have not always been so easy. I have been for-

merly thought cruel—by the men, I mean. I have called the cruel Parthenissa. I have broke many a window that has had verses to the cruel Parthenissa in it. Sophy, I was never so handsome as you, and yet I have some things of you formerly. I am a little altered. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says, in his epistles, undergo alterations, and so must the human form." Does the Mrs. Western of the opera sing these lines? We are told that Miss Dora Rignold showed "accomplishment and tact" as Lady Bellaston. Poor Lady! Have you come to this? Are you now mimed as a tactful person? Mr. Hayden Coffin impersonated Tom Jones and Miss Ruth Vincent must have been a charming Sophia.

A View of "Tristan."

Miss Topsy Turvy went to Covent Garden recently to hear "Tristan and Isolde." Her letter to Kitty was published in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"It was lovely, for Covent Garden was crowded, and there were some lovely dresses, and it was a splendid opportunity of noticing new ways of doing your hair and what sort of ornaments to wear. But I must say I have a few faults to find with the opera itself, though Archie laughs at me and says as I know nothing of either drama or music I oughtn't to criticise. But, of course, he's wrong there, for everybody knows that critics are never supposed to know all about the things they criticise, as they only write for the people who don't know, who wouldn't understand them otherwise. So I'm just the right sort of critic for you, and I think you'd have been rather bored, for though it's not quite so bad as in 'Salome', where it takes 40 blows of the full orchestra to cut off the head of John the Baptist, it was a bit of an effort not to be impatient when they were such a huge long time over every little event. I counted, and as only three things happened in four hours—they drink a love-potion in the first act, make love in the second, and die in the third—you must agree that they, that is the lovers, did dawdle a bit. And that must have been quite nice for them, and I think many girls would rather like to borrow Bragane as a chaperon. For she was dressed to match the color of the corner of the wall in which she stood with her back turned quite patiently to what was going on, so she was no eyesore to Tristan and Isolde, but she was, as Charlie said, jolly genial to them, and generally came and threw her arms affectionately round Isolde if she'd done anything specially naughty."

"And for a long time I tried to think why it is that in operas the performers are always plucking at their breasts like elder ducks, and never walk, but have the staggers, as though they were being jerked from behind by wires that hurt them, and I know now it's to distinguish them from actors, but I'm sure we should never mistake them, as they're far too busy with their difficult singing to have time to act, which I suppose is a very high form of art, for I notice that the tendency of the most up-to-date plays now is to have no acting, only speaking, just as in these modern operas they have only music and no tunes; so I suppose, if they go on like that, soon it won't be fashionable even to speak the words at a play, and all we shall have to do, if we want the latest form of drama, will be to go and sit in the Court Theatre and just gaze at Mr. Bernard Shaw standing plainly on the stage—and then, if we want essence of drama—and then, if we want opera, we shall just go and sit in Covent Garden and look at Wagner. Oh, by the bye, perhaps he isn't alive; well, then, a conductor would do as well, for I noticed the other night that he was just as much admired as the singers, and was kept quite busy running backward and forward to join hands in his ordinary evening dress with the singers on the stage, who, after taking elaborate pains to make you think they were safely dead, suddenly all bobbed up from their corpses and smiled and bowed to us, leaving no sign of the play behind."

The Censored "Mikado."

Did the Japanese embassy in London protest against the proposed revival of "The Mikado" at the Savoy last month? Special scenery had been painted, accessories ordered, the company engaged.

The Turkish minister protested once

against "The Secrets of the Harem," and although the piece had been running for four years it was stopped. "The Yashmak" was also stopped for fear it would wound the sensibilities of representatives of foreign powers. Late in the South African war managers were warned that Mr. Kruger was not to appear in forthcoming pantomimes.

Some years ago a performance of "The Mikado" was announced at Yo-

kohama. An order came from Tokio that the title was to be changed and that any allusion to the Emperor should be removed. The operetta was therefore played as "Three Little Maids from School," and the Mikado was described as a Dalmio—a chief territorial nobleman.

Is it possible that Gilbert's Mikado is taken seriously by the Japanese as a reflection on their Emperor? Was the order a compliment to Prince Fushimi, who was then expected as a visitor to London?

There is this clause in the official "Regulations as to theatres under the jurisdiction of the lord chamberlain": "No offensive personalities or representations of living persons to be permitted on the stage, or anything calculated to produce riot or breach of the peace."

The Pall Mall Gazette said: "This seems the only clause under which the lord chamberlain can have acted in a formal way, but even this can hardly apply to a play licensed so long ago by his own department and purporting to be no more than a characteristic work of one of the most brilliant humorists in Europe. The simple explanation of the whole matter is, probably, a lack of humor somewhere or other."

It also said: "This is, we fancy, the first time a licensed play which has been running in licensed theatres for nearly a quarter of a century, and the text of which has not been altered in the smallest degree, has been interfered with in this way."

Mme. Nordica Again.

Mme. Nordica had delightful experiences in California. She poured out her soul to a reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle. The Herald of last Thursday night quoted some of her confidential remarks.

Mme. Nordica found that the audience in Oakland showed "remarkable critical taste at every performance." The reporter asked anxiously: "And the San Francisco audience?"

"Ah—your people in this city just love a great singer! There is no city in the world where the grand opera artists are so much appreciated, and I am so much in love with you all that I am going to come out here and live some day." "Hurrah!" shouted the reporter, who did not notice the significance of the "some day"—"some day."

"I did not question Mme. Nordica concerning the story of her nativity and life," said the reporter, who is evidently wise in his generation.

Mme. Nordica has opinions about singing: "I have found that the world is full of incompetent singing teachers who ruin the voices of a large percentage of their pupils. There is only one correct method of singing, and that is the one I learned—the bel canto method." True, Mme. Nordica, too true, and you will be pleased to learn that in Detroit,

Mr. Boris Ganapol and other musicians are "planning a campaign on the alleged music-teaching fakes of Detroit," teachers who to quote the Detroit News, "swipe pupils."

But, just what is this "bel canto method"? We do not know a teacher who does not profess to teach this method in its original purity, and each teacher insists that his or her "bel canto method" is the only simon pure article.

Mme. Nordica was asked whether the Wagnerian operas are gaining in popularity in the United States. "Yes, a little," she sighed; "but they will never be understood and appreciated as they deserve to be until some eminent literary genius makes a good translation of the librettos into English. Wagner's motives were entirely different from those of the Italian composers." A shrewd observation! She admitted that it is a great physical effort to sing in an opera by Wagner. "Thank heaven, I am gifted with the physical qualifications, but I find that I am very tired after using my lungs and voice to the full extent of their power from 8 to 12 P. M."

And now for the finale. The reporter asked in a fine burst: "But after the crown of bays has been placed on your forehead; after one has mounted the ladder of fame; is it not all smooth sailing then?"

"Not in the least," replied Madame sadly. "When one is young and has a reputation to make, it is necessary to win a triumph every time one sings, and there is always that terrible anxiety gnawing at the heart, that something will go wrong and prevent one from succeeding. Then after the singer has won her reputation on the grand opera stage, there is the anxiety to keep it, which is just as worrisome."

Moral, as voiced by the reporter: "It does not seem to make very much difference what the game is—a grand opera or pugilism, to be great you must always be a winner. I have no doubt that such a dauntless woman as Nordica would have been just as great a novelist today as she is a grand opera singer, had she chosen to enter the lists of literature."

"And to keep up greatness one must go on winning!"

"All you have to do is to look at Lillian Nordica to know that she is a winner."

No wonder that Mme. Nordica would fain dwell in San Francisco—some day, some day.

SUAVITER IN MODO.

While a religious procession was passing in a province of Naples a few days ago, a man refused to remove his hat. The crowd attacked him, shouted "Death to the Protestants," and he was injured by the stones thrown at him.

They order these things better in Spain. When Mr. Thomas Okey looked on at the celebration of the gorgeous festival of the Virgen del Pilar at Grenada, amid the kneeling women and bareheaded men, one stood uncovered. The halberdier turned to

the offender, and gently rebuked him: "Senor, when the most holy virgin passes, it is usual to remove one's hat." Having said this, he marched gravely on.

The English sightseers on the European continent often wantonly offend worshippers in cathedrals and in streets by their rudeness. They forget the sweet and solemn words of Sir Thomas Browne: "At the sight of a cross, or crucifix, I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. * * * I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt." In Spain this silence or contempt is regarded as a sign of ill-breeding rather than of irreverence.

A SYMPTOM OF LUXURY.

Hoops trundled in the street, the chase of "the rolling circle's speed" proclaim spring, however obstinate nature may be. But the character of the hoop itself shows the luxury and the Corinthian taste of the period. We saw one last week; it was a type of many. The rim was painted a flaring red. There was a wooden centrepiece, painted red and green, and held in position by wires running to the circumference.

How far is this machine from the plaything which moved Charlotte Smith to pen these memorable lines:

Sweet age of blest delusion! blooming boys,

Ah! revel long in childhood's thoughtless joys;

With light and pliant spirits, that can stoop

To follow sportively the rolling hoop.

The first hoop was a barrel hoop, for Artemus Ward's suggestion that the Indians of this country trundled their war-whoops has little etymological significance. Then there was the plain wooden hoop of commerce, after which came gigantic iron hoops, with iron stick, preferred by ruder boys. Can any one inform us when the present gaudy and meretricious plaything made its first appearance?

April 29 1907

SECOND CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave the second concert in aid of its pension fund last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was the same as that of the first Pension Fund concert this season, and consisted of the following works by Wagner: Overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaeuser," preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers," "Parsifal," and the funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung."

The size of the audience last evening fully justified the decision to repeat the former programme, for the hall was crowded, and many stood throughout the concert. Whether the audience consisted mainly of those who were "turned away from the box office" at the previous performance, or of Wagnerites who came eagerly a second time, it is evident that the Wagner cult in Boston has not been run into the ground. Nor is it dependent upon the capricious support of visiting opera companies, as used to be predicted. It is a wonder that Wagner's music ever survived its phase of injudicious exploitation; but it has survived, proving its fitness, and what was once a morbid taste has at last developed into a healthy appetite.

The top gallery at the opera is no longer the scene of an orgy on Wagner nights; the Wagnerite of today is not the curious specimen he was; and last evening's audience was the same audience that today finds pleasure in earlier and later composers, and would even admit the possibility of musical salvation for such as Debussy or Richard Strauss.

The performance was one of extraordinary brilliance, such a performance of these works as is really heard in concert hall or opera house. The audience was

quick to appreciate the work of the orchestra and of Dr. Muck, and paid a greater tribute than applause in the absolute silence with which it listened. After certain numbers, Dr. Muck was repeatedly recalled, and at the end of the "Tannhaeuser" overture he made the orchestra rise to share the honor.

AN UNNATURAL USE.

A man was arrested on Staten Island for carrying a "long-bladed" razor, a concealed weapon. The district attorney called him a menace to society. The judge released the accused on the ground that "it is not unlawful to carry deadly weapons if it can be shown by the person carrying them that no harm is intended to any one."

We are not concerned at present with the merits of this decision. The chief point is this: Is a citizen carrying a razor a necessarily dangerous or even suspicious person? Suppose Mr. Johnson takes a razor to the barber's to have it put in order. A policeman sees an end sticking out of Mr. Johnson's waistcoat upper left pocket. Has the policeman any right by which he can arrest the eminent sociologist? Why should a boy be allowed to carry a jack-knife? A hat pin may easily take away life.

Perhaps this razor on Staten Island was white-handled as well as long-bladed, and the white-handled species is a favorite weapon of professional carvers. The question of the locality where the razor was found is also important. If Mr. Johnson were to carry one in his boot, or at the back of his neck, so that with one fine flourish he would be ready for action, he might then be ranked as dangerous, though his purpose were peaceful, though the razor were the old family tool handed down from sire to son, used for the face, for corns, or occasionally in the kitchen to serve a domestic need.

A DRUNKARD'S PARADISE.

Students of government by police should procure the report of the chief constable of Glasgow to the police commission. It appears that when a Scot in Glasgow is either muzzy or paralyzed or picturesquely hilarious, from intercourse with John Barleycorn, whether he be inclined to argue gravely on a theological matter or to shout

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drapple in our e'e,

he is not clubbed and chucked into a police wagon, he is "gently" led or carried to the station and made to understand that the "visit is a mere formality." If he have 7s. 6d. in his pocket he hands it over as bail and is escorted home. If he is short, his friends are sent for, and in the meantime "or in case of any doubt as to whether he is completely drunk, in the Scottish meaning of the term," he is kept in a comfortable room reserved for the purpose.

When his case comes on for trial, it is not thought courteous to insist on his presence. He is fined "mildly," and they estreat the 7s. 6d. Was there ever a more beautiful example of speaking and dealing gently with the erring one? The policeman in Glasgow discharges his duty, but as a sympathetic friend.

April 30 1907

Opera Opens at Castle Square

Stock Company Starts Season
with Pleasing Performance
of "Robin Hood."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Opening of the season of the stock opera company. Smith and De Koven's "Robin Hood," comic opera in three acts.

The cast was as follows:

Robert of Huntington..... Harry Davies
Sheriff of Nottingham..... Otis B. Thayer
Sir Guy..... W. H. Fitzgerald
Little John..... J. K. Murray
Will Scarlett..... George Shields
Friar Tuck..... W. H. Pringle
Alan-a-Dale..... Louise Le Baron
Lady Marian..... Clara Lane
Dame Durden..... Hattie Belle Ladd
Annabel..... Maud Earl

The theatre was filled to overflowing last night with a warmly appreciative audience. Miss Lane, Miss Ladd, Messrs. Davies, Thayer, Murray and Shields were welcomed heartily as familiar and tried friends, and the newcomers, Miss Le Baron, Miss Earl and Mr. Pringle, were soon made to feel at home. We use this term advisedly, for ever since the Castle Square Theatre was established there has been a peculiar intimacy between audience and comedians.

De Koven's music wears well and his operetta is still the most tuneful and the most carefully constructed of his works—constructed after the old manner of English opera, with plenty of spoken dialogues, with songs that are often introduced abruptly and without thought of the dramatic action, with choruses that have an appropriately English flavor. That the operetta has not lost in any degree its popularity, though it has been performed here many times, was shown by the spontaneous applause that followed almost every number, and by the number of repetitions that were demanded.

The performance was in many ways an agreeable one, though the operetta has been much more brilliantly sung and acted here. Miss Lane was a vivacious and sympathetic Maid Marian; Mr. Shields' deep and sonorous voice was used effectively; Mr. Davies sang with spirit, and Mr. Murray displayed his customary aplomb, even when he was not wholly sure of his lines.

Mr. Thayer's Sheriff evidently gave the audience pleasure. This pleasure was awakened impartially by his delivery of the text, by his pantomime or by his whistling substituted for song in the repetitions.

Of the newcomers at the Castle Square, Miss Le Baron made at once a favorable impression, both by her personal appearance in man's costume and by her song. Her voice has true contralto quality, and the lower and upper registers are well connected, so there is no sudden contrast, no suggestion of two separate voices coming from one and the same singer.

Although she has had experience on the stage, and has sung here in operettas, she has yet much to learn in general bearing and in the art of gesture. Miss Earl was satisfactory in the soubrette part. The Friar Tuck of Mr. Pringle lacked unction.

The chorus was well balanced and effective. The orchestra was, for the most part, well controlled. The operetta was mounted with care, and scenery, costumes and stage management were characteristic of the attention paid at this theatre to productions.

"Robin Hood" will run next week, and for the week beginning May 13 the operetta will be Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers." There is every prospect of a highly successful season.

An intelligent foreigner sojourning in Boston, seeing the interest displayed in this spring and summer season, might well wonder on learning that Boston is without an established opera company in the winter; that this city is dependent on visiting companies; that the inhabitants of Boston, which has an international reputation as a musical city, took its grand opera this season in one week, an operatic week that might be likened to the debauch in provincial towns known as a "musical festival."

May 1 1907

AN EVER FRESH PROBLEM.

Boston women who are distressed over the servant girl problem should look to New Zealand. A Domestic Workers' Union has been organized there and registered under the local conciliation and arbitration act. Here are some of the proposed reforms:

A working week of 68 hours. Work must cease on Sundays and Thursdays at 2 P. M. and on four evenings of the week at 7:30 P. M. Two hours for church on Sunday mornings. Eight holidays in the year plus those appointed by statute. Cuffs, collars and caps must be supplied by the employers. Bedrooms must be well ventilated. Molds must receive 12s. 6d.; general housework girls 15s.; housekeepers 25s.

This scale of wages would strike our housekeepers as reasonable, but the table of hours would fill many with dismay. Two hours for church—the clergyman must be a powerful preacher—a "painful" preacher, to use the good old term of compliment. Caps? There are girls in Boston who cannot be bribed to wear one. The domestics are right in demanding decent, well ventilated bedrooms. The servants' bedrooms in many apartment houses of this country are a disgrace to landlords and tenants. The girl is sometimes lodged in a little room near the furnace and coal bin, with

only boards between her and the ground.

There is, doubtless, fault on both sides, but the "problem" would be less difficult if the "help" were everywhere treated as human beings, with rights, needs and sensibilities.

LITTLE UNFORTUNATES.

We spoke recently of luxurious playthings for children: how even hoops are now complex and garish. There are today hired entertainers for children. We do not refer to magicians, exhibitors of stereopticons. There are story tellers who tell familiar or original tales to children, although the latter are able to read.

The children of the rich today are not allowed to be imaginative. They have no illusions. They do not have the great and educative pleasure of pretence. In simpler, less material years, the child "played at" something. A block of wood was a locomotive. A doll was a human being or a fairy. The tin horse was fleet and more wonderful than Flora Temple or Dexter. Did the child wish to hear a story? It listened in its mother's lap, or Uncle Thomas frightened it by telling about that strange animal, the great "whimbamper." When the child grew older it sat entranced in a corner over a volume of Andersen or Grimm.

Now everything must be done for the pleasure of a girl or boy. The poor youngsters are not encouraged, they are hardly allowed to invent their own amusements, to turn plain and humble things into something rare and glorified by sheer force of imagination.

May 2 1907

DANDELIONS.

At Topeka, Kan., the inhabitants had a "dandelion day," when they were expected to dig up the weed, but a snow storm prevented. The Spokane Spokesman-Review sounds a trumpet call against "the pest." It recommends that gasoline and kerosene be poured on the plants. Personally, we prefer oil and a little vinegar, but there is no accounting for tastes. What says the poet, imitating Martial?

Jones likes his lettuces undrest.

D'e ask the reason?

'Tis confessed,

That is the way Jones likes them best.

The dandelion a "pest"? Go to! Its name is noble, "dent-de-lion," lion's tooth, and as the lion is the animal symbol of the sun, all plants named after him are plants of the sun. The dandelion is a good remedy in intermitting fevers. Dr. Arbuthnot said so, and he was a sound adviser. It is unlucky if seen in dreams, but so are plums and cherries, and dandelions should be eaten, not seen. The dandelion is the peasant's clock, the children's barometer. If its down flies off when there is no wind, it is a sign of rain. Why this clamor in the West against a dish of greens?

MRS. BRACKETT'S RECITAL

Variety of Works in Unconventional and Effective Order.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett gave a song recital in her studio on St. Botolph street yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Miss Lida Low, accompanist, and Mr. Daniel Kuntz, violinist. Mrs. Brackett sang Salvatore Rosa's "Star Vicino," Handel's air from "Partenope," Saint-Saens' "Le Bonheur Est Chose Legere," Margaret Lang's "Popular Leaves" (manuscript), and songs by P. Cornelius, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, Bizet, Messager, Hayden, Whelpley, Chadwick and others.

There was a large audience, consisting chiefly of women, that filled the studio to the doors. Mrs. Brackett was not apparently in best voice, as she had

to combat a certain huskiness that was especially noticeable in the lower register; but the voice itself gave pleasure by its flexibility and lyric quality, as well as the skill with which it was used. The singer's enunciation in the English songs was admirable.

The programme was well made for the interposition of the songs by Hayden and Dr. Orne, and the old English air "Phyllis," between groups of modern works as well as unconventional. The early songs gained in distinction by not being lumped together at the beginning of the programme. Mrs. Brackett sang with sympathetic appreciation of both text and music; and it may be added that the programme generally was well suited to her voice. She was warmly applauded.

CONCERT FOYER

*Operatta at the Castle Square
and Elsewhere—The Best
Still Keep Fresh.*

SUNDRY PRODIGES OF
ALL AGES AND DEEDS

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Castle Square Theatre will undoubtedly be crowded this summer, for the people wish to hear opera both serious and comic at low prices. When the prices are low the serious opera is often comic, and the comic opera often degenerates into a farce with music. We doubt for instance whether the historical sheriff of Nottingham in the time of Robin Hood knew the full significance of four aces, or whether playing cards were known to him. But let us not insist too strenuously on these points. The people delight in the perpetual youth of Clara Lane, the unflinching cheerfulness of Mr. Murray and the honest endeavors of the other members of the company.

A really good operetta does not easily grow old. The tunes of "Robin Hood" are fresh this week in the ears of hundreds who have heard them many times. The audiences again listen with pleasure to the sheriff's song, to the sonorous statement that it takes nine tailors to make a man, to the praise of brown October ale and to "O, Promise Me." Is the story true that Flora Finlayson in her last years sang "O, Promise Me" as a bicyclist riding skillfully on the stage? What a beautiful voice that unfortunate woman had! Miss Le Baron, who is now singing the tune, has rich and true contralto tones. She also has "Atalanta's better part."

"The Mikado" is announced for performance in the course of the season at the Castle Square. As yet our highly respected Japanese citizens have made no protest. The Herald referred last Sunday to the extraordinary action of the censor in London. There will be no revival of "The Mikado" in that city. Some one suggested to the King that his royal brother of Japan might be offended, and the King saw to it that Mrs. d'Oyly Carte was acquainted with the fact. As the referee puts it: "It is currently reported—how do these things get into the papers?—that the lady's resolve came of representations from influential quarters, and of the suggested possibility of giving offence to our brave allies in the far east. Such a suggestion will be regarded by most people as stuff and nonsense. 'The Mikado' has been popular for 20 years, it has won admirers all over the country—I might say all over the world. It seems rather late in the day to discover that there is offence in it."

The Castle Square Theatre also announces a revival of "The Gondoliers," but what does the manager mean by stating that this operetta is the best written by Gilbert and Sullivan? Gilbert was the librettist of Sullivan's "Utopia," produced in 1893—"The Gondoliers" was brought out in 1889—and also of Sullivan's "Grand Duke" (1890).

It was feared when "Patience" was revived last month at the Savoy that the libretto would be stale, sadly out of date. The fear was groundless, and the revival was a marked success.

Mr. Grossmith, the first Bunthorne, talked in an entertaining manner about the production 26 years ago. According to him, the two aesthetes, Reginald and Archibald were not originally to be aesthetes; they were clergymen. The aesthetic craze was then raging and there was the opportunity of satirizing Wilde and his followers. The operetta, however, was never rehearsed with the clergymen.

No doubt Gilbert intended to base his story on the ballad of the rival curates, though Mr. Grossmith does not refer to the verses. Some of the lyrics are pointed out by the latter to show Gilbert's original purpose, as in the line: "Your style is much too sanctified. Your cut is too canonical."

"Patience" was meant only for a stop-gap. At first it was not completely successful, and all who took part prophesied a failure, but it ran at the old Opera Comique and at the Savoy a year and seven months without the change of a measure or a word.

After all, the Japanese are sensitive about "The Mikado." Mr. Shimizu, the consul of Japan at Chicago, told a re-

porter that his Emperor should not be put in "a light of frivolity." He added: "In Japan much might be taken as serious that the Americans would call humor. The Japanese do not favor the idea of continually being set forward in the light of acrobats and Kanki-Poo actors. We should prefer to show that we are advancing intellectually in business and as a government."

Mr. Shimizu has read the libretto and seen performances of "The Mikado." He turned over the leaves of the book. "Fans, vase, and jar—Mikado's son in burlesque as a minstrel."

There are lines, however, written with humorous intent, that now have grim and world-wide significance:

Our warriors in serried ranks assembled

Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—

And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled

Before the mighty troops of Titipu.

The Londoners may well be envious. They have been listening to operabouffe and operetta performed by a visiting French company.

Some found fault with the mise-en-scene and the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette asked: "Why do the members of the company make up so crudely? Seen even without opera glasses, the spectacle of a man with his eyelids blackened and not only his lips, but his nostrils, artificially reddened, is not a pretty sight. Through glasses he becomes inhuman. And several of the ladies are equally regardless of their own natural good looks."

Think of hearing again sparkling performances in French of the better operettas by Offenbach and Lecocq! Or even operettas as played by Alice Oates and her company. What has become of Jones, the wonderful Jones as the spy in "Mme. Angot's Daughter"?

The visiting French companies, with Tosted, Irma, Aimee, Paola-Marie at the head, respected their art. It is a pleasure to learn that the company, a provincial one by the way, which delighted London, followed the excellent traditions. "The gagging permitted in English comedies in parts of this character"—The Pall Mall Gazette referred to Lariyaudiere—"is evidently not encouraged on the French stage, and we heard the dialogue practically unaltered from what it was in the days of our youth, and enjoyed it none the less in consequence."

The three little daughters of Mr. Witt, superintendent of the First Reformed Sunday school of Spring City, Pa., gave a delightful concert recently at a G. A. R. entertainment. Verna, 12 years old, is a pianist; Allora, aged 10, is singularly proficient on the violin, and Pearl, only 8, blows sweetly the cornet. There are others, it seems, for the correspondent of the Philadelphia Record (April 28) began his notice: "Of all the musical prodigies in Spring City, none can surpass in some particulars, etc." The correspondent wrote the following interesting review: "Their playing is charming and they are gaining fame in this neighborhood rapidly. William Eshback, engineer for the National Supply Company, under whose boilers an experiment at burning ashes was made, says of the experiment: 'I had 40 pounds of steam when we placed the experimental fuel on the fire. It fell to 35 pounds in five minutes, and continued to fall until 30 pounds was reached, when I took out some of it and fired with coal to avoid shutting down the plant.' There appears to be some confusion here."

They have had a great music festival at Spartanburg. Mmc. Sembrich was the star of the first magnitude. The correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier: "She is a handsome woman and was beautifully gowned. Her age, said to be considerably past the period called middle life, she appears in the height of womanhood and magnificence in her strength and power."

Middle life? Middle life has been defined by a profound lexicographer as the middle of a person's life. Therefore the middle cannot be determined precisely until the person dies. Mmc. Sembrich was born in 1858. If she lives to be 100 years old she will not reach middle life till next year.

But to go back to the News and Courier. Mmc. Sembrich sang "Ah, force lui." "She sang it as it has never been heard before in this section. A trying score with a passionate story to tell, intensified by all the arts and devices of the skilful vocalist, Mmc. Sembrich's voice, clear and true, attained every height, followed up and down the cadences and trilled as might a southern mocking bird in mating time. Her voice filled the auditorium with melody, and high, sweet and all-pervading, it thrilled above the orchestra and out into the night."

Mmc. Sembrich sang other songs, among them a moving ditty entitled "The Last Rose of Summer." Miss Mattfeld sang it here in the memorable performance of "Martha" by the Metropolitan Opera House company.

The Hamburg-America Shipping Company has leased the largest theatre in Hamburg for Sunday afternoons from September next until April of 1908, for the purpose of providing its workmen with first-class dramatic and operatic performances. Admittance will be free to all workmen who earn less than \$10 a week; those earning more will be charged a small and nominal admission fee. "William Tell" and "Faust" will be among the operas in the repertoire.

The Queen of England will hear Franz von Vecsey fiddle in a concert on Saturday. He was 14 years old last month. He has been studying with Joachim.

A contributor to Musical News states a fact which "tends to lower the status and the emoluments" of the musical profession. He points out that "for clergy, lawyers and doctors there is some test before they can begin their careers; for musicians there is none, except they so choose, and thus it is that a number of persons with imperfect technical equip-

ment join the ranks of the profession and are not only failures themselves, but are serious hindrances to the success of their more deserving fellows."

If Miss Rena Vivienne Smith of Mr. Savage's "Madam Butterfly" company "could have her way, she would never mention those early days in newspaper work even in a whisper, because they were so distasteful and un congenial to her." She reported "musical happenings" and "covered theatres and society news" for a Duluth newspaper, though her home was in the Indian territory, where she used to ride and fish and listen to Indian tales and "perhaps dream dreams of the far-off East, where she would go when she grew up and win fame with her voice."

Listen to this from the same passionate article: "Miss Vivienne (Smith) has had the good fortune to miss the heartaches and the struggles that most stars have to undergo before they reach the heights. She stepped at once from the school of training into the leading role of the Puccini opera. She accepts her success easily, and has learned to receive the dictum of the critics, whether good or bad, with a laugh." Indeed, it is to laugh.

Mr. Straeciarl of the Metropolitan Opera House company was robbed of \$595 in Minneapolis. The thieves left his baritone notes undisturbed. They were not willing to run the risk of even discounting them.

May Yohe-Hope-Strong is now married, they say, to Mr. J. Newton Brown. Mr. Brown should receive a Carnegie medal for heroism.

The Pled Piper of Town Topics farewelled Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the distinguished cellist, by saying: "Schroeder will settle in Frankfurt, Germany, where life is peaceful and a man can raise a paunch. The American metropolis was not to Alwin's taste. 'Art does not sleep here,' he said on one occasion; 'it has not yet been born.' It all depends on what sort of art the cellist meant. Rockefeller is an artist, and so are Ryan, Rogers, Harman and many of our police inspectors, senators and others in positions where their kind of art may be applied effectively."

It is now said that the late "Owen Hall" objected violently to the introduction of the sextet in his "Florodora," but the composer Leslie Stuart finally persuaded him. Mr. Sims said of "Owen Hall," as Davis "called himself with characteristically frank humor"—do you see the pun? for Englishmen and Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole still revel in puns: "He enjoyed his life in musical comedy fashion." As another put it: "His aim in life was to enjoy himself, and he had a great capacity for making and taking the best of everything, wherever it was to be found, though his only indulgence for some time before his death was in a vile taste for Caporal cigarettes."

Are the chorus girls ungrateful? As yet they have not subscribed for a monument fund to honor the memory of one who opened so many possibilities for them.

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HARRIET AT WELLESLEY.

It is pleasant to think of Wellesley students scrubbing the statue of Miss Harriet Martineau in order to show their respect for her. There are statues in Boston that are sadly in need of spring cleaning.

It may be remembered that when an audience was disappointed in Artemus Ward's real cannibal from New Zealand a leader among them, "a tall, disgreeble scoundrel," remarked:

"Them wax figgers of yours want washin. There's Napoleon Bonaparte and Julius Caesar—they must have a bath, with which coarse and brutal remark he imitated the shrill war-whoop of the western savage, and, assisted by his infamous coal-heavin' company, he thru all my wax-work into the river."

There are some statues here that might well be put to soak in the Charles.

Miss Martineau is best known to some by MacIse's caricature, in which she toasts her feet at the fire while a cat is licking her cheek. She had decided views on love and matrimony. Leigh Hunt addressed her in lines that Mr. Roosevelt might ponder with advantage:

Ah! welcome home, Martineau, turning statistics
To stories and puzzling your philo-
gamistics;
I own I don't see any more than Dame Nature,
Why love should await dear good Harriet's dictature,
But great is earth's want of some love-legislation.

ICHABODI

We fear that Mr. Hammerstein is right; that the clog dance is no more. His definition of the dance is interesting:

"The dancer wears wooden shoes, to which little cymbals are fastened. Generally he blackens up. He gives

exhibitions of his skill as a dancer of rapidity, using the whole of the stage and making evolutions from one end to the other."

The "champion" clog dancers known to us in the early seventies did not "blacken up." Their hair was well oiled, slushed, in fact, and painfully parted on the side. Their faces were purposely expressionless. They prided themselves on the repose of the body above the knees. The true artist did not allow his arms to flap. Applause was at its height when the dancer "clogged it" within a small circle.

Mr. Hammerstein does not refer to one of the delights of our boyhood—the statue clog dance. Never shall we forget "Ajax Defying the Lightning," "Damon and Pythias" and other artistic groupings suddenly formed after a few general and warming steps. Ah, there were giants in those days!

"Old-fashioned" minstrels wander over Cape Cod in summer. The play bills glorify their buck-and-wing dancing, but there is no pride shown over a clog "divertissement." Is the clog dancer extinct? Is he a dodo in the actor's kingdom? If we are not mistaken, there was "international clog dancing" in London in 1881.

HORSESHOES AGAIN.

The horseshoe question will not down. Mr. A. F. H. Frisbie of New York says the shoe should be hung with points down because Merhada El-Kazin, a shoer of horses in the time of the Second Crusade, took a shoe "hot from his fire" and from a battlement threw it "points down" at a Norman Crusader, one Sir Geoffrey File. The points hit Sir Geoffrey's eyes and blinded him. The Crusaders were thus routed and Merhada El-Kazin became chief of the tribe.

Mr. Frisbie, a close reasoner, therefore concludes that belief in the talismanic luck of the horseshoe is Arabian in its origin and that the shoe should be hung points down.

The letter of Mr. James A. Spalding has been published in The Herald. He insists that the horseshoe is "an evolution of the aureola around the heads of saints." The aureola opens downwards; so should the horseshoe.

Unfortunately for these plausible theorists, the horseshoe, or the equivalent of the horseshoe, was used as a talisman long before the birth of the Saviour. The talisman was known in ancient Thebes in the form of the Egyptian sistrum; it was used by the Etruscans; the mild-eyed Buddhists at least respected the superstition. The belief in the horseshoe as a safeguard against evil beings and influences probably had its origin in phallic worship, the worship of primitive races who adored nature and symbols of nature.

ORPHEUS CLUB

The Orpheus Musical Society, Mr. Carl Kaufmann, conductor, gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The chorus was assisted by the Beethoven Orchestral Club, Mr. Otto Fritzsche, conductor, Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto; Mr. Harry Upham, cellist, and Mr. John Craig Kelly, organist and accompanist. The programme included Herold's "Zampa" overture, excerpts from "The Bohemian Girl" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Margis' "Valse Bleue" for orchestra; these chorale numbers: Mozart's "Dedication of Song," Kristnus' Serenade, two marches by F. Wagner, part songs by Seidel and Billeter, Pache's "Abendstimmung" with cello obbligato, and Brambach's "Reinhard." Mrs. Hunt sang Liszt's "Love Dream," d'Eranger's "Morte," Chabrier's "Les Cligales," and songs by Gounod, Grieg, Carver, Damrosch and Beach. Miss Lida J. Low played the accompaniments to the songs.

It was announced from the stage that Mr. Fritzsche was indisposed, and that he was threatened with illness of a serious nature. This caused some delay at the beginning of the concert and necessa-

sitated certain deviations from the announced programme. The concert went smoothly, however, and Mr. Fritzsch was greeted with a warmth which showed that his courageous performance was appreciated at its personal value. Nothing on the programme gave greater apparent pleasure than Wagner's marches, sung in a spirited manner by the chorus; but they were shrewdly placed where it was manifestly impossible to give any repetitions.

Mrs. Hunt's groups were distinguished by the French songs of d'Erlanger and Chabrier; although these made a less immediate general appeal than, for instance, Mrs. Beach's familiar setting of the song from "Pippa Passes." The singer's agreeable voice and intelligent performance gave pleasure, as always, and she was recalled with enthusiasm, as were the two conductors.

There was a friendly audience of moderate size.

May 5, 1907

Last Night's Concert Was the 24th and Last of the 26th Season.

The 24th and last concert of the 26th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III." Volkmann
Symphonic poem, "The Battle of the Huns" Liszt
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven

The Herald discusses elsewhere in this issue the programmes arranged by Dr. Muck during the season.

Was the thought of heroism and of battle, murder and sudden death in the conductor's mind when he arranged the programme of last night? First we have Richard III., the Richard of Shakespeare and Colley Cibber, the hogsy man as impersonated by Kean, Kirby—"Wake me up when Kirby dies!"—and Barry Sullivan, not the monarch whitewashed by the latest historians and by the most recent biographer, Sir Clements R. Markham, the philanthropic ruler who lived happily with the Lady Anne and would not have murdered the princes in the Tower for crown on crown and untold gold. There is the Battle of Bosworth Field, the singularly anachronistic tune, "The Campbells are Comin'," the thought of Richard shouting wildly for another horse.

And lo! immediately another battle scene, the music of Liszt to translate the legendary fight pictured by von Kaulbach into tones. There are ghosts of Richard's victims in Volkmann's overture; there are ghosts of Huns who arise to the combat in Liszt's symphonic poem. If the English soldiers arrayed against the tyrant are typified by a Scottish tune, called by Volkmann an old English war song, the Christians as opposed to the Huns are typified by the church melody of "Crux fidelis."

A Hymn of Triumph.

In overture and in symphonic poem the ending is a hymn of triumph and exultation. Righteousness has prevailed. And after these works came a frankly heroic symphony, though to some the symphony is not so heroic in character as the fifth. Here the hero is borne to the grave, and what is supposed to happen in the finale, with its variations Beethoven only knew.

Volkmann's overture was never fully appreciated here until we heard Smetana's symphonic poem with Richard as the hero. The subject impressed the Bohemian deeply, but at the time Smetana was not a master of expression. Volkmann, unlike Smetana, gave no programme with his overture, and the few commentators quarrel among themselves about the significance of certain themes. The composer wrote his overture and incidental music for the theatre. "For Shakespeare's tragedy" is clear enough. If you find Rubinstein's "Ivan the Terrible" on a concert programme, you know at once what you have a right to expect, a suggestion of cruelty, horror, suffering; and in this instance you, hearing, are tortured in turn.

Liszt, as was generally his habit, talked and wrote much about "The Battle of the Huns" before it was performed, and even before it was completed. He said it would be no "guitar piece," and he evidently thought well of it. But unless Dr. Muck had set his heart on a row of heroic, battle pieces—he might have added Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture—it might have been a pleasure to hear still more familiar symphonic poems by Liszt, or those that have not been played here. In the former case, "Tasso," or "Mazeppa"; in the latter, "Hamlet." (By the way, Richard Strauss' "Macbeth" is unknown to the Symphony audience.) How many have heard Liszt's "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne" and "Heroide Funebre"? The "Hungaria" has been played here only once, I believe, and the inadequate performance was nearly 16 years ago.

Cause for Rejoicing.

Beethoven said nothing about the programme of his "Eroica." There is a story that the title page of the manuscript bore the word "Bonaparte" and that when the death of Napoleon at St. Helena was announced the composer remarked grimly that he had foreseen the catastrophe when he wrote the funeral march in the symphony. Does Dr. Muck accept the theory of Wagner; that the hero in this symphony is "the whole, the full, fledged man"? The music remains the same, whatever the explanation may be. As Dr. Muck began the season with a symphony by Beethoven, so he ended it.

Let us rejoice that in the programme, however singular it may have seemed to some, there was no attempt at a spectacular close with the full strength of the company and a grand pyrotechnical display. Let us also be thankful

that there was no "sadness of farewell" for Dr. Muck will return to us in the fall.

A man of the opera house, he undoubtedly chose the pieces by Volkmann and Liszt for the dramatic effects he finds in them. It is not necessary to hold that a conductor of the rare force and intelligence which characterize Dr. Muck believes in the plenary inspiration of every work he chooses for performance. Volkmann was a man of the utmost sincerity, but he was seldom inspired. And how about Liszt? Did he always believe in his own inspiration? Was he sincere in the works which were suggested to him by religious subjects?

Read the interminable letters he wrote to his princess and you would infer that his sole thought in life was concerning the good of the church and his own salvation. Was he honest in all this? Probably at the time he wrote, for he was a sentimentalist as well as a mighty influence, a man of indisputable genius, which is sometimes shown even in his musical compositions.

Questions Suggested.

All these questions might easily have been suggested by the programme itself. The performance, the interpretation justified the programme. Volkmann's overture has aged, and that which was picturesque in it when it was produced is now as common-place as any pages by a naturally inferior man. The fact that the workmanship is better in a routine way does not save the battle scene. Only the suggestions of moods, what might be called the psychological portions are of importance today.

Dr. Muck's interpretation of Liszt's symphonic poem gave a character to the work that has been missed on former occasions. The poem was less episodic and of a higher quality. There was no need of programme to any one who had seen von Kaulbach's picture. There were the opposing forces and the final triumph of the Cross. Romantic in itself, the poem was read romantically.

Was Vivid and Virile.

The performance of the "Eroica" must be ranked among the great performances of the season. It was one of uncommon and sustained eloquence. It was virile and vivid throughout, in treatment of detail and in general breadth and sweep. There was no forced intrusion of the conductor's individuality. The hearer was conscious of Beethoven's mighty voice, which came direct and not as through a ventriloquist. Grandeur and tenderness, nobility of lamentation, titanic sportiveness and mirth, these made their irresistible way. Nothing stood between the composer and the hearer.

This ended a most interesting and brilliant orchestral season, a season that will be memorable in the history of the organization, a season conspicuous, not by reason of the assisting singers or players, but first of all by the performance of the orchestra under Dr. Muck.

That the audience appreciated his ability and his work was shown by the prolonged welcome at the beginning of the concert and the hearty God-speed at the end. May he return to us refreshed and in high spirits for the 27th season!

THE POP CONCERTS.

The 22d season of "Pop" concerts in Symphony Hall will begin tomorrow evening and the concerts will be given every week night until June 29. This year they will last but eight weeks instead of the usual nine, for the regular season of the Symphony Orchestra was lengthened one week. The conductors will be Messrs. Timothee Adamowski, Maz Zach and Gustav Strube. The orchestra will consist of 55 men from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

When the "Pop" concerts were removed from Music Hall to Symphony Hall, there was a decided falling off in the attendance. Symphony Hall seemed far out of the way. In the last two or three seasons, however, patronage has steadily increased and last year was the best since the days of the old Music Hall. In fact, the attendance equalled all but the most prosperous years down town. This year is expected to be even better, if only for the reason that the public is becoming used to going up town for its summer music.

Mr. Adamowski, the first conductor of the "Pops," has spent not a little time this past winter in search of novelties. Victor Herbert, for example, will be represented by selections from "The Red Mill" and "The Magic Knight," and Gustav Luders by his "The Grand Mogul." It will be strange to see the name of Richard Strauss on such a programme, but when the composer was younger he wrote a military march which will be played. Other novelties will be as follows:

Bizet, Suites Nos. 1 and 2; Puccini, selections from "Madame Butterfly" and "Tosca"; Taven, fantasia "Coppelia"; "Manon," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"; Acerb, "Dall' Italia"; Mascheroni, "Dans les fleurs"; Morena, "Kinkorlitzchen"; Fuscik, "Entrance of Gladiators"; Hoffman, "suite Nuptiale"; Glikh, "Lustspiel Overture"; Fleuron, "La Charmeuse"; Fuscik, "Under the Admiral's Flag"; Nevin, "A Day in Venice"; Ziehrer, waltz, "Sammt und Seide"; Ziehar, "Cupido Waltz"; Lincke, "Verschmahte Liebe" and "Nachalter"; waltzes; Eugene, "Cupid's Garden"; Laume, "Les Marionnettes"; Ganne, "Marche-Tartare." The programme for the first concert will be:

- 1 March, "Parade" (first time).....Strauss
- 2 Waltz, "Mon Reve".....Waldteufel
- 3 Selection, "Grand Mogul" (first time).....Luders
- 4 Overture, "Semiramide".....Rossini
- 5 March, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
- 6 Selection, "Madame Butterfly" (first time).....Puccini
- 7 Overture, "1812".....Tschalkowsky
- 8 Suite No. 1, "Carmen" (first time).....Bizet
- 9 Overture, "Fledermaus".....Strauss
- 10 Waltz, "Jolly Widow" (first time).....Franz Lehar
- 11 Selection, "Mile. Modiste".....Herbert
- 12 March, "Mattheleche".....Borel-Clerc

THE season of 1906-07, which was brought to a close by the Symphony concert last night, was a distinguished one in certain ways.

The Symphony orchestra played under a new conductor; another orchestra was established here; Mr. Lang, the conductor of the Cecilia Society from its foundation, laid down the baton.

Foreign composers visited us. Mr. Leoncavallo came first with a queer orchestra and a still queerer assortment of Italian singers. He behaved in a dignified manner and took his music seriously, even when he was conducting the overture to "Roland of Berlin." A brave man, too, for he did not turn a hair during the performance of the grand septet from "I Medici."

Mr. Camille Saint-Saens, who was used by the critics in New York as a club to lambast his countrymen of the ultra-modern school, beamed on us and played three of his own waltzes in rapid succession; but even his Canary waltz did not console us for a programme which did not include any one of his symphonic poems.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor came and did not conduct any one of his choral works at a Cecilia concert. His chamber music did not turn from the error of their ways those who do not believe that the American music of the future must be based on Negro, Indian and Creole tunes.

The Handel and Haydn performed Handel's "Belshazzar" for the first time, it is said, in America. After the performance this statement was readily believed by some, who forgot that "David," by the Chevalier Neukomm, was once a favorite oratorio in Boston.

The Cecilia performed for the first time in this city Pierne's "Children's Crusade" and an abridged version of Paine's "Azara."

The end of the season saw the death of the Choral Art Society, for its leader, Mr. Goodrich, is now the conductor of the Cecilia.

There were visiting prima donnas, who gave song recitals and concerts: Mmes. Melba, Sembrich, Eames, Galski, and Schumann-Helnk. Mme. Melba shone resplendent. Nor should Mme. Nordica be forgotten, who gave one of the most entertaining vaudeville shows ever seen in the town.

Planists visited us for the first time; Mme. Goodson, who came prudently provided with letters to patrons and patronesses of art; Miss Schnitzer, who brought no letters and revealed a surprisingly developed mechanism and a poetic, fiery, imaginative soul; Dr. Netzel, a scholarly critic with a pretty wit.

Mr. Macmillen of Marietta played the violin and showed that the reports of his proficiency which were published in the London journals were not wholly incredible. Mr. Hartmann, known here some years ago as a child wonder and then as a student, returned a well equipped virtuoso.

"Madam Butterfly" was performed here (in English) for the first time by Mr. Savage's company and later (in Italian) by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. "Hansel and Gretel" was performed here for the first time in an adequate manner and in German. Mr. Converse's music to "Jeanne d'Arc" was heard in connection with Mr. Mackaye's play.

The week of grand opera vouchsafed to us by Mr. Conried was made conspicuous chiefly by the impersonations of Miss Geraldine Farrar, the vocal wealth of Mr. Caruso, the pluck and intelligence of Mme. Jacoby, the general excellence of the performances of "Madam Butterfly" and "Tosca," and the unspeakably poor performance of "Martha," which was after all a worthy response to the "wishes of prominent subscribers," who insisted on hearing again the "delightful old tunes."

There were excellent chamber concerts, and the announcement was made that in future there will be no Boston symphony quartet, no quartet supported directly by the Boston symphony orchestra.

But the true feature of the season was the performance for the first time in this city of Debussy's "Sea," the symphony and violin concerto of Sibelius—the superb performance of the concerto by Maud Powell is naturally included—and Strauss' "Symphonla Domestica." Performances of familiar orchestral works as led by Dr. Muck were also memorable.

The True Features.

For greater than virtuoso, operatic heroine, prima donna in song, orchestral conductor, is the work performed.

Dr. Muck brought out compositions that justly provoked the question: "Why did he do it?" Was there any good and sufficient reason for spending time and labor on the symphonies by Bendix and Brockway, and "Olaf's Wedding Dance" by Ritter?

There was good reason for producing Reger's Serenade. The man is much discussed; he has hysterical followers and bitter foes. It was only fair to the composer and to the audience that his music should be heard. The "Polyeucte" music of Tinel will in all probability not be played here again, but Tinel was already known as the composer of the oratorio "Franciscus," and there might have been curiosity to become acquainted with his chief orchestral work.

No doubt there are many who did not like the compositions by Debussy, Sibelius and Strauss, which have been named above. No doubt there are many who were bored by them. This was natural and to be expected. Music of this radical nature must inevitably provoke stormy opposition. The ultra-moderns are sharing the fate of Monteverde, Gluck, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, Franck, Brahms, Tschalkowsky.

I do not say that the works by Debussy, Sibelius and Strauss are immortal or that they will be as impressive 100 years hence as they are today, for there is nothing more uncertain and also more laughable than prophecy in matters of art. The gaunt and terrible old man smiles at the prophet and with a stroke of his scythe cuts him down together with those for whom the prophet had already shaped pedestals. I do say that this music should be heard under the best possible conditions; that it should be judged not in comparison with music by Beethoven or Brahms, not with music by Bach and Schumann, but by itself or in comparison with music of those contemporary in thought as in life. For there are composers who are even now publishing though they are dead.

Unless there be fierce discussion over art, that art is commercial, hypocritical or stagnant, and there is no judgment in the hearer.

Every phase of development in music should be as interesting as any phase of development in chemistry, electricity, surgery. Does any one believe for a moment that form in music was established long ago, rigidly and forever? Does any one believe that a melodic thought must always have an orthodox contour; that an experimenter in harmonic schemes is necessarily a dangerous person; that a new colorist is a blasphemer; that the impressionist in music should be led to the stake?

No one, on the other hand, is so foolish as to insist that the newcomers should drive out the classics who in their own day were revolutionaries. Can there not be evolution in music, in musical taste? Should we all be obliged to grovel in the dust before the shrine of the sonata form?

Dr. Muck's Programmes.

It is a good thing also that the programmes arranged by Dr. Muck have excited debate.

The Herald has often discussed the question of programme-making, and it does not now purpose to inquire curiously into this art.

If any one without prejudice should look over Dr. Muck's programmes of last season, he would be struck first of all by the catholicity of the man. The classics, old and new, the romanticists from Bach to Debussy, were impartially represented. Dr. Muck has welcomed the Finn and the Frenchman, the Pole and the Norwegian. That most sensitive person, the American composer, has every reason to applaud this admirable conductor. Brockway, Chadwick, Converse, Hadley, MacDowell, Paine are the names of the Americans whose works were heard, and their music was rehearsed as diligently and performed with as much care as though they had all received foreign wreaths and diplomas.

However singular the arrangement of some of the programmes may have appeared, Dr. Muck had undoubtedly a purpose in the arrangement. One programme was classical; another was modern and romantic; one was of an almost strictly national character; another was a study in the development

of the symphony. Probably the least effective was the one in which Smetana followed Noskowski, and Dvorak followed Smetana, with Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony as the final number. That two Bohemians were thus grouped with a Pole was unfortunate, for a similarity in tonal color brought monotony. Dr. Muck's dramatic insight and his imaginative faculty were never better displayed than when he placed Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride" immediately after Chabrier's dazzling "Espana." There was no anti-climax; there was a contrast without a loss of intensity; neither composition suffered.

Whether it be wise to introduce more than one important novelty in a concert is a question. It seems injudicious. A new work is perhaps more easily judged, its merits recognized, its faults disclosed, when the attention is not forced again on other music that is familiar.

When Dr. Muck came here he was acquainted with the history of Symphony concerts in this city, and the history of the orchestra. He had not the habit of arranging programmes a series of 24 concerts in one season was natural that he should endeavor to ascertain the taste of the symphony audience.

Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Who Will Lead the First Pop Concerts; Mr. H. F. Odell, the Conductor of the Boston Operatic Society, and Two Singers in Its Performance of "Erminie."



Timothee Adamowski.



H. F. Odell.

A programme-maker will never satisfy everybody. He is lucky if he will satisfy six in every ten hearers.

Dr. Muck has been thoroughly consistent in this: that the public should become acquainted with important modern works irrespective of his own likes and dislikes. He is not a Regerite, yet he produced the composer's serenade. Much of Strauss' "Symphonica Domestica" is repugnant to him, yet he was eloquent in the interpretation of it.

Fewer Soloists.

The number of soloists in the Symphony concerts was smaller than usual. The singers were Mmes. Melba, Fremstad, Child. The violinists were Mme. Powell, Messrs. Adamowski, Hess, Petschnikoff. Mr. Wranke, the cellist, appeared and Mr. Ferir played the viola solo in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy." The pianists were Mmes. Goodson, Samaroff, Szumowska and Messrs. Gabrieliwitsch, Neitzel, Rosenthal.

The list might be made still smaller to advantage. Suppose that the concert master fiddles ex-officio. Why should it be the custom for other members of the orchestra to play annually? If a violinist is chosen, why should not a flutist, or an oboist, or even a trombone be a soloist?

An ideal symphony concert is without a soloist, unless that soloist play in ensemble, as the pianist in d'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air." Otherwise the individual assumes undue prominence, the programme is not balanced and effective, the musical continuity is disturbed or broken.

Unfortunately soloists are needed to secure subscriptions, for we have not reached the ideal state when a composition is more eagerly anticipated than a virtuoso. Twelve soloists a

season should be enough, provided they be of the first rank.

Sundry Comments.

There has been talk of Mr. Frank Kniesel as leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Should he become Mr. Scheel's successor, the Kniesel quartet would be only a glorious tradition. The Kniesel concerts in Boston have deepened the sense of loss occasioned by the departure of the members from this city. If the club should come to an end in consequence of Mr. Kniesel becoming an orchestral conductor, Boston would have to content itself with the concerts of the Ioffmann quartet and the Longy Club.

It is true that the receipts of the Kniesel concerts in Boston were less than in the several preceding years and that the character of the audience has changed. The Kniesels suffered as other clubs and as visitors have suffered from the strange apathy of the public that has been supposed musical. It is no longer "the thing" for a young woman



(Photo by Barrows.)

Miss Sophie Barnard.

In society to attend recitals and chamber concerts when they take place in public halls. Private musicales and concerts given in the halls of hotels—these concerts are of a somewhat exclusive nature and the prices of admission are high—satisfy the musical longing of many. Then there are musical clubs of a private nature with entertainments which resemble "society functions" and should be discussed by the "society editors."

In consequence of all this, an unlighted patronage is often given to mediocrity, shrinking or pretentious, and true artists and music itself are shabbily treated or wholly neglected by those who prate and chatter about their devotion to the art.

WORK NEW AND OLD.

Mark Hambourg offered three prizes—£20, £10 and £5—for original piano pieces, but the judges decided no one of the compositions forwarded deserved a first prize. The Referee comments sensibly: "No work of distinction being elicited may be quoted as further evidence of the doubtful good done to British art by such competitions. That they encourage immature and half-trained musicians no one who has acted as a judge on such occasions can possibly doubt; but it is almost equally certain that they do not stir the pens of our most gifted and capable composers. Consequently prize competitions are not calculated to enrich the national music store. Mr. Hambourg's desire to encourage the composers of his adopted country is gracious and most praiseworthy, particularly as it concerns a branch of music somewhat neglected by our writers, but I am persuaded that he would get better results were he to commission composers of proved ability to write directly for him, or ask them if they had any work in their portfolios that would meet his requirements. This is the system largely pursued by theatrical managers and by dealers in fine art. Why not adopt it with regard to music?"

"Shamus O'Brien," Stanford's opera, was performed at Breslau April 12 for the first time in Germany and with great success. Max Kalbeck, the biographer of Brahms, translated the libretto. The part of the hero was impersonated by Mr. Beeg, who is 6 feet 4 inches in height and "slightly heavy in his gait."

Dr. Charles Harriss' Coronation Mass of Edward VII. was produced in London April 16. The Pall Mall Gazette gave an unfavorable opinion. "Although written throughout with evident knowledge of choral and orchestral effects, there is little of the music that can be called original or distinctive; it is very melodious, certainly, but not in a way that impresses one with the solemnity of the text, so much of it seems to us curiously inappropriate. The 'Sanctus' is perhaps the only movement where something like the dignity of treatment that was to be expected is attained. There are a great number of big climaxes which are imposing in their way, and Dr. Harriss understands how to get a real fortissimo out of the orchestra. The orchestration is, in fact, the best part of the composition."

A violin concerto in A major by Nardini was played for the first time in England April 12. It seems that this concerto was found by Mr. Alessandro Certani, who, "one day taking shelter from a thunderstorm in a village schoolhouse, noticed that the fire was being fed from a large bundle of music paper. The date and place of the discovery was not given, perhaps lest there should be

a rush of violinists to the said schoolhouse in search of further treasures! Mr. Certani, however, is to be congratulated on his timely rescue of Nardini's work, for it is pleasing music, and being terse in expression and brilliant in character, is a useful addition to the repertory of violinists."

Our Milan correspondent writes that Mr. Francesco Cilea's new opera, "Gloria," has been successfully produced at La Scala. The libretto of "Gloria," written by Arthur Colautti, deals with a dramatic episode in the violent struggles between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines which drenched Tuscany with blood during the middle ages. At Siena, toward the end of the 14th century, dwells Gloria, the daughter of the chief of the Guelphs. Portebando, chief of the Ghibellines, cherishes an ardent passion for her, and proceeds to carry her off. Disguised as an eastern merchant, her brother, Folco, visits Gloria, and obtains a promise that she will poison Portebando. However, when the moment for action arrives, Gloria discovers that she loves her captor. In the third act, while the wedding of Portebando and Gloria is taking place, Folco enters the church and kills the bridegroom, whereupon the heroine puts an end to her own life. If to some extent lacking in power and passion, Mr. Cilea's music is of genuine Italian character, and notable for its refinement. The choruses, all of which are

beautiful, form a special feature of the opera, and the orchestral writing is most effective and of marked elegance in point of style. A warm, if not enthusiastic, reception was bestowed upon Mr. Cilea's new opera.—Daily Telegraph (London), April 23.

PERSONAL.

The Chicago Symphony orchestra gave a concert at Berkeley, Cal., April 13. The Daily Gazette said of its leader: "Herr von Fieltz, though tall in stature, is not overcharged with fiery combustion and that should be very essential in a good bandmaster."

The same Gazette informs us that Dr. Schussler's voice is "full of timber"; that the first movements of Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, "sometimes called the 'Heroic,' has a number of themes in the highest degree characteristic and they certainly show Beethoven's power of precise expression." The funeral March in the symphony pleased the Gazette. "The music is in a minor key, the melody is sad, and its heart-felt tones of melancholy portray it to be a solemn dirge."

Miss Geraldine Farrar talked in Italian when she was in Minneapolis. She said to a reporter of the Star: "There are pieces of music where the words and the music conflict utterly. I will tell you what Melba would do. She would let the words go entirely and sing the music go." Again: "Just didn't they criticize me. They seem to think that I can do the work that those 40-year-old women with embonpoint do." Ah, Miss Farrar, the years will surely pass. You will come to forty year, and it is the fate of prima donnas to wax fat. Be merciful in the days of your youth and beauty.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer tells us that the Boston Symphony orchestra has "in its tours of the present season been featuring Mr. Chadwick's 'Sinfonietta' and other works." While Harry Anderson was singing "The world Will Still Go Merrily



Miss Bertha Cote.

Round" Mr. Kirtland, the manager of the Foresters' Music Hall, Bethnal Green, said "I can't bear it," and put his hands to his ears. "The song suggested that it mattered not whether king or beggar died, the world would still go merrily round." And some time afterward Mr. Kirtland took poison and died.

Mr. Walter Wheatley, "a tenor who hails from the United States," sang in London last month. He studied in Italy. "His style manifestly appealed to his audience, but his proper place is on the stage."

Jan Sibelius visited England for the first time May 2, when his new symphony in C major No. 5 was performed at a Philharmonic concert under his direction.

The Duke of Devonshire is supporting at Eastbourne, a watering place, an orchestra named after him. The orchestra numbers 42.

Mr. Goerlitz, the acting manager of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, was much put out at Kansas City because the receipts for two performances in that city were only \$9000. The Star shed light on the tragic scene: "What kind of people have you here, anyway?" he asked. He was assured that on an average the pedigree of people here ranked as high as any in America. "Bah! Look! See the great Caruso singing to an audience of only 4000 persons. I do not know, but I think we should stay away from Kansas City for at least two years and then these people might wake up," he continued. "Kansas City might be all right as a city of business opportunities for other than grand opera companies. It is a cold, blank, dismal, positive failure in that respect." The inkstand bounced into the air as a blow from the manager's fist pounded the table. He calmed himself finally, though, as he recalled the fact that the attendance was only about 3000 last year. Mr. Goerlitz then insisted that the "society" women should be interested before next season.

Mr. J. Job, the leader of the Felixstowe (Eng.) Choral Society, must be a passionate conductor. "He dislocated his arm by an over-vigorous flourish while conducting a performance of 'Hiawatha.'" Mr. Job should take some lessons with either Mr. Safonoff or Mr. Creator.

A marble monument to Brahms is to be erected in front of the hall of the Society of Music Friends in Vienna. The municipal council subscribed 6000 crowns toward the cost.

"ERMINIE" IN JORDAN HALL.

The Boston Operatic Society, Mr. Herbert Forrest Odell, conductor, will give performances of "Erminie" in Jordan Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Mr. Odell has been the conductor of the society since its organization. There will be a chorus of 60, an efficient orchestra, appropriate scenery and costumes. Mr. G. V. C. Lord will be the stage manager.

The cast will be as follows: Erminie, Sophie Barnard; Cerise, Jessie B. Stirling; Javotte, Louise Senton; Marie, Yvonne Fortin; Princess, A. Bertha Cote; Cadeaux, D. E. Bowen; Ravennes, A. R. Marshall; Chevalier, G. B. Bigelow; Marquis, C. C. Long; Eugene, W. T. Wingfield; Captain, F. H. Lewis; Sergeant, S. H. Brice; Du Bois, H. M. Woodward; Simon, N. De Verge; Ernest, R. E. Zancs; Benedict, W. G. Shadman.

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY.

Although the musical season closed last night, the San Carlo Opera company, Mr. Henry Russell director, will give performances at the Park Theatre this week beginning tomorrow night. The opera Monday night, and on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evenings will be Puccini's "Boheme" with these singers: Miss Alice Nielsen, Miss Fely Dereyne, Messrs. Constantino, Fornari, Glacano and Segurolo.

Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" will be performed on Wednesday evening and at the Saturday matinee. The chief singers will be Miss Nielsen, and Messrs. Baracchi, Fornari and Sacchetti.

On Thursday evening there will be a special bill which will include the garden scene from "Faust" (Miss Nielsen, Miss Perego, Miss Lucianne, Messrs. Martin and Segurolo) and the two last acts of "Il Trovatore" (Miss Tarquini

Mme. Conti-Boninetti, Messrs. Martin and Galperino, Mr. Aramido Conti will be the conductor.

CONCERT NOTES.

Miss Lilla Ormond sang at Mr. Whelan's concert last Tuesday morning at the Tulleries. The songs were by Grieg, Strauss, Tchaikowsky, Bemberg, Hue, Godard, Lemaire, Chadwick, Stanford, Huhn, Max Heinrich. Mr. Whelan played

pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Godard, Silas, MacDowell, Bach, Saint-Saens. Mr. Carl Baermann will give a piano recital at a meeting of the Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft at the Hotel Somerset, Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. He will play Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, op. 57; Liszt's "Legend of St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 6, and Barcarolle; Baermann's Etude, op. 4, No. 7; Field's Nocturne in E flat major, and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

PREFACES.

It has long been the practice for the publisher of a new edition of a book to invite some person of authority to write a preface. He thus hopes to call wider and more eager attention to the reprint. Or a publisher will demand a preface for an edition of the collected works of an author. Remarkable prefaces have thus been the result, as Gautier's to Baudelaire's works, de Maupassant's to the "Lectures of Flaubert to George Sand," the prefaces to the volumes in the series of the Tudor Translations, and the prefaces by W. E. Henley to editions of Burns, Fielding and Hazlitt.

There are prefaces which are neither helpful nor illuminative, and these are found generally in books which are sold at a low price so that they may have a wide circulation and beneficial influence. Books of this nature are often admirably prefaced: Witness that of Mr. Arthur Symonds to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"; the preface to Borrow's "Lavengro" in the same series, the "Everyman's Library." But what is to be said of Mr. Chesterton's preface to Matthew Arnold's Essays?

Mr. Chesterton is often entertaining, though he writes hardily and too much. Paradoxes by their very brilliance and by the inherent element of surprises soon become as tiresome as platitudes. Mr. Chesterton has written excellent lives of Browning and Dickens; he has also written essays which should have perished at the end of the newspaper's day.

A young man, however poor he may be, has now the opportunity of owning Arnold's literary and critical essays. Suppose he knows little or nothing about Arnold. He turns to the preface to find out the occasion of the essays. Were they originally published in magazines? Was any one of them delivered as a lecture? What had been Arnold's preparation?

He turns to Mr. Chesterton for guidance. He learns on the first page that "oneself is a window"; that "the two things to be done with a window are to wash it and then forget it." Any healthy boy, armed with a sling and buckshot, would say the chief thing to be done with a window is to riddle it. It is surprising that Mr. Chesterton did not note this. The inquirer turns the page. He reads a disquisition on the pride of the Englishman: "The most enormous catastrophe was only some kind of symbolic compliment to England. If the sun fell from heaven it only showed how wise England was in not having much sunshine. If the waters were turned to blood it was only an advertisement for Bass' ale or Fry's cocoa."

Continuing, the inquirer learns that Arnold was a supercilious person; that he did not understand "headlong and happy humility"; that he could never have felt any part of himself to be purely comic—"not even his singular whiskers"; that his pride prevented him from appreciating

some things of great human value; that he probably did not like mankind; that he consented merely to correct; that, on the whole—the jump is sudden—the English should thank him.

The young man eager for information concludes from this preface that Matthew Arnold was an uncomfortable person with peculiar whiskerage. He learns little or nothing about his surroundings, his "milieu," his natural equipment, the forces that impelled him to write against Philistinism.

The writer of the modern preface is too often a superior person who takes pains to point out the faults of the author whom he introduces or speaks in a patronizing manner of his merits. Even the author of the preface to "Lavengro" has nothing good to say of Borrow's style, a style that won the admiration of the fastidious Henley. The man of the preface is surprised that the man of the book has still a reputation. Or like Jack Horner, he picks out a few plums from the pie which he serves and shouts: "What a good boy am I!"

SIN EATERS.

Readers of "Fiona Macleod's" Celtic stories remember the tale of Neil Ross, the Sin Eater, a tale less horrible than that of "The Judgment of God," but grimmer and more creepy. Bread and salt and a saucer of water were placed on the breast of Adam Blair's corpse and for two half-crowns Neil ate and drank and took upon him the sins of the dead man. With the curses of Neil on the household and his awful ending we are not now concerned. We are reminded of this story by the account published recently of a similar practice still extant in Macedonia, where, by the way, the sin eater—he receives the sum of about sixty cents—is detested and looked on as one lost forever. It is said that sin eating was known in ancient Greece, but the statement that it is still observed in secluded parts of Wales is more to our purpose.

What was the origin of this strange use of a scapegoat? They that seek constantly a warrant from the Bible point to a verse in Hosea, "They eat up the sin of my people," but this plain speech of the Lord through the mouth of the prophet is violently wrenched in the application.

In Hereford, Eng., it was an old custom, old when Aubrey described it about the middle of the seventeenth century, to hire at a funeral a poor person to take on himself the sins of the dead man or woman. A loaf of bread was given to him over the corpse with a "mazard" or maple bowl of beer. He drank and ate and took sixpence in money, and thus freed the dead person from the necessity of walking. In North Wales milk was often substituted for beer. Some, dying, would command in their last will and testament the attendance of a sin eater, and while in sound health would provide a mazard for the occasion.

In Scotland salt and bread were placed on the breast of the corpse and the sin eater before partaking would repeat a series of incantations, as did Neil Ross in the story. Fifty years ago in Wales, as possibly today, a district had its professional sin eater, who received for each service 2s. 6d. After he had eaten the bread and salt he would vanish as quickly as he could, and the friends of the dead would speed him with blows and kicks.

Was this practice a survival of the rites and ceremonies attending the sending away of the scapegoat into the wilderness (Levit. xvi. 21, 22)? A Pope Alexander in the second cen-

tury in a decretal epistle mentioned "the dignity of priests who, by their prayers and offerings, eat up the sins of the people." Or did sin eating come down from the early heathen in the British Isles? Two more questions: Was this practice ever observed in New England? Is the custom of serving food at funerals connected in any way with the superstition?

It does not appear that the payment

varied with the innocence or the guilt of the dead man. The Rev. Augustus Toplady, arguing that as we never come up to that holiness which God requires, and therefore we sin every second of our existence, stated that any boy of ten years has 315,036,000 sins charged against him; that any man of 80 years must account for 2,510,288,000 sins. Toplady recognized no sin as venial. It would seem that the highest price, two half-crowns, would be inadequate for assuming the sins of even a 14-year-old.

MAY 6 1907 SHORT GUNS.

According to the majority of the New York newspapers, men in that city carry "guns," not pistols, not revolvers. A man going to bed puts a "gun" under his pillow. A man is arrested because a "gun" is seen sticking out of his hip pocket. There is an interchange of pistol shots, or there is shooting at a human target: this is "gunplay."

The word gun meant originally a piece of ordnance, a cannon, a great gun. A century later (1409) it was applied to any portable firearm except the pistol. Mrs. Blake, who insisted that the emblematic American eagle is a female, will be delighted to learn that the word comes from the middle English "gunne," which may represent a "hypocoristic form of a Scandinavian female name compounded with Gunn." Hence, no doubt, the familiar expression, "son of a gun," though some would have it applied originally to boys born afloat when women were permitted to accompany their husbands to sea. Gun has been used vaguely for any very large engine of war, and for even a missile hurled from an engine of war. A gun is also one who carries a gun, an artilleryman; the term is used in mining; it stands for a flagon of ale, for a tobacco pipe; and in slang a gun is a rascal, a thief. But a gun is not a pistol, it is not a revolver.

Where did this misuse originate? They say in the West, where the sun

goes down. Fifty years ago in New York city a gun was only a thief, and to gun a man was to look hard at him. "The copper gunned me as if he was fly to my mug"—the officer looked at me as if he knew my face.

But gun for revolver is making its way. It has appeared in the columns of the New York Evening Post—in quotation marks; but even this contemptuous tolerance is a step toward favor. On the whole, we prefer the word thus misused to "def." There is an excuse for misapplication. "Def" is wholly, unpardonably vile. First of all, "there ain't no such word."

ROUSING CURIOSITY.

A woman at Paris, Ill., did not like a piece of furniture that had been ordered by a Mr. Bell who was about to marry her step-daughter. She therefore went out and hanged herself. Some one, entertaining a more favorable view of the furniture, cut her down in time to permit her recovery for the wedding ceremony.

This story reminds us of one told to rebuke curiosity. A man, annoyed by the incessant questioning of a stranger, who wished to know how

his victim had lost a hand, finally answered: "I'll tell you, sir, if you promise not to ask me another question." The stranger made the promise. "Well, sir, it was bit off."

What was the piece of furniture? Was it a horsehair sofa, a folding bedstead, a new-fangled refrigerator, a medium boy, a combination hat-coat-umbrella-rubber rack, a courting chair? Why didn't she like it? Had she any right to find fault with it? Was the bridegroom stingy in selection? Was the furniture second-hand? Was it for her or for the step-daughter? What did the step-daughter say? Was Mr. Bell sorry that the rope was cut?

UNDUE SENSITIVENESS.

The action of the English government in prohibiting a revival of "The Mikado," lest the Japanese might be offended thereby, has excited laughter throughout the kingdom. The prohibition seems to be only for London. The charming operetta was performed recently in Manchester. *Shakespeare.*

An opera or operetta country has its own geography, history, astronomy, zoology, system of government, manners and customs. Why should not Hindus in a European city protest against Massenet's "Kling of Lahore" or a dozen comic operas and ballets? Why should not Americans be hurt by "Miss Helyet," and Englishmen by Lord Allicash in "Fra Diavolo"? Is the American naval officer in "Madame Butterfly" an admirable character, in spite of his musical tag, "The Star Spangled Banner"? The censor made Verdi's librettist remove the scene of "Un Ballo in Maschera" from Stockholm to some more remote city. Boston, Mass., was chosen, and the "Governor of Boston," the lads of the court and the conspirators do all sorts of extraordinary things; yet no crusted old Bostonian ever protested against the performance of the opera in this city.

HARD WORDS.

Dr. Schildecker says that the people of Pittsburg are suffering from "pneumonokoniosis," which is a "pseudomelanotic formation induced by carbonaceous accumulation." This may account for the singular behavior of so many Pittsburg millionaires, and for the fact that Mr. Emil Paur is always in hot water, in or out of the tub.

The sentence woven by Dr. Schildecker is a formidable one, but it is perhaps as intelligible to the average reader as one in a letter by Mr. J. F. Lucas, which was published recently in a London journal: "The eager serendipitous spirit which marks his perustrations among topics of the day constitutes one of the permanent attractions of the English press." How many can define offhand the word "serendipitous" and tell its origin? "Serendipity" was coined by Horace Walpole, who applied it to his faculty of making "finds" of an artistic kind; it is the "gift of discovering by a combination of accident and sagacity something that one is not deliberately looking for." There was a Prince of Serendip or Sarendip, who discovered the blindness in one eye and the poor teeth of a camel from the state of the grass which it had nibbled. Some years ago there was a "serendipity shop" in London where old books, pictures, bric-a-brac, were exposed for sale.

A HAREM VIEW.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote so enthusiastically about harem life that staid English matrons sighed because they could not

wear the oriental costumes. Now Miss Mary McEvily "of New York and Montana," describing her visit to Caliph Mahmoud's harem at Naboul, says that his favorite wears "opalescent tinted silk trousers" and "a sequin trimmed bolero." "Opalescent tinted"! But if the trousers are opalescent they exhibit a play of various colors like that of the opal; why then "tinted"? By the way, are opalescent trousers unlucky?

Referring to Dr. Murray's colossal English dictionary, we learn that the bolero is a lively Spanish dance, and we recall—now that we think of it—certain stage women in this dance with lively pleasure. There were castanets and a tum, tum-ti-tum, tum, tum, accom-

paniment. The dance was not sequin-trimmed. There was a short skirt, but, strain the memory to the utmost, we do not see the dancer wearing opalescent tinted trousers.

Even this costume described by Miss McEvily does not satisfy the modern female oriental soul, if Pierre Loti and others are to be believed. Harem life, they say, is not what it is cracked up to be, and the great majority of the inmates beat against their gilded bars or plot to fly away.

SHARK PIE.

A New Jerseyite who is characterized as "an eccentric millionaire" has been held up to scorn because during the last winter he often fed his little ones, daughters two, on shark pie. The shame of his conduct depends on his motive. If he thus fed them from meanness of disposition, from a miserly instinct, or because he wished to punish them, he should, indeed, be sent to Coventry, if not to a securer and quieter place.

A fish dealer testified that the millionaire had once persuaded him to taste shark pie. This shows that the rich Mr. Brown believed in the dish; that he found it palatable and nutritious; that he wished his children and neighbors to share in the joy and blessing. We cannot give a personal opinion. We hold the shark in high respect. It is said to be kind to its young, and it has extraordinarily natural powers in addition to uncommonly fine teeth, for we once read: "The inexperienced should cautiously refrain from fixing their eyes intently on those of a shark while swimming near the ship. Females especially have been known to swoon in consequence of long continued attention and to become the prey of this ferocious depredator."

But there may be a reasonable prejudice against eating shark pie: The eater may turn out to be a cannibal once removed.

May 7 1907.

The first "Pop" concert of the 23d season was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the conductor. The programme was as follows:

March—"Parade".....Richard Strauss
(First time.)
Serenade—"Contes d'Hoffmann".....Offenbach
Selection—"Mlle. Modiste".....Herbert
Overture—"Scarlatti".....Rossini
March—"Pomp and Circumstance".....Elgar
Selection—"Madama Butterfly".....Puccini
(First time.)
Overture—"1812".....Tchaikowsky
Suite No. 1—"Carmen".....Bizet-Hoffmann
(First time.)
Overture—"Fiedermans".....J. Strauss
Selection—"The Red Mill".....Herbert
March—"Gambler".....Zeller
March—"Matthieu".....Borel-Clerc

I took Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology, to the concert.
Mr. Comee, the arbiter delicarum, the great high priest of pleasure, welcomed the distinguished guest with the utmost cordiality, and told him two of his choicest stories. Like all deep thinkers Mr. Johnson has little appreciation of humor. He gravely asked Mr. Comee to repeat them that he might take notes for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (the first volume is now in press).

"Beer Thicker Than Water."

But when there was mention of beer with the music, Mr. Johnson rose promptly to the occasion, and said in clear, bell-like tones: "Beer is thicker than water."

No sooner were we seated than Mr. Johnson began as a lecturer: "It was the ill-fated Maginn who remarked: 'As for the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements.' The mutual adaptation of beer and music is to me still more wonderful. I am aware that Bismarck said they that drink beer, think beer, and that one Nietzsche wrote bitterly against beer-soaked philosophers, but music is certainly less disturbing to thought when it is accompanied by beer, whether it be light or dark. These glasses, by the way, should be larger. And beer should never be put into glass. There should be steins."

He continued: "I see that some of the company have already ordered light wines, but I still maintain that for an evening like this, beer is more to the purpose, even though the wine were the vintage four years old poured from a two-handled Sabine jar."

Pleasant to Ear and Eye.

The scene was pleasant to the eye as the music was to the ear. Mr. Adamowski had arranged an excellent programme; he conducted with grace and vigor; the orchestra was in fine fettle. For some time Mr. Johnson listened quietly to the music. He enjoyed the barcarolle from "Contes d'Hoffmann," and wished that the opera might be performed here. The chief theme of Elgar's March so closely resembles a peculiar phrase in Debussy's "Sylvia" in melody, rhythm and color that he shrugged his shoulders. The constant intrusion of music from "Boheme" in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" irritated him, but he was much pleased by the spirited performance of the "1812" overture and by the suite from "Carmen."

At last he began to express opinions. "These concerts should, indeed, be encouraged, yet I would fain see two or three improvements. In the first place, I should insist that no man should be allowed to enter in full evening dress."

And here a word about Mr. Johnson's costume. He wore a pepper and salt cutaway, a waist coat that evidently once went with a frock coat, trousers of neutral shade and pronounced bulging at the knees. One trouser leg was rolled up. His cravat was a passionate, flaring red. His right overshoe was torn at the side, and his umbrella was of the kind known as gamp, or lettuce, or bumbashoot. It is only fair to say that Mrs. Johnson, the peerless Eustacia, has been out of town for a fortnight.

Mr. Johnson's Objections.

"I do not object," continued Mr. Johnson, "to dress suits on formal occasions, but I insist that a 'Pop' concert should be thoroughly informal. Do you remember the club in London to which Artemus Ward was invited by an agreeable stranger? At this club—the Slosheers—the stranger said none of the members appeared in evening dress. He said it was again the rules of the club. 'In fact, if any member appeared there in evening dress, he'd be instantly expelled. And yet there's genuineness there, and lofty emotions, and intellect.'"

And Mr. Johnson added: "I believe there is a literary club in Cambridge that enforces the same rule. A dress suit at once establishes a distinction, but not between a waiter and a guest, but between guests. It is not given to every man to wear a dress coat with self-assurance. Some are unduly anxious concerning immaculate quality of shirt front and had a stiff arm and they hold the glass at a long distance. Others are so self-conscious that they feel the necessity of preserving an air of unshaken dignity."

"Again, there should be truly gregarious enjoyment. There should be no suggestion of first and second class tickets—no arbitrary division. Yet I notice a commendable improvement in this respect, though I should like to hear fuller peals of laughter and more general conversation. There should be less critical attention to the music. The music is after all only a pretext for the intimate association of men and women, youths and maidens. Nor do I like any enforcement

of attention. Let the music be joyous, rollicking, an unloosener of tongues, an incitement to heels. But tonight is the first; it is eminently successful, when you consider the behavior of unsympathetic Nature."

The Unbending of Bostonians.

Mr. Johnson, like Mr. Cheggs in "The Old Curiosity Shop," is bashful in the presence of ladies, yet he could not help observing the display of imposing coiffures and picturesque hats. He took copious notes and on leaving assured us that his time had not been wholly wasted. "It is always profitable to study the Bostonian when he endeavors to unbend in a public place," and with this remark he suggested the advisability of still another beer.

He would take no "light refreshments," for he is of the opinion that light refreshments induce heavy and dull digestion.

The programme this evening will include overtures by Massenet, Rossini, Suppe, waltzes by Strauss and Ziehrer, marches by Goldner, Hoffmann and Ganne selections from "Manon," "The Red Mill" and "It Happened in Nordland," a transcription of a polonaise by Chopin and the "Ride of the Valkyries."

Opera at Park Theatre.

Puccini's "La Boheme," by the San Carlo opera company, with Alice Nielsen and Senor Florencio Constantino, the new Spanish tenor from Madrid, was the attraction at the Park Theatre last night.

With the exception of Miss Nielsen every member of the San Carlo company is a stranger to Boston. The loss has been Boston's. Florencio Constantino is the possessor of a voice whose robust quality recalls Tamagno at his best. In the famous duet with Miss Nielsen, in the first act of "La Boheme," as well as in the second act, in the cafe scene, he was superb. In one or two other parts of the opera, however, he was at times slightly off the key, especially in the bravura passages.

But the general excellence of his work was magnificent, and the audience fairly rose at him and Miss Nielsen at the conclusion of the third act, when they, together with Mlle. Dereyne (the Musetta), and Sig. Fornari (Marcello), were given seven recalls and one repeat. To a lesser extent this was repeated at the end of every act.

Miss Nielsen, as Mimì, in Puccini's tragic role of the little needlewoman, loving and beloved of the happy-go-lucky, fiery, but tender-hearted, impecunious poet, Rodolfo, was exquisite. She did not rise to her best until the third act. But in that and the fourth, the house was in an uproar over her work. She looked the part, and that is something more than could have been said for some of the other more matronly impersonators of the part who have before appeared in Boston in "La Boheme."

Sig. Fornari, from La Scala, Milan, was a revelation in the baritone part of Marcello. No finer voice has been heard in Boston for years, and his acting of the part was inimitable. At high fever, with a temperature of 103, it was marvellous how Sig. Fornari managed to sustain the exacting role of Marcello and create the furor he did.

Mlle. Dereyne, Senor de Seguro and Sigs. Pulcini and Barocchi deserved the splendid reception they received.

The staging of the opera was extremely mediocre, but the Park Theatre is not adapted to grand opera, and cannot be made to "fit." The body of the house was fairly well filled, but the gallery was conspicuous by the number of vacant spaces it presented.

"La Boheme" will be given tonight, Friday and Saturday evenings.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Time.

the Place and the Girl," a comedy with music. The cast was as follows:

Pedro, an organ grinder.....Harry Hanlon
Mrs. Talbot, a widow.....Harriet Bart
Molly Kelly, a nurse.....Georgia Drew Mendum
Bud Simpson.....John C. Rowe
Jasper Simpson, a thrifty farmer.....George Ebnor
Laurie Farnham, a black sheep.....George Danford
Margaret Simpson, "the girl".....Violet McMillen
Tom Cunningham, a rich man's son.....Charles H. Bowers

"Happy" Johnny Hicks, a gambler.....Arthur Deagon

Willie Talcott, a spoiled child.....Hubert Hornsby
A chauffeur.....Joseph Clarkson
A coal heaver.....George Johnson
A police sergeant.....Clyde Hunnewell
An attendant.....Barney McConnel
Such a brilliant title as "The Time.

book & lyrics by Wm. H.

Hough & Frank R.

J. Adams. music by

Jos. E. Howard

Askin-Singer Co.

May 8, 1907

THE MAKING OF HISTORY.

The sad story of Rossi, the singer, who, shocked nervously by the San Francisco earthquake, lost his voice last season at the Metropolitan Opera House and in despair killed himself recently at Milan, shows the difficulties under which the historian of music or the biographer of musicians has labored, labors and will labor.

The cable dispatches described Rossi as a "noted tenor," and the newspapers, as a rule, even in New York and Boston, accepted the statement with a childlike faith. Rossi was not a tenor; he was a buffo bass. He first came to this country as a member of Mme. Sembrich's company in 1900-01, and he made his first appearance here as Don Bartholo in "The Barber of Seville." He also impersonated, in January, 1901, the parts of Don Pasquale, and the Baron in "La Traviata."

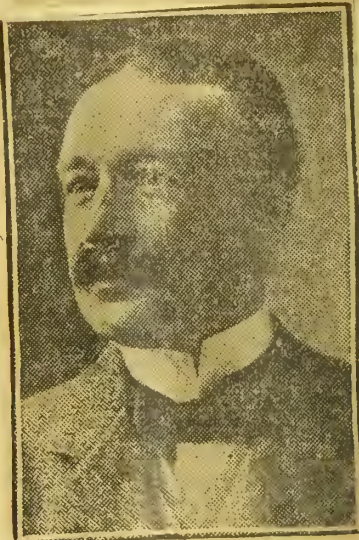
See how circumstantial was the false report. "While entertaining friends at breakfast he attempted to sing the 'Swan Song' from 'Lohengrin.' His attempt was a failure." Naturally. One might as well say that Miss Farrar was in despair because she could not sing the "Calf of Gold" song. If Rossi attempted the "Swan Song" it was only by way of a joke or as a freak of insanity.

Rossi was not the only singer who showed the effects of the earthquake

shock long after he was safe. It is said that neither the stately Plancon nor Mrs. Homer has been wholly the same since the calamity.

AT ANY PRICE.

At the time of the civil war there were men who were under the ban. They were flouted and despised because they were for "peace at any price." In June certain Americans will go to The Hague and they will be honored because they will demand peace at any price. That is to say, the rooms of the American delegation to the International peace conference will cost \$260 a day without food, drink and service. Evidently the landlords there have sized up Carnegie's pile.



BOSTON SYMPHONY LOSES ADAMOWSKI

Famous Violinist and Conductor Resigns as Second Concert Master.

Mr. Timothee Adamowski, the well known violin virtuoso and conductor, has resigned his position as second concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The last season saw his 22d year of continuous service as violinist in the orchestra.

Mr. Adamowski will continue to conduct the "Pops" for one-third of the present season as was arranged. Next season he expects that the activity of the Adamowski trio will be greater even than it has been in the past. He will also revive the Adamowski quartet and his associates will be Messrs. Kuntz, Zach and Josef Adamowski. It is said that Mr. Josef Adamowski will also resign his position as violoncellist in the orchestra.

When Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler withdrew from the orchestra, Messrs. Arbos and Adamowski were appointed concert masters in their place. This was in 1903. Mr. Arbos in 1904 was succeeded by Mr. Hess.

Mr. Adamowski's connection with the orchestra has been a brilliant one. He has been engaged as soloist in Boston at Symphony concerts 21 times. He has introduced at these concerts the following works: Saint-Saens' concerto No. 1, Bernard's concerto in G major, Moszkowski's concerto, Saint-Saens' concerto No. 3, Paganini's caprice in A minor (arranged and orchestrated by Gorski), Dvorak's concerto and Strube's concerto No. 2. His first appearance with the Symphony orchestra as soloist was on March 7, 1885. His last was on Dec. 29, 1906.

But he was known in Boston as a violinist before the Symphony orchestra was organized. He played here for the first time on Oct. 24, 1879. He was then in his 22d year, for he was born at Warsaw March 24, 1858. He studied at Warsaw with Kontchil and later with Massart at the Paris Conservatory. He came to the United States in 1879, and travelled as soloist with M. Strakosch, Clara Louise Kellogg, and at last with a company of his own. His string quartet was organized in 1883 and reorganized in 1891. He has long been known as a conductor of the "Pops."

Nor is his reputation as a solo violinist confined to cities of the United States; he has played on various occasions in London, Paris and Warsaw. Mr. Adamowski has been so intimately associated with the Symphony orchestra that he will be sorely missed. It is a pleasure to know that he will continue to make Boston his dwelling place and that the chamber clubs which bear his name will here be at home.

BOSTON AMATEURS HEARD IN "ERMINIE"

The Boston Operatic Society, Herbert F. Odell, director, gave a performance of the opera "Erminie" last evening in Jordan Hall. The principals were as follows: Erminie, Miss Sophie Barnard; Corise, Miss Jessie Sterling; Javotte, Miss Louise Senton; Marquis de Pourvert, Charles C. Long; Eugene, W. T. Wingfield; Ravennes, A. R. Marshall; Cadeaux, D. E. Bowen; Simon, Napoleon de Verge. Other members of the cast were Misses Yvonne Fortin, A. Bertha Cote, Grace Olmstead and Messrs. George B. Bigelow, Frank H. Lewis, Robert P. Zanes, H. M. Woodward, S. H. Brice and W. G. Shadman. The music was by the Odell orchestra, H. F. Odell, conductor.

Last evening's performance was perhaps the best that this society has given in its career of three seasons, during which period it has produced several standard comic operas. The performances that it gives, although advertised and open to the general public as any professional performance in a theatre, are nevertheless not to be criticised from the professional point of view, for the organization exists to give experience and opportunity for public appearance to young singers who might otherwise have no stepping-stone between private study and the professional stage. The purpose of the society has been fully complemented upon in The Herald on the occasion of other productions, and it is not necessary to dwell upon it here, save as a reminder that the work of the singers is intended as a test by which they may estimate their own powers fully as much as a pleasant entertainment for their friends.

Several of last evening's principals were those who have stood this test successfully on previous occasions, and they were welcomed with a hearty enthusiasm which showed that the audience was largely personal in its attitude.

Thus Mr. Bowen, who has figured in every public performance by the society, and was last seen as the sheriff of Nottingham, found appreciation ready-made at his first entrance. The craven but irresistible Cadeaux proved a congenial part, and much of his work had the professional stamp. His partner, impersonated by Mr. Marshall, was also well played, and other members of the cast might be mentioned for individual good work. The enunciation of the various members of the cast is still often faulty, although Miss Barnard should be excepted from this generalization. Miss Senton was an attractive Javotte.

The performance was generally very smooth and animated. The society improves markedly in its handling of cues and general "business." Last evening's performance was rather long owing to the number of encores given. The latest musical comedies are written with plenty of provision for encores ad infinitum; but "Erminie" is an old standby and is long enough without these breaks.

There was an interested audience of good size on the floor, although the balcony was not well filled. The opera will be repeated tonight.

"DON PASQUALE" IS SUNG AT THE PARK

PARK THEATRE—The San Carlo Opera Company in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Don Pasquale.....Mr. Barocchi
Dottor Malatesta.....Mr. Fornari
Ernesto.....Mr. Giaccone
Norina.....Miss Nielsen
Un Notaro.....Mr. Valentini
"Don Pasquale" is a charming opera, and if it be well acted by singers of even mediocre ability it gives pleasure. Boston has seen of late years excellent performances, with Don Pasquale impersonated by poor Rossi, who recently killed himself, and by Mr. Glibbert.

The opera gains by a performance in a small theatre, provided the orchestra be excellent and conducted with a sense of due proportion. Last night the orchestral performance was of a rough, and the brass was invariably blatant.

Famous singers have been glad to take part in "Don Pasquale" since the opera was produced. There are four excellent parts and the music for any one of them is a temptation to an accomplished singer. Last evening the tenor was evidently a young man of limited experience. His voice what there was of it, was of an agreeable quality, but it was not free, and in the ensembles it was, as a rule, inaudible. Nor did he act with spirit or grace.

Mr. Fornari was a fair Malatesta. He has a sonorous voice, his enunciation is clear, and he has a certain amount of schooling.

Mr. Barocchi played the part of Don Pasquale in a low comedy vein. His impersonation was often amusing, but it was without true distinction. There was no suggestion of the pomp of the vain old man, of his enormous self-appreciation. In the highest comedy there is often the thought of tragedy. Don Pasquale is not a buffoon; he should not be represented as wholly ridiculous. When he discovers the treachery of his friend, and that he has been cruelly mocked, he is a tragic figure.

Miss Nielsen at the end of a long and trying season is naturally not vocally at her best, but she sang last night with much spirit, and often with genuine charm. As Norina she was too vivacious, too kittenish. She mistook farce-comedy for comedy. Norina was something more than a hoydenish soubrette. Even as a soubrette Miss Nielsen over-acted, made mouths and eyes at the audience and her restlessness became tiresome.

An audience of fair size was much entertained, and there was hearty applause.

Tonight the bill will include the Garden scene from "Faust," with Miss Nielsen, Miss Perce, Miss Lucienne and Messrs. Martin and Seguro, as the chief singers, and the fourth and fifth acts of "Trovatore," with Miss Farquini, Mme. Conti-Borlinetto, and Messrs. Martin and Gaiperni as the quartet.

PISTOLS FOR TWO,

"N," in a letter which was published in The Herald of the 8th, said that the phrase "to pack a gun" seemed to him better English than the phrase "to carry a pistol." We suspect "N" of being a humorist.

In the course of his letter he said: "The noun 'pistol,' applied originally to a sort of dagger, made at Pistoia, a town near Florence." The word pistol was never so applied in the English language.

The English word "pistol" was first used in literature about 1570. It was an adaptation of the now obsolete French word "pistolet," noted by Henri Estienne in 1566. This French word meant pistol in

our present sense of the word, and it is translated in Cotgrave's French and English dictionary (1673) as "pistol"; also "a great (horseman's) dag." "Dag," an English word now obsolete in this sense, was a heavy pistol or hand gun in use at the time.

It is possible that our word "pistol" and the French "pistolet" were derived from the French "pistolet," and that "pistolet" in French meant first a small dagger and then a pistol. But in English from 1550, the date of the earliest appearance of the word, till 1650, the date of the latest, "pistolet" never meant anything but pistol, a small firearm; as when James I. wrote of laws made against "gunnes and traitorous pistolets."

We refer our correspondent to Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary, vol. vii., pp. 907-8, and to Cotgrave's Dictionary, just quoted.

PRINCELY DEFIANCE.

When the Prince and Princess de Broglie appeared in vaudeville at Rome, they were hissed because the prince had told a reporter in strictest confidence that contact with the nobility of that city, the direct descendants of Romulus, had "lessened his regret at having retired from the ranks of the aristocracy." When the audience hissed, he maintained a dignified attitude, but the charming princess put her lily white thumb to her haughty nose and twiddled contemptuous fingers.

This gesture is century old; it has been known to the whole world and the inhabitants thereof. In Italian towns the word "bessegiare" expresses it, "to make a long nose," "to mock." In English the gesture is "Queen Anne's Fan," "taking a grinder," "working the coffee-mill," "pulling bacon," "cocking snooks." In the Spectator "the 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger." Mr. Chuckster in "The Old Curiosity Shop" would honor his friend with that "peculiar form of recognition which is called 'taking a sight.'" Then there is the memorable case of Mr. Jackson in "Pickwick," who, applying his left thumb to the tip of his nose, "worked a visionary coffee mill with his right hand, thereby performing a very graceful piece of pantomime (then much in vogue, but now, unhappily,

almost obsolete) which was familiarly denominated 'taking a grinder.'" Nor have the poets disdained to sing the gesture—witness Bon Gaultier:

When I went the pace so wildly,
Caring little what might come,
Coffee-milling care and sorrow,
With a nose-adapting thumb.

It is said by some that pictorial illustrations of this gesture prior to the reign of the Georges are not common; by others that the gesture has been found in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

After all, the main question is, should a princess employ the gesture? It all depends on whether she made it in a high-bred way. We like to think of her as a statue of disdain. The gesture was not strictly personal; it was the answer of a young woman hurriedly caught into the aristocracy, but honoring it by her acquiescence. A soubrette nose would have spoiled the effect. Diana spreads the fan, takes the grinder at Actaeon.

The aristocratic mob felt the rebuke. In all parts of the hall the gesture was returned. But the princess had this satisfaction: "I did it first."

SYMPHONY LOSES JOSEPH ADAMOWSKI



The resignation of Mr. Timothee Adamowski, second concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, led the public to expect the resignation of his brother, Mr. Joseph Adamowski, who has been since 1889 a prominent cellist of the same orchestra.

The Herald stated yesterday morning that this second resignation would probably take place, and in the afternoon the statement was confirmed.

Mr. Joseph Adamowski was born at Warsaw in 1862. He studied music at the conservatory of music in that town and from 1877 to 1883 at the Imperial Conservatory of Music in Moscow, where he took violoncello lessons from W. K. F. Fitzenhagen and lessons in harmony, composition and orchestration from Tschalkowsky. He also pursued in Moscow his college studies. He was graduated with diploma, silver medal, and the degree of bachelor of arts.

As a virtuoso he began his career by giving concerts in Poland and Galicia, later in Russia and Germany. From 1885 to 1887 he was professor of the cello for the Musical Society at Cracow and he had charge of the ensemble class. In 1889 he came to the United States to join the Boston Symphony orchestra and the string quartet founded by his brother Timothee and named after him. In 1896 he married the celebrated pianist, Antoinette Szumowska, and that year the Adamowski trio (Mme. Adamowski and the Adamowski brothers) was founded. He was appointed instructor of the violoncello and of the ensemble class at the New England Conservatory of Music in 1902.

Mr. Adamowski will continue to live in Brookline, and he will be busy as a teacher and as a member of the Adamowski trio and of the quartet.

The news of the resignation of the brothers from the Symphony orchestra has called forth many expressions of regret.

CONCERT FOYER

Ho! for Denver and the Elixir
of Vocal Life, Where Your
Voice Is Repaired.

FELINE ORCHESTRELLA THROUGH CENTURIES

BY PHILIP HALE.

Old singers need no longer mourn the days of their youth. Young singers need not go about the town in search of benevolent old gentlemen who are interested in art and might be persuaded to lend a few thousand dollars to any attractive soprano or contralto who wishes to study in Europe and has a grateful nature.

There is a man in Denver who can make and repair voices as easily and effectively as any hatter who blocks a derby or "sinker" while you wait.

The Denver News names him, gives his address, publishes his portrait and characterizes him as a "wizard."

He does not use sandpaper, a file, or any ingenious combination of pulley, wedge, inclined plane and screw. He employs no mechanical appliance or device.

He makes and remakes the voice by means of a medicine. A few drops in a glass of wine—is the wine furnished without extra charge?—will give "volume and compass to the singing voice."

"The drops are the result of 16 years' effort." They have been tried on 15 different persons. The first public demonstration was at Denver, April 30. Remember this date; it will be a historic one, like that of the battle of Marathon or that of the invention of the clothes-pin.

Mr. L. Will Walker, "vocalist and teacher," stood up before 25 "assembled teachers and students" and sang before taking the drops and after taking them. Mr. Walker says: "The result was almost immediate—clearness of tone, enlarged power and larger compass in the upper register and today it is even more marked. There is no doubt that it is a phenomenal discovery." Unfortunately, there are no affidavits from the audience.

Other have taken the drops. Joy to the world! Another singer saved! There is Mrs. L. C. Ray, a member of the Christian Church of Woodbine, Ia., but now of Sioux Falls, S. D. There is Mrs. Charles Tucker of Denver, whose husband is connected with mines in Goldfield.

But what is the nature of this vocal elixir, this beneficent wash, gargle, call it what you will? Mr. Witherby says: "I discovered it while teaching school in Nebraska 16 years ago. It consists of a number of rare and costly vegetable substances combined into one of such magnitude and far-reaching medicinal qualities as to obtain results almost beyond belief."

It is a pity that the announcement was not made while the Metropolitan Opera House company was in the West. As Mr. Witherby says: "The preparation will prove invaluable to operatic stars whose voices show the wear of time and hard work, and will create new stars in the vocal world by adding volume and tone not previously possessed. Those who hitherto have been restricted to mediocre roles, through this discovery may be enabled to attain heights of fame beyond their fondest dreams."

There are other wonderful musical discoveries and inventions in the west and southwest. Thus Mr. A. E. Gibbons, a merchant and cat fancier of Danville, Boyle county, Ky., has invented a "feline orchestrella of 21 cat power."

Mr. Gibbons chose from three different breeds of cats 24, "ranging from an old Tom to a small kitten." He has a wooden box with a hole in the top, through which the tail of each cat protrudes. There is a keyboard like that of a piano. A rod is attached to each key and at the end of a rod is a gripper. The grippers are fastened to the cats' tails, and by pressing on the keys the levers pinch the tails and in this way chords may be produced. Mr. Gibbons is now at work on pipes that will "modulate the sounds."

Unfortunately, Mr. Gibbons, ingenious as he is, has been anticipated.

When Philip II., King of Spain, went to Brussels in 1549 to visit the Emperor Charles V. there was a remarkable procession in his honor, and in this procession was a cart on which a musical instrument was borne. This instrument was a species of organ played by a bear, but in place of organ pipes were 20 narrow boxes with a cat in each one. Their tails came out and were bound by a string to the keys, so that an emotional tone was produced by pressing down a key. Juan Christoval Calvete informs us that the cats were arranged so that it was easy for the organist to play in succession the notes of the scale.

An instrument of a similar nature was used at a concert in Saint Germain in 1753. Violins accompanied the miaulings, and a monkey beat time. A concert of this kind was given at Prague in 1773. Even as late as 1848 a concert of cats took place at Darmstadt.

Organs have been constructed with pigs' tails tied to the keys.

The Detroit Free Press published recently an interesting report of Mme. Sembrich's conversation in that city, and it headed the article: "Sembrich Not Affected with Artistic Egotism." The egoism of any great singer should be artistic. Is it not possible that the Free Press reporter made a wrong diagnosis?

Mme. Calve says that Miss Claire Sheehan, "a gifted Atlanta girl, known in operatic circles as Miss Marguerite Claire," is "going to be another Melba." Note that she did not say "another Calve."

This question convulses Denver society. "In mapping out her future will Mrs. Paulino Perry Woolston be dominated by her love for her husband and his love for her, or will the finger of ambition beckon her onward to future greatness as a singer and operatic star?" Meanwhile, according to the Denver Times, "members of Elite Capitol Hill Society" watch with interest "the gradual drifting apart," especially since P. Peyton Woolston, one of the head book-keepers of the Young Men's Christian Association, issued an ultimatum nearly two weeks ago.

Is it true that Mr. Tom Karl has been persuaded to manage an opera company, "The Californians"? Among the chief singers of the company are Blanche Auber, Lucille Saunders, Ritchie Ling, Edwin Temple, Beatrice Hubbel, Robert Hloca.

Miss Bessie Abbott will have a concert company next fall. Edward Castellano, tenor; Miss Sassoli, the harpist, and "a quintet of strings, with flute and piano," will assist.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, the Omar Kayyhamer, says that no one nowadays can make a living, or, at all events, more than a very poor one, by writing songs of merely average excellence.

A Birmingham (Ala.) man announces that he is a "comedian, a baritone, an eccentric dancer, a producer, a musical director, arranger, transposer, composer and a cornet player." No wonder he is out of a job.

Mrs. Cahier, known in Boston as Mrs. Morris Black, has been singing in Christianity. Students formed a torch light procession and serenaded her. "The streets were so crowded that the trams had to stop." The Indianapolis News gives further information of thrilling interest concerning Mrs. Cahier, who once lived in that city: "Grieg attended all the concerts of Mrs. Cahier, which is most unusual, as he dislikes most singers. It is said that he told all over Christianity that Mrs. Cahier was the only real singer he had ever heard and that her voice was wonderful. At her last concert in the front row, and when Mrs. Cahier sang Grieg's 'Swan' in Norwegian, they wept. The latter went to speak to her."

They know a good thing in London when they see it. Mr. Hayden Coffin as Tom Jones is supposed to go through the first act of German's opera with a broken arm in a sling. Mr. Coffin forgot the supposed condition of his arm and drew it out to gesture. Listen to the Pall Mall Gazette: "But after one of these withdrawals he seemed to remember that he had committed an artistic false step. He contorted his face as though suffering acute pain, slowly and with

seeming difficulty replaced the limb in its scarf, and then with his other hand drew forth a handkerchief and wiped from his brow the perspiration which the agony had caused. It was really quite clever, and no one who saw it will ever say again that Mr. Hayden Coffin cannot act. He can evidently act very well indeed when he wishes to."

Mme. Sembrich says that she can't eat butter for fear of ruining her voice. Now we know what's the matter with that woman in the flat above ours.—Detroit Free Press.

The Newark Star says: "Wagnerian music is not the hugbear to understand that some of the unthinking or untrained paint it."

The Washington Times assures us that Mrs. Clara Beecher Kummer, at the age of 28, is receiving royalties on "her famous song, 'Dearie,' almost as great as the salary of the chairman of the Isthmian canal commission."

Mr. Creatore has been in Minneapolis. The Journal of that city tells us that when he came upon the stage he had the air of a meek, broken, helpless person, "such a pathetic figure that he didn't look as though he could lead a calf to water." He was neither "captivating" nor "stiffish"—"just homely, forlorn and with a shock of hair growing in his vicinity that made you just yearn for shears." He made a "wilted" bow. This was Creatore in repose. But Creatore in action! "Creatore in action is a sort of human trombone, capable of almost unlimited expansion or contraction, now sliding out toward the ceiling, now measuring only a foot or so from the floor as he crept stealthily upon the clarinet players. Anon as the music rose in volume he began making little personally conducted journeys to the home of the different instruments, the trumpets, the bassoons, the gossuons and the cymbals, otherwise known as the 'isopops'."

"At times his appearance was undignified. He had the attitude and mien of the actor in the Indian drama or the torador of a stiletto. Switching suddenly from the bass viol he seemed to think that the trombonist ought to get it, and then just when the audience was holding back its horror of the impending crime, the brain storm apparently passed and Creatore retreated to his music stand—which, by the way, was entirely innocent of a score—and resumed his long-distance altercation with the drum and cymbals man."

"And how that worthy did respond! Creatore couldn't ask too much of him. He was 'waiting at the church' every time, and not only had an answer to the signal but a promise of a gay noise in reserve. He was the cheerfulness J. Tapley cymbal player that ever operated in Minneapolis. The supposition is that he is deaf and does not realize that the full noises he makes."

The deficit of the last season, the third, of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra amounted to \$515.65. The total disbursement was \$41,311.34. The guarantors are not complaining. The disbursement of the St. Paul orchestra was \$54,212.22 and the net deficit amounts to \$22,235.84. The receipts of the Minneapolis season were about treble those of St. Paul and the expenses were only a little over \$7000 greater.

The new St. James Hall for concerts in London will cost over \$500,000. The hall will have an underground restau-

rant, two levels. There will be seats for 600 on the floor, and for 500 in the balcony. The orchestra and platform will accommodate 200 or 250 more "at a pinch." The promoters, modest men, describe the hall as "the finest and the safest concert hall in the world." The foundation stone was laid April 20. "That tenor singer has a wide repertoire."

"He certainly has: I should think he'd take anti-fat or wear one of these here obesity belts we read about."—Houston Post.

May 10 1907 Acts of "Faust" and "Il Trovatore" Performed by the San Carlo Company.

The San Carlo Opera Company performed last night at the Park Theatre the "Garden Scene" from Gounod's "Faust" and the last act of Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The play bill said the fourth and fifth acts of the latter opera, but there are only four acts in "Il Trovatore," and the fourth act is in two scenes.

The performance of the act from "Faust" was preceded by a performance of the prelude to the opera. Mr. Conti conducted.

The singers in "Faust" were Miss Neilson, Marguerite; Miss Perage, Siebel; Mr. Martin, Faust; Mr. de Seguro, Mephistopheles, and Miss Lucianne, Martha. The quartet in "Il Trovatore" were Miss Tarquini, Mme. Conti-Borlinetto, Messrs. Martin and Galpini.

The performance of these excerpts, especially of the last act of "Il Trovatore," awakened genuine enthusiasm. The applause was due to the spirit with which the music was sung, rather than to subtlety in song or finesse in the treatment of the orchestral score.

Mr. Conti is, beyond doubt, an experienced and excellent conductor, but he has not now under his control the whole of the San Carlo company orchestra. He has certain members of it and some local musicians.

Now it is not possible, even with diligent rehearsal, to obtain always satisfactory results under these conditions. The performance of the orchestra last night was smoother than it was the night before.

Mr. Riccardo Martin is an American tenor who was, we understand, a choir singer at Yonkers, N. Y. He studied in Paris and Milan for opera, and he was engaged at Nantes in 1904. His name, if we are not mistaken, is Hugh Martin, but, with a view to an engagement at Odessa, he changed Hugh to Riccardo. His voice is an uncommonly agreeable one. In heroic passages the tones are manly and brilliant, and in music of the gentler emotions they are rich and sympathetic. Young as he is in operatic experience, he sings with much taste, and he phrases as a musician. As an actor he has almost everything to learn, even in the art of carrying himself.

Miss Tarquini is a young singer of an attractive personality, a woman designed by nature for dramatic parts. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, or a dramatic soprano with a limited compass, for her upper tones are inclined to be shrill and without body. Her natural working voice, sombre and passionate, is effective. In spite of the fact that her vocal training has not been of the best.

Mme. Conti-Borlinetto is a routine singer of an Italian type, familiar both here and in Italy, an earnest singer given to explosions. Miss Perage as Siebel was wholly inadequate.

Mr. de Seguro is a Mephistopheles of individuality. We do not refer to his unusual costume, for there have been Mephistopheles before him who did not flaunt the customary red—Mr. Maurel for example. Mr. de Seguro's impersonation had a biting, cynical side that has not been emphasized by others of late years. There was the suggestion of intellectual vigor. The scene with Martha was capitally acted.

At the end of the act Mephistopheles was the most hilarious devil we have ever seen. His laughter was singularly varied. It was now grimly sardonic, it was now a series of guffaws, and at last exhausted vocally, sitting on a cane seat, he heat his sides, to use a phrase which expresses familiarly mirth that needs physical outlet when lungs fail and throat is a weary. Mr. de Seguro's voice is a baritone in quality, a sonorous organ, effective chiefly in robust measures.

Mr. Galpini is a violent baritone. Miss Neilson's Marguerite was charming in many ways. Her delivery of the "King of Thule" air was much better than that of the "Jewel Song." Her bravura in the latter was not always clean and free. She sang the love music with a warmth that was akin to passion, so that the air from the window was not a climax of amorous longing. On the whole, her performance was consistent and moving.

The Garden scene was poorly set, and the stage was encumbered with needless and incongruous furniture, potted plants and other hindrances.

The "Miserere" in "Il Trovatore" was imperatively enforced, and, as we have said, the audience was enthusiastic throughout the evening.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

"The tomb of Pythagoras has been discovered in Magna Graecia."

This is, indeed, important news, though some in Boston look skewed on the philosopher because he insisted that his disciples should abstain from beans. They forget that this great and good man also did not allow his disciples to speak for two years.

"He, coming from Samos to Crotona in Italy, told the women to leave off their gaudy apparel, and the men he exhorted to temperance and frugality of life." He himself, a handsome man, dressed in a beautiful robe of white cloth, which was always made to fit well, and thus he anticipated Mark Twain. He was, indeed, remarkable, for he had undergone many transformations to prove his doctrine of metempsychosis; he had been Aethalide, Euphorbus, Hieronimus, Pyrrhus, the fisherman, an Indian Emmet or gold-digging ant, a Persian satrap, a beggar, a horse, a jay, a frog, a cock, and a thousand others—in fact, he was one of the most remarkable men of the centuries. He had known Helen of Troy when she was old, tolerably

fair and long-necked, as became the daughter of a swan.

Now that his tomb has been discovered the world may learn whether he really had a golden thigh. He said he had, and he showed it to Abaris, the Scythian, also to a great crowd assembled at Olympia. There was a cloud of witnesses to this, "and amongst them very respectable persons." But, soft, there are disquieting stories to the effect that Pythagoras perished in a fire, nor is there unanimity of opinion concerning the manner of his death or the place of his burial.

ATTENDING SLANDERS.

Many will rejoice, hearing the statement of Dr. Langdon of Cincinnati, that paresis is not due to wine, women and song, but to a specific bacillus. The victim of paresis and the friends of the victim have too often suffered from wise shakes of the head and knowing shrugs of the shoulders. "Yes, I knew it was coming," Mr. Ferguson would say; "I often warned him, but you might as well have reasoned with a lamp-post."

There are some who, whenever they hear of a man with Bright's disease, are equally wise, whether they were acquainted with his habits or knew nothing about them. Any one stricken with locomotor ataxy is also often slandered, though as a matter of fact the disease frequently occurs among seafaring men who have fallen overboard.

Paresis is not, as some think, a modern word. It is found in English as early as 1693, when it was described as a sort of palsy. About forty years ago the term general paresis was used to denote a form of insanity. The word is still mispronounced by the great majority; that is, with the accent on the second syllable, for which there is no warrant whatever. Not long ago a physician in Boston said that he, too, mispronounced the word deliberately. "If I should put the accent on the first syllable, where it belongs, I should be accused of affectation," was his defence.

CARRYING FIREARMS.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Apropos of the law against carrying concealed weapons, "guns," howitzers, or culverins. In the reign of James I a rumor spread throughout England that the Spaniards had sent over a shipload of pocket pistols for the Catholics to use in theological discussion. A proclamation was then issued that "no man should carry a pistol in his pocket, nor one that was less than a foot long in the barrel." At the same time a proclamation was also issued against women wearing farthingales, another dangerous weapon.

Boston, May 10.

DISCOURAGED AESTHETICISM.

Montenegro is known to many chiefly through Tennyson's sonnet: They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,

They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height.

Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night

Against the Turk.

But there is an aesthetic movement in Montenegro. The new Liberal government engaged recently four Italian dressmakers to sojourn in the capital and teach the native girls how to sew European skirts and blouses. The Italians are pretty and fond of dancing, so that the Officers' Corps invited them to a ball. A distressing incident put an end to the merriment. The Brigadier Vukotich, who weighs 280 pounds, would fain have learned the waltz, and an Italian girl was more than ready to instruct him. After a few steps he trod on her foot. She fainted and was carried home, maimed and suffering from a nervous shock.

There must be martyrs in any educational cause. Fat men are supposed to be peculiarly light on their feet, but the brigadier is not fat; he is of giant frame. He reminds us of Heber C. Kimball as described by Artemus Ward at Salt Lake City: "I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors."

OPERA AT CASTLE SQUARE.

The first Gilbert and Sullivan opera of the Castle Square opera season will be performed tomorrow evening, and others by the same composer and librettist will

follow from time to time during the summer. In "The Gondoliers" we forsake the England that forms the scene for so many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and hie ourselves to Venice, where is enacted the story of the twin brothers whose mixed identity makes it impossible to tell which is the rightful heir to the throne of Barataria. Amid the picturesque scenes of that city the composer and the librettist both find themselves thoroughly at home. Brilliant and showy costumes of the Venetian period of 1750 will attract the spectator's eye, and his ear will be pleased with the tangos, boleros and other exotic themes that the composer has woven into the score.

The cast will enlist the services of the entire stock company. Miss Clara Lane will be the Gleaner, a part that she has played here in Boston with success on former occasions, and Marco Palmieri and Giuseppe, the twin gondoliers, will be entrusted, respectively, to Harry Davies and J. K. Murray. The Duke of Plaza-Toro will be George Shields, with Hattie Belle Ladd as his duchess, and Otis B. Thayer will appear as Don Alhambra del Bolero, Maude Earle as Casilda and Louise Le Baron as Tessa, with W. H. Pringle as Antonio and W. H. Thompson as Luiz. The scenes are the piazzetta at Venice and the pavilion of the palace of Barataria.

THE POPS.

The Pop concert programme for Monday will be as follows:

March, "Prophete".....	Meyerbeer
Overture, "Stradella".....	Flotow
Selection, "Dream and Silk".....	Ziehrer
Waltz, "Velvet and Silk".....	Ziehrer
Pot-pourri, "Kinkereitschen" (first time)	Morena
Ballet music, "Coppella".....	Delibes
Ride of the Valkyries.....	Wagner
Fantasia, "Manon".....	Massenet
Selection, "Mikado".....	Sullivan
Waltz, "Cupid".....	Lehar
Selection, "It Happened in Nordland".....	Herbert
March, "Tartare".....	Ganne

CONCERT NOTES.

Mr. Hermann Heberlein, a violoncelist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, when he will be assisted by Miss Agnes B. Goddard, singer; Mr. B. F. Listemann, violinist; Mr. Frank Watson, pianist, and seven violoncellists. Mr. Heberlein will play Golltermann's concerto in A minor, Bargiel's

Adagio and Dunder's "La Fleuse." A feature of the concert will be the performance of Mr. Heberlein's "Kaiser" gavotte for eight cellos.

Miss Luisa Ardizzone, soprano, will sing for the first time in Boston at Steinert Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 21st. Miss Ardizzone has sung in grand opera in various Italian cities. She gave a concert with much success in Plymouth, the 20th of last month.

"But I must go. I hope I have not interfered seriously with your work. Do you think that young woman, Margie, was in earnest when she wrote about her pink pyjamas? The words haunt me. They bring up pictures of odalisques, clear hox maidens, exotic dances, lands where there is no absurd self-consciousness or fear of the selectmen. But the weather has not been suitable for the costume here, although Symphony Hall has been comfortably warm."

A Souvenir of Nordica.

Mr. Johnson finally left the room, after he had lighted his cigar for the fourth time. At last, at last! But the train of thought was broken. An inquiry into the influence of Richard Strauss on the criminal classes must be deferred. Let us today consider the circular concerning "Nordica, Queen of Song," distributed in Nashville, Tenn., early this year and republished recently in the New York Evening Sun.

The press agent advises the people of Nashville to preserve the circular.

"Hear her, and this pamphlet, when it is brown with age, will testify to your children's children of your good taste in the choice of your entertainment."

"Nordica—Have you seen her? If not, then you have not looked upon the queenliest woman who has graced the stage in a generation. Nor is her magnificence borrowed from the beautiful costumes and costly diamonds which she wears behind the footlights. She is one woman in a million whose personality adorns the richest costumes and sheds radiance even upon diamonds."

"Have you heard her? If you have not there is a revelation in store for you. She sings to the hearts of men and women. You may have heard notes as deep and rich and high, but in the realm of sentiment and pathos, which is the real kingdom of music, she leads you in softer paths, through sweeter fields, to dimmer twilights. We ask your encouragement in presenting this star."

"To be great is to catch the attention of the world which is hurrying on from age to age with a pitiless disregard of all that is ordinary. A wider knowledge of the great spirits of the earth has bred an intellectual and aesthetic aristocracy in literature, art and music which is not wont to slant its eye or bend its ear to the dull form and far-away call of the commonplace. If a singer would catch and hold universal attention, her voice must overflow the world. In a time that is past there was no land, no country, no civilized people over which the songs of Jenny Lind and Patti did not roll like gold and silver tides; and so the great sweet voice of Nordica flows through the world today, and kings and queens

are glad to bend their ears to listen to her songs. She has sung before the royalty and the multitudes of almost every land from London to St. Petersburg and from Italy to Paris and Bayreuth."

Etc., etc., etc. But not one word about the gifted Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, her musical guide, philosopher, friend, soft; perhaps he wrote the circular with his best pen and choicest ink.

A Rare Fiddle.

The Milwaukee Sentinel published recently a portrait of Mr. Axel Skovgaard, the "eminent" Danish violinist and "favorite pupil" of Joachim. When Mr. Skovgaard fiddles, he holds his head as though searching for the Polar star. In the portrait a white band is about his waist. We prefer to consider this an indication of a white waistcoat rather than of a shirt protruding by reason of his fiery, dishevelled performance.

Mr. Skovgaard, we are told, plays on a fiddle that cost \$13,000. The story of this fiddle is "most fascinating."

According to the Sentinel: "In 1711 Stradivarius lost his son, Omobono (sic), and was so overcome with sorrow that for a year he had no ambition to work. Then it chanced that he found an unusually fine piece of violin timber. This gave him the necessary inspiration to take up his tools again. From this piece of timber he made between 30 and 40 of his best violins. Upon the completion of the first violin, made from the choicest bit of wood in this timber, he was so pleased with his work that he refused to sell it, having decided to keep it in memory of his son." The story goes that one of Stradivari's pupils, Bergonzi, was betrothed to a woman violinist who wanted the memorial fiddle. She broke the engagement because Bergonzi could not persuade his master to give it to him. Then she stole it, and was punished by breaking her wrist. A Spaniard finally owned it and exhibited it in the British Museum.

This is a beautiful, a very beautiful, story. There's only one out. Omobono, one of Stradivari's sons, died nearly six years after his celebrated father, and he was 62 years old when he died.

PERSONAL.

The Minneapolis Journal tells us of the manner in which Mme. Eames received important news. She was in Minneapolis with the Metropolitan opera company, and she was singing as Tosca. Shortly after the first act a messenger appeared behind the scenes. "Breathless with the suspense of uncertainty, Mme. Eames rushed into her dressing room, to reopen the envelope and read the message, which informed her that she was a free woman. Her appeal for divorce had been granted. Trembling with happiness, Mme. Eames rushed into the arms of a dear friend and called out: 'Now you will hear me sing.' A scene for the historical painter! And how she sang! At the close of the performance she whispered to the same dear friend: 'I have never sung so well in my whole life. I know it.' And there is nobody to doubt her word." No, not even Mr. Story.

Mr. Joseph Bennett contributed to the Daily Telegraph of April 27 an article entitled "The Ideal Critic." It is not an autobiographic nature.

Dr. Walford Davies has resigned, on account of ill health, his office as conductor of the Bach choir of London.

A German horticultural journal published the following advertisement: "Piano, new, elegant, noble tone, for sale (cheap). Will take apples in exchange. P-1, Berlin, S. O."

A niece of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Miss Rosa Phillipa Key, known on the stage as Rosa Sullivan, sued Mr. Henry Villian Acland for breach of promise. He represented himself as a commissioned officer, whereas he was a non-commissioned officer seeking to pass an examination. She was playing in "Flora-dora," not in the double sextet, but taking the part of Lady Holyrood. He loved her madly and wrote many letters to her. In one of them he said: "Wouldn't people laugh if our letters were read in court? I am afraid I should not be found there." This he wrote prophetically. He also wrote: "Cheer up, little silly, and do not make yourself miserable over an ass like me." But the letter that broke her heart was one in which he told her he was only a corporal: "You can only get 3s. 6d., one day's pay." She had left the "Flora-dora" company at a salary of £4 a week, and is now receiving only 3s. a week in "Veronique," for she is too nervous and upset to take a leading part. The jury awarded £150 damages.

Richard Strauss has completed one-third of his new opera, "Elektra," with text by Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

The Guide Musical said of Miss Gertrude Rennyson, who made her first appearance at the Monnaie, Brussels, in April: "Her voice is even and of a quality, if it is not capable of really powerful accents. She sings with taste, but her enunciation should be better." The Guide Musical described her as an Englishwoman, and said her action as Elsa had much charm.

The bust of Gounod by Carpeaux will be dedicated at Saint-Cloud next month.

WORKS NEW AND OLD.

The Paris correspondent of the Telegraph (London) wrote: "A new symphony, in E flat, by the well-known composer, Sylvio Lazzari, met with a mixed reception at the Chevillard concert on Sunday (March 24), but eventually the cheers drowned the groans, and the ayes had it, quite justly. The severest critic could not deny that the work has ingenuity and color. Its di-

vision 'in three parts' is unconventional. Both the first and the second begin and end with 'Lent' passages, between which is sandwiched, in the first case, an 'Almo' interlude, and in the second a 'Scherzando,' the terms indiscriminately. The second movement of the work is the most characteristic. A melancholy, plaintive theme in the opening 'Lent' becomes gradually passionate and vehement. The same theme is elaborately and most amusingly varied for the intervening 'Scherzando.' Then the 'Lent' returns more solemn than before. The plan of the movement is original. The third part of the symphony is the longest and the least interesting. It is almost entirely built on one strange theme, on a rising scale, and in a jerky rhythm, which is fanciful but not beautiful."

J. Lewis Browne's opera in one act, "La Corsicana," which received honorable mention in a Sonzogno competition, will be performed at Atlanta, Ga., May 30, in concert form as a feature of the music festival in that city.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Mr. Cyril Scott's concert in London: "Mr. Scott has had many admirers, and deservedly so, since in his early works he undoubtedly showed great promise of good things to come. We are afraid that some disappointment will be felt at this latest example of his powers. There are still the restless progressions, ever-shifting tonalities, and constant reiterations of the same phrase in a different key; as before, the listener is lost in a maze of sound which seems to have neither beginning nor end. Experience has evidently not taught Mr. Scott the necessity for a clearer form and a more definite tonality. It is possible, however, that this style of writing might create some genuine musical atmosphere, if it is to do so it must be composed of different material. With Mr. Scott's sufficiently subtle harmonic sense there is yet lacking a due significance in many of the melodic phrases he employs. This new piano quintet was played in spirited fashion by the composer and Messrs. Saunders, Woodhouse, Yonge and Preuveneers. The rest of the programme consisted of songs and a few pianoforte solos. The songs were for the most part familiar, such as 'My Captain' and 'Don't Come In, Sir, Please.' Two 'Old English Lyrics' were given for the first time, the best of which was 'Why So Pale and Wan?' Certainly Mr. Scott has a distinct gift for song writing, and makes many excellent vocal effects, and always writes a taking accompaniment. 'Giordano,' has completed an opera, 'Marcella,' which will be produced at Milan next fall.

Percy Pitt's Sinfonietta in G minor, which was produced at the Birmingham festival last year, was performed for the first time in London April 18. The critics thought it might well be called a symphony: "It contains a wealth of musical ideas clothed in masterly orchestral dress, and from the point of view of construction each movement is an admirable piece of writing. If the whole work fails to make an emotional impression commensurate with the means employed, it is largely, we think, because the much is said at once. Even in the orchestration the ear tires quickly enough of the very sonorous method employed, and had Mr. Pitt made more use of, one is tempted to say, two-part harmony, greater variety would have entered into the music, and the high lights would have made a stronger effect. The intermezzo makes the readiest appeal at one hearing, its main subject in 5-4 time is flowing and agreeable, though somewhat reminiscent of the middle subject of Chopin's B flat minor scherzo."

Tivadar Nachez's new violin concerto was produced at a Philharmonic concert in London April 17. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "The new concerto is a good example of excellent writing for the solo

instrument; but, we fear, except in the case of the last movement, does not contain much music of value. The main theme of the opening allegro reminds one of the 'Hebrides' overture, but any such definite atmosphere soon disappears, and the music becomes vague both in outline and mood. The slow movement has some moments of gracefulness, and its lyrical character is well maintained. The finale has a vigorous first subject and a flowing theme to follow, and it created a decidedly better impression than the earlier portions of the work; it was altogether more original and distinctive." The composer was the violinist.

Julius Stwertka of Vienna to Be Second Concert Master of Symphony.

Mr. Julius Stwertka has been engaged as the successor of Mr. Timothee Adamowski, who resigned a few days ago his position as the second concert master of the Boeton Symphonay Orchestra.

Mr. Stwertka is the second concert master of the Vienna court opera and of the philharmonic concerts given by the court orchestra. He is also a teacher of the violin at the Conservatory of Music in Vienna. Inasmuch as Mr. Arnold Rose, the first concert master of the Opera House and the Philharmonic concerts, is often away from Vienna on tours with his string quartet, Mr. Stwertka has had much experience in the important position of chief violinist. He will arrive in Boston in the fall to be ready for the rehearsals which precede the first Symphony concert on Oct. 12.

SAN CARLO CO. IN FOUR MORE OPERAS

The San Carlo opera company, Mr. Henry Russell director, will give four performances this week at the Park Theatre.

Puccini's "La Boheme" will be the opera for Monday evening and Wednesday afternoon. The principal singers will be Mmes. Alice Nielsen and Feley Dereyne, Messrs. Constantino, Fornari, De Segura and Puccini.

On Tuesday evening the double bill that aroused much enthusiasm last week will be repeated, the garden scene from "Faust" with Mmes. Nielsen, Perege, Lucianne and Messrs. Martin and De Segura, and the two scenes of the last act of "Il Trovatore" with Mme. Tarquini, Conti-Borlinetto and Messrs. Martin and Gaiperni.

On Wednesday evening there will be a farewell performance. The chief members of the company will be heard in the second act of "La Traviata," the third act of "The Barber of Seville," and the fourth act of "Rigoletto."

These will be the final performances of a highly successful season in the South, in the West, on the Pacific coast and in Canada.

HEALING THROUGH MUSIC.

That music may be used in healing the sick is by no means a novel idea, as many think. It should be remembered that Aesculapius was the son of Apollo, and that his teacher, Chiron, the Centaur, had three accomplishments feared by some as death-dealing—medicine, shooting and music. Music put an end to the pest that raged beneath the walls of Troy. Etrurian flute players tooted away the plague which was ravaging Rome in 364 B. C. The celebrated case of Saul cured by David's harping is better known. Pythagoras cured by music. Theophrastus wrote that men with diseases in their loins become free from pain if any one plays a Phrygian air opposite to the part affected. Galen recommended music as a remedy against the bite of the viper and the scorpion. Celsus thought that the clashing of cymbals would appease madmen.

Coming down the centuries we find Dr. Baptista Porta, a deep thinker, propounding the theory that many diseases may be cured by tunes played on instruments made of medicinal woods; fever by a quinine wood flute ornamented with the bark; sciatic pains by a poplar instrument; fainting spells by one of cinnamon; dropsy by a fife of hellebore. Peter Lichtenthal wrote in 1807 "The Musical Physician." He named as diseases peculiarly

susceptible to musical treatment, gout, catalepsy, fever and ague, epilepsy, fits, poisoning from bites of insects and even that deeply rooted and apparently incurable ailment, stupidity.

Dr. Schneider published at Bonn, in 1835, a "Complete Treatise of Medical Music," in four volumes, 8vo. There are books of a similar nature by Nicolai, Engel, Sulzer, Chomet, Webb and others.

About sixteen years ago the Guild of St. Cecilia was established in London with the purpose of restoring invalids to health by vocal and instrumental music. Canon Harford was the secretary of this guild. In 1893 the fiddle was used in certain cases to reduce temperature. The Lancet condemned the practice as being too elaborate. This led the Pall Mall Gazette to say that "a mere tyro on the violin (the merer the better) can produce almost every range of temperature in his hearers, from cold shivers up to the boiling point and subsequent explosion; also that prolonged applications of street music to jaded nerves, so far from soothing have an irritant effect which usually reveals itself by unmistakable symptoms."

Here in Boston for several years

Christine Brown has held public services for healing through music, and Dr. Wheeler has lectured before various clubs on the philosophy of the art. In 1902 a circular was distributed in this city. It was published originally in Practical Ideals of January of that year. "As soon as music is accepted as a therapeutic agent in hospitals, prisons and all other institutions, we shall see a marked change in the character of many of them." The writer said further: "It will heal where now drugs, operations and confinement are often impotent." Furthermore, the Emerson Union, which petitioned for "a more peaceful observance" of the Fourth of July, 1904, suggested that the city should provide more music for the people.

The time may come when a German street band will be recognized as a powerful tonic; a cornet solo will take the place of a blister; a symphony or a sonata may be recommended instead of morphine; the moxa will give way to Wagner, and opium to Brahms; music by Strauss, Johann not Richard, will be applied to rheumatic legs. A prolonged shake by a singer will drive out chills and fever, according to the theory of Hahnemann. Cots at Symphony concerts may yet command the highest premiums. Dr. Muck is a doctor of philosophy. Is it not possible that some day the conductor of the Symphony orchestra will be a doctor of medicine?

WOOD VS. GOLD.

The English journals have their columns of heart-to-heart talks with readers. They, too, employ writers, deep thinkers, tanks of information, men whose knowledge of the world runs out of the mouth, like a never-failing stream, who answer questions of etiquette and science, are at home on Mars, have an exquisite taste in all matters of underwear, and can give all the leading dates in history without the aid of an "Inquire Within for All You Want to Know" or Sloper's Almanac.

"Dorothy" consulted the oracle a few days ago:

"I am worried whether to tell my fiancé I have a wooden leg. I should not like to deceive him; and, moreover, if it would be enough to prevent him from marrying me, I think I ought to know it. What would you advise?"

For once the oracle was staggered.

He wrote, feebly to our mind, as follows:

"Your letter is not very clear. I can't make out whether you really have a wooden leg, or whether you merely want to test the depth of your sweetheart's love by pretending that you have. If the latter, the test is no test, as some men, however much in love, object to girls with wooden legs on principle. If you have, in fact, such a leg, you can easily get over your difficulty."

A Yankee married to a girl thus equipped could hardly restrain his inclination to whittle. We have been told, however, that wooden legs are usually made out of cork. If Dorothy had consulted us we should have recommended a leg of gold. It is true that Miss Kilmansegg was finally killed by hers, but Dorothy is betrothed, no doubt, to an honest Englishman, not to a count with foreign orders and whiskers wild. As Hood wrote:

A wooden leg! What a sort of peg,
For your common Jockeys and Jennies!

And cork! When the noble cork-tree shades

A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the small beer—in,
It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
To think of standing upon it!

No sensitive man likes to think of his adored Arabella with a wooden leg, however beautifully it may be fashioned or painted. There is the old song about a cork leg that provokes smiles and forebodings. But, if a man marries a woman with a gold leg, not necessarily a leg of solid gold, but with plate of reasonable thickness, he is sure of making a good investment. Of course, the leg should be detachable.

MAY 13 1907

SANS TEETH.

Mark Twain, visiting the Naval Academy, heard a band concert, and he remarked: "It has always been my ambition to blow a bass drum, but I've never been able to control my teeth." 'Twas a feeble jest, but it made the ladies laugh. Furthermore, the jest was not founded on a fact. Mark's great predecessor, Artemus Ward, is an unshakable authority on this point. He told the audiences in Egyptian Hall, when he was in London, the following story: "I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth, not a tooth in his head; yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met."

THE BARBER'S TIP.

Should the man who cuts your hair shave you receive a tip in addition to his charge for service? When Macaulay asked a barber the price of a clean shave the barber answered: "What you usually give the man who shaves you." To this Macaulay said: "That is two cuts on the chin."

In Paris it had long been the rule that a customer, on going out, should drop five sous into a metal vase with a slot in the lid. As the coin made its clinking way, the men of the shop bowed and said: "Thank you, sir." It was a small sum for such gratifying courtesy. The customer's chest swelled with the thought of his noble generosity. Somebody said these tips were degrading, and on April 1, according to a decision of the master barbers, the tip was abolished. Did the customers rejoice? On the contrary, they tipped slyly. In many shops the fixed prices went up. The effort to abolish tipping failed, but the prices are kept at the higher rate. There is much pleasure to be had in a barber's shop, even in waiting your turn. As in Elizabethan days a cistern was hung up, on which customers might play and beguile the time,

so now there are comic and "sporting" papers. The sociologist enjoys the talk he cannot help overhearing. The expressed anxiety about baldness, the interchange of opinion concerning politics and public men, these are food for thought. But why should the barber be tipped when his price is fair to himself? There are weak customers who compromise on a cigar, and some provide themselves with those of a cheap brand—a great mistake, for they fall in the opinion of the barber, fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again.

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CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "The Gondoliers." The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Plaza-Toro.....George Shields
Lulu.....W. H. Thompson
Don Alhambra del Bolero.....O. B. Thayer
Marco Palmieri.....Harry Davies
Giuseppe Palmieri.....J. K. Murray
Antonio.....W. H. Thayer
Francesco.....George White
Giorgio.....Louis Fitz Roy
Annibale.....William Eaton
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd

Castilda.....Miss Maude Earl
Gianetta.....Miss Clara Lane
Tessa.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Fiametta.....Miss Bernice Bartlett
Vittoria.....Miss Edith Lenox
Giulia.....Miss Lois Hall
Inez.....Miss Margaret Cullington

The devoted admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan in England think highly of "The Gondoliers," but they believe in the doctrine of plenary inspiration. The operetta never met in this country with the success of the preceding works. The late John Stetson used to allude to it feelingly as "The Gone Dollars," and not even the graceful dancing of the cachucha by Mrs. Stetson changed his opinion.

The libretto then as now seemed too deliberately manufactured. The leading ideas are either echoes of former whimsicalities or are thin and vapid. The dialogue is labored. The music itself is not so sparkling and tripping and so inseparably wedded to the situation and the text as in "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," and "The Mikado." The old Sullivan is revealed in "We Will Dance a Cachucha" and "In a Contemplative Fashion," but the music, both humorous and sentimental, is generally ordinary.

Yet the operetta deserved a better performance than that of last night. If these works are to be revived, they should be treated as far as possible according to the Gilbertian traditions. It is true that in this country at least the traditions have well-nigh disappeared, as have those of the opera bouffe; nevertheless, there are stage managers who remember them, and would be able to enforce them.

The text should be preserved in its integrity; there should be no interpolated songs; the dialogue should be spoken with the utmost seriousness, as though by stern logicians who accepted the grotesque premises with a childlike faith, and reasoned from them. It would not seem necessary to add that the comedians should be better perfect.

The performance last night was weak in the impersonations of the Duke of Plaza-Toro and of Don Alhambra, the grand inquisitor. Mr. Shields is not by nature a comedian after Gilbert's heart, and Mr. Thayer made a sad mess of his lines when he remembered them. Fortunately his memory often failed him. Nor were the parts of the Duchess and Castilda played in the true vein.

The audience, as ever favorably disposed, was discriminative in its judgment, and it found its pleasure chiefly in the songs of the two gondoliers and their brides. But in spite of the exertions of Miss Lane and Mr. Murray, who took part in "The Gondoliers" at the Castle Square 10 years ago, the performance as a whole was lousy and spiritless. No doubt it will be quickened during the week.

The first care in the process of enlightenment should be to secure a glib delivery of the dialogue. For the dialogue in even "The Gondoliers" has meaning, and sometimes wit, and it therefore should be treated with respect. The enunciation of the chorus was not so distinct as customary at this theatre, and that of some of the leading comedians was poor, especially in song.

"The Gondoliers" will run this week. The operetta next week will be Cellier's tuneful "Dorothy."

MR. HEBERLEIN HAS FRIENDLY HEARERS

Mr. Hermann Heberlein, cellist, gave a concert last evening in Steiner Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Frank Watson, pianist; Miss Agnes Goddard, singer; Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist, and Messrs. Smalley, Uhlig, Wilberger, Lovell, Miss Starbird, Miss McConville, Miss Clark, cellists. The programme included Goltermann's cello concerto 1, in A minor; Heberlein's Kaiser Gavotte for eight cellos; Vieuxtemps' Ballade and Polonaise for violin; songs by Augusta Holmes, Heberlein and Beach, and Brahms' second Rhapsody for piano.

The features of the concert were naturally the solo playing of Mr. Heberlein and the performance of his

Gavotte. It is needless to make any extended comment on the former, as Mr. Heberlein is well known here. His Gavotte is tuneful and rhythmic, and was given a smooth performance under the direction of the composer, who was forced to repeat a part of it in response to the applause. In his solo groups Mr. Heberlein gave pleasure by his spirited performance and his occasional passages of fine tone, although his performance was not wholly even in this respect. He was recalled until he added to the programme.

Mr. Watson played Brahms' Rhapsody with evident sympathy, but was inclined to exaggeration in the matter of rubato. He, too, was recalled; indeed, nearly everything was encouraged, so that the programme was considerably extended. There was a small but enthusiastic audience.

A PLEASANT EXPRESSION.

A man in New York was arrested recently for smiling on a woman in a street car. Disturbed, when he was smiling, by the inspector, he lambasted him as to his head with a dress-suit case. In court he was fined \$10.

What man of us may not be arrested at any time in a closed street car on this ridiculous charge? There are some who are constitutionally smilers. They have the reputation of being good-natured, genial, on account of a petrified smile. There is the man who resembles Chaucer's "smiler with the knife under the cloak." There is the man with the sardonic grin, which, as though he had eaten the Sardinian herb, he cannot help.

Should a man glare or frown at the woman opposite him? He must look somewhere. To keep his eyes raised steadily above her head, or to look constantly anywhere but at her, might justly be considered uncomplimentary. Why should a man be arrested for assuming a pleasant expression if he is by nature grim-visaged?

AN IRRELEVANT ISSUE.

It is a pity that the Semitic question is lugged by certain Parisians into the discussion of the merits of Strauss' opera, "Salome." The Libre Parole, always violently anti-Semitic, says that the Hebrews were instrumental in producing the work, and that Strauss is a Hebrew. Even if he be, what has the question of race to do with the merits of an opera? Meyerbeer, for years the idol of the Parisian opera-goers, was a Jew. Is Mendelssohn's music unpopular in Paris? Did nobody go to hear Rubin stain play the piano except those of his race? If the roll of even French composers now living were called, the Jews would be illustriously represented. Strauss in German means both ostrich and nosegay. It is well known that many Jews in German took years ago the names of animals. But a Strauss is not necessarily a Jew any more than is a Jay a Peacock, a Nightingale or a Sparke.

Park Theatre.

The disappointment of the large audience gathered at the Park Theatre last evening to hear the San Carlo opera company give "La Boheme" again was in a large measure forgotten at the end of the evening when two acts from "The Barber of Seville" and the final act of "Rigoletto" had been heard.

Miss Alice Nielsen sang Rosina in the first opera and Gilda in the latter, and Senor Florencio Constantino took the principal tenor roles in both. His rendition of the aria in the last act was very fine, and brought him a spontaneous ovation from the audience. With him in the famous quartet were Miss Nielsen, Mme. Conti-Berlinet as Maddalena and Signor Angellino-Tornari as Rigoletto. Miss Nielsen's notes were clear and true, but well modulated to the voices of the other singers.

A distinct murmur of regret passed through the audience when Manager Henry Russell announced that because of provisions of the contract under which the company presents "Boheme" in this country, not previously thought applicable to Boston, last night's production of the opera had been forbidden.

It seems that the contract for "La Boheme" contains the clause that it shall not be presented in any city where the Conried company plays. Mr. Russell said he did not consider that this restriction applied to Boston, the Con-

ried company having closed its season here. To make sure, he wired before the opera was put on last week, but no reply was received until Saturday night. A hurried trip to New York and consultation with the publishers failed to secure a release for the performance last evening. Mr. Russell cabled to Europe for permission to present "La Boheme" later in the week, and is hoping for a favorable reply.

MAY 16 1907

SAN CARLO FORCES SING FAREWELL

The San Carlo opera company gave farewell performances yesterday afternoon and evening at the Park Theatre. The operas from which acts were taken for performance were "Faust," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "The Barber of Seville" and "Rigoletto." As nearly all of the acts had been performed earlier in the engagement there is no need of detailed criticism.

There was a rather small audience in the afternoon, but there was an audience of good size last night, and a very enthusiastic one.

Those who had known Mr. Constantino only by his emotional singing in "La Boheme," and by his delivery of "Donna Mobile," were delighted at the flexibility of his voice and the ease of his bravura as Rossini's Almiviva. The comedy of "The Barber" was pushed toward farce, and the audience was much amused thereby. Mr. Barocchi carried his fooling too far when he interrupted by his gags and his pantomime the superb "Calumnia" air, which was sung with much vigor and little true dramatic power by Mr. de Segura, whose Basilio in this scene might easily have been mistaken for Mephistopheles.

Miss Nielsen was a coquettish Rosina and she often sang charmingly, surprisingly well, in fact, if the amount of work done by her this season be taken into consideration.

Miss Tarquini impersonated Violetta. She is a young singer of promise, if she will consider her vocal ways, study tone production, and not force her voice till it loses quality. As an actress she is inexperienced. She gestures constantly and without significance or force, in a most conventional, cut-and-dried manner. Yet her personal attractiveness and her enthusiasm are so pronounced that it is a pleasure to see her and sometimes to hear her.

Mr. Galperin appeared to better advantage as Germont than as the Count di Luna.

Mr. Conti is an excellent conductor. It is a pity that he did not have his full orchestra, the one that was highly praised in the South and West during the season.

May Reappear Next Season.

It is said that Mr. Russell, the director of the San Carlo opera company, will visit Boston next season for two weeks in a larger theatre. Let us hope that the report is true. The present company is distinguished by its spirited ensemble in action, and the chief singers gave pleasure in the old operas and in Puccini's "Boheme."

CONCERT FOYER

Notes on Charles Santley's Jubilee Concert at Which He Sang.

INFANT PRODIGES OF AN EVERYDAY CHARACTER.

Mr. Charles Santley's jubilee concert took place in Albert Hall on May 1. It was on Nov. 16, 1857, that Mr. Santley made his debut in London, when he sang the music of Adam in "The Creation." He is now in his 74th year.

He himself sang at this jubilee concert, and his songs were "O Rudder Than the Cherry," "To Anthea," and "Simon the Cellarer." The Pall Mall Gazette says that he sang with "tremendous verve and all the old clearness of diction and command of style." The Daily Telegraph mentions the fact that "this voice seemed a little affected by emotion, but not for long"; the sacred fire still burned as brightly and warmly as in former years.

The pecuniary testimonial amounted to £2000 and the subscription list will remain open till June 1. An album with the names of subscribers was given to Mr. Santley, and the Pope sent him his blessing from Rome.

A day of honor that crowned a long and honorable career. Let no one think, however, that this 73-year-old baritone purposes to stop singing. He was emphatic in the announcement that he hoped to sing for many days to come.

In his 74th year! Now Barzillai the Gileadite was "a very aged man, even fourscore years old." He refused to go up with David the King unto Jerusalem. He said: "I am this day fourscore years old, and can I discern between good and evil? Can

thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

Mr. Santley looks forward to singing "Simon the Cellarer" at fourscore and no doubt he will then join Mme. Albani in a passionate duet.

What is the secret of Mr. Santley's vocal strength? He has been a cheerful smoker for years. He has crushed many a cup of wine. "Beer, I never liked, and very rarely take. Spirits, I care little for, but I find a little nightcap soothing. Wine, I like very much, and took whenever I could get it." This he wrote 15 years ago. According to those who insist that we should live solely on fruits and nuts and drink only water—8 or 10 quarts a day—Mr. Santley should have been a shocking example at the age of 45 years, wholly voiceless at 50.

Mr. Santley, asked by a Pall Mall Gazette reporter about the remarkable preservation of his voice, said that he attributed it to the fact that he learned to sing when he was young and under good masters. The only thing for young singers to do is to learn to use their voices properly. "It is a matter of teaching and observation combined." The singer must help the teacher. "Singers must remember that many gifts are required of them—a sonorous voice, a perfect ear, clear enunciation and a sense of rhythm."

How many American singers, now before the public, and applauded, had naturally these gifts specified by Mr. Santley?

The teacher must be qualified by the practice of his art as well as by knowledge. "The singer must have complete command of his voice, both in slow and rapid passages, and be able to sustain each sound equally during its full length, either soft or loud. This, indeed, is the very foundation of singing, and it is inattention to this most necessary part of their training that is the cause of many singers losing their powers much earlier than their age would necessitate."

Mr. Santley cautions singers not to mistake a desire for public applause for inspiration, "and, above all, to beware of the advice of injudicious friends."

Thomas De Quincey, believing that his stomach was preyed upon by some animal, so intolerable were his sufferings, thought of giving his dead body to surgeons for the benefit of the race. He was a victim in his early years, it is now thought, of gastrodynia or gastralgia. His pain came probably from gastric ulcer, and opium prolonged his life. Fourteen years before his death he gave up the excessive use of opium, from which it may be inferred that the lesion of the stomach had then ceased to occasion him suffering. Dr. Begbie at the time of De Quincey's death could not discover any specific disease.

A physician in London would pay a high price for the privilege of looking on Mr. Santley's vocal cords. It has been said, by the way, that Mme. Patti has bequeathed her larynx to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Could any laryngologist detect a marked difference between the cords of Mr. Santley and those of another?

"C. W. S.," who treats entertainingly of scientific things, reminds us that everyone has the muscular mechanism which will enable him to modify his vocal tone, and the great majority have a healthy voice box. "In fact, it is not Mr. Santley's larynx that one wants to examine, nor yet even the disposition of his palate and the like. The real difference between him and the non-entity is one of brain." And not merely a difference in the "motor part of the brain." The difference between a good singer and a bad one is a matter of ear, not of larynx. "If your ear does not permit you to perceive real beauty of tone, still less to perceive the subtle differences between different qualities of tone, and still less the emotional significance of such differences—well, then, you will never be a Santley." Then there is the matter of phrasing with considerations of rhythm and its organic relations. "Vocal cords do not make a singer."

There are Bostonians who remember Santley well. It was in Boston that he met with the only instance of inhospitality which occurred to him in this country. He tells the story amusingly in his volume of reminiscences.

"A certain theatrical manager, who, with his wife, used to favor us with his company at supper after our concerts, was constantly imploring us to go and have dinner with him without naming the glad day." He settled at last on Christmas, but as Santley was to sing in the "Messiah" that night he did not go. His friends went at the appointed time, 3 P. M., but there was no dinner. About 5 P. M. muffins and tea were handed round. Then Santley and Sloper, vowing revenge, arranged to sup with the theatrical manager. They arrived about 7 o'clock. They smoked their own cigars for an hour or more, and at last hinted they should like a drink. Iced water was offered and declined. After much searching a bottle of Holland's was fished out. There was enough for two drinks. Disgusted, Santley made a move to go. The manager insisted perfunctorily that they should say, "All right," said Santley, to the dismay of the host, "we'll sup." It was late, and the servant had gone to bed. The manager and his wife set the table slowly and brought out a cold roast fowl, a pie, "and sundry other fixings," also a bottle of claret. "I never remember such an obstinate cork as the one which stuck in the neck of that bottle," Santley and Sloper ate nearly all the chicken, made a great hole in the pie and finished the bottle of claret. Then they left, chuckling over the gruesome countenance they left behind. "We were never invited again!"

This was in December, 1871. Who was the host?

Miss Adele Re Boul, the director of the Ladies' orchestra of Philadelphia, made a marked impression at the pure food show in Cincinnati. She hit Mr. Hahn, the manager of Music Hall, a stinger on the snapper, and then gave "another attache" of the show a nasty one in what is euphemistically described as the "tummy." "After it was all over Miss Re Boul left the place in a condition of nervous excitement." It appears that the men had impugned her honesty in paying her girls.

Mrs. Helen von Denhoff Shaw of New York is an opera and concert singer. There can be no doubt about her temperament. Her husband, who appears to be a timid person, obtained a divorce against her on the ground of cruel and barbarous treatment. According to the evidence, Mrs. Shaw threw a satchel at his head, her wedding ring also served as a missile, she tore to pieces the marriage certificate before his anguished face and chased him out of the house with a dagger. This was not all; she

was guilty of fiendish cruelty. "She scolded and criticised him in the presence of his pupils and declared to them that he could neither teach nor sing." The jury also found in favor of Mrs. Shaw on the ground of desertion. Do you blame the husband for getting away as far as he could and, like Brer Rabbit, lying low?

A new and romantic light opera, "Lady Tatters," book by Herbert Leonard, lyrics by Roland Carse, music by Walter Slaughter, was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, May 2, 1907. The Times roared it: "It would be very easy to be angry with 'Lady Tatters'—with its author, its lyricist (especially, perhaps, its lyricist, with his horrible rhymes), its composer, its producer, most of its players, its chorus and its orchestra (which was usually at loggerheads with the chorus and the players). But the thing is not worth powder and shot. If it is feeble and crude and ragged, it is not pretentious. Its language is so frankly anachronistic and its debts in music and book alike to previous works are so ingeniously contracted that there is no call for sorrow or anger. And since it is good-humored with all its faults, gives certain comedians certain opportunities and contains a pleasant number or two, we bear it no ill will. Let it run by all means if it can; and in a week or two when singers and band are a little better agreed on questions of tempo its course will be smoother."

The Times mentioned the chief comedians—among them Miss Claudia Laseell with her "resonant voice and childlike innocence of the art of acting." "Between them they provide several very enjoyable moments, even to people who have outgrown the notion of fun and wit common to private school boys and the authors of this play. We should like to see them all at the Palace or the Tivoli, where they would not be bothered by having to talk between their 'turns.'"

"Beau Trumps," a musical romance of Taunton Green, was performed at Taunton May 9 and 10. The synopsis of the prologue is as follows: "The curtain rises with the Unitarian Church as a background to the star spangled banner. The temple is unveiled and begins to talk, explaining some old-fashioned affairs and relating the bystanders decide to write a play for the Associated Charities." Robert Treat Paine enters in the first act, and in the second there is a clamor, Ralph Davol wrote the book and F. W. Howes and M. H. Ryder the music.

Whatever the rows of the Pittsburgh orchestra may be, contracts have been signed for concerts by it in 40 cities of New York, Ohio and Canada next season.

A "new" South African contralto sang in London April 30. "Her intonation is faulty, her style is unfinished and she needs more study," said the Pall Mall Gazette. But she chose a pretty name, Floriel Florean.

The Swedish choir of Upsala University will give three concerts in London. The choir, composed of 50 picked voices and led by Dr. I. Hedenblad, is a famous one.

"I have taken lessons in piano playing for seven years, but have not been able to practise systematically for three years. I am now 20, and should like to take up music seriously, though that would mean throwing up my present situation as an engineer's apprentice. My nation as an engineer's apprentice are fairly prospects in my present work are fairly good." Thus is a correspondence column of the Musical Herald. The answer vouchsafed is to the effect that as he has neglected practice for so long the correspondent's "chances of success are very small," but we would go further, and say emphatically that if A. O. disregards the advice given him, the assistance should be sought immediately of a commissioner in lunacy.—London Telegraph.

The Milwaukee Free Press tells of a 5-year-old conductor in that city who on May 9 led an orchestra of 20 boys and girls. "Without any music, which she is too young to read, she guided her players with one hand, though a smooth pianissimo, waving both tiny arms to gain the desired fortissimo effect and finally clenching her tiny fists to bring out the crashing crescendo." The Free Press begins: "Emil Paur, famed orchestra leader, might gain some new pointers from 5-year-old Evelyn Winters in the art of orchestra leading." But why rub it into Mr. Paur? He has troubles enough. "No preparation was made for this performance as the child's musical instinct can be depended upon to prompt her to direct in the proper time."

The Viennese censors have removed the ban on Richard Strauss' "Salome," which will be performed there by the Breslau opera company, led by the composer.

Another child wonder in London. Audrey Richardson, who fiddled there May 6, was born in New Zealand 14 years ago.

Sihellus was unable to conduct his new symphony at the Philharmonic concert in London, May 2. Sophie Menter played at this concert after an absence from London of 11 years. Sophie is now 66 or 61 years old. Her performance was described as being full of character and independence. When I heard her in Berlin, about 25 years ago, she was indeed a formidable pianist. The piano shrieked under the torturing and mauling fists, and the walls of the concert hall were shaken. She then played as though she had stubby whiskers.

The St. Paul journals pooh-pooh the figures of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra season, and insists that the deficit is \$21,866.29, instead of \$5516.29. Here is an oracular comment: "While it is all very well to spurn the glorified fact there is something in it for purposes of advertising." The Minneapolis Journal made a "very unpleasant personal attack" on our old friend the Chevalier Emanuel, formerly Mr. Savage's grand opera conductor, and last season the conductor of the St. Paul orchestra. It states that he was "unpopular to a degree that was almost the ruin of the

orchestra." A St. Paul newspaper answers:

"To say that Mr. Emanuel was unpopular to a ruinous degree is to come very near insulting the St. Paul conductor." But how does Mr. Emanuel like this lukewarm defence? "The Journal should at least have waited until the board of directors had expressed its opinion regarding Mr. Emanuel."

Mr. George F. Boyle played MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata and three "Wood Idylls" at a concert in London April 29, and at the same concert Miss Grainger-Kerr sang four of his songs.

Mme. Ada Dal Vigo Lombardi, pianist and composer, will make her first appearance in America May 21 at Philadelphia. She studied with Martucci at the Bologna Conservatory.

MAY 17 1907 WAS THERE A CORK?

The Herald referred recently to cork legs. Is it true that the inventor of the modern artificial leg was John Cork and that wooden legs, made of elm or willow were named after him, as the gibus or opera hat, crush, accordion, was named after one Gibus? The Minneapolis Journal would have it so, yet the derivation seems too easy.

The New English Dictionary quotes, with reference to "cork" used as an attributive or as an adjective, "made of or with cork" from a London newspaper: "A dark complexioned young man with a cork leg" and puts the quotation by the side of some referring to cork sole, cork hat, cork belt, cork plate, etc. We know that the ancient Romans wore cork soles and that their women who wished to appear taller than they were put plenty of cork under their shoes. Their women also knew false teeth. Did not Martial write:

You use, without a blush, false teeth and hair,
But Laelia, your squint is past repair.

Was there ever an artificial leg among them?

Dr. Moreton, in a treatise on the beauty of the human structure, insisted that if the calf of the leg had been prudently set before instead of being placed behind, it would have been better, for then the shinbone could not have been so easily broken. Has any designer of artificial legs considered this question of comfort and aesthetics?

MAY 18 1907 A HORSESHOE AUTHORITY.

Correspondents have renewed the horseshoe discussion, but they go over well beaten ground. It is a singular fact that no one of them mentions Dr. Robert M. Lawrence's "Magic of the Horseshoe, with Other Folk-Lore Notes," which was published here in 1899. Dr. Lawrence has this to say concerning the position of the amulet when nailed on or over a door: "From a scientific standpoint, the horseshoe, when used as a protective symbol, should be placed with its convex arch uppermost; but as a luck token, the reverse position is the proper one, else, according to a popular notion, the luck may be spilled out."

Nor has there been any allusion to the gradual disappearance of the shoe as made by the honest or dishonest village blacksmith. There

was a glorious time when each smith forged the shoes and made the nails. Now horseshoes are manufactured by men who have no interest in individual horses. These shoes are sold at country stores or are ordered from the city. Men and horses are now treated alike as to their feet. When George Borrow visited Galicia, and his horse lost a shoe, he was told that a new one could not be put

on unless he had brought one with him. This was not because the blacksmith was incompetent, but because there were only ponies in Galicia, for horses could not stand the mountains and the food.

PSYCHE'S WEIGHT.

Mrs. Rochetta, an artist's model, has begun action for \$25,000 against an artist in New York. "He said I was too fat for Psyche and that he could not engage me, and I consider that the worst insult that could be offered a model. I think it just grounds for a large damage suit."

Apuleius told the story of Psyche in imperishable prose, but he did not state her precise weight. Inasmuch as this maid of "famous person" and "incomparable beauty" was blown from the top of a rock by the "gentle air" to the deep valley in which stood Cupid's palace, it is only fair to suppose that she was slim. At the same time, we should remember that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. To some Psyche was surely fat, otherwise her beauty would not have angered Venus.

The dispute is an old one. If one of the six slave-girls, like moons one and all, perfect in accomplishments, that belonged to the Man of Al-yaman, in the "Arabian Nights" praised Allah, "who created me, for that he beautified my face and made me fat and fair of the fattest and fairest," so the girl "who rose as she were a willow wand, or a rattan-frond, or a stalk of sweet basil," praised Allah who created her and beautified her, and then said most unpleasant things about her fat comrade who had spoken bitterly of her "shanks of sparrows and pokers of furnaces."

To Rubens young Psyche was fat and sumptuous; to Burne-Jones she was wistful, soulful, skinny and clinging. We await eagerly the issue of this trial.

MAY 19 1907

The Dead Writer Will Be Best Remembered by "A Rebours" and "La-Bas."

HIS SINGULAR THEORY OF SONOROUS GUSTATION

Meretricious Church Music Condemned and Plain Song Eloquently Praised.

JORIS KARL HUYSMANS, who died last Sunday, is not generally reckoned among the writers on music. You will not find his name in Grove's Dictionary. I do not believe that Mr. William H. Hadow, who solemnly writes studies in modern music, found him a sympathetic soul. Mr. Huneker knew him and appreciated him, but "A Rebours" and "En Route" are not in the libraries of conservatories and schools of music.

Jean des Esseintes, the hero of "A Rebours," might have said, as the Chimera said to the Sphinx: "I search new perfumes, larger flowers, unproved pleasures." He struggled violently, he toiled subtly to escape from boredom. He sought delight in books, and found it for a time in the all-embracing vocabulary of Petronius, in the ebon style of

Caricature of Joris Karl Huysmans, who died in Paris last Sunday. This caricature by Coll-Toc was published some years ago in *Les Hommes d'Aujourd'hui*.



artullian, a style that might characterize the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi." He caused radiant smiles to be set in the carapace of a tortoise. He gazed rapturously by the air on the two Salomes of the painter Breau. He was amorous of strange creatures. He invented abnormal and credible joys which soon turned to gall and bitterness. And in a strange way music ministered to his diseased soul. This music was morose gustation. He arranged a series of little barrels on stocks of sandalwood, and each barrel was provided with a silver tucet. This was his "mouth organ," pulling stops labelled flute, horn, six celeste, a few drops could be drawn from each, and combinations could be made. Sight, taste and hearing could be satisfied at the same time. To Des Esseintes each liquor corresponded to the sound of a musical instrument—cacao to the clarinet, rummel to the nasal oboe, mint and nissette to the flute, both peppery and sweet; kirsch was the fierce trumpet; gin and whiskey were strident rnets a pistons and trombones; kis of Chlos and mastic gave in the outh the thunder of cymbals and drums clashed and beaten with corymbic fuvv. He also thought that the olin resembled old brandy, smoky, he, prickly; that the viola the voice of Eustacia Vye, was as sturdy rum, and the violoncello like unto vespreto, melancholy and caressing. The ublic-bass, firmer, solid, dark, was pure and old bitter. The harp had a vibrating flavor, the silvorn, deched tones of cumin. There were tonal relations in the usic of liqueurs. Benedictine stood the relative minor of that major of cohols known as green chartreuse. "These principles once admitted," id Huysmans, "it was his fortune, lanks to sage experiments, to play lent melodies or mute, funereal arches on his tongue; to hear in his outh solos of mint, duets of vesreto and rum. He even transferred to his mouth true musical compositions in which he followed the composer step by step and interpreted his thoughts, effects, nuances, by the nion or neighboring contrasts of queurs, by cunning mixtures. One ordial would sing to him a pastoral which might have gushed from the ightingale; or the tender oocooa-

chouva would hum sugary airs, as 'The Romances of Estelle' and the 'Ah! Vous Diari-je, Maman' of long ago."

Early Naturalism.

Huysmans was born at Paris Feb. 5, 1848. The family, Dutch, was a family of painters, of whom Cornelius Huysmans was the most famous. Joris Karl's first book, a collection of prose poems, passed unnoticed. His first novel, "Marthe," was published in Brussels (1876) and not allowed to be sold in France, where unblushing naturalism was not then a literary or aesthetic virtue. Other grimly naturalistic novels followed: "Les Soeurs Vatarde," "En Ménage," "A Vau L'Eau," "En Rade." For Huysmans at the beginning was associated with Zola, de Maupassant, Ceard, Alexis, and he contributed a strong story "Sac au dos" to the famous volume "Les Soeurs de Medan."

These earlier novels are hard reading to any one who is not thoroughly versed in the familiar language of French streets, shops, studios and in French slang. What would any foreigner trained in French by reading "Telemaque" or "Paul et Virginie" make of such terms as "bibine" (wine shop), "godailleuse" (a female gourmand), "gnolle" (stupid woman), "limande" (a scraggy female), "loflot" (a Lovelace of low order) and a hundred others in any one of these novels? Nor would a special dictionary, as "La Flore pornographique, glossaire de l'école naturaliste" by Ambroise Macrobe be of un-falling assistance. Meunier, in a sketch of Huysmans, written before the appearance of "La-Bas," complained that the heroes of these naturalistic novels were all one and the same person, and this person was the author himself. It has been said, however, that the character of des Esseintes was a portrait of Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac, a Parisian aesthete and poet who visited the United States and lectured precisely on precious subjects, the count whose full length portrait was painted by Whistler. In this portrait the count carries a small cane with which he is reported to have struck women in his mad haste to escape from the Charity bazaar when many were hurried to a crisis. Following a scene based on this report came the duel between the count and de Regnier. De Montesquiou-Fézensac's peculiarities may have contributed to

the completion of des Esseintes' character, but I am inclined to believe that Huysmans here looked within his own breast, as he did in "La-Bas" and the trilogy of novels, in which the conversion and religious experiences of Durtal are told with painful minuteness.

In Music Halls.

In "Les Soeurs Vatarde" there is little about music. The tale is an unflinching description of the shabby lives of two book stitchers and their lovers. Thus Huysmans rose in his study of society, for "Marthe" is the story of a prostitute.

Some of George Gissing's stories of London life reek of fried fish. "Les Soeurs Vatarde" gives out still more abominable smells, witness the opening chapter, with the account of the workshop sketched with Flemish detail.

The sisters in their pitiable endeavor to find amusement went to the Folies Bobino and to humbler music halls. Regina, the great Regina, sang at the Folies Bobino. She wore a bodice cut extremely low. The redness of her arms was not wholly disguised by powder. While the orchestra was playing the introduction she kept kicking her train, which bothered her. Her chin cast a shadow far down her neck. The hoarseness of her throat was accompanied by four gestures: one hand on her heart and the other glued to a leg; the right hand forward, the left backward; this gesture reversed; two hands stretched together toward the audience. She threw one verse out of her throat to the left, another to the right. Her eyes closed and opened as the music was supposed to touch or cheer the soul. When she howled the last refrain her mouth looked to Desiree and her sweetheart like a yawning and black cavern.

While the interlude was playing, Regina, the great Regina, coughed, winked at the chief musician and looked at her eight-button gloves, whose ends were stiffened by the starch of sweat.

The audience cheered wildly. She would duck and bow and bob and throw kisses. Her silk skirt shone more brilliantly with the wiggling of her hips. At last she bent double in thankfulness while the beer glasses beat time on the tables, gathered up her skirt and trotted off the stage. And why was Desiree pale with admiration? Regina had appealed to her

sentimental nature. She had sung of a woman who wept her dear child and cursed war. How could any one keep the tears from the eyes, hearing this song sung by a woman beautiful as a queen, with her bracelets, her frippery and gewgaws, and twisting train. What if her cheeks were freshened and her eyes quickened and heavily bordered? There was a tenorino at the Folies Bobino. Slovenly built by nature, thin, pale, the masquer of Montrouge girls, apparently young, though he was at least 30, he leaked a briny vocal fluid. He wore a claw-hammer, a low-cut waistcoat, a plaited shirt and black trousers stupidly cut. He bleated songs of the heart and home: "When We Shall Sing in Cherry Time." At the end of each verse he raised himself on the tips of his toes, and then dragging out the last tone he put the women into spasms of delight.

At a less pretentious music hall the sisters called for the song that was the rage, songs by Auguste, "Le Joli Mexicain, Avril, Mes Titres de Noblesse."

Exit Nature.

Huysmans tired of his naturalistic novels. He told Jules Huret when the latter went to see him in 1891, that everything had been done in naturalism. There was nothing left new and typical in this field for the novelist, though one might take each of the seven deadly sins and its derivatives, all the trades and callings in the city directories and all the diseases mentioned at clinics. In pure observation there was nothing more to be done. Zola carried naturalism to its limit and it perished inevitably. Flaubert's art discourages the portrayal of mediocre life, and Balzac exhausted all possibilities in a Baron Hulot or in an old Goriot.

"Stay, in this quarter of the rue de Sevres and rue de Vaugirard there are corners of convents that tempt me; yet who would dare to make the attempt after reading 'Les Misérables'?"

Thus Huysmans hinted at "En Route" and the novels that followed. He told Huret that the priest remained to be "made" in fiction. "I fear that he will always remain to be made. The novelist must have been a priest; he must have lived when young in the seminary the life that radically transforms the whole being so that even when a priest is unfrocked, has grown a beard and is without sign of tonsure, he is still recognized by a twist in the talk, by the suspicion of a gesture, by the intonation of his voice. It is almost impossible to analyze a priest."

Symbolists? Were there any such people? Were they not invented by Anatole France as a mystification to annoy the "Parnassians"? "Symbolism is neither new, nor human, nor interesting. At present (1891) Flaubert, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, having died without issue, there are Goncourt, Zola, and in poetry Verlaine and Mallarmé, who dwells apart, with a false school behind him, a lamentable train which has no true connection with him. Then there are young men of much talent, Descaves, the Rosny brothers, the Marguerites." There was also Jean Lorrain who stirred up admirably the Parisian corruption and browned it, and served it.

According to Huysmans, one naturalist and psychologist de Goncourt understood the mistake of naturalism and shunned it, for his Faustin, the play actress is a superb creation. As for Bourget, he is a psychologist of the tea

pot. Barres made anemic playthings. A country priest knows more of life than any of these literary psychologists. Read the book of Ruysbroeck, the Flemish mystic of the 13th century, the book to which Maeterlinck wrote a preface. "There is more knowledge and understanding of the human heart in a page of Ruysbroeck than in a wilderness of Stendhal, Bourget and Barres."

Nor was Huysmans then sure of anything. Materialism was crumbling. There was nothing to be done with spiritualism.

The Man Himself.

Meunier described Huysmans at 40 years as a man who reminded him of a courteous cat. He was polished and almost amiable, but he was nervous and ready at any moment to show his claws. He looked thin and dry. He was growing gray and his face was that of a man thoroughly bored.

Huret saw him later. The walls of his little sitting room were covered with paintings by Dutchmen and drawings by Odilon Redon, water colors by Raffaelli. Books in old bindings, folio Bibles were on the shelves. An old chasuble of pale rose and gold covered the mantel-glass. In his work room were wood carvings of the middle ages, statuettes, old bits of brass, fragments of biblical bas-reliefs. A carving of the baptism of John the Forerunner with ingenious details was framed. There were engravings of Durer and Rembrandt's works.

Huysmans' hair was like a blacking brush; he wore a short beard and his mustache drooped naturally and gracefully. The nostrils of his straight nose were dilated. His mouth was large, sensual, somewhat shrivelled as by bitterness. His large eyes were green or gray.

Both Meunier and Huret mentioned the big Angora cat which Huysmans stroked affectionately. "Here," he said, "is an interesting beast. He is so much alive. He is so fond of silence." One recalls Gerard de Nerval leading a live lobster at the end of a blue ribbon in the Palais Royal and praising his companion because it was quiet; it did not bark or sing; it had known the mysterious of the ocean. But Gerard soon afterward was sent to Dr. Blanchet's asylum, while Huysmans carried out calmly his purpose of writing about priests.

While Huret was visiting Huysmans the novelist opened a box, took out a bit of brownish paste for exorcism and put it on a live coal. A thick cloud spread in the room and there was a pungent odor, an odor in which the smell of incense was mingled with that of camphor. "It is a mixture of myrrh, incense, camphor and clove, the plant of John the Baptist," said Huysmans; "furthermore, it has been blessed in all sorts of ways. It was sent to me from Lyons with a note: 'Since this novel

"La-Bas" will raise about you a throng of evil spirits. I send you this to free yourself from them."

Huysmans showed Huret a picture by Forain which he had put in his bedroom that it might not shock unexpected visitors. An old gentleman seated on a red sofa, with his hands folded on his walking stick, surveyed calmly ignoble blondes and brunettes clothed only in gartered stockings. As Huysmans and Huret left this room, the journalist saw a little copper reliquary. Under the glass was something that looked like bleached bones. "Don't touch that above all things! Those are authentic relics of a celebrated saint."

Huysmans could not be better pictured than by this ironic contrast.

"La-Bas."

I am inclined to believe that Huysmans will be remembered by "A Rebours" or by "La-Bas," rather than by the books written after his conversion.

"La-Bas" is a study of Sadism and Satanism. It is an epic of the Black Mass with a long digression on the life and deeds of Gilles de Rais, familiarly known as Bluebeard.

What wonderful pages there are in this book, that to some, and they are not unduly squeamish, is intolerable, not even to be mentioned! They are charmed with the life of the bell-ringer, and are amused by the description of the sleek Mr. Chantelouve who compiles volumes for a firm that publishes religious books, but they shudder at the thought of the atrocious Mme. Chantelouve, fascinating though she may be in the horridness of her insane lubricity.

Is the Black Mass still celebrated in France and Italy? The *Matin*, a serious newspaper, described in 1899, four years after the publication of "Le Satanisme et la Magie" by Jules Bois, the scene at one of these orgies in Paris. Prayers were offered to the goat on the altar, women and men, practically nude, cut and stabbed themselves and offered their blood to Satan, and cried to him to appear. A few years ago Lucie Claraz of Fribourg, Switzerland, sued a periodical which had described her as a devil-worshipper, who procured consecrated wafers for the purpose of having them defiled by the ministers of Satan. In consequence of these reports, though she was a good Catholic and had organized a church at her own expense and been specially honored by the Pope, she was released from confinement at Fribourg. In 1895 Giovanni Quaranta was murdered at Providence, R. I., by some of his countrymen for being in league with the devil and having sold his soul to Satan. A black-covered book, printed in Italian and bound peculiarly, was found among the dead man's effects, and in this book was an agreement signed by Satan and Quaranta, who had acquired the power to raise Satan at any time, to cause trouble, to compel storms, etc.

A few years ago Mme. Calve was interested in the study of Satanism and also in Mr. Jules Bois. She wrote to me a letter asking whether Mr. Bois would be successful as a lecturer on the subject in this country. I referred her to Maj. Pond, who was then living. The strange book of Jules Bois was prefaced by an article of some length written by Huysmans. About five years ago another book, by Bois, a study of the sects or societies founded for the study of the occult in Paris, was published. It is entitled, "Le Monde Invisible."

Durtal of "La-Bas" is the inquiring soul who wishes to find peace and happiness in "En Route," "La Cathédrale," and "L'Oblat." Huysmans may not have known Mrs. Chantelouve in the full horror of her splendor, but he is unmistakably the Durtal of the trilogy. For many years a clerk in the ministry of the Interior, Huysmans went as a novice to the monastery of Liguge, not to La Trappe. When the edict expelling the monks was published he went back to Paris and lived in an apartment that belonged to the Benedictine nuns. He had taken no vows that would have compelled him to follow his associates at Liguge out of France, and at Liguge he dwelt without the monastery.

Plain Song.

"En Route" is in many ways an extraordinary book. Some will follow with personal interest the struggles of Durtal toward the light. Others will find a morbid pleasure in the account of certain visions that obsessed him. The two classes of readers undoubtedly skip many pages that are both interesting and valuable to the musician and the student of musical history. I refer to the pages in which Huysmans describes at length musical services in Paris and traces his mind concerning the iniquities of modern church music and perverted, distorted plain song.

The novel opens with a long description of a service in Saint-Sulpice, Paris. The "De Profundis" was sung. A motet of the 18th century did not appeal to Durtal. To him only the old plain song in its sublime nakedness with its wealth of divers human and sacred emotions was becoming to the church. Composers of genius, Vittoria, Josquin De Pres, Palestrina, Orlando Lassus, Handel, Bach, Haydn, have striven to translate the holy texts, they have often been uplifted by the mystic effluence, the emanation of the Middle Ages, never wholly lost, but their works are pompous and arrogant in comparison with the humble magnificence, the sober splendor of the Gregorian chant. After them was an end, for "composers no longer believe." Some religious compositions by Lesueur, Wagner, Berlioz, Cesar Franck may be named and yet there is in the music the thought of the musician attempting to display his knowledge and to exalt his own glory. These works are by superior men, still they are men, weak and vain creatures. The liturgical chant was created anonymously in the recesses of cloisters, without trace of art. It is the idiom of the church, the musical evangel. The true proof of Catholicism is the art founded by it and still unsurpassed. In painting and sculpture, the Primitives; in poetry and prose, the Mystics; in

music, plain song; in architecture, the Roman and the Gothic. The plain song is the aerial and moving paraphrase of the immovable structure of cathedrals.

But this plain song is sadly changed from its pristine state. It is dominated by the roar of organs. There are singers who, intoning it, delight in imitating the borborygms in water pipes, the clacking of rattles, the creaking of pulleys, the cries of cranes.

Oh the incongruity of music usually heard in fashionable churches! "This morning," said Durtal, "I was present by chance at the interminable funeral of an old banker. They played a warlike march with accompaniment of cellos, violins and tubas, a heroic, worldly march to salute the departure, in decomposition of a financier!"

As a rule, Durtal abominated the voice of a woman in a sacred place, "for it remains always impure." Durtal had much evil to say of women. To him a woman's cries of adoration were only cries of carnal entreaty, her complaints in the most sombre liturgical hymns went only from the lips to God, "for a woman weeps only the mediocre ideal of earthly pleasure which she cannot attain." Yet he found the voices of the nuns exquisite. Prayer, communion, abstinence, had purified body and soul, and "the vocal odor which emanates from it."

Musical Adventures.

Durtal heard the music at many churches. At St. Thomas d'Aquin the litanies were powdered with hoar-frost and perfumed with bergamot and amber. They were adapted to the air of a minuet. At St. Gervais, as at St. Eustache, the services were paying concerts. They were frivolous scenes of pious music. Women almost swooned with hands to their faces. At St. Sulpice the mass was far superior to the vespers. At St. Sulpice the plain song was frizzled with a curling iron. The performance of the Magnificat was edifying. Mr. Widor, the organist, called by "Willy," the Gabriel Faure of the poor, gurgled on high, imitated now the human voice and the Basque flageolet, the oboe and the bassoon, and ended by simulating the rolling of locomotive engines over iron bridges by letting loose all his reeds.

Nor did Durtal hesitate to refer to the "Ave Marias," the "Ave Verums," all the mystical unbreechings of the late Gounod, the rhapsodies of old Thomas. The "Tantum Ergo" was howled to the Austrian national hymn, or, worse yet, rigged out with the flons-flons of operettas, or the glous-glous of the cantata, for the text was divided into couplets as in a drinking song with a short chorus.

These extracts give only a faint idea of the force and irony with which Huysmans, through the mouth of Durtal, attacked meretricious music of the church; they give no idea whatever of the lofty and sustained eloquence with which he extolled the beauty the sweet holiness, the pathos, the nobility of plain song.

A Final Word.

Did Huysmans have some musician at his elbow, when he meditated these pages? Mr. Dolmetsch will tell you in his most authoritative manner that he wrote page after page of "Evelyn Innes," a book that is popularly attributed to one George Moore. The man that helped Huysmans has not yet spoken right out in meeting. Reading "Evelyn Innes" over again and again, comparing it with "Sister Teresa," "The Untilled Field," "The Lake," "Memories of My Dead Life" (not the castrated edition), I believe beyond doubt and peradventure that Mr. Moore wrote all that is memorable in "Evelyn Innes," "Remembering," "A Rebours," and "La-Bas." I do not see why any one should dare to insist on a partnership with Huysmans in "En Route."

The Huysmans of "A Rebours," only Jean des Esseintes could have dreamed of likening the Church to a grand lapidary, who encrusted and adorned the liturgical year with hymns and anthems for gems; only des Esseintes could have carried out the comparison with such blaze of color and pomp of diction.

It was said of him as the writer of the early novels, that he dragged in rhetorical images by the hair or the feet and dragged them down the worm-eaten stairway of frightened syntax. None of his novels is easy reading—for his vocabulary is stuffed with all words but familiar; the thought is like unto strange and faded tapestry, or stiff unwieldy brocade; or its violence is as crabbed as a satire by Dr. John Donne.

When a man has written such superb pages as the description of Moreau's two Salomes and of cathedral life, it is hardly worth while to insist that Mr. Anthony Comstock and certain public librarians would not admit Huysmans' books to their shelves, or to question the sincerity of Huysmans' conversion.

"DOROTHY" AT CASTLE SQUARE

The fourth week of the opera season at the Castle Square will begin on Monday with a revival of Alfred Cellier's "Dorothy," for which B. C. Stephenson wrote the libretto and the lyrics. This opera has a curious history. It dates back nearly 300 years. The plot comes directly from "The Country Lassies, or the Custom of the Manor," a comedy in two parts by Charles Johnson, first produced in London at Drury Lane on Feb. 4, 1715. That play in its turn was taken from Fletcher's "The Custom of the Country" and Mrs. Centlivre's "The City Heiress." The latter was made from a portion of Middleton's "A Mad World, My Masters." But "Dorothy" has been thoroughly modernized, and there is little trace in it of its ancient origin.

The story of "Dorothy" is the romantic tale of the daughter of a fox-hunting squire who dons peasant's dress and at the village inn serves the landlord's customers and falls in love with a gentleman who has stopped there for a few hours to obtain refreshment. Out of this grew complications multitudinous, and the doctersusly comic element

is supplied by the antics of Lurcher, a sheriff's officer who has followed the town gallants, Geoffrey Wilder and Harry Sherwood, down from London in the hope of collecting a bill against the former. As the nephew of Squire Bantam, Wilder is expected to marry the squire's daughter Dorothy, and as she is the girl who has masqueraded and befuddled him, everything ends happily.

The Castle Square cast of "Dorothy" will include Clara Lane as Dorothy, Louise Le Baron as Lydia Hawthorne, Hattie Bell Ladd as Priscilla, Maud Earl as Phyllis, Harry Davies as Geoffrey Wilder, J. K. Murray as Harry Sherwood, George Shields as Squire Bantam, W. H. Pringle as Tuppitt, and Otis B. Thayer as Lurcher.

GILBERT AND "THE MIKADO."

The following letter, dated May 3, was published by the Daily Telegraph, London:

Sir: I read in your issue of today that the lord chamberlain informed the secretary of the Middleborough Amateur Operatic Society that the performance of "The Mikado" was prohibited, "owing to buffoonery in certain parts."

The piece has been leased for some years past to Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, who is under contract with me not to permit any deviation whatever from the dialogue and "business," as settled by me on the occasion of its original production at the Savoy Theatre. If any "buffoonery" has crept into the piece during its long career in the provinces (which I have no reason to suppose to be the case), I submit that the lord chamberlain's obvious course would have been to suppress such buffoonery, instead of slaughtering the play outright, and by so doing deprive the public of a very popular entertainment and the proprietors (the representative of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and myself) of a property valued at £10,000.

Admitting the alleged "buffoonery" for the sake of argument, why is the highly popular music (which has certainly not been buffooned) forbidden to be played by regimental bands and on ships of war? Your obedient servant, May 3, 1907. W. S. GILBERT.

POP CONCERTS.

Mr. Adamowski's tenure as conductor of the "Pops" will end on next Thursday, and this will also mark his last appearance as a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Adamowski has been with the orchestra 23 years, and has been a conductor of the "Pops" in the seasons of 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1903, 1904, 1905 and 1906. For his farewell appearance he will give a Wagner programme. The other "special nights" of the week will be Tuesday night, when a Tschaiakowsky programme will be given.

The programme for tomorrow night will be as follows:

PolonaiseLianoff
Ballet music "The Cid".....	Massenet
Selection, "Rigoletto".....	Verdi
"Espana".....	Chabrier
Allegro (Glooso first time).....	D. H. Smith
Ballet music, "Faust".....	Gounod
Overture, "Raymond".....	A. Thomas
Prelude to Act III, "Lohengrin".....	Wagner
Overture, "Orpheus aux Enfers".....	Offenbach
Selection, "Mlle. Modiste".....	Herbert
Waltz, "My Dream".....	Waldeufel
March, "Gladstone".....	Fuchik

COMING CONCERTS.

Miss Luisa Ardizzoni of Plymouth, formerly of Boston, will give a song recital in Stelnet Hall on Tuesday evening. She will sing arias from Puccini's "Bohème," Catalani's "La Wally," Verdi's "Forza del Destino," Mascagni's "Amico Fritz" and songs by Chadwick and Rottel. Messrs. Thomas M. Cornell, baritone, Leon Van Vliet, cellist, and Alessandro Onofri, pianist, will assist. Miss Ardizzoni will sail for Italy on June 10 to resume her studies at Milan. She will join Mr. Henry Russell's San Carlo opera company in the fall, and will then appear here as a member of this organization.

Pupils of Mr. Carl Sobieski will give a concert in Huntington Chambers Hall on Friday evening, the 31st.

PERSONAL.

The women's committee for the Philadelphia orchestra has decided to erect in the Academy of Music a life-size bas-relief portrait of the late Franz Sehel, conductor, at a cost of \$5000. The sum of \$2000 has been contributed already. The public at large is invited to subscribe. The sculptor will be Charles Grafly of Philadelphia.

The Musical News calls attention to the remarkable longevity of English organists. Dr. Ford of Carlisle Cathedral is about to celebrate the 65th anniversary of his appointment. There are several organists who have served over 50 years. St. Paul's cathedral has had only five organists in 152 years. It is hinted therefore that life insurance companies should offer especially low premiums to organists.

Mme. Albani is on her way to Australia for an extended tour there, in New Zealand and in India.

Mr. Kubelik will give 100 concerts in America next season, chiefly in the West, but he will visit Mexico and Cuba, and he may visit South America.

Mr. Kreisler fiddled recently in London, though, owing to a sprained foot, he was in great pain all the time he was on the platform.

MIDDLE CLASS.

Mr. G. B. Shaw says we should pity the middle classes of England, for they are unsocial and unorganized, and consequently the only class without political representation.

The "middle class" of England is still more to be pitied because the term itself is snobbishly used by the "upper class" and by genteel writers. There are the "upper middle

classes" and the "lower middle classes." Is there a "middle middle class"?

The term seems to have come into use about the beginning of the nineteenth century, nor was it then employed offensively. Brougham defined the people—"I mean the middle classes"—as "the wealth and intelligence of the country, the glory of the British name." But we find later views of the middle class couched in these phrases: "Don't talk back, it is middle class, to begin with"; "Benthamism was fundamentally a middle class creed"; "I recognize the middle-classes." No doubt the up-

per classes see the middle classes enjoying "fresh eggs"—eggs that are not "new laid," not "strictly fresh," but "fresh," while the lower classes are obliged to eat "eggs."

Nothing should give keener amusement to the inhabitants of the air than the attempt of certain Americans to make these class divisions in the United States, especially in view of the fact that the aristocracy of America is determined and regulated by the stock market.

BOCCACCIO'S GARDEN.

There are several famous gardens: that of Alcinous, the goodly orchard-ground—"time may never rape of any dainty there"; the one in which Ali Nur al-Din and the young merchants went a-pleasuring; the garden designed by Bacon of the Es-says; the forsaken garden that missed the lovers in Swinburne's haunting verse; the one in which Marvell mused; the one known to Hawthorne, the one perfumed by poisonous flowers; the garden in which Flametta and her friends, while the plague raged at Florence, told tales remembered by Boccaccio.

Of these gardens only Boccaccio's has any interest to the real estate dealer, and now we are told it has been sold to a New Yorker. What will he do with it? Will he "improve" his property to suit a modern taste? Are echoes of the tales still heard when the air and the hour are favorable? Queen Victoria once lived in the villa near by and escaped all pernicious influences. What is Boccaccio to the New Yorker or he to Boccaccio? Is the poet and scholar only the hero of Suppe's operetta? Think of reading an edition of the Decameron prepared carefully for family use in the garden itself!

What a strange inconsistency there is between the poem in which Coleridge tells how he was roused in a weary hour from a dreary mood by seeing an exquisite design.

Boccaccio's Garden and its fairy, The love, the joyance, and the gal-lantry.

and the report of his lecture delivered for the instruction of "the higher and middle classes of English society" in which he ponderously inveighed against "the gross and disgusting licentiousness" of the Decameron! Was his poem merely an exhibition of poetic license, not to be taken seriously? Yet in the same course of lectures he said he could write a treatise in proof and praise of the morality and moral elevation of Rabelais' work "which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan."

Automobiles will no doubt serve the new inmates and their guests. The vaults of the villa which were once stored with the richest wines were emptied long ago, but there will be cocktails and other national drinks put down in praise of the Star Spangled Banner. Where Pampinea and her co-mates sang amorous lays, there will be the madding rhythms of coon songs and vaudeville ditties, or a singing machine will reproduce

he tones of Melba and Caruso. Bridge whist will replace the chess boards and backgammon tables with which the self-exiled Florentines diverted themselves when weary of long and dance and merry or pathetic tale. But the garden will always be Boccaccio's, no matter who holds the deed and pays the taxes.

may 21 1907

KAISER AND POET.

It is said that the Emperor William has ordered the removal of Heine's statue from the garden of the villa Corfu which he purchased recently. It is to be hoped, for the Emperor's sake, that the report is not true. Not long ago distinguished visitors in Berlin, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Grieg and others wondered at William's acquaintance with the arts and extolled his taste. It would be a pity for them to be contradicted so soon and so rudely.

For outside of Germany it is now generally agreed that Heine was the most important German successor of Goethe's most important theme of activity, viz., "a soldier in the service of liberation of humanity," to Heine's own words. Is it possible that for this very reason certain German cities have objected to the erection of any statue to him, that the Emperor now regards him as an undesirable citizen, even in effigy? Germany may well be proud of Heine as a poet and a patriot. He erected his country in stinging epigrams, but, exiled, he loved her. "The German," he said, "loves liberty as his old grandmother. He will never quite abandon her; he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney corner, where she can tell fairy stories to the listening children." As Matthew Arnold put it: "Is it possible to touch more delicately and happily both the weakness and the strength of Germany—romantic, simple, enslaved, free, ridiculous, admirable Germany?"

But the conservatives and the surging believers in the divine right of kings have not yet forgiven Heine, though his poems are as the folk-songs of the German nation.

THE "FREEDOM OF THE CITY."

When Gen. Kuroki arrives in Boston the "freedom of the city" will be conferred to him. The phrase as used in this country is only one of many will. It is the equivalent of the usually unmeaning phrase "the city is his."

In England the phrase means the right of participating in the privileges attached to the citizenship of a town or city. The document conferring such freedom was often translated to the recipient "honoris gratia" in a gold box. The grant of citizenship bore with it educational advantages to the sons of the recipients, and it is said that it also smoothed the way to the recipient establishing himself as a licensed auctioneer. The Germans and Austrians are still more practical in bestowing civic honors. They have reserved some, whom they wished to honor, of the burden of city taxes.

In old times the recipient in certain English towns was obliged to make his passage. In Alnwick the porter compelled him to jump into an adjacent bog, in which he sometimes sank to his chin, for King John yelling that way and finding his horse stuck in the bog thus punished the people of the town for not keeping the road in better order. Gen. Kuroki may wonder at the condition of our streets, but he will not be urged to repair them.

The general will also undoubtedly receive an "ovation," for all distin-

guished persons. Generals, prima donnas, successful athletes, receive ovations in this country and some of them "perfect ovations." But an ovation, strictly speaking, is a lesser triumph characterized by less pompous ceremonies than the triumph proper; for in Rome the recipient walked on foot and was not drawn in a chariot in kingly state; in other words, his achievements were of a second rate order. Gen. Kuroki certainly deserves more than an "ovation."

"Dorothy" at Castle Square.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.—"Dorothy," a comic opera by B. C. Stephenson and Alfred Cellier. The cast was as follows:

Squire Bantam.....George Shields
Geoffrey Wilder.....Harry Davies
Harry Sherwood.....J. K. Murray
Dorothy Bantam.....Miss Clara Lane
Lurcher Hawthorne.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Puppet.....O. B. Thayer
Phyllis.....W. H. Pringle
Mrs. Priscilla Privett.....Miss Maud Earl

Farmer Tom Grass.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
John.....W. H. Thompson
H. C. Loomis

The Herald commented last Sunday upon the history of Cellier's operetta and the sources of its plot. The story is an old one, but in its musical dress, and with the "business" as presented last evening, it was quite as modern an operetta as any operetta can be that is happily free from political gags and topical songs. The plot is a mixture of "She Stoops to Conquer" and the ring episode in "The Merchant of Venice," so that it may well have seemed familiar to those who did not know the opera. Its modernity lies in the general nature of its plot and humor, which are not purely local. The setting of the story in English country at a picturesque period lends a pleasant atmosphere, but the popular success of the various situations is in no wise dependent upon it.

Last evening's performance was smooth, a marked advance over the opening night of last week's opera. The dialogue was well sustained, the action spontaneous, the music animated; only the dances hitched a little in ensemble. The music is tuneful, much of it is charming when sung and played with the necessary lightness and security. The encores given last night were scarcely an indication of the relative popularity of the numbers, for at moments when the coherence of the plot required it, the action proceeded in spite of the applause, while encores were more than once granted after perfunctory applause.

Of the three acts, the first and third were given the best performance. The second was inclined to drag at moments, and the tipsy scene of Lurcher, the sheriff's officer, while it was often very funny, was at other times rather near horse play, and was unduly prolonged. The humor of Mr. Thayer was so general and irresistible in the first act that his resort to farce struck a false note. In general his action was capital, and his cockney dialect convincing, at least to the average American ear.

Miss Lane's versatility is well known. In the squire's niece, disguised first as a country maid and later as a young servant, she found a part which, whether or not congenial, at least sat gracefully upon her, and emphasized her very feminine charm. She was at her best in her duel scene, where her bravado and her abject flight were equally fetching. Toss Le Baron, Mr. Murray and Mr. Davies showed ease in action, and Miss Ladd, playing "opposite" Mr. Thayer, was effective in a part which gave her but little opportunity until near the end. "Dorothy" will be given for the remainder of the week. The opera next week will be Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience."

may 22 1907

MISS ARDIZZONI

Miss Luisa Ardizzoni, soprano, assisted by Mr. Thomas M. Cornell, baritone; Mr. Leon Van Vliet, cellist, and Mr. Alessandro Onofri, accompanist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. Miss Ardizzoni sang "Mi Chiamano Mini" from Puccini's "La Boheme," Catalani's "Ebben ne andro' lantana," arias from Verdi's "Forza del Destino" and Mascagni's "Amico Fritz," Rotoli's "My Heart" and Chadwick's "Nocturne." Mr. Cornell sang Del Riego's "Slave Song," Schumann's "Im Wunderschoenen Monat Mai" and "Widmung," and Robaud's "Alla Stella Confidente." Mr. Van Vliet played Schumann's "Trauermusik," Gabriel-Marie's "La Sourdaine" and Tellani's "La Sourdaine."

Miss Ardizzoni chose a programme which would have been taxing dramatically had it been taxing in no other way. The singer evidently appreciated the requirements of her songs in the way of interpretation, and she showed a good deal of dramatic impulse which was not always under control. Her appreciation of certain technical requirements was less keen, and it may be said that her voice is capable of far greater effect in volume and emotionally than was made in last evening's performance, although the sincerity of her performance aroused a warm response from her audience. She added several encores to the programme, being enthusiastically recalled after each group.

Mr. Van Vliet played with appropriate sentiment and with passages of fine tone. Both he and Mr. Cornell added to the programme. There was a rather small but demonstrative audience.

may 23 1907

LAST WORDS.

A New York newspaper, asked to publish the last words of Beethoven, answered: "Very pathetic were the deaf master's last words: 'I shall bear in heaven.'"

What are the facts? Beethoven was sick unto death. A box sent to him by Schott, the publisher, was opened. It contained bottles of old Rhine wine. Schindler took two of the flasks and showed them to the dying man, who smiled and said: "What a pity! Too late!" Beethoven did not speak again, but in his last moments a thunder storm broke over Vienna. He rose in his bed as well as he could and shook his fist at the sky.

An interesting book could be written about the "last words" attributed to great men. In nine instances out of ten friends and admirers put into their mouths what they should or might have said. The great majority of mortals are delirious or unconscious when they die, and this is one of the many blessings of death, the deliverer.

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CONCERT FOYER

Composer Who Bears a Close Likeness to William Shakespeare.

FACIAL RESEMBLANCE EXASPERATES.

BY PHILIP HALE.

If you tell Jones, that he bears a singularly close resemblance to your friend Golightly, whom he does not know, Jones is at once vexed and he entertains from that moment a feeling of personal bitterness toward the innocent Golightly. He has been wronged, vaguely wronged; but his dislike is deep-rooted and it grows to a Florentine hatred.

If you assure Golightly that Jones might be taken for his, Golightly's, twin-brother, he, too, is irritated. He would not meet Jones for the world. Many years ago Mr. George F. Babbitt wrote a paragraph, which was in substance as follows: "It is said that Henry James and the Prince of Wales" (the present Edward VII.) "look so much alike that their most intimate friends cannot tell them apart. It is seldom that two men have such hard luck."

But there are men who pride themselves on their resemblance to distinguished persons dead long ago or now living. One grows a Charles I. beard and is by profession a Jacobite. Another is pleased because he was once mistaken for Mr. William J. Bryan.

These close resemblances sometimes lead to disagreeable accidents—sometimes to arrest and jail. A woman who is embraced in a railway station by a man who mistakes her for his cousin Arabella, is not quick to pardon the offender. No one likes to be slapped violently on the back by a stranger, who then exclaims: "Excuse me, sir; I mistook you for Jack Hooligan. Haven't you been told you look like Jack? You ought to know him."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert told in a ballad the unfortunate lot of a man who looked like Shakespeare. Wherever this man would go he attracted attention. Did he take his seat in the pit at a performance of "Hamlet"? Mad wags would point at him and cry out: "Author! Author!"

On the other hand, is Mr. Hall Caine pleased or hurt because Shakespeare was so thoughtless as to look like him?

The Musical Standard of London published recently the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Shapleigh. Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Shapleigh, if not Mrs. Shapleigh, was born in Boston, but for a few years the two have lived in England.

He is a composer, and he is a descendant of "an old Warwickshire family from near Stratford-on-Avon." The Musical Standard adds: "There are people who believe that the real author of Shakespeare's plays was Sir William Shapleigh, whose son emigrated to America in 1636. The Shapleighs have always borne a singular likeness to Shakespeare, and the resemblance can be easily traced in the present surviving member of the family. In the Daily Chronicle of Aug. 20, 1904, Mr. Bertram Shapleigh's head was drawn side by side with a portrait of a bust of Shakespeare, and the reasons for the theory.

that Shakespeare was Shapleigh were given some considerable space in the columns of that paper."

But was Shakespeare a Shapleigh or was Shapleigh a Shakespeare? The Shapleighs for many years were not conspicuous in literature. Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature" mentions only one Shapleigh:

"Shapleigh, or Shapley, John. Treatise on Repairing the Highways. Lon. 1749, 8vo." It is true the subject might have been treated tragically, comically, or historically, but the book was not epoch-making.

The portrait of Mr. Shapleigh does bear a resemblance to portraits of Shakespeare. There is no doubt of this. We are told by the Musical Standard that Mr. Shapleigh and his wife "made an ineffectual attempt to reside in London." They took a flat in Chelsea, "but the clangor and bustle of the great city, the exacting claims of its society, and, very particularly, the distracting noise of its street musicians, forced them to search elsewhere for the repose and quiet necessary to their profession." (Mrs. Shapleigh is a poet.) They live now in Kent, in a place "where silver birches, delicate hazel and slender beeches congregate and form themselves into stretches of woodland."

There they live an idyllic life. "Flowers and birds and woods and a monkey demand attendant ministrations. Also Mr. Shapleigh is his own handy man; he builds his own tool houses and potting sheds, erects his hothouses and summer arbors and acts as head carpenter and gardener to the establishment."

But does Mr. Shapleigh write music that might be called Shakespearean? His latest composition, or one of the latest, a cycle for four solo voices and piano, "The Romance of the Year," verses by Mrs. Shapleigh, was performed in London April 28 or 29. The Times said: "The Romance of the Year" consists of 12 stanzas of verse celebrating the successive months, and containing veiled allusions to a human story which is not by any means lucidly told. As they are all identical in form, it will easily be imagined that there is little variety of treatment. Each of the musical numbers but one or two returns to its opening lines in a kind of revival of the old Da capo convention in 18th century opera. The best portions are a soprano solo (April), a duet for ladies' voices (May) and a mildly Bacchanalian duet for male voices (October). The style is 'modern' in its avoidance of anything like melodic distinction, but its singularly imperfect accentuation of the words carries us back to mid-Victorian times."

The visit of the Wiener Maennergesangverein to Milwaukee was described as "the most memorable triumph in the city's musical history." I quote from the Free Press of that city:

To tell our people that the 160 singers and their voices that were heard at the Alhambra yesterday afternoon were delightfully blended, scrupulously true in intonation, precision itself in the attack, of unsurpassable perfection in tonal color and dynamic shading, sweet in quality and capable of the most delicate piano, and overawing forte effects, with climaxes that for their artistic quality were unknown here before, would be the height of superfluity, as also a detailing of the individual phases of the renditions at this concert."

The article, a long one, and written in a like sweet spirit of enthusiasm, was the work of Imre Booz. Hence possibly "attaque" for attack. The visitors gave the net receipts from their concert, amounting to about \$2500, to local charities.

A tenant in London refused to pay rent and gave as a reason for his refusal the annoyance caused him by tenants underneath. One of the women below, who has a powerful, but disagreeable voice, insisted ironically on singing de Lara's "Garden of Sleep." She sang this ditty at all hours, pertinent or incongruous.

The wife of the defendant said she was also annoyed by the shrieks in Tosti's "Good Bye." Still more intolerable were the top notes in the familiar air from "Robert le Diable." At last she bought a fog horn and by blowing it lustily endeavored to drown the singer. The owner of the voice said that the defendants had cracked her ceiling by the fury of their remonstrance. Judgment was given against the complaining tenant, and incidentally against the wife and the fog horn.

Mr. Alfred Giraudet, known as a teacher of the Delsartian method as applied to opera, will not return to the United States, but he will teach in Paris.

Mr. Hammerstein purposes to produce Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" next season at the Manhattan. The leading female roles will be taken by different singers instead of by one. This was never the intention of the composer and the various heroines were impersonated for the first time by Adela Isaac. Mme. Sembrich a few years ago was anxious to sing in this strange and charming opera. She tried to induce Mr. Grau to put it on the stage, and there was a time when Mr. Conried thought of producing it. The first soprano part is unusually difficult, for the woman who takes it must be both a coloratura and a dramatic soprano and also an excellent actress. I am under the impression that a sadly mangled version in English was once performed in this country with Emily Soldene as

the chief singer. Mr. Hammerstein will produce the opera in Italian.

Mr. Arthur Foote's "Bedouin Song" was sung by the Apollo Club of Montclair, N. J., May 16.

Chicago is much interested in the coming of Mary Garden to New York next season. One of the newspapers published her portrait and announced that she owes her position in the musical world "largely to Mrs. David Mayer, 4544 (not 4-11-44) Woodlawn avenue, wife of the junior member of the old dry goods firm of Schlesinger & Mayer."

Mr. Graham Smart declaimed recently in London Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be," to music found by Sir Frederick Bridge in the library of Samuel Pepys. "In style it suggests Purcell and writers of his period." The programme book gave this quotation from Pepys' diary, Nov. 13, 1664: "Lord's Day. This morning to Church, where mightily sport to hear our Clerke sing out of tune, though his master sits by him; that he sings and keeps the time aloud for the parish. Dined at home very well, and spent the afternoon with my wife within doors, and getting a speech out of Hamlet, 'To be or not to be' without book. In the evening to sing psalms, and in comes Mr. Hill to see me, and then he and I and the boy finely to sing, and so anon broke up, and after much pleasure, be gone, and to supper, and so Prayers and to bed."

It may be remembered by some of The Herald readers that Artemus Ward had a partner named Billson in a strolling dramatic company. "The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestra, and wishin' to expire to slow music, he died playin' on a clarionet himself, interspersed with heart-rendin' groans."

Pepys not only played several instruments; he composed songs, and several of his compositions are in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He thought well of his own music. Thus he had a delightful time teaching the "baggage," Mrs. Knipp, his song, "Beauty Retire," which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be.

Mr. de Pachmann gave a farewell concert in London, May 8, "before a two years' stay in America," and he was warmly praised by all the critics. The Times spoke of his performance of Chopin's "Barcarolle" as follows: "The strength and virility of his interpretation, and the way in which the tone was controlled, from the most delicate pianissimos up to the full volume of the big climaxes, were things that no one who heard them could possibly forget."

He went on playing Chopin "till the lights were turned out; the audience then consented to go." According to a trade paper published in Germany, the Japanese are about to establish a large industry in the manufacture of pianos, and are contemplating a far-reaching export trade. Japanese pianos have already made their way to Penang.

Mr. Donald Ferguson, "an American pianist," played for the first time in London on May 9. The Daily Telegraph said he was not able "to cope even with what may be termed the material side of the music (Franck's 'Prelude, Choral and Fugue'). The gradations of tone were erratic, and the tempi all wrong, while constant use of the loud pedal made confusion worse confounded."

The Times said he had talent, but "it was unfortunate, seeing that his weakest point is his management of the pedal, that the annotation in the programme should have called attention to the importance of 'pedalling' in the last piece (Max Reger's hideous 'In der Nacht'), though the observation that it 'cannot be taught' may have done something to soften the criticism."

It is announced that Mr. Paderewski has nearly completed an opera "Sakuntala." When his "Manru" was performed in this country, Mrs. Paderewski stated that her husband had a second opera almost ready; he had written the music and was looking for a libretto. Is "Sakuntala" the one?

Mr. Friedrich Hofmann has discovered an important fact about Richard Strauss: "The trouble with Strauss is that he lacks originality."

Miss Myrtle Elvyn, "an American pianist," pupil of Godowsky, played for the first time in London, May 7. The Times said her technique is "sound." The programme included her own set of 11 variations on an original theme.

The prices at the dress rehearsal of "Salome" in Paris were stiff: \$160 for a first-tier box, \$100 for a "baignoire," and \$50 for a stall. The proceeds went to the Philanthropic Society.

The programme of the concert in which Franz von Vecsey reappeared in London, May 4 was of an unusual nature in this respect: The orchestra played the overtures to Mehul's "Timoleon" and Paisiello's "Nina"; the prelude to D'Indy's "Fervaa!" and an overture by Boccherini. The conductor, Mr. Beecham, did not use a baton.

Mr. William Heinrich, the well known tenor of this city, will sail for Europe in June. In the course of the summer he will go through the Orkney and Shetland islands to Iceland and the North Cape. In Paris he will study modern French songs, and in Leipzig songs by Strauss, Kaun and Reger.

A LOST PROFESSION.

We regret to learn that two gypsy women were taken to jail a few days ago in the Bronx for reading palms. Mary Baker told a plain clothes man that he would lead a bright existence and get a large sum of money, and Isabel Lovell told another that he would marry a blonde woman and succeed an inspector.

But what are gypsies for? Shades of Borrow and Leland! No fortune telling? Is poor mortality not to be cheered by the promise of a golden future? Are anxious women no longer to be warned against a dark and designing man? Are there to be gypsies only in "Carmen" and "The Bohemian Girl"?

Perhaps there is no longer any need of gypsies. Dealers in certain stocks and bonds guarantee a life of voluptuous ease to all that will heed their advice and deposit a ridiculously small sum. Only yesterday we read this advertisement in a highly respectable magazine, the Occult, published in London: "The Mysterious Powder: a mystical 'soul vision' inducing compound of Eastern origin. The subject of innumerable weird 'out-of-body' experiences." This powder, we are told, "does not adversely affect the most sensitive of experimenters," and "earnest investigators" can for two shillings get enough to conduct twenty sittings—postage extra. What is a poor gypsy to do? Especially as any one can now buy crystals and Indian mirrors for gazing at half price, anywhere from 6s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

POE'S BIRTHPLACE.

"Arrangements are now making to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, which occurs in 1909."

Where? Not in Boston where he was born. For Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809, although it is still stated in certain books of reference that his birthplace was Baltimore. His father and mother were regular members of the company playing here at the Federal Street Theatre. The father was amateurish, but the mother, a frigate woman, pleased the public by her "archness and roguery in the comic and her sweetness in the romantic plays." She also sang, and sometimes danced a "Polish minuet." At the end of the season she left this city never to return—she died in 1811—but on the back of a picture painted by her she charged Edgar to "love Boston, the place of his birth, and where his mother found her best and most sympathetic friends."

No one knows, as far as we can ascertain, the house or the street in which the Poes dwelt in 1809. The directories gave no information. The Poes were strolling players, and although they lived here for three years, they were either lodgers or full boarders. Antiquarians have from time to time made careful investigations, but even the street is still unknown. It is a pity that the anniversary of this genius cannot be observed here by the dedication of a tablet. It was the fashion once in Cambridge to characterize Poe as "the jingle-man," but that day is passed. The fact that he has not been admitted to the Hall of Fame is a still greater compliment.

MUSIC NOTES.

The choir of the First Presbyterian Church, East Boston, will sing Gunod's "Gallia" this evening under the direction of Mr. Ross H. Maynard. The annual recital given by Madam Johnson will take place at the Colonial Theatre next Tuesday evening. One act from each of several well known operas will be given by her pupils.

PERSONAL.

The Vienna correspondent of the Musikalisches Wochenblatt says that when Wagner conducted the two celebrated orchestral pieces from "Tristan and Isolde" in Vienna, Dec. 27, 1862, the prelude was named on the programme, which he still has, "Liebestod"; and the

piece which is now known as "Liebestod" was then called "Verklarung." ("Transfiguration.")

Messrs Caruso and Renaud will sing as guests at the Berlin Royal Opera House next fall.

A trust entitled "The United Vienna Operetta Theatres" has been established in Vienna to compete with the Johann Strauss Theatre.

It is said that Gabriele d'Annunzio is writing a libretto for Puccini.

Arthur Friedheim's new opera "The Dancer" is announced for performance at Leipzig the end of this month.

A hitherto unknown composition by Liszt has been found at Budapest. It is a sketch of a "Passion" for mixed chorus and organ.

MUSIC IN AMERICA SONNECK'S "CONCERTE"

Infant Prodigies; Ingenious Advertisements; Early Criticism; The Orchestral Problem; Concerts; Personals.

BY PHILIP HALE.

MR. O. G. SONNECK'S "Early Concert Life in America" (1731-1800), a volume of 338 pages, large octavo, is published in handsome form by Breitkopf & Haertel of Leipzig and New York. Mr. Sonneck, who is in charge of the music department of the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., published two years ago "Francis Hopkinson and James Lyon" and a "Bibliography of Early Secular American Music." He has collected material for a volume on "Early Opera in the United States."

The value of Mr. Sonneck's contributions to the history of American music cannot be too highly estimated. For thoroughness of investigation, for untiring, well-nigh incredible industry in research, for systematic plan and clear presentation of facts, for sanity in the exercise of discrimination, these volumes are without a parallel in the English literature pertaining to music, and they are not surpassed, if they are equalled, by any works which treat historically of music in Italy, France, Germany or the Netherlands.

Mr. Sonneck toiled without the cheering thought of attracting the attention and the admiration of the general public. Only students of musical history will be at once tempted to read these volumes, although "Early Concert Life in America" abounds in entertaining pages, in pages that throw light on the manners and customs and life of Americans and those that amused them in the 18th century.

Many books on music are published yearly in various languages. Even English and American publishers now consent to include books about music and musicians in their lists. Composers now living are judged finally and put in their respective places. Thick and heavy volumes are written in explanation of the greatness of Beethoven and other masters. Ingenious essayists share with the public the impressions made on them by music of Brahms, Debussy, Richard Strauss and Tchaikowsky. There are professional critics who collect their reviews—the ones that "do them justice"—and with a sublime courage expose themselves to the comments of succeeding generations—careless of the fact that they will undoubtedly change their opinions as they change their skin at the end of seven years.

Changing Opinions.

Camille Saint-Saens tells us that the first time he heard Schumann's piano quintet he failed to appreciate its great worth. The completeness of this failure astonished him in after years. Later he enjoyed the quintet and grew wildly enthusiastic over it. Still later his fury calmed, and, recognizing the many admirable qualities which made an epoch in the history of chamber music, he nevertheless found grave faults in it, so that a performance of it was almost painful to him. "I had known these faults for a long time, but I did not wish to see them. One grows amorous of works of art and as long as one loves them, faults are as if they did not exist, or they pass for excellent qualities. The love at last dies, and the faults remain." Saint-Saens wrote in 1885 of his opinion today of Schumann's piano quintet?

There are critics whose opinions are read with entertainment and profit long after they are dead. William Hazlitt's "View of the English Stage" is a collection of theatrical criticisms published in newspapers from 1814 to 1817, but the book is still one to be enjoyed and studied. We may wonder at Chorley's inability to appreciate Schumann and Verdi, yet his writings should be familiar to any one who feels called upon to talk wisely about music.

Or take the case of Anatole France. We read his literary essays chiefly to become better acquainted with Anatole France. We may never look into Victor Brochard's "Les Septiques Grecs" but the book inspired the delightful article in which France says: "I lived happy years without writing. I led a contemplative and solitary life, the remembrance of which is still infinitely sweet to me. And, as I studied nothing, I learned much." It is not that we are especially interested in Pyrrho; but we hang on the lips of France, the gently ironical Pyrrhonist, when the name of his master prompts him to inimitable discussion.

There is Mr. E. A. Baughan of the London Daily News, who writes amiably and easily about the passing show. He has opinions, but unlike Mr. Smallwood, he is not adamant in the matter of grav. In the volume of his articles, published not long ago, he confides to his readers that Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony does not now move and thrill him as it did at first, yet he does not hesitate to pronounce solemn judgment on Richard Strauss.

The trouble is that the work which the critic condemns sometimes will not down; the work that he lauds extravagantly often passes and is no more heard by men. It would be foolish for a critic to revise the published volume every two years. To maintain opinions through sheer obstinacy or from the fear of being considered a vacillating, changeable person would be equally foolish.

The lot of Mr. Sonneck is more enviable. He is building an enduring structure.

It is better to be a drudge in the service of history than to tell gayly or solemnly a more or less indifferent world why you do not like the ultra-modern music of the French or why Richard Strauss is after all not a man of force. There are few Hazlitts, positive in criticism; there are very few Anatole Frances whose personality is enchanting though they may write about the

poet laureate of England, the novels of the late E. P. Roe, or the music of Max Reger, a wallflower in the counterpoint. Yet there have been many critics and there are today many:

Critics of pith, Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

Early Prodigies.

Mr. Sonneck does himself injustice in his preface. "While I have taken pains to leave as little dust as possible on these pages, I fear that they lack that literary brilliancy which makes, at first reading, even a poor book attractive." His "Early Life in America" is, as he says, "a source-book," and it is "cast in a form peculiar to source-books, which necessarily resemble mosaics." Sustained brilliance would here be out of place. An effort to unite in the grand style would affect the reader painfully. Mr. Sonneck is obliged to give many statistics, but his book is by no means dry.

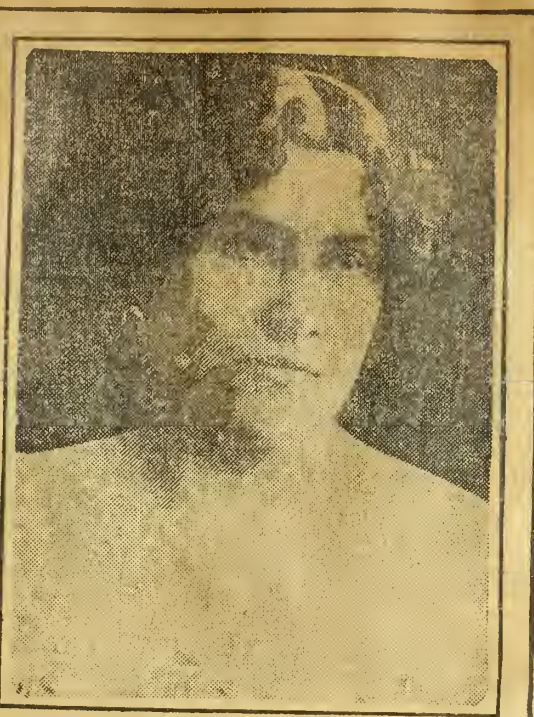
Nor do I purpose now to quote statistics or even important facts. It may interest some to learn that if the earliest allusion to a public concert in our country, as far as has yet been ascertained, was to one advertised in the Weekly News Letter of Boston, December, 1731, a concert was given at Charleston, S. C., as early as April, 1732, and it was a benefit concert. It may interest some to know that the St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, S. C., was founded in 1762, a society that has existed for well-nigh 150 years and is the oldest musical society in America, older than the Stoughton (Mass.) Musical Society of 1786. But let us look today on the lighter side of the early concert life.

The child wonder was well known in those years. Master Louis Dupont played violin pieces by Stanitz and others. A grand overture of Haydn for two "forte pianos" was played at Baltimore in 1794 by Mr. Vogel and a young lady about 8 years old. A few years later appeared Miss Marianne d'Hemard—"Little Marianne, aged 6 years, who lately returned from Philadelphia, where she has given a concert which excited the admiration of her hearers, so much so that she was looked upon as a phenomenon"—for there were press agents in those days. In 1797 she was advertised as "only 5 years old, eight months from Paris." The children of Mr. Salter played at a concert in aid of their half-blind father, and in 1800 they entertained the "humane and friendly" of Frederickburg with "a pleasing, innocent and scientific species of amusement." There was Master Billy Crump-

Olive Fremstad and Emmy Destinn, the two Salomes in the Parisian production of Richard Strauss' opera. Mme. Fremstad was the heroine in New York.



Olive Fremstad.



Emmy Destinn.

to, who in 1769 played the first violin in trios; there was Master Gehot, who shone in chamber music. In 1799 at a concert in Philadelphia a song, "The Galley Slave," was sung "by a young lady 6 years old." Perhaps the first prodigy to appear in this country was Master Hulett, "10 years old," who sang in New York in 1773. Mr. Van Hagen, Jr., 8 years of age, also sang. His father was a wonder; he taught the violin, harpsichord, viola, cello, German flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, singing, and he also gave exhibitions of "The latent musicality of iron nails." In 1799 Mr. Myler presented to the "lovers of harmony" his musical children, "phenomena of musical abilities," a boy not 7 years old and his sister, "an infant just turned 4 years." Miss Dolliver, a young lady of 9 years of age, played a piano sonata by Dr. Arnold in Boston

112 years ago. Later in the same year a song, "Little Felix is your name," was sung here by Felix Pownall, "a child only 4 years of age, being his first attempt in public."

There were others: as the children of 7 and 4 years who performed here in 1800. Their father ended his announcement by saying: "If the children do not perform what is in the bills (marches, airs, duets, hornpipes, etc.), those who come shall have their money back."

The musical family of Mr. Salter travelled. In New London, Ct., in 1797 the boy, 10 years old, added, the girl of 8 years sang and played piano duets with her brother. The concluding piece was a "Sea Engagement," representing two fleets engaging, some sinking, others blowing up. Neptune drawn by two horses emerging from the waves, old Charon in his boat, a mermaid and dolphin (sic)—between the music Master Salter will speak the three warnings."

Advertisements.

There were all sorts of ingenious advertisements. Mr. Lafar had a benefit concert in Charleston (1791). "Mr. Lafar, after a series of misfortunes, has been advised by some of his friends to attempt this method to alleviate the distress of his family; it is the more pleasing to him, as it will afford an opportunity to a generous public to display those sentiments of philanthropy for which they have always been conspicuous."

Mr. Clifford, a play actor, had a benefit at the theatre in Charleston. Like the majority of benefits, it was rather an injury to him. Head-over-heels in debt he purposed to give a concert, and he appealed to the ladies and gentlemen of the town; "wherein he hopes for their patronage, that he may act like a man of principle and honor to those whom he may owe anything to, being desirous not to leave Charleston with a dishonorable name."

At another concert in Charlestown (1793) a variety of singing with the friendly aid of some gentleman was followed by "extracts from the late celebrated oration of the Hon. H. W. Desaussure, Esq."

Summer concerts were known in various cities. Mr. John Jones opened his Renelagh Garden in New York in 1765. The concerts began at 6 P. M. and continued till 9. "After the concert a small fireworks will be played off, which will continue till 10." The New Yorkers, according to Jones, enjoyed the show in a place which he asserted "without exception to be far the most rural retreat near the city, notwithstanding the artificial insinuations of some ill-minded people to the contrary." The special attractions, as he thought, were these: "Drawing-rooms neatly fitted up; the very best of wine and other liquors, mead, filabubs, etc., with gammon, tongues, alamo de beef, tarts, cakes, etc., and on notice given, dinners or other large entertainments, elegantly provided as usual: strict regularity at all times observed, and every accommodation highly agreeable and satisfactory, in grateful return for the many favors

conferred on the public's obedient and very humble servant, John Jones."

"Filabub?" The word is undoubtedly a misprint for "sillibub" or "sillabub" with a long "s."

And how did Mrs. d'Hemard, the harp player, advertise in 1795? She announced publicly that she was forced to give a concert "by the unhappy circumstances common to all the unfortunate French, to have recourse to the means of her sustenance to a talent which, in happier times, would have served only to embellish her education." She also flattered herself "to obtain the suffrages of the public by the superiority of her talent over those who have performed on the same instrument in this country."

One more instance out of many. A concert was given in New York in

1756 "for the benefit of a poor widow." "It is hoped lovers of harmony and charitable designs will freely promote this undertaking, thereby making their recreations the means of purchasing blessings to themselves, and administering comfort to the afflicted heart, and relief to the distressed." Tickets were to be had at Mr. Ash's, who continues the business of organ building, by whom gentlemen and ladies may be furnished with that noble instrument in a convenient time after it is bespoke."

Early Criticism.

Mr. Sonneck reprints the notice published in the South Carolina Gazette of a concert that took place at Charleston Oct. 25, 1732, the first concert probably to which an American newspaper paid attention: "On Wednesday night there was a concert for the benefit of Mr. Salter, at which was a fine appearance of good company. A ball was afterwards opened by the Lord Forester and Miss Hill." Mr. Sonneck adds: "Maybe it is mortifying to us musicians that this first musical criticism should have been a bit of society news, with special allusion to the beau of the town, Lord Forester, but did the New York papers of our own times subject us to less mortification when the first performance of Wagner's 'Parsifal' at New York brought their society editors into greater prominence than the musical?"

The early concerts were often exceedingly miscellaneous entertainments. A ball usually followed. Many concerts were in reality thinly disguised theatrical shows in the days when there was a prejudice against the stage. But of the character of concerts and of the music performed I shall speak more at length next Sunday. In 1790 a concert was announced in Charleston: "During the parts * * * the famous Saxon (would) have the honor to give a representation of a dance upon wire."

Gen. George Washington attended a benefit concert in Charleston in 1791. What was his criticism: "Went to a concert at the Exchange, at which there were at least 400 ladies, the number & appearance of which exceeded anything of the kind I had ever seen."

There was a musical authority in Alexandria, Va., late in the 18th century, Mr. Elisha C. Dick. The name reminds us of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Mr. Dick indorsed a harp player—who has already been mentioned—in the following language: "I have heard Mrs. d'Hemard perform upon the harp, and pre-eminently my testimony may in some degree contribute to promote the object of this lady, on the present occasion, I can venture to predict that the expectations of those who shall attend her performance will not be disappointed. Mrs. d'Hemard's judgment, taste and execution upon the pedal harp are not, in my opinion, to be surpassed by any one."

In 1765 the Pennsylvania Gazette criticised a concert as follows: "The whole was conducted with great order and decorum, to the satisfaction of a polite

and numerous audience." What more could have been said? "Thirty pounds was raised."

Here is a formula from another review published in the Packet, a formula familiar today: "To go thro' the comparative excellence of the pieces and merits of the performers is certainly unnecessary."

But there were occasions that provoked enthusiastic speech, as when the Federal Gazette (1790) stated that "souls soared upon the wings of melody to its kindred skies." A few extracts from this article are worthy of quotation: "In vain might we attempt to express the pleasing emotions which we experienced on this delightful occasion. The most glowing language would but debate the subject. The refined feelings of a large

and respectable audience can alone do justice to the merits of the performers. The 'heaven-struck' imagination was transported far beyond the limits of mortality by the grand overture with which the oratorio commenced. * * * Of Mr. Blagrove what shall we say? How express the delightful sensations which his beautiful anthems excited in every breast? How describe the judicious exertions of his excellent voice? We dare not attempt it. * * * We cannot conclude without paying a compliment to the judicious taste and benevolence of our citizens who countenanced this delightful undertaking, from the noblest of motives, a benevolent regard toward merit in distress."

The same journal on another occasion said that the boxes "exhibited a blaze of beauty—the pit was a display of respectable judges, and the gallery was filled with orderly, well disposed citizens whose decency of behavior deserves the greatest applause."

The first instance of discriminative criticism quoted by Mr. Sonneck was published in the Boston Gazette of Jan. 22, 1787: "This Te Deum (Arnold's), we are assured, is infinitely more musical and affecting than the common, singsong, half-squalling, half-reading Te Deum usually performed in the cathedrals of England."

From the Columbian Centinel, published here in 1793, we learn that "The Bastille," by Dr. Berkenhead, was admirably played at Salem "on an elegant harpsichord belonging to a respectable family in that town."

Is Mr. Sonneck tender-hearted even toward the forgotten dead, or was the audience of the early days always a thankful public?

Graver Matters.

Of what nationality were these early musicians? How large were the orchestras in the 18th century and how were they conducted? Who were the composers represented?

These and other questions of historical importance are answered fully by Mr. Sonneck, and The Herald will state next Sunday the result of Mr. Sonneck's investigations and conclusions. Some of the facts will surprise even those who think that they are fairly versed in the history of music in this country.

Let us now close with the statement of Mr. Sonneck. Speaking of the subscription concerts at Philadelphia in 1769 founded by Giovanni Gualdo, Mr. Sonneck says: "A glimpse into musical dictionaries will show that most of the composers named were not mediocrities. But what counts more than this, they were contemporaries of Gualdo, Hopkinson, and Penn, and just as modern in those days as are now Brahms, Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Richard Strauss, Debussy. Consequently, the ready appreciation of foreign novelties by the American public is an inheritance of colonial times, and not the result of German immigration during the 19th century."

THE ORCHESTRAL PROBLEM.

The Brooklyn Eagle published recently an editorial article which is of general interest.

"Orchestral concerts are not precisely as the bread of life, except in Boston, but they have had an educative and refining influence wherever a resort has been made to them. Nobody knows how many Chicagoans were kept from canning meat and voting for Carter Harrison by listening to the Thomas concerts in the Auditorium, and even Boston, though it needs no musical promptings to rectitude, has fewer hand organs and more actual music in restaurants and theatres because it has its Symphony Orchestra. Indeed, so obvious is the gain of shawms, sackbuts, hautboys, lutes and dulcimers that some of the minor towns exhibit a frank

envy of the larger ones where these solaces pertain.

"How can a town of a beggarly half-million people have concerts, however? In Brooklyn, with our million and a quarter, we can barely abide it to have the Boston band, though the best in the world, come here five times in the year. What, then, can be hoped for Denver, Seattle and Hoboken? Nothing, doubtless, if they are thrown entirely on their own resources, for their local populations include few artists, even on the harpsichord and psaltery; but who expects them as a native growth? We import Russian caviare, Gorgonzola cheese and French plays because we have found nobody sufficiently anomic to build or bottle them here; so why not extend an equal commercial lenity to those who play upon shofars, timbrels, sistrams and recorders?"

"New York, for example, has more fiddlers than can find steady work. Their souls yearn to interpret Brahms and Beethoven to a listening world, but the best they can do is to accept occasional jobs playing rag-time inventions in dining rooms or in dance halls where Mike and Maggie waltz. Now, these rarely employed musicians might easily be gathered into orchestras and disseminated about the land to mission the American public from its 'Moth-a-a-r' songs and other dismal sentimentalities. True, neither St. Louis, nor Evansville, nor Peoria, nor Kansas City would promise to employ them, but all of them together might."

"An orchestra of 50 men, constantly drilled and well directed, is equal to almost anything in music, and the cost of a concert by such a band could doubtless be kept to \$1000. Six or eight concerts of a season should not be impossible on these terms, to either of the cities named, and by sharing the orchestra between them, the four towns might enjoy an evening of music, now and then. For instance, on Tuesday night the orchestra with headquarters in St. Louis could play in that city; on Friday night it could give the same programme in Kansas City; on the same nights of the following week it could visit Peoria and Evansville, and on the third week invade Louisville and Indianapolis."

"In like manner the Boston Orchestra visits Providence, Manhattan, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and has once penetrated to Chicago; but these visits are few. Theodore Thomas, when he had begun the musical enlightenment of this continent—a great work, for the continent was then as dark as Pittsburg at noon—would take his 'celebrated orchestra of 42 pieces' to New Haven, Hartford, Worcester, Springfield, Providence, Albany and towns like that, where he always found a welcome, and where they never hissed his Wagner offerings as they did once or twice in New York—a place where they no longer dare to hiss even Strauss, for fear his music should afterward prove to be real. What was done by this pioneer could be done by some or any other apostle of the classics for the South or Middle West, where good music is still unknown. Any city that would offer a reasonable guaranty—not the big figure required in Boston and New York—should and doubtless could secure a competent band for half a dozen concerts during the winter, to the greater joy and better behavior of the multitude."

CONCERTS AT WONDERLAND.

There will be daily band concerts at Wonderland in the new music court built over the end of the lagoon at a cost of \$8000. The bands will be changed every two weeks constantly adding new interest for lovers of music. For the first two weeks, beginning at 10 o'clock on Memorial Day, Thursday, May 30, the band of the First Corps of Cadets, Fielding, leader, has been engaged and then in succession will follow the following bands: The Salem Cadet Band, the Worcester Brass Band, Teel's Military Band, the First Squadron Cavalry Band, the Lynn Cadet Band, Boston Banda Rossa, and Lafricain's Concert Band. The programme for the opening day and for the afternoons and evenings of the week will be as follows:

11 A. M. TILL 1 P. M.

"Star Spangled Banner"..... Reeves
March, "2d Connecticut".....Suppe
Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Waldteufel
Waltz "Au Revoir".....Carle
Selection, "Spring, Chicken".....Carle
Xylophone solo, "Selected".....
Mr. Edward Dixon.
March, "Happy Heine".....Lampe
Recollections of the War.....Beyer
Wild Western Fantasie, "Ida-Ho".....

Excerpts, "Babes in Toyland".....Herbert
March, "Dixie Girl".....Lampe

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

March, "Gate City".....Weldon
Selection, "Little Cherub".....Caryll
Intermezzo, "Persia".....Darnell
Grand American Fantasie, "North and South".....Bendix
Piccolo solo, "Selected".....
Mr. E. A. Franklin, soloist.
March, "22d Regiment".....Herbert
Overture, "Jubel".....Weber
Selection, "Mlle. Modiste".....Herbert
Cornet Polka, "Le Secret".....Hazel
Mr. Bert Fisher.
Humoresque, "Everybody Works but Father".....Havez
Intermezzo, "Ida".....Johnson
March, "Stars and Stripes".....Souza
"Star Spangled Banner".....

Theodor Strelcher's new work, "Mignon's Exequien," from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," for mixed chorus, children's chorus and orchestra, will be produced for the first time at the musical festival at the end of this month in celebration of the 300th anniversary of the city of Mannheim.

Gabriel Faure, director of the Paris Conservatory of Music, has established two classes for instrumental ensemble and chamber music. Chevillard will be at the head of the former and Lucien Capet at the head of the latter.

The Referee (London) said of MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata, played in London on April 29 by Mr. George F. Boyle, that it begins "with the suggestion of wild discontent and ends with fierce significance." The Referee adds: "More acceptable were this composer's American wood idylls." The "Keltic" sonata was also played in London Feb. 5.

The Pall Mall Gazette gave this illuminative review of Strauss' "Salome": "In Paris, it is a sweet 'appreciation' of a musical tempest raged; wave upon wave of sound mounted to the heavens, and peals of thunder crash out from the drums. It was succeeded by a pause in which one heard the sharp whisper of the violin, the soft song of the flute. Anon, the storm raged again with a greater intensity of sound; blare of trumpets, crash of cymbals, shriek of strings. Again it died away, and there came something grand and solemn like a hymn, seeming to express the confidence of a Christian heart in tribulation. Once more the theme was changed; the song of praise and of the beauty of faith had become a thin whimper of agony; the bloody deed had been done; the beheading of the holy messenger had been accomplished."

The Chronicle (London) reviewed a performance of "Siegfried" in this analytical manner: "The work, as usual, was given in darkness and the guide books were consequently useless. Herr Ernst Kraus again gave a very fine impersonation of the dashing young hero. Miss Agnes Nichols was responsible for the song of the bird. The zoological curiosities in the drama were admirably worked by the stage manager." Was Mr. Kraus reckoned among them?

The Cincinnati Times-Star regretted that Mme. Schumann-Hoink introduced recently in a song recital in that city "the cheap methods of comic opera style into the company of masterpieces." It found fault with "the little trivial songs that Schumann and others have written for no particular reason that could ever be discovered by the intelligent mind," and said that six gypsy songs by Brahms are seldom sung, for "they are not worth the singing of a serious artist." "The singing of such music, and the vocal offences to which careless methods lend themselves, were manifest in the singer's voice toward the middle of her programme. It was no longer an exposition of the art of singing, but a determination to obtain effects at any cost, and the price was paid. It assumed the form of uneven tone production, breathing labored, evident and totally unnecessary in a woman who has at command the enormous and controlled breath power of a perfect physique and the voice of an archangel." Holty-tolty!

The English critics and audiences are easy. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted for the first time May 2 as musical director of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden. "It showed some nervousness at the beginning, it was wholly excusable, and it was satisfactory to find that as the evening progressed his beat developed in steadiness and power." The idea that a conductor is merely a time-beater is not yet exploded.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

Mrs. Rosa Benlos of Chicago published the following advertisement: "Wanted, a husband, by a middle-aged, lonely widow; he need not be handsome or wealthy, but he must weigh 200 pounds. Address, etc."

Mrs. Benlos is like Julius Caesar: she distrusts men of a lean and hungry look. It is her opinion that fat men always have "nice dispositions"; that they are affectionate and never flirt. A 200-pound man is "just big enough to be strong and still not so fat that he is lazy." But this depends on the height of the man, Mrs. Benlos, also on the disposition of the fat. A man with a paunch is not generally "handy round the house."

Nor is a fat man always amiable. That fat men are always jolly is a popular fallacy. They are often suspicious, small-minded, morose. Dr. Maginn's argument to prove that Sir John Falstaff was the most careworn, the unhappiest of men is something more than a paradox. The weight of 200 pounds is not necessarily fatness, but this weight may be a disease. It will be remembered that Count Fosco in "The Woman in White," an extraordinary villain, was short and fat, yet his wife pretended that he had a "nice disposition"; he was devoted to his canary birds, and he sang passionately airs from Italian opera.

SMALL PAY.

The Rev. Mr. Agnew of Philadelphia, in his plea for larger contributions to an endowment fund for the relief of ministers, stated that the average preacher received about \$700 a year. This statement is by no means extravagant. Mr. Agnew might have added that this salary is often merely nominal. We knew a clergyman, who after many years of faithful work in New England towns was given a pastorate in South Boston at a salary of \$1000. Six months went by, and he had received in all the sum of \$40. He had never been able to save. How did he live during the six months? He solved the problem of supporting a family on a small salary by dying soon after he was moved to another parish.

PISTOLS AND GUNS.

In the "Letters from the People," a few days ago, a correspondent questioned our view of this disputed subject. The Herald's statement that the word "pistol" was never applied in the English language to a sort of dagger made at Pistola remains unshaken by "N."

His references to the Century Dictionary and Worcester's Dictionary are irrelevant. The Herald gave the derivation of "pistol" from the French "pistolet" and the derivation in turn of the latter word, though Littré speaks of the irregularity of the latter derivation.

The Herald said that the date of the earliest appearance of "pistol" in English is 1550. "N." quotes from Worcester, who in turn quoted from Fairholt, and says the pistol, or "pistolet"—for "N." is not clear on this point—was first introduced into England in 1521. "Here is a trifling anachronism." Where? "N.'s" authorities give no date of the introduction of the word itself into English language as recorded in printed book or in manuscript.

"N.'s" poetical quotations are with reference to "pistolet," not "pistol." There is nothing in the text of "The Malcontent" to show that the "pistolet" was a dagger. The mention of short swords might lead one to infer that "pistolet" is here a pistol, a firearm. "The Malcontent" was published in 1604. What does "N." say to Donne's lines, published in 1633?

Rams and slings now are silly battery; Pistolets are the best artillery.

Nor is it clear that the word in "Captain Carr" means a dagger, as "N." assumes.

As for the word "pistoletto," that, too, was in English applied to a firearm. Ward in 1647: "To talk squibs and pistolettos charg'd with powder of love and shot of reason." Wood, 1647-8: "Give fire to the pistoletto tobacco pipe charg'd with its Indian powder."

We refer "N." in conclusion, to Sir James Turner's "Pallas Armata" (1683), and to Sir S. R. Meyrick's "Critical Inquiry Into Ancient Armour" (1844). These learned writers refer constantly to the pistol, invented at Pistola by Camillo Vitelli, according to Turner, in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., as a firearm. "Small arms—hand gun, harquebus, demi-haque and pistol." The demi-haque was smaller than the harquebus, which might not be less than three-quarters of a yard long, gun and stock included. The pistol took the place of the demi-haque for the sake of convenience. Old pistols, which probably belonged to the Duke of Tuscany, were in Goodrich court. They were one foot eight inches and a half long. In 1549 an ordinance of

Henry II. of France mentioned the pistol as a small firearm. The pistol drove out the mace and the estoc. The estoc was a "small stabbing sword." The pistol, a firearm, was thought to be more effective.

CEREMONIAL JUSTICE.

The justices of the supreme court and the judges of the county court in Brooklyn appeared on the bench in silk gowns a few days ago to the surprise of many and to the discomfort of Justice Mareau, who removed his gown in the afternoon. He remarked that the gown was all right on gala or ceremonial occasions, but not for the transaction of ordinary business. "I believe that this attempt to make judges wear gowns is an attempt to add dignity to the court in an unworthy manner."

Too many courts in America sadly lack dignity, and if gowns will supply the deficiency, the judges should be compelled to wear them. Let these gowns be sumptuous, with plenty of braid, and even with a tassel. A particular color might symbolize the character of the case.

There cannot be too much ceremony in a court room. It was a pleasure years ago in the western part of the state to see the sheriff with a plug hat decorated with a gold button usher the judge into the room. When the judge had taken his seat the

sheriff hung the hat of office on a tall white pole—at least the pole seemed to boyish eyes almost as tall as the meeting house spire. Every detail of court procedure was conducted with a stateliness that would have pleased conservative Spaniards.

Fresh from these scenes, we saw in Albany, N. Y., thirty years ago, a justice of the supreme court with one foot on the desk, yawning openly, while a lawyer for the state argued in a canal ring case.

KINGS' PHYSICIANS.

The physician extraordinary to the King of England died full of honors and resplendent with decorations, yet the position of physician to a monarch has not always been an enviable one. In years gone by his head depended on his skill, and there have been instances when his fee was something lingering with boiling oil in it.

In the "Thousand Nights and a Night" the reward of a wandering physician is often the hand of the ruler's daughter, and the hero, despairing of wooing her, adopts the disguise of a learned leech. About a century ago an English doctor of repute killed himself because his patient, one of the royal family, died in his care.

Physicians today are not so tragically sensitive, and rulers as well as doctors have come to the conclusion that the practice of medicine, not surgery, is largely experimental. Nevertheless, the physicians that ministered to the father of the present German Emperor had no easy task, and more than one reputation was then bitterly assailed.

THE PRICE OF PEARLS.

"The price of pearls is not becoming lower, for at an auction of Miss Darland's jewelry a string of 177 realized \$38,200 and a necklace of 35 large pearls brought \$31,000."

Then these pearls must be fresh and young, for the pearl is supposed in the east to lose 1 per cent. of its splendor and value every year; or perhaps they were naturally pierced, for they are the best. It is a pity that the price is still high, for although pearls have not the admirable medicinal qualities of diamonds, rubies or amethysts, they "comfort the limbs of the wearer and cleanse them of superfluous

humors." Furthermore, they fortify and give flavor to stoops of wine, witness the draught of Cleopatra, and dissolved in wine they strengthen the weak, for William Beckford, when in Lisbon, observed that the physical condition of the Queen of Portugal was thus bettered.

METHUSELAH.

Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago may be an earnest student of anthropology, but he shows a lack of taste in his unprovoked assault on Methuselah. This oldest inhabitant was apparently a quiet, blameless person. He kept no diary to be published after his death to the annoyance of those whose fathers and relations, defenceless in the grave, were maligned. He left no volume of reminiscences pretentiously modest or brazenly egotistical. He did not even say that he lived to be 969 years old.

We are told little about him in

Genesis. At the age of 187 years he begat Lamech. He lived after that 782 years and kept begotting sons and daughters. "And he died." Why should Prof. Starr doubt the age of the patriarch? Especially since Prof. Metchnikoff of Paris assures us that a man, living the normal life and drinking plenty of curdled milk with certain germs in it, should only be of age at 100?

Spare us a few of the heroic old characters. Let William Tell be a mythical hero; Lucrezia Borgia a philanthropist prominent in all good works; Tiberius and Richard III. exemplary rulers; but let Methuselah remain the grand old man of all time. "As old as Methuselah." If he be robbed of his eminence, who shall take his place in the comparison? Let not the Starrs in their courses fight against Methuselah.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

Americans visiting London will soon be, indeed, personally conducted. Capt. Ansell of the American Guide Bureau has devised a plan by which our countrymen will obtain "a real idea of English life." "All the guides will be gentlemen, holders of army commissions or university degrees, who will take the visitor to their clubs, allow him to use their automobiles, and take him everywhere." Lectures will be given in various inns on subjects of interest to visiting students. This will appeal especially to Bostonians, with whom attending lectures is a rooted habit.

Why should there not be like guides in Boston now, and especially during "Home Week"? Boston has one "expert guide," but what will one be among so many? We like to think of members of the Somerset, Puritan and University clubs, professors of Harvard University, an assortment of colonels and generals, calling at hotels, meeting strangers or the Boston-born returning after many years

at the railway stations and steamboat landings, presenting cards and courteously escorting to automobiles with chauffeurs warranted safe and kind. "This way to the Somerset Club." As for lecturers, the city is always full of them.

AN EX-EMPRESS.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, who has been living so quietly of late years that many were not sure she was alive, has come into prominence again by gaining her suit to recover from the state certain articles which were the private property of Napoleon III. and by the statement that she is to

be sued for an unpaid I. O. U. of her husband's for about \$500,000 which the holder lost in 1870.

The life of Eugenie is yet to be written. In the height of her splendor, when, as it has been said, she was Empress of the French and Hortense Schneider their grand duchess, her own reputation was spotless in a court conspicuous for its open corruption and brazen-faced immorality. Even the most malicious gossips who left behind them scandalous diaries spoke of her respectfully. By some she was described as extravagant in dress and frivolous in manner, but this was the head and front of her offending. Her best known works were the revival of the hoop petticoat, the ugly chignon with the long Eugenie curl, the Garibaldi blouse, the colored underskirt, the introduction, after a trip to Egypt, of the bernouse and the color "eau de nil." It is true that she made the fortune of Worth, that she often paid \$30,000 for a dress; but on the other hand she was truthful, self-respecting, generous, when she had every occasion and opportunity to be otherwise.

Her husband, though he was proud of her beauty, was notoriously unfaithful to her. Her mother was a

woman of adventures. Neither Eugenie's bringing up nor her imperial surroundings were calculated to foster and maintain the nobler characteristics of a woman. She was constantly wounded by the political influence of Napoleon's mistresses, but she had the tact, as Empress of the French, to keep on good terms with them and to further beneficent schemes by using them as tools. If she were jealous of the influence of the Princess Mathilde, not in this instance as wife, but as Empress, she did not forget her good manners, and she attended the funeral of Mathilde years after France was again a republic. In her later, tragic days she has carried herself with dignity, and even in Paris, which she now visits, an old, deaf, faded woman, there is no one to cry out "Mme. Badinguet," for probably no one of the cruel mob of today remembers that Napoleon, the Man of Destiny, escaped from Ham in the clothes of Badinguet, a workman.

RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MME. JOHNSON

The pupils of Mme. Vinello Johnson have an operatic recital last evening in the Colonial Theatre. They were assisted by Mr. Heinrich Schuermann, tenor, Mr. Edward Orchard, bass, and members of the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Gustav Ruben. The programme consisted of a grand overture to "Zampa," scenes from "Aida" (Misses Pearl Preston and Ellie J. Harlow), "Favorita" (Mrs. Genevieve Danforth, Miss Harlow, Mr. Schuermann), an aria from "The Queen of Sheba" (Miss May Belle Dammun), a "tomb scene" from "Romeo and Juliet" (Mrs. Anna Lewis, Miss Preston), and the first act of "Carmen" (Misses Florence Hale, Florence Walsh, Messrs. Schuermann and Orchard).

Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald had charge of the dramatic action and stage management. Mme. Johnson's pupils have given in previous years operatic concerts of a similar nature, and more or less ambitious performances have been creditably performed. Last evening the stage management was more than usually good, and in many ways the performance was one of the best that Mme. Johnson has produced. Not all the pieces were big enough to fill so large an auditorium, but there were voices at it was a pleasure to hear, and the dramatic action, with few exceptions, was of a smoothness and security rare among students. Miss Preston has a voice of winning quality, and was particularly happy in her song and gesture, so that even as Romeo's grace made the spectator forget his erson to seeing a woman in a man's rt. Miss Hale also was conspicuously pleasing for these same qualities, and Carmen showed that she knew the lative values of repose and action. r. Schuermann has a voice of singular loothness, a voice eminently suited to

opera by its variety, flexibility and range. His stage presence is good and his work last evening was marked by intelligence and sincerity. There was an audience of fair size, generous with applause and other demonstrations of pleasure.

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A SOLDIER'S HEIGHT.

Under instructions from the President, commander-in-chief of the military forces of the country, new rules for admission of cadets to West Point have been drafted by Surg.-Gen. Reilly, and are now in force. The height requirement has been increased one inch, and standards of vision also are raised. The age factor is introduced, making the physical requirements progressive. Officials at West Point seem to welcome the new rules, which unquestionably will increase the impressive appearance of future officers of our army; but the change will lead, no doubt, to an amicable discussion by old fighters, as to the effect upon the fighting power of the army.

The passion of the Fredericks of Prussia for giants is today regarded only as an eccentricity. It was found out in our civil war that "pony men" endured much more fatigue than soldiers of more heroic build, just as the pale city clerk out-marched the ruddy youth from the country. Gen. Picton used to say that the ideal "the topmost soldier in the world" is a Welshman of five feet eight inches in height. This speech might have come from Capt. Fluellen. The day of the phalanx, the crushing mass or column, is over. Mere weight of flesh is not considered. The wiry, nimble, much-enduring man is preferred to the superb and typical grenadier.

CONCERT FOYER

Olla Podrida with Slight Dash
of Music as a
Seasoning.

FROM SLUNGSHOTS TO
LADY GODIVA.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The time has now come, as the walrus remarked to the carpenter, to talk of many things. The loungers or strollers in the foyer of an opera house or concert hall do not talk invariably about music. Men discuss business, horses, automobiles, women, golf, politics—especially when they have been led to the opera house by their wives or daughters. Do women always confine their conversation to the art of the singer or the character of the music?

Furthermore, the season is over, as far as Boston and other American cities are concerned. There is music in London, but with the exception of a spring festival or a belated pupils' recital, the season of 1907-8 is at an end in this country.

Mr. Huneker in an entertaining article about pictures, which was published in the New York Sun a few days ago, intimated that it was time to stop talking about art; that Nature called disputants to the country to study her and to be lost in admiration. As a finale he quoted the memorable answers of Mr. Petulengro when George Borrow asked him, the gypsy, what he thought of life and death:

"Life is sweet, brother."
"Do you think so?"
"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"
"In sickness, Jasper?"
"There's the sun and the stars, brother."
"In blindness, Jasper?"
"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live forever."

These are memorable words, and to some they give the secret of true living; but I cannot think of Mr. Huneker as happy and contented listening all summer to the wind on the heath. Give him a companion, and even on Egdon Heath he would at once talk delightfully about the De Concourts, Gorki, Goya, Gounod and Gluck. His mind is too active for him to be always a listener to Nature.

He is right in saying that the season for set and deliberate newspaper articles

about any form of art is over for a time, but George Borrow himself, wandering over England, Spain, or Wales by day and night, or camping in a dingle, was an inveterate talker on all sorts of subjects. Look over his "Wild Wales," for example. The passages that cling to the memory are not his descriptions of scenery, not his preposterous praise of old Welsh poets, but the account of his adventures in humble inns, what he ate and drank there, what talk he had with villagers, bagmen, travellers of all kinds. He was never tired of ale, and never weary of talking about it. The ale which I am fond of is ale about nine or ten months old, somewhat hard, tasting well of the malt and little of the hops—ale such as farmers, and noblemen, too, of the good old time, when farmers' daughters did not play on pianos and noblemen did not sell their game, were in the habit of offering to both high and low, and drinking themselves.

What a breakfast he ate at Bala, where he met the Welshman who had sojourned in America. "A noble breakfast it was; such, indeed, as I might have read of, but had never before seen. There were tea and coffee, a goodly white loaf and butter; there were a couple of eggs and two mutton chops. There was broiled and pickled salmon—there was fried trout—there were also potted trout and potted shrimps."

A breakfast that Prof. Chittenden and Mr. Fletcher, the masticator, would disapprove! There are passages in Borrow's books as in those of the elder Dumas and of Dickens that make a man hungry though he has just eaten a hearty meal of victuals, to use the good old New England term that is now considered low and coarse.

All honest, wholesome persons delight in reading about eating and drinking and talking about these subjects, though they themselves may be temperate. The child's question when his father and mother return from dining out is significant: "What did you have to eat?" On the stage a scene in which people eat real food always excites and holds the attention of the audience. I remember a performance of "Gerfaut" in Paris when Mme. Brandes was the heroine. She was then comparatively unknown. She was a member of the Varieties company, and in "Gerfaut" she made a reputation that admitted her to the Comedie Francaise. Excellent as she was in this dramatization of De Bernard's novel, the scene that gave most pleasure to the audience was where several sat at table and really ate. How they did eat!

One reason, probably the chief reason, why the scene between Siegmund, Sieglinde and Hunding in "The Valkyrie," is so tedious is because there is no food on the table, although they are supposed to sup. Perhaps Sieglinde was not a good provider. Let us reason together for a moment. Hunding comes home after tramping all day in search of game or after killing some of his neighbors; he comes home tired after lugging about with him his huge property spear and the ponderous typical phrase that Wagner gave him. Not a thing on the table! Nor does Sieglinde bring out anything from the cupboard. Instead of food, he finds a stranger sprawling near his hearth, his wife already too charitably disposed. Craving food, he is obliged to listen to an interminable account of Siegmund's life and adventures, an egotistical story that lasts till bed time. Hunding has not even a cold snack. No wonder he swears he will slay the stranger in the morning. And then Sieglinde puts dope in his bed drink.

There is some "musical news." Miss Olive Rhinesmith, a school teacher at Midvale, N. J., four years ago, was at the railway station to farewell friends. An employe of the railroad put a torpedo on the track. It exploded, and a bit hit Miss Rhinesmith in the neck. She had been taking singing lessons in New York, and specialists testified in court when she brought suit for injury to her voice that the voice was an uncommonly good one before the accident. She sued for \$5000, and last week a verdict of \$2500 was given in her favor.

On the other hand, a young musician who had been dumb for seven years, after vain endeavor to recover his speech, was compelled to seek refuge in the Croydon (Eng.) workhouse. One day last month a soda water siphon fell and exploded with a great noise. The dumb man, surprised, uttered a loud cry and soon began to talk. Yet it is said that repeated draughts of soda with whiskey are injurious to the voice.

The Glasgow Herald has come to a sensible conclusion: "Wagner has been discussed as poet, philosopher, dramatist, social reformer and musician. One has not much hesitation in saying that Wagner, the musician, will remain after the others are either forgotten or relegated to comparatively unimportant places. Indeed, the indifference of many opera-goers to Wagner's 'message' is almost pathetic when we consider how earnestly the composer preached. The tragedy of 'The Ring,' for example, is the tragedy of Wotan. Wotan may be said to stand for modern civilization, bound by numberless laws, unable to free itself, and swept away at last by Siegfried, the fearless revolutionary. (Wotan, of course, stands for different things with different Wagnerians, but let the explanation stand meantime.) Yet Wotan, by some of the frequenters of Covent Garden, is regarded as the bore of the piece. There are times when it requires all the charm of the music to make his prosings tolerable. Some years ago it used to be said that those in charge of the refreshment bar always knew when Wotan was holding the stage; Wotan seemed to drive a large number of the audience to drink."

What sort of coffee George Borrow found in the Welsh inn, where he ate that heroic breakfast, is not beyond all conjecture. Probably it did not hurt him, for he was a giant of a man, six feet three in height, a strong and hardy swimmer, and a formidable boxer—witness his homeric fight, with Isopel Berners looking on. The coffee was but as a little bay in a sea of ale.

Apropos of coffee, why should Mrs.

Howard Gould have been frightened by the anonymous letter: "Be sure, above all things, don't drink coffee?" Is it not highly probable that this warning was an advertisement for some substitute, some cheering breakfast succedaneum? It is said that the popularity of one of these substitutes is due to the fact that it contains coffee.

While we are talking of lethal weapons, forpedoes, soda water siphons, Wotan and coffee, it is well to remember that a magistrate in New York was exceedingly wroth with an "individu," as the French say, who was brought before him charged with carrying a slung-shot. If the judge could have had his way he would have sent him to state's prison for 20 years, if not for life, so cruel, so horrible, did the weapon appear to him.

Who invented the slung-shot? There was once a youth who in examination answered more than once: "The origin of this is lost in the mists of antiquity." There was also a brilliant lawyer, given to strong drink, who, addressing a class at a law school, winked confidentially at the students, with their notebooks, and then remarked, with a wise air: "Bills of exchange and promissory notes, young gentlemen, were invented by the first Napoleon. Now, Napoleon did not invent the slung-shot, which may have been used in mists of old."

One of the best tales ever told is "The Town-Ho" story, which is to be found in Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." In this story Radney, the mate, had wronged grievously Steelkilt, a Lakeman and desperado from Buffalo. By the way, there is a singular description of the Erie canal in this story: how "one continued stream of Venetian corrupt and often lawless life" flowed through New York state.

"There's your true Ashantee; there howl your pagans; where you ever find them, next door to you; under the long-flung shadow, and the snug, patronizing lee of churches." What will be the influence of the canal on Cape Cod folks? On the Town-Ho—"Town-Ho" was an old whale cry on first sighting a whale from the masthead—Steelkilt, plotting vengeance, braided with twine something that looked like a lanyard for his bag; but an iron ball, closely netted, was ready for the forehead of the mate.

The sand bag is perhaps older than the slung shot. Vigneul Marville said that the former is an Italian invention, for the Italians were peculiarly ingenious in their settlement of arguments and feuds, especially in the matter of poisons. The sand bag "seems like Italian ingenuity of wickedness, but it is practised in Portugal." Yes, and it was known to savages, among them those made savage by society, the French galley slaves. Is there not a description of a sand bag in "Les Miserables"? The weapon has been used in lunatic asylums to quiet patients. When Gottschalk, the prisoner, died in Brazil, there was a story that he had been sand-bagged by a rival wooer, but the truth of this story was denied indignantly by his relatives.

There was an organ recital at Houston, Tex., a fortnight ago, and some were not wholly satisfied. "Dr. Baldwin is a wizard on the organ, but many of his audience went to listen to music—not to Baldwin. The programme was one-third Baldwin, one-third fire crackers and one-third music. He had 'The Old Kentucky Home,' with many frills and furbelows, an emaculated edition of 'Propitick March,' 'The Pilgrims' Chorus on the Drums and Fifes,' lots of thunder and lightning, with the sublime Bach air as the oasis in the wilderness." This was not the editorial opinion of the Post, but of Mr. Barnstein, whose article was thus prefaced by the critic: "To the editor of this department from a highly cultivated member of this community whose interest in what is of educative advantage to our people is earnest and unselfish, comes the appended letter."

The English are less prudish than we. In the Coventry pageant Lady Godiva will ride the streets "in the altogether," though there will be concessions in the form of flesh tights and some apparently incidental draperies." Our old friend, "La Milo," will probably impersonate the heroine, that is if "her appearance will be purely for a charitable object." Meanwhile the mayor receives letters of application daily from women who show enviable confidence in themselves. They send photographs and measurements.

What an outcry there would be in any New England town, even in Boston, if there were to be like horsemanship, yet we should all think, with Mr. Bernard Capes, that "Ulysses dallying in Acaea is surely no more honorable a sight than Godiva traversing Coventry in an adorable dishabille."

Yet Birmingham and Manchester in England have requested the music hall managers to discontinue representations of living statuary. The lord mayor of Birmingham did not object on the ground of prudery. He "thought it unreasonable that scope should be afforded for agitation or strife on such a subject." The Pall Mall Gazette suggests that the word "unfortunate" should be substituted for "unreasonableness." "The attitude of the lord mayor of Birmingham reflects as much upon the clamor that insists on seeing only an appeal to the lower instincts as upon entertainers who are accused of immodesty and coarseness because they lend themselves to what is generally an artistic and beautiful effect. The pure appeal of living statuary to 'innocent minds' is, of course, quite marred by the moralists; and so is its effect of cleaner honesty upon minds that revel in the suggestive."

Only a little while ago Mabelle Gilman welcomed all reporters. Now, as Mrs. Corey she is "annoyed by notoriety," and no reporters are allowed even to lodge in any hotel where she may stop. Lantum mutata!

Let us in conclusion speak of a musician, a most versatile one, named Vasco. In 20 minutes he plays 28 instruments. The list as given by the

Detroit News is as follows: "Trumpet, cornet, bagpipes, soprano, clarinet, piccolo, cello, trumpet, violin, post horn, whistle (one hand), concertina, piccolino, musette, contra fagott, piccolo, saxophone, trombone, oboe, with bird warbler, flute, French horn, banjo, mandolin with song, sleigh bells (with feet), bassoon, oboe, cori de bassetto, doublephone." I have preserved the original spelling.

The News appreciated the performance. "Frenzied music has been dished up in Detroit in Creators style, with variations, quite frequently, but a musical frenzy of an entirely new order is served at the Lafayette Theatre this week in a way that makes one feel Vasco, the mad musician, has frizzled music, scrambled it, turned it inside out and upside down and left it panting and out-distanced in his wild path through a vaudeville act as interesting as ever appeared in this city."

"I like Hamerika," said Mr. Vasco, "but the vaudeville houses do not appreciate the real music of my act."

PREDECESSORS.

What if, after all, the Octopus and other submarine boats should not be a new thing? Foulis in "Plots of Our Pretended Saints" wrote long ago of "the Rotterdam ship which would kill the English under water." Was this a diving vessel, or a boat of the torpedo kind? The late Jules Verne was, perhaps, neither as original nor as fantastical as was supposed when he wrote his famous romance with the mysterious captain as a hero.

BAGS VS. CANDLE MOULDS.

"The day of the 'bag' trousers has departed—tailors fervently hope, never to return."

Trousers cannot be taken too seriously, even by tailors who, if cornered, will confess that their art is empirical. The sartorial announcement of the passing of "bags" will bring sorrow to many, who prefer generous all-round bags to eel-skin trousers, which look skimpy, are easily sprung and bag hideously at the knees. It is not given to all to be careful of their clothes. There are men who at night stretch their trousers after they have doffed them, or fold them cunningly, or put them under a mattress, or suspend them by the bottoms from an ingenious machine. They are no doubt to be envied. The common mortal throws his trousers over or at a chair, and they then assume any shape. Bags endure the ordeal better than candle moulds. A man may, however, be too careful of his trousers, as was Mr. Runyon, accused of an attempt to murder his wife in a town of Pennsylvania. Running from detectives, he stopped to turn up the bottoms, for the street was muddy, and he was caught, a sad case of misplaced thrift and neatness.

Common persons whose legs are not sculptural may look heroic in bags. The spindle-shanked, and those who resemble sufferers from elephantiasis, are thus alike glorified. And then the comfort of bags! How ill at ease is the man seated in tightly fitting pantaloons, who keeps picking at his knees—even at a social gathering—so that the garment will not bulge when he attempts to make an effective exit!

UNDYING MEMORIES.

The news of the death of Prof. Albert Harkness will renew the youth of many who, not knowing him personally, looked on him in boyish days as a taskmaster, with his tables of "mensa" and "amo" and his rules of syntax, among them the one concerning "Quod, quia, quoniam and quando." There are men today who could not translate four lines of Virgil or Horace to save their necks—the grace given to the clerks of old—yet they remember that the name of a town used as the limit of motion is put in the accusative, as they remember scraps in the old Latin

reader: "Rex ei benigne recepto filiam dedit."

The Latin grammar of Harkness and the Greek grammar of Hadley were contemporaneous and equally abhorred by the lazy. The grammars served their purpose well, and, as they had driven out preceding grammars, so, in turn, they were succeeded. The impression made by these two books is still strong, and so there are gray-haired men today who, awaking suddenly from a dream, hear for a moment the chapel bell, and instinctively jump for trousers, boots and a concealing ulster.

THE NEWLY RICH AND THEIR SERVANTS.

The suddenly rich are not always comfortable in the presence of their servants. They need not be ashamed of their secret timidity. Readers of Thackeray will remember how he shuddered at the thought of the observing men who stood behind the chairs of guests at a formal dinner. Hazlitt at one time in his life kept away from houses of his friends, for he dreaded the eyes of the servants scrutinizing his shiny coat. Had they not read the foul and cruel attacks on him in Blackwood? A wise man who after years of humble living makes a master stroke in the market and has the good sense to retire from business, should take his butler into his confidence, and say to him frankly: "Robert, you know what is the proper thing to do. Go ahead and steer me." In like manner he should consult his valet. For once a master might seem to his valet a hero.

The thought that a servant may have a literary gift and also be a shrewd observer should keep any pretentious family on its good behavior. If there are to be any domestic explosions they should be in private, in a heavily furnished room, with thick walls and closed doors. The talk at table should be impersonal, cheery and not wholly without an aesthetic flavor. In other words, each day should be lived so that the record entered at night might not bring the household to confusion, were the pages to be published in a magazine devoted to the interests of the heart and home; a magazine that boasts of its "red blood."

COMING CONCERTS.

Professional singers and amateurs, pupils of Mme. Gertrude Salisbury, will give a concert in Potter Hall on Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. Saundellus, Mrs. Helen Hunt, Mrs. Guckenberger, Miss Barrows, Mrs. Clark, Miss Pickhardt, Mrs. Baker, Miss Wainwright, Miss Osgood and Miss Ames will be the solo singers. The programme will include Mrs. Beach's "Rose of Avontown," for female voices; the "Battle Scene," from Bruch's "Arminius," an aria from "Tosca," and songs by Brahms, Brown, Benedict, Chabrier, Corner, d'Erlanger, Miss Lang, Lerout, Manney, MacDowell, Handel, Clough-Lefter, Wolf, Purcell, Pergolesi, Schubert, Widor. Miss Lillian Goulston will give a piano recital Wednesday evening in Jordan Hall at 8:15. She will play pieces by Lachner, Dubois, Scarleth, Schumann, Chopin, Rinaldi and Paderewski and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia, with Mr. Stasney playing the second piano.

OLIVER DITSON FUND.

The annual meeting of the Oliver Ditson fund for the relief of needy musicians was held May 19, at Mr. Ditson's late residence, 233 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, and the following officers were elected: President, B. J. Lang; treasurer, Charles H. Ditson; clerk, Charles F. Smith; trustees, B. J. Lang, A. Parker Bourne, Arthur Foote. The fund originates in a bequest of Mr. Ditson some years ago, and is intended for the relief of persons connected with the musical profession who have come to be in great need of assistance; it is not in any way for educational purposes. The trustees desire to hear of any such cases of destitution, and application may be made to any of the officers named above.

False Ideas Corrected; Second Article on Mr. Sonneck's Book on Concert Life; Stoughton Society Heard from.

BY PHILIP HALE.

THE HERALD, reviewing last Sunday Mr. O. G. Sonneck's "Early Concert Life in America," published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Haertel of Leipzig and New York, spoke of the author's incredible industry and patience, of the sanity shown in his use of materials and in the conclusions drawn from laborious investigation. It also discussed the infant phenomena who appeared in this country in the 18th century, the methods of advertising, the summer concerts and the criticisms that were published.

Today, led by Mr. Sonneck, let us inquire into the character of the concerts themselves, the nature of the orchestras and the nationality of the pioneers in music.

It has often been stated that the early New Englanders looked on secular or "profane" music as one of the peculiarly favorite amusements of Satan; that, indeed, in the early history of America, only sacred music was encouraged and fostered; that the cultivation of music, as the word is understood today, was begun by Germans who came to this country with their love of the art; that without their interest and care we should long have been without orchestras and without knowledge of the works of great masters.

Even today there are many—there are some to be found in Boston—who believe that music was, and will be made chiefly in Germany; that the world at large is indebted to Germany for all forms of musical art. To them there is no opera but German opera, and by that they mean the music-dramas of Wagner. No pianist but a German can "understand" Beethoven's music for the piano. Only a German can truly appreciate Bach, Schubert and Schumann.

It would be impertinent to point out the absurdity of these statements to any one who is acquainted with the history of music, to any one who is at all conversant with the present condition of the art in Europe or to any one who has true taste.

But there are some who, while they know that these statements come from crass ignorance, are under the impression that Germans were the pioneers in America; that before their arrival in numbers music in this country was chiefly psalm singing in New England.

Mr. Sonneck shows conclusively that, inasmuch as the colonies were English colonies, our country took England as a model at first in musical matters, "whether they pertained to repertory, customs or details of management"; that the French revolution "interrupted this predominantly English current and visibly infused French blood into our musical body." After the revolutionary war "the cosmopolitan channels gradually widened and soon submerged colonial traditions" with the tide of immigration.

In the early concert life instrumental music was cultivated to the exclusion almost of choral. "Efforts were made to draw the latter forth from the church choirs and singing schools, but they were successful only temporarily or failed entirely." The musicians who shaped the destinies of our concert life were, according to Mr. Sonneck, Honkinson, Bremner, Adgate, Bentley, Tuckey, Reinagle, Hewitt, Flagg and Selby.

"There can be little doubt that the nearest approach to a musical atmosphere in feeble imitation of European conditions was to be found in the South rather than in the North."

Southern Musicians.

Any meditation on musical life in America before 1700 must be mere guesswork "until some historian displays the courage, the skill and the patience to unearth and collect the data." The period until 1720 may be called the primitive; the period from about 1720 until about 1800, the formative period of our musical history.

In Charleston, S. C., in 1732, concerts were given by Mr. John Salter; there were concerts of vocal and instrumental music, but we know nothing about the programmes. Printed programmes, by the way, outside of France, England and America, did not become customary until toward the end of the 18th century, and in Europe in that century it was not customary to mention the programme in the advertisement. This Salter had a wife, who kept a boarding school where John taught music. Pachelbel, an organist in Boston and Newport, wandered to Charleston and gave a concert. At a concert in 1765 at Charleston the programme tells us that there were concertos for horn, violin, harpsichord, bassoon, the overture to "Scipio," a trio and songs.

From 1733 to 1800 English opera flourished and about 1794 a company of French comedians, who had escaped the terrorists in St. Domingo, introduced operas by Rousseau, Gretry, Cimarosa, Paisiello and others. Furthermore, they influenced the concert life; they with the French exiles of the revolution. The names of Stamitz, Gossee, Haydn, Gyrowetz, Pleyel, Gretry and even of Mozart and Gluck are found on the programmes, and it should be remembered that Mozart's music was not heard in abundance in concerts at Vienna before 1800.

Here, for example, is the programme of a concert given at Charleston in 1794: Symphony, Pleyel; violin quartet, Pleyel; overture, Gretry; overture, "La Chasse," Gossee; overture, Haydn; violin concerto, Viotti. The programme also included a piano sonata, a glee, songs, duets. After the concert proper, there was a "grand ballet," there were other dances, and the whole concluded with "manly feats of activity by Mr. M. Sully." "Boxes to be taken as usual. Tickets at 5 shillings each. None but the managers admitted on the stage."

In 1795, in a concert where symphonies by Haydn and Pleyel were played, a clarinet concerto was performed. The year after excerpts from Handel's "Messiah," "Samson," "Judas Macabeus," "Esther" and "L'Allegro il Penseroso" (sic) were produced. That same year Gluck's overture to "Iphigenie in Aulis" and Haydn's "Stabat Mater" were performed at Charleston, and there was "a full orchestra of upward of 30 performers." In 1797 a symphony by Mozart was played, and Mozart was then consid-

ered a dangerous fellow, a Debussy of his period.

In Baltimore the early musicians were English, French, Italian and Dutchmen. Frenchmen brought out Pergolesi's "Serva Padrona" in 1789. In 1793 orchestral works by Haydn, Gluck, Pleyel were performed, and the next year "The Battle of Prague," that famous piano piece which, in its original form or arranged for a band, raged for half a century and more, was played by a Mr. Vogel, the conductor of a grand orchestral concert. French professional musicians driven from home by the revolution, broadened our musical horizon. "In the North the French element did not leave very visible traces, but in Baltimore and in the South it almost predominated for several years. Apparently the intrusion of the French did not cause much professional jealousy, for, as a rule, English, German and Italian musicians peacefully worked side by side, and perhaps more so than today, when our musical life has lost little if anything of its cosmopolitan character."

It should be remembered that in Virginia there were then several towns of almost equal importance and equal social attractions: Williamsburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Alexandria, Norfolk, Petersburg. Theatrical companies visiting the smaller towns gave concerts. Thus in 1796 and 1797 music by Stamitz, Sacchini, Gretry, Piccini, Handel was heard in Norfolk, and it may interest the members of the late Choral Art Society to know that the "Sacred glee of 'O Filli, O Fillae,'" was sung in Norfolk, Va., 110 years ago.

Early Orchestras.

The St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, S. C., advertised in 1771 for "a first and second violin, two hautboys and a bassoon, whom they are willing to agree with for one, two or three years."

In 1796 a concert was given in Charleston to which the title, "Musical Festival," was applied, perhaps for the first time in this country. As I have just stated, the orchestra was described as "upward of 30 performers." In an advertisement it is thus particularized: "One organ, 12 violins, 3 basses, 5 tenors, 6 oboes, flutes and clarinets, 2 horns, one bassoon, and two pair kettle drums."

This orchestra was large enough for the music and the halls of that period. The Herald has often expressed the wish that music by Haydn and Mozart

might be played today in a small hall by a small orchestra. As Mr. Sonneck says: "The modern, but, as all sensible lovers of art hope, soon antiquated, craze for enormous halls, enormous orchestras, enormous music, makes even those who should know better too often forget that entirely different conditions

Portraits of Cleo (Diane Cleopatre) Merode, the dancer, who is about to marry a Hungarian, and of Mme. Meryem, a Parisian stage woman distinguished chiefly by her pleasing personal appearance.



Cleo de Merode.

Mme. Meryem.

evaluated during the 18th century. Indeed, the usual performances of 18th century music, the early Haydn included, are but caricatures with several string instruments drowning the separate struggles of two oboes, two flutes, etc., for a hearing, and the backbone of the whole, the harpsichord, being cheerfully cut out of the body of the orchestra in favor of artificial trimming of stuffing for the further display of a string quartet.

Nor does the doubling of the woodwind instruments today remedy the ill. The whole effect is all out of proportion, swollen, monstrous, especially the applauded performances of Bach's instrumental music by the Boston Symphony orchestra and other leading orchestras.

Mr. Sonneck gives the size of European court orchestras about 1755, taking statistics from Marburg. There are 11 players in the orchestra of Prince Henry of Prussia, 32 in that at Lüneburg, only 36 in the court orchestra at Berlin. There were not more than 36 in the famous Concert Spirituel at Paris in 1751. In Beethoven's time at Bonn in 1795, the orchestra numbered only 22.

"Without pretending to have gone into matters very deeply," says Mr. Sonneck, "I hope to have made it clear that orchestras like that employed at Charleston on the above mentioned occasion are quite respectable in size, even if measured by European standards, and a footnote will serve as a danger signal to all those who, because of unfamiliarity with the subject, are apt to believe themselves transported into ridiculously primitive conditions because our early American orchestras numbered only from 10 to 50 performers."

A concert was given in Philadelphia in 1766, and the Pennsylvania Packet then said: "The whole band consisted of 250 men and 50 instrumental performers, which we are fully justified in pronouncing, was the most complete, both with respect to number and accuracy of execution, ever, on any occasion, combined in a city, and perhaps, throughout America." This was a huge chorus for the time, and the lack of true proportion between chorus and orchestra was the same as now. At the Handel commemoration at Westminster Abbey in 1784 the chorus numbered about 275 and the orchestra about 250. When the "Messiah" was performed at Berlin in 1786 there was a chorus of about 100, while the orchestra numbered 141.

Nothing can be more ineffective and absurd than the small orchestra engaged by Boston for concerts of the Handel and Haydn societies, and even for those of the Cecilia, either the music be by an ancient, a modern or an ultra-modern. In New York in 1796 "a band of the most eminent instrumental performers" was engaged for a concert. It contained "eminent" players as principals, with oboes, and a number of amateurs for ripieno strings and possibly for the flutes. But when, in 1796 in New York, a suitable band of music, vocal and instrumental, was engaged for the "opening" of the new Episcopal Chapel called Paul's, what was the composition of the band? Mr. Sonneck remembers that 22 instrumentalists in addition to an organ and harpsichord, against a chorus from 12 to 16 trained singers—and these had demanded seven or eight years for a very weak chorus, 10 or 12 more a little stronger, and from 21 to 30 for a full chorus—but a full chorus of 30 days would seem to modern hearers to find pleasure in the roar of "multitudinous mediocrity" ludicrously small.

Conductors and Batons.

When Mr. Giovanni Gualdo announced a concert in Philadelphia in 1796, the advertisement said: "The concert to be directed by Mr. Gualdo, in the Italian manner." What was the Italian manner? Mr. Sonneck is not prepared to say. Gualdo used a baton?

In the middle ages the conductor either hit the music stand with his right hand or with a paper roll. Yet a baton was occasionally used for extraordinary occasions as at a banquet given in 1564 with 50 singers and 80 instrumentalists—again observe the numerical proportion.

Antiquarians have stated that in Italy the conductor either sat at the cembalo and gestured, or beat time on the floor with a heavy stick, or, later, marked time with the fiddle bow, and this latter method became customary for all orchestral music during the second half of the 18th century in France, England and Germany. Not till about 1800 was there a tendency toward inaudible conducting. Emil Vogel states that the modern baton was first introduced in Germany in 1801 by Landgraf Ludwig von Hessen in Darmstadt. The baton was not used in Leipzig until 1835. Yet Mr. Sonneck is not wholly satisfied with the accuracy of these statements. He quotes from Beerens (1719), who said of conductors: "Others use a long stick." He quotes from a satire published at Basel in 1755: "There was one with a thin little stick which he beat in the air," etc. He suggests that a baton rather than an "unwieldy paper roll" was used by the cembalist, and remained in use in orchestral music until temporarily superseded by the violin bow of the leader. With the growth of the orchestra and with the gradual and absolute abolishment of the cembalo the conductor naturally stepped on the raised platform, baton in hand, from beginning to end of the piece, with the score in front of him.

"Finally," says Mr. Sonneck, "to gain an idea of just how the conducting was done by the cembalist, we need but watch the pianist in the modern vaudeville-orchestra (undoubtedly the direct, though perhaps illegitimate descendants of the 18th century orchestra), especially in Italy, where he will first mark time with the baton and then lay it aside for a while, then take it up again at a change of tempo or for some other reason, and so on throughout the performance, but using merely the hand for the necessary gestures only when he finds it inconvenient to pick up the baton."

Instrumental Solos.

The programmes of eight concerts given in Philadelphia in 1792-3 may well surprise those who are inclined to smile at a programme of the 18th century, picked up carelessly by some antiquarian. The composers represented were prominent in their day and generation and the names of Haydn, Mozart, Gretry, Bach, are not wholly unknown in 1907. Soloists were perhaps unduly prominent as they are today. Suppose that next September Mr. Charles A. Ellis should announce that there would be no soloists engaged for the ensuing season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Would not the zeal of music-lovers be dampened? Would not the premiums at the auction sale of tickets fall far below the average? In other words, would it be possible to give the concerts without soloists?

"Then as now soloists were in demand," says Mr. Sonneck, and the only difference lies in this, that we now pay,

or presume to pay, as much attention to the composer of a concerto as to the virtuoso performing it. It is those days the performer of a concerto usually was his own composer. Hence a distinction between the two usually could not be made. But even when performing a concerto by some other composer-virtuoso it was not considered necessary to mention the composer because concertos were admittedly looked upon more or less as vehicles for the exhibition of skill and nothing better. This remark applies to Capron, Brown, Gehot and other virtuosos who, however, while guilty of the offence of composing, as are 99 out of 100 musicians, succumbed to the temptation very much less often than Mr. Madeira seems to infer.

Mr. Madeira in a book about music in Philadelphia sneered at these "local geniuses." Mr. Sonneck asks pertinently if he has ever seen any of their compositions. Mr. Sonneck is acquainted with music by Reinagle, the only "local genius" who figured prominently at these eight concerts, and this music shows that he had unquestionable taste and talent. "Even if their best works were less than mediocre, the fact would still have to be taken into consideration that concert-givers everywhere in Europe habitually filled an entire evening with their own compositions, which only too often were still more mediocre than their skill in performing them. Indeed, the American public was decidedly less often subjected to such cruelty than that of Europe."

At these eight concerts in Philadelphia there were solo singers, and there were concertos or solo pieces for violin, cello, piano, clarinet, flute, French horn, bassoon, a double concerto for clarinet and bassoon, a flute quartet and duets for clarinet and piano were also played. In miscellaneous concerts in the South, in Philadelphia, in New York, there were solo performers on violin, French horn, bassoon, harpsichord, guitar, viola d'amore, mandolin (sic) psaltery, musical glasses and other instruments.

Mr. H. B. Victor, a German by birth, "musician to her late Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and organist at St. George's, London," went to Philadelphia in 1774. He taught the harpsichord, "forte piano," violin, German flute, and "thorough bass, both in theory and practice." This Mr. Victor made an announcement that he "intended to give a concert, and to perform on his new musical instruments, but is obliged to postpone it for want of able hands; the one he calls Tromba doppio con tympana, on which he plays the first and second trumpet and a pair of annexed kettle drums with the feet, all at once; the other is called Cymbaline d'amour, which resembles the musical glasses played by harpsichord keys, never subject to come out of tune, both of his own invention."

There were such freaks, but the general character of the miscellaneous and popular concerts was of a more legitimate and higher order. Mr. Berkenhead in Boston in 1795 played on the piano or harpsichord, "The Demolition of the Bastille," but we have all of us heard "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," and still more extraordinary programme music for the piano by ultra-moderns.

Random Remarks.

In Philadelphia the first leading musicians to give concerts were not Germans. An Orpheus Club is said to have existed as early as 1759. English opera was established on a firm footing, but though there were private music gatherings at the homes of John Penn, Francis Hopkinson and others, for some reason public concerts were few before the revolutionary war. The chief concert-givers were Gualdo, Sodi, Vidal, Victor, Brown, Reinagle.

Yet at Lancaster, Pa., there was sufficient interest in music in 1799 or 1800 for a local dealer to enter into business relations with Breitkopf and Haertel in Leipzig, and Mr. Sonneck asks "how many American cities of 50,000 inhabitants there are today with orchestral subscription concerts such as Philadelphia and other smaller cities enjoyed more than a century ago?"

There is a scarcity of sources concerning the beginnings of concert life in New York. Mr. Sonneck mentions a concert given in 1736, but this was probably not the first. The giver was C. T. Pachelbel and the concert was both vocal and instrumental. The first musician, however, to do deeds in New York was William Tuckey, an Englishman by birth. He brought out Handel's "Messiah" Jan. 16, 1770—that is, the overture and 16 numbers—one year before the first performance of the work in Germany.

Probably the earliest example of melodramatic music composed in America was J. Hewitt's, "for Collins's 'Odes on the Passions,' spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson, with music representative of each passion, as performed by the Anacreontic Society."

At Mr. Caze's concert in 1774, when "orchestry" pieces were performed, d'Exaudet's minuet—the air sung in Boston recently by Mr. Gilbert and a few others—was performed, "with echoes."

It would be a pleasure to follow Mr. Sonneck in his study of the development of orchestral music in New York, but time and space forbid it; yet I must make room for the characterization of Newport, R. I., 1739, by John Owen Jacob, in a letter to a friend in Philadelphia: "The want of instruments, together with the niggardiness of the people of this place, and their not having a taste of music, render it impossible for any one of my profession to get a competent maintenance here; and their feuds and animosities are so great concerning their government that a man can take but little satisfaction in being among them, so that it is no better than burying one's self alive."

The quotations made last Sunday and today from Mr. Sonneck's book give only a faint idea of the value of his work. A study of the programmes republished by him would in itself make an interesting article. He has shown that the music of the 18th century in America was not primitive. Our ancestors were not wholly barbarians in this respect, as some would have us fondly believe.

Speaking of Hopkinson's concerts in Philadelphia, Mr. Sonneck says: "It was a beginning, and the 70 subscribers certainly enjoyed the music as much as, if not more than, hundreds and thousands of those who fill a modern concert hall and listen attentively to music, much of which, though now considered immortal, will be forgotten, as have been forgotten the compositions by such gifted men as Valentini, Corelli, Pugnani, Stanley, Geminiani, etc., played by Hopkinson, his friends and the 'Assistant Performers.'"

STOUGHTON MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Herald has received the following letter apropos of a review of Mr. Sonneck's book on early American music. The review was published in last Sunday's issue:

Editor of the Herald: Pardon my intrusion on your attention, but a statement in your article in today's Herald requires a word from me, as secretary of the Stoughton Musical Society. On the authority of Mr. Sonneck you state that the St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, S. C., is older than the Stoughton Musical Society. I should like to see the records of the latter society and compare them with ours, which are in my possession. The Musical Society in Stoughton, one of the forerunners of the Stoughton Musical Society, has records which contain allusions to previous records (now lost), and has a copy of a letter of resignation by President Samuel Tabbot, in which he refers to his long connection with the society "ever since and during the year 1762." This letter was copied on the records and can be seen by any one so desiring. Although the first records are lost, there is no doubt whatever that the society was in full practice in the year 1762, when you state the Charleston society was formed.

Would it not be right for you in your next Sunday's article to correct your statement to the effect that the local musical society in Stoughton, probably antedated the Charleston society? The society yet called "Stoughton Musical Society" (of 1789) was made up of the local musical society and the principal singers of the surrounding towns, and is really a continuation of the former in a wider sphere, although the local society still preserves its organization. Yours truly,

EDWIN A. JONES.

Stoughton, Mass., May 26, 1907.

[The Herald quoted from Mr. Sonneck's "Early Concert-Life in America," page 16. Mr. Sonneck will, no doubt, be pleased to debate the subject of priority with Mr. Stone.—Ed.]

PERSONAL.

Miss Cleo de Merode, they say, is going to be married to a Hungarian, a man of fortune. Her full name is Diane Cleopatre de Merode, and her parentage was Viennese. At 7 years of age she entered the dancing class of the Paris opera; she was a "petit sujet" in 1893, and in 1897 she was a full-fledged dancer at that theatre. She was brought into prominence by the undisguised admiration of the King of Belgium, and by Falguieres' statue, "The Dancer," for which it was said she stood, undraped, as the model. Her visit to New York is remembered by some. Since this visit she has danced in German and Austrian cities, in the Netherlands, and even in Switzerland. The Pall Mall Gazette said of her recently: "She is one of the famous trio who rule over the Paris world of gayety. The other two are Liane de Pougy and La Belle Otero. Liane de Pougy has the English type of face, and, by some, is said to be of English origin, whilst Mme. Otero is indubitably Spanish. Of the three, Cleo bears the palm for pure notoriety. The oriental heart

of Sissowath beat all the faster for her beauty, nor need one travel so far for homage to her charms. A certain ruler of a European state is declared to have fallen a victim to her many fascinations. However that may be, Cleo will now fascinate one single man; yet her fame will long endure, will long be abroad the French reputation for feminine prettiness. Chromo-lithographs of her decorate, I dare say, the cell of the Grand Lama of Thibet and the lonely wigwam of the Last of the Mohicans. Well, well! Let us hope that the chateau in Hungary will not prove to be a mere 'chateau en Espagne.' A certain castle in Spain was entirely constructed, I fear me, out of the journalistic bricks of an imaginative reporter. I refer to the supposed marriage of Mme. Otero with a rich manufacturer of the Argentine. The manufacturer may exist, of course, in the person of a Mr. Webb, but the marriage web was woven of the flimsiest material. Cleo de Merode has travelled the world, as most professional beauties do nowadays. She has received poems of undying love from young men of all nations and of

all colors, even of the Esquimaux. If I am rightly informed, there never was a woman so adored as she, so pelted with bouquets and billets doux. Yet she has never written a book, nor even made an ascent in an aeroplane. Well, this extremely beautiful young person—for professional beauties are never old—is about to leave the stage for wedlock. In the mean time, she is uttering her wings in a final adieu. She goes a farewell tour to Monte Carlo and the other delightful spots of the sunny South. The succession will presently be open in the goddess' realms of the Graces. Who will be our new Aglaja?

Mr. Andre Macquarrie of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has just finished writing the music for a musical comedy, the libretto of which is the work of Mr. Quincy Kilby.

Mr. Frederick J. Allen, director of the City Historic Club of Boston has written the words of a song, "Boston Town." The music is the old German folk tune, "O Tannenbaum." The song has been written with special reference to "Old Home Week."

CLUB LIFE FOR WOMEN.

Some time ago Miss Alice E. Ives, a playwright, talked in New York about the English clubwoman, how the "icy calm" of her demeanor at home and in the houses of others melted in the club.

Now comes Mrs. G. Cornwallis West, a New Yorker by birth, who says that the "good-fellowship which exists in men's clubs is unknown in those for women" in London; "a woman who joins a club in the hope of social intercourse is wofully disappointed." But Mrs. West admits that there are attempts in London to inspire a feeling of what the Germans call "gemuthlichkeit." A new member in a woman's club shocked her fellow-members by putting her feet on the back of a chair, going to sleep and snoring. Called to an account, she answered: "I won't be restricted in any of my privileges! Isn't this supposed to be like a man's club? I know they always put their feet on the mantelpiece."

The London woman evidently does not know that men put their feet on chairs, veranda railings, mantelpieces solely for the purpose of resting the heart. To keep the feet on a level with the head, or even higher, for fifteen minutes or half an hour, at various times in the course of the day, is of great hygienic benefit. She should also know that in well regulated clubs for men members are not

allowed to sleep on the floor or on articles of furniture. The attitude might awaken unpleasant and derogatory suspicion.

GERMAN IN SCHOOLS.

Members of the New England branch of the German-American National Association urge the introduction of the study of German in the two highest grades of grammar schools in cities and towns of sufficient German population.

It would be a good thing for young Americans to learn French and Italian as well as German, for a polyglot has advantages over one who knows only one language. An acquaintance with Italian would be of use to any Bostonian who wishes to buy Parmesan cheese, olive oil, macaroni and other Italian exports in the North end, or to enjoy fully an opera season. But there are many citizens and taxpayers who believe that it would be better first of all to teach English thoroughly in grammar schools to Americans, Germans, Italians, French, Swedes and those of other nations. How many entering college have been well taught in English, so that they can express themselves in writing fluently and correctly? How many have any real acquaintance with English literature?

AROUND A NECK.

Just as the London Daily Mail assures us that the season "promises to be a notable one in the matter of

ties," a standing committee of the Dunkard National Conference at Los Angeles made this recommendation: "We advise our men against the wearing of neckties and fashionable hats, yet we do not see our way clear to make this a test of fellowship. At the same time we urge our members to guard against giving offence." This recommendation was rejected by the body of the House because it was not sufficiently stringent.

There are persons in Boston, who though they are not in sympathy with the Dunkards, frown on any exuberance in the form or color of a cravat. A man wearing one of pronounced yellow is to them a suspicious character; a man wearing a rich, not necessarily blazing, red cravat is at once put by them in the criminal class. And why? Chiefly because they themselves have neither individual taste nor courage. In a shop they obey the dictum of a clerk: "This is worn by our best people." They select the hat that is solemnly pronounced to be the "correct thing," although it may be singularly unbecoming. They choose a cravat that will not offend any one—something neutral, without significance, ordinary. We are not defending wild extravagance in what the haberdashers are pleased to describe as "neckwear." A laced cravat four and a half inches deep, or a point cravat a foot deep, with its ribbon of gold and green, would have been eminently proper with a costume worn at the court of Charles II., but it would be ridiculous at a formal meeting of the directors of the Society for the Protection of Indigent Chorus Girls, or at a "Cheap and Hungry."

On the other hand there should not be hideous uniformity in "neckwear." We know a man who has a dozen cravats of the foulard species; one is of a rich mahogany color, another is green—a deep green, not a delicate pea—another is of a gorgeous yellow—it brings up visions of the Orient; another is of a healthy, soul-satisfying red; still another is as though it were cut out of an old-fashioned chintz, say out of a valance; and there are others of equal worth though less conspicuous, perhaps, in splendor. He wears them in rotation, one a week. Yet such is the hidebound conservatism of this city that although his general bearing is modest, he attracts sneering attention; he is the song of drunkards in the street, so that if he were not fortified by the assurance of a clean conscience and a taste that soars above his drab environment, he would be tempted to take his exercise after dark.

YAWNING.

Yawning was at first and for a long time considered to be a vulgar expression of physical fatigue or of mental boredom. It was a symptom of disease or a manifestation of contempt. When a tiresome marquis came up yawning to the Prince de Ligne at the court of Louis XVI., the prince exclaimed: "That was exactly what I was going to say to you."

But now the yawn is recommended as a medicinal remedy. Yawn and stretch yourself wherever you may be, and no one acquainted with the "new thought" will take it amiss. Gape in the presence of the fair Arabella and she will say: "I see you are relaxing," and she will yawn in turn, to lengthen her joyous days. The ultra-modern writer on health urges yawning at stated intervals, by the clock, to further the expansion of the thorax. It follows, therefore, that bores are benefactors, and should be encouraged. Their company should be courted.

The rich should maintain one in their household as there was once a jester in every court, were it not that sometimes the unoccupied rich

are self-borers, who yawn between yawns.

THE TRUE DANDY.

The London Express devoted a column to an analysis of the cost of the clothing and ornamentation of a fashionable man during the London season, and it named the person as "the equivalent of the dandy of past generations." The main expenses were as follows: Clothes, \$1575; shirts and underwear, \$490; hats and shoes, \$335; cravats and gloves, \$160; sundries, nearly \$1000. This list did not include hunting, shooting and other country costumes.

Yet we read a few days ago that the race of dandies is extinct, and any one looking over Boutel de Monvel's recently published book on "Beau Brummell" would come to this conclusion. The author of "Salome" would spend a fortune on a coat, and an English nobleman who died not long ago delighted in trousers spangled with real diamonds when he took part in private theatricals, but these men dressed to be conspicuous, whereas the true dandy's aim was perfection, not ostentation, not gorgeousness. The dandy dressed, first of all, for himself. Between him and the sensational dresser there is the difference between Etherege's Sir Fopling Flutter and Vanbrugh's Lord Foppington. The former thought a looking glass in the room "the best company in the world"; the other considered it as of assistance to him in preparing to shine in company.

The true dandy dressed to satisfy his own ideal. He did not dream of exhibiting himself for applause. Beau Brummell taught his contemporaries the exquisite elegance of sobriety. No doubt "Bath House John" would have considered him a drab personage.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Mascot," comic opera in three acts by Edmond Audran. The cast:

Lorenzo XVII.	Otis B. Thayer
Frederick	Harry Davies
Pippo	J. K. Murray
Rocco	W. H. Pringle
Matteo	George C. Ogle
Parafuto	Miss Lola Hall
Bettina	Miss Clara Lane
Fiametta	Miss Louise Le Baron
Francesca	Miss Maud Earl
Angelo	Miss Carrie Donnell
Luigi	Miss Maud Rissinger
Antonio	Louis Fitz Roy
A peasant	W. T. Gauntt

The Sunday Gurdy Girl
at the Tremont
Carle +

June 5, 1907

MISS LA BARRAQUE IN SONG RECITAL

Is Assisted by Ralph Smalley,
'Cellist, and Alfred de Voto,
Pianist.

Miss Christine La Barraque, mezzo-soprano, assisted by Mr. Ralph Smalley, 'cellist, and Mr. Alfred de Voto, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. Miss La Barraque sang Caccini's "Amaryllis," Paisiello's "Chi Vuol la Zingarella," "Mia Piccerella" from Gomes' "Salvator Rosa," two arias from "Carmen," Sarasate's "Abanico Negro," Chaminade's "Cancion Espanola," Panzani's "La Jibbera," Grieg's "The Princess" and "Solvejg's Song" and D'Hardelot's "I Know a Lovely Garden." Mr. Smalley played Beethoven's symphonic variations, Faure's "Elegy" and Casella's "Neapolitan Dance." Miss La Barraque had already been heard in Boston, where her voice and the skill of her performance made a

pleasant impression. Last evening's programme was generally a grateful one for the singer, and was full of interest, although it was not widely varied. Miss La Barraque had wisely chosen songs which lay well within the natural range of her voice; and she showed a peculiar sympathy in interpretation. Her voice is of charming quality, full and gracious in its upper register, flexible and exceptionally varied. Her performance last evening was not altogether even, as there were moments of faulty intonation; but her singing was often of a high order.

Mr. Smalley gave a musicianly performance of the "Elegy" by Faure, in which he was fortunate in his accompanist. It is a fact that the audience was better pleased with Beethoven's "Variations," which were played with much orchestral effect. There was an appreciative audience of good size.

CONCERT FOYER

Note Suggested by Recent False
Report Concerning
W. L. Alden.

LIVING STATUARY AND OTHER PROBLEMS.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Clement Shorter said recently in the Sphere that journalism is not a career for a young man who wishes to get on in the world, whereupon Mr. George R. Sims rose indignantly and said: "Look at me."

Mr. Sims admits that he is not young, and that he now is not independent of work, but he believed in the chances of journalism, so that he gave up a certain income of \$3000 a year in order to become a newspaper man at 2 guineas a week. Soon after he started he brought the amount up to \$4 a week. He was paid a guinea for a column, "Waifs and Strays," in the Weekly Dispatch, and he made about \$3 a week writing for Fun, which, as I remember it, was not at all funny. He gave that up when the Referee was started, and then began to write "Mustard and Cress," or as envious persons call it, "Custard and Mess." But Mr. Sims is a dramatist, and he is also proprietor of a hair restorer.

"Journalism today is a more profitable profession than it was when I took it, for better or worse. That is, of course, for a journalist who can find his own subjects instead of having them given to him." The journalist with a wide range can today make as good an income as a barrister or a physician in good practice. But, of course, it would be much better for the young man who can sing a good song to go on the music halls and get \$500 a week.

A lawyer of high reputation in Boston stated recently that, taking all the members of the Suffolk bar together, the average income was less than \$1000 a year.

Mr. Sims made his remarks about the time that an appeal on behalf of Mr. William L. Alden was published in London. Now, Mr. Alden was known as a versatile newspaper man. He had many opportunities. He had written novels, and he had been consul-general at Rome. No sooner had the appeal for help been published than Mr. Alden said he was not in need of assistance. This was not the first time that he wrote in a contradictory mood.

The newspapers stated that Mr. Alden was born in New York, but his father lived for many years in Albany, N. Y., a school teacher, and outwardly a solemn man, so that some wondered how his son could be humorous. For Mr. W. L. Alden was humorous, and he was first known as the writer of amusing editorial articles published in the New York Times, usually in the last editorial column. He wrote one a day for several years. Some of these articles were exceedingly amusing, as the one on the rotary goat and the one on the baptism of a negro sister.

Such an appointed task is enough to harden prematurely the arteries of the strongest citizen and to make him a confirmed pessimist. Artemus Ward could not be tempted to furnish letters regularly and for publication on stated days. Mark Twain was cajoled into writing monthly for the Galaxy, and it was soon evident that the task was irksome.

There is a man in London, Mr. Frank Richardson, who contributes a "funny column" to the Pall Mall Gazette, often twice a week. He is at times amusing for an Englishman. He would possibly enliven Punch; but he often labors.

Here is an example of Mr. Richardson at his worst, and there is no key or diagram:

Some of my friends, alas! are not great and good men.
They are evil livers, and Father B. Vaughan would surely have none of them. They would pain and grieve him. He would regard them as bold, bad men from Bitter Creek.
One of such approached me yesterday. Thus spoke the man, dead to all sense of shame.
"What are your innermost thoughts?" With the best intentions in the world I couldn't help him.
"Don't you know the answer?" he inquired.
I didn't know the answer.
He supplied it.

"In a most awful condition." The thing turned out to be a conundrum! And this is modern Babylon in the so-called 20th century!

But "My Elegant Flat and How I Furnished It for £5, by the Lady Evelyn (with apologies to almost any dyes' newspaper)" is mildly entertaining. Here is a sample: "A combined rack, carriage rug, cupboard, meat safe and stand for hunting crops I picked up for £3 10s., and the dealer formed me that I could sell it any day for £15, so that I made a profit of £11 10s. on that alone. A friend of mine presented me at Christmas with an alarm clock, which I painted with a Christmas design representing a robin holding off holly berries. I am informed that friends who move much in art circles at I could sell this for 10s. 6d. at any charity bazaar. As I only paid three pence for the paint employed on this beautiful umbrella stand, I have made a profit of 10s. 3d. As my guests, who are always smart society people, owing in the best social circles, invariably bring their own hats, it was necessary for me to provide the rack with hats."

He is more human when he tells of a small boy who hates to be questioned concerning his age, his closest friend, his favorite study, etc. A major made up as a colonel" went through a usual performance with the youngsters. "Harry's getting quite a big boy now, isn't he?" And how old are you, Harry, my lad?" Harry answered, "I'm but I'm a divar."

Years after these "funny editorials" Mr. Alden wrote letters on literary news and gave forth opinions about books. The letters were published in the New York Times and they irritated many persons, male and female, who rushed into and often gave symptoms of acute sterility. Mr. Alden took a malicious delight in accusing Jane Austen of being ill. When a new novel appeared, he dived into it in a digression and devoted a body of his article to lambasting admirers of Jane. When in doubt, off at Miss Austen, was his motto. Whether her delicate portraiture nor her delicate cynicism appealed to him. There are many persons who will not vexed if you do not openly admire Mr. houses, dogs, horses, automobiles and relations, but attack their favorite thing, and they flush in anger and are in reply. Mr. Alden thus became a provoker of indignant letters. If I am mistaken, he had other pet aversions. As not George Borrow one of them? Zola, he might have written a book titled "My Hatreds." "Books that I dislike" might have been a headline for his London letters. These letters suddenly stopped. It is a pity, for Mr. Alden was never so amusing as when he discussed literature "loosely."

It is a pleasure to know, however, that it is not in need of pecuniary assistance. That he really were now in want for a long life of active newspaper work would reflect on the liberality of employers, unless he has been imbecile or handicapped by the necessities or the extravagances of some dependent on him. He is only 70 years old, they say. A ripe age, when a man observation and thought should have nothing to say. "Reading maketh a man" is the old saw. On the other hand, the Prince de Ligne, who fought, made love, and was a man of innumerable deeds, left 34 volumes of his own writing behind him, but he believed the best book is the world, and he thought at it to read is not to reflect, it is to fly a spelling-task.

Let us hope that Mr. Alden, like John Galsworthy, has only begun. He may yet have the enthusiasm to equal his day of the rotary goat, but a volume of his reminiscences and another one of his views of life would be entertaining. Even if his prejudice against Jane Austen be still violent.

I spoke last week of living statues and La Milo as the impersonator of Lady Godiva in the Coventry pageant. G. R. Sims, commenting on the objections waged against living statues, remembers that in the days when music-halls were in their cradles, there were "poses plastiques," flesh-colored, "not the white that never was a statue be." He remembers, too, similar objection, and if he lives another quarter of a century he expects to read the same old arguments. The London Chronicle published the following defence of the managers: "I plead a love of art as their motive in introducing human statues, although 'some artists and sculptors admit that the human form is not beautiful.' Schopenhauer, by the way, could not find anything beautiful in the body of a man, and he expressed freely and steadily his dislike. But here are the oracle's lines:

We, having made you sick Of vulgarized music, Attempt the more difficult part Of teaching your senses The vulgar pretences Of hideous humanised art. Or reason for posing the statues is plain—keep you from coming to see them again; and as for the posters that cover the hall, they keep other people from coming at all.

objected to the pictures "Jeune Femme au Repos," "Solitude," "Reverie" and "Portrait de Jeune Fille" as representations of the nude and indecent. Judge Beve rose to the occasion. He declared he was no more competent to judge how much of a woman not lacking in modesty should wear in a picture than he would be to decide at dinner whether the woman opposite him were sufficiently clad. Holding up a photograph of one of the pictures, he said: "If I am to judge whether this picture is decent or not, I am reminded of the story in 'Peter Simple,' when the hero takes into supper a colored lady, who remonstrated with him when he asked her to have a little breast of chicken, saying that he should say 'bosom.' But was it in 'Peter Simple' or in 'Midshipman Easy'?"

Looking through an illustrated Salon book the judge said he thought the picture "Solitude" was about the most modest in the volume. "It was quite spoilt by the quantity of drapery." Holding up a photograph, he asked: "Is there any picture more pretty than this?" The secretary of the galleries answered: "Well, that was the chief one objected to." The judge: "And this one of the lady in repose—she looks far from it?"

The judge finally gave judgment for the artist and plaintiff. And a good judge, too! A woman named Marlon Salter, otherwise known as Gettysing, age 58 years, who said she was the wife of a physician, was brought into a London court charged with being drunk and begging. It appeared that in her younger days she had been in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances, and she was "fairly well known on the concert and operatic stage." She had been several times before magistrates, and had just left a home where she had lived, discontentedly the court missionary said, for a month at the expense of the court. The prisoner said: "I have never had a start, and have received no assistance from anyone." To which the magistrate answered: "That is quite untrue, and I think the best thing I can do is to give you a month's hard labor."

Let us look at the pleasures of railway travel in Ireland. Mr. Patrick Kenney was charged in court with annoying passengers by playing the violin, while another man played the bagpipes in a railway car. The solicitor said that the pleasures or the annoyance of the passengers depended on the tune. "Some might like 'The Boyne Water' and others 'A Nation Once Again.' Then if slides were taken, there might be trouble." The violinist was fined five shillings and five shillings costs, from which it will be seen that music is not encouraged in Ireland.

Mr. Wille Hutchesson, who writes about music in Houston, Tex., has had a rare experience. A five minutes' interview with Mr. Waterman, the splendid baritone singer and fine local teacher, gives the impression that he ranks as an exponent of the highest type of America. And the longer you look at him and listen to him talk the stronger that impression grows. Both as man and musician he seems to be thoroughly admirable. And Mr. Hutchesson sized him up in five minutes. A keen observer!

Mr. Justice Darling, an English judge, who is accused of being a humorist on the bench, made an extraordinary statement recently in the trial of an action brought by Gertrude Millar, the wife of Lionel Monckton. She complained because she was represented in a "fancy costume" on a postal card. The Pall Mall Gazette felt that although a woman who, as the judge said, "has often been photographed in fancy costumes," has a right to say in what costume she shall be publicly represented. "Furthermore, when she finds her own head superimposed upon the body of somebody else's female form divine, either in a night dress or in the drapery of the picture 'La Source,' we hold that she has some ground for thinking that an unwarrantable liberty has been taken." But Mr. Justice Darling declared openly that "a vicar's wife" would have had reason to be "annoyed," but that an actress had none!

The Paris correspondent of the Referee wrote concerning the performances of "Salome" in Paris: "Never was the gentle art of preliminary puffs practised with so skilful, persistent and subtly penetrating a hand. The result was that duchesses and marchionesses, millionaires and billionaires tumbled over each other in furious competition for seats."

I met a lady friend who was flushed with triumph because she had secured for the sixth and last performance a place in the third gallery at £4. To make assurance doubly sure, she had also sent her butler, who brought her back a seat of the same kind for £5. He described Emmy Destinn as "a thickest German frau." He also said that Marjory in the "revue" had invented a new dance, the kuskute, "now danced in the best society," and that Miss Maud Allan, in the "revue" at the Varieties, "dances as Salome with exactly the snake-like insidiousness which would have commended itself to Herod, whose tastes were not simple."

Mrs. Beach's cantata for female voices, "The Rose of Avontown." The programme included an aria from "Tosca," the "Battle Scene" from Bruch's "Arminius," and songs by Mrs. Beach, Benedict, Brahms, Brown, Chabrier, Corner, d'Erlanger, Handel, Miss Lang, Leroux, Leichter, Manney, MacDowell, Pergolesi, Purcell, Schubert, H. Wolf, Mrs. Flits and Mr. Guckenberg were the accompanists and Mr. Gietzen played the viola obbligato to Brahms' "Cradle Song." There was a large and deeply interested audience.

The concert gave much pleasure both to the friends of the pupils and to many musicians who were present. The artistic singing of Mrs. Hunt and Miss Barrows has often been praised in The Herald. Yesterday they displayed in full the excellent qualities which all instinctively associate with their performance. Mrs. Hunt sang Corner's "Lullaby" with charming simplicity and fine emotional sentiment; she sang d'Erlanger's "Morte" with the appropriate intensity that at last breaks forth in a climax of sorrow, and Chabrier's "Les Cigales," which she made her own, was conspicuous for grace and fleetness. Miss Barrows was especially fortunate in "Shepherd, Thy Demeanor Vary."

The beautiful voice of Mrs. Sundellus and her gain in artistry were displayed in songs by Mrs. Beach and Pergolesi, and the latter's "Nina" was sung with marked effect. Miss Pickhardt's coloratura in Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds" was fluent and clean-cut, and Miss Ames, whose voice is pure and one of marked quality, sang two songs by MacDowell, from the heart. Mrs. Guckenberg sang the "Battle Scene" from "Arminius," with force and understanding, but the music itself now seems singularly labored and antiquated. The songs by Purcell and Handel which were on the programme are much fresher and nearer our own period.

We spoke a year ago in praise of the voice and the musical and dramatic nature of Miss Osgood. Hearing her yesterday, we were even more impressed. She is still a pupil; she is still occasionally angular in her vocal expression, nor has she yet learned to dismiss her final phrases as though they passed away of their own accord and thus fulfilled the expectation of the hearer; but she has made decided steps toward the goal, and she is a singer of uncommon promise. Miss Wainwright has also voice and temperament. Her delivery of Benedict's "O thou afflicted" would have been more effective had she taken the middle and contrasting section at a faster pace.

It may be said of the pupils in general that their performance was characterized by a fine emission of tone, by an observance of firm and sustained legato, and by a skill in phrasing, in the punctuation of the musical sentences that comes only from a mastery of the art of breathing. The enunciation was also generally excellent.

The concert ended with a performance of "The Rose of Avontown." Mme. Salisbury conducted the chorus, and when she took her stand she was warmly applauded.

NOT A LOG-ROLLER.

Francis Gribble, in an article contributed to the Strand Magazine, "The Comedy of Literary Log-Rolling," mentions among several authors of distinction who attempted to increase the circulation of their books by extraordinary and eccentric deeds the name of Gerard de Nerval.

This is unfair and in a way cruelly unjust. It is true that the unfortunate de Nerval was seen leading a lobster by a blue ribbon in the Palais Royal, and when he was asked why he chose this pet he answered: "I like the lobster because he is quiet; he does not bark or sing; besides, he knows the secrets of the great deep." But de Nerval had previously been confined in an asylum, and after this promenade he was again committed as an insane man.

De Nerval was anything but a log-roller. He was shy, sensitive, modest.

Even if de Nerval had been sane and accountable he would not have been accused of obstructing a footway, according to a recent decision in London. A policeman arrested an organ grinder whose monkey was dancing along at the end of a string behind his master. The magistrate indignantly asked the policeman: "Do you contend that the monkey has not the same right to the footway as you and I?"

FLORAL DISTORTIONS.

A landscape gardener purposes to introduce two "novelties" at Newport, R. I., this coming summer—if summer ever comes: a floral clock and a revolving flower-bed. The clock will be a circle twenty feet in diameter. The face will be of grass; the hands of white carnations; the numbers, red roses, pansies, helio-

trops and so on. The clock will work by electricity. The revolving beds, each thirty-two feet square, will revolve "electrically at a revolution a minute." No doubt both clock and beds will be illuminated by electricity, as the flower patch in Marguerite's garden when Mephistopheles asks the stage-hand to aid him in his maleficent invocation. It is unnecessary to add that these floral distortions are for a millionaire. Only a millionaire would want them.

Dr. Johnson, commenting on Shenstone as a landscape gardener, remarked: "Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make the water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, I will not inquire: perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason." But what would Dr. Johnson have said to electrically worked floral clock and beds?

WOE IS ME, ALHAMBRA.

The Alhambra at Granada, that is to say, "the red house," is in shocking condition, and there is "a pressing necessity of repairs."

This report is not a new one. Sixty years ago Richard Ford heard the people of Granada speaking of the Alhambra as a "casa de ratones," a rat hole. The "red house" was mentioned by an Arabian poet as early as 864. The "inclosure of the red," the Alcasaba, was erected in the eleventh century. Apropos of a recent discussion, it should be noted that over the outer horse-shoe arch, the grand entrance, is an open hand; both talisman and shape of portal were designed against the power of the evil eye.

"The marvellous ceiling of the Hall of Comares threatens to fall in at any moment." The original ceiling was of stucco and it fell long ago. The present one is a dome of wood ornamented by intersecting ribs, with ornaments in gold painted on grounds of blue and red in the interstices.

Who knows but that a steel construction company will tear down the romantic buildings and put up a modern skyscraper, with Moorish interior decorations, an apartment house with restaurant, stomach-shaking elevators, and a lordly janitor? The old Alhambra is doomed. Possibly in the years to come the Alhambra of London will be the more important one to the antiquarian and the sociologist.

"TU QUOQUE."

A year ago the English were loud in their outcries against American canned food, and the prejudice, reasonable or unreasonable, has not yet wholly died out. We read in a London journal that the medical officer of health for the city of London reported recently that he found 49,868 "unfit tins" exposed for sale at one place, and at another 5508 two-pound tins of pudding were seized and destroyed. These home goods were left over from the store of provisions for the British troops in South Africa during the Boer war. Pudding at its best is only for the bravest stomachs, to whom roast pork and brussels sprouts are as sterilized milk. Think of "unfit pudden." The English should have used it at the time as ammunition against the Boers.

MME. SALISBURY'S PUPILS IN CONCERT

Professional singers and other pupils of Mme. Gertrude Franklin-Salisbury gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. The singers were Mrs. Helen Hunt, Mrs. Sundellus, Mrs. Guckenberg, Mrs. Pauline Clark, Mrs. Baker, Miss Barrows, Miss Osgood, Miss Pickhardt, Miss Wainwright, Miss Ames and other singers who sang in

IN DOUBLE BONDS.

A convict has married the jailer's daughter at Ypres. What an agreeable variation from the familiar incident in novels and melodramas! In these works the jailer's daughter or jailer's wife, falling in love with the hero imprisoned by a tyrannical government or through the machinations of the villain, aids his escape and sacrifices her own affection, speeding the hero toward the arms of his waiting sweetheart or distracted wife. Jailers' daughters in real life are sometimes wildly in love with a prisoner; they sometimes release him from captivity; but the escaping man seldom marries his liberator.

This convict at Ypres was serving a life term. Sentimentalists now believe that he should be pardoned, and a petition to this effect is circulating. Perhaps they think that doubled chains would be an unusual and inhuman punishment.

"YOUR EXCELLENCY."

"A. M.," in his interesting letter, "About Titles," published in The Herald of June 6, says: "It ('your excellency') might well be called a peculiarly American title. When it was first employed in the American colonies I do not know, but it was apparently first used in Massachusetts in 1692."

The English colonists brought the title with them. Mr. Henry Bradley, the editor of "E" in "The New English Dictionary," says, under "Excellency": "The quotations show that it was formerly applied to royal personages, to ladies and others, though in England now limited to ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, governors (extended also to their wives) and certain other high officers." The quotations referred to range from about 1325, from an address to Edward II., to 1848, from Macaulay's "History of England." The title, "your eminence," is borne chiefly by cardinals.

Farmer, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," often an untrustworthy book, says that the title is given by courtesy to governors of states and to representatives at foreign courts. It would be interesting to know the first use of the title in Massachusetts. No doubt Dr. Green or Mr. C. W. Ernst could give the desired information.

THE CRYING INFANT.

IN warm weather the court of an apartment house is a huge sounding board. All noises necessary or impertinent are exaggerated, especially at night, when sane persons sleep with windows open. Hot weather seems to magnify sound.

Children, poor wretches, are born from time to time in apartment houses, and those of high and low degree often cry, bawl and scream. It was the habit of parents and nurses some years ago to quiet the infant. In these days, when the food of babes is weighed carefully and they are reared on strictly scientific principles, without the aid and often against the instincts of the mother, a child is allowed to scream until it tires itself out. This is supposed to be salutary discipline for the young one's mind and body. But how does this discipline affect

the other dwellers on the court, the sick, the sleepless, the nervous, and even those rude in health and apparently without nerves? For them there is broken rest or a white night. What wonder if some are moved to angry outbursts that ring out in the night like an old-

fashioned fire bell! Yet no one wishes to swear at a neighbor, and the invective is wholly lost on the offender. Can not parents realize that their children may thus be an intolerable nuisance to others in consequence of modern ideas concerning a proper bringing-up?

A NEW COOK BOOK.

Now that Prof. Chittenden gives the weight of dishes that he recommends as supplying true nourishment and taxing lightly the process of digestion, it is a pleasure to find Mr. Escoffier, a native of Grasse, France, insisting in his "Guide to Modern Cookery" that perfection lies in quality, not in quantity. Thus he follows the renowned Joseph, who used to say that only five dishes should be served at any dinner.

Yet Prof. Chittenden and Mr. Fletcher may well shudder, learning that there are nearly 3000 receipts in Mr. Escoffier's book, and what would they say to the "Poularde Sainte Alliance," which consists of the supremes of a pullet foie gras, truffles, and ortolans? What would they say to the "Poularde a la Mode d'Alcantara," the receipt of which was found in the abbot's kitchen when the Alcantara Monastery was plundered by the French soldiers in 1807? What would they say to the eastern dish moussaka?

Not long ago the Norfolk (Va.) Landmark mentioned a vigorous discussion in North Carolina over "the ten best things to eat." In no one of the lists published appears that glorious dish eagerly looked forward to by hungry boys and fastidious, querulous men of New England forty years ago: Thin slices of salt pork fried with a cream sauce and eaten with apples cut in strips and fried. Nor is the dish known apparently to Mr. Escoffier, who, however, is not inclined to look on Americans as barbarians at table. Treating of salads—and even a stammerer may grow eloquent over a salad—he says that the English are without originality in this important matter, but the Americans are "admirable salad mixers." Nor does he smile on the English cook's treatment of vegetables. He recommends to this cook long and patient study.

Mr. Escoffier would do away with hors d'oeuvres, except at luncheon, and in this respect the grasping Parisian restaurant keeper will not agree with him. He would banish savories altogether. Col. Newnham-Davis sympathizes with him heartily in this: "They are a relic of the old hard-drinking days. The taste left in the mouth of a diner at the close of dinner should be that of the most delicate dish the cook can prepare, but if any of the guests do not eat the sweet or ice there is no offence against the laws of gastronomy in giving them a delicate cheese dish, such as pailles de Parmesan."

A thoughtfully prepared cook book in any language and of any century is good reading, for epicure or Chittendenite, for Fletcherite or human gobbler. Looking over even 2000 recipes, the philosopher wonders at the various tastes of mankind and cries aloud: "How many dishes there are that I do not wish to eat!"

M. R. ELIE POIREE, who is an official in the Sainte Genevieve Library in Paris, has had the courage to write the life of Chopin. His book is a little one of 127 pages; it is published by the Librairie Renouard, Paris, as a volume of the series "Les Musiciens Celebres."

Any one might ask: "Why should there be another life of Chopin? Are there not lives by Audley, Enault, Huneker, Karasowski, Leichen-tritt, Liszt, Niecks, Szulc, Willieby, and books in French, English, German, Polish? Is not a ponderous life by Hoesick still unfinished? What is there more to be said about this neuresthenic Pole? Are there not commentators and compilers of commentaries without number? Are there not novels in which Chopin figures as the hero? Has he not been put into an opera by Giacomo Orefice with themes all taken from Chopin's music? Must we again read the story of his liaison with George Sand, his earlier amorous fancies and inclinations? Must we again listen to the legends connected with certain pieces, to the story of his death, to the conflicting statements concerning the song sung by the Countess Potocka to the dying man, whether it were an aria from 'Beatrice di Tenda,' a psalm by Marcello, an air by Pergolese, or the hymn attributed to Stradella but written possibly by Fetis? Must we again be told that Chopin did not like to sit in the room with George Sand when she was smoking long nines? Must we plod our weary way again through minute analyses of the various piano pieces and learn why we should like this prelude or that mazurka? Are we again to hear that Chopin was not a 'master of the sonata form'?"

Any one might ask with still greater reason: "Is not an excellent life of Chopin needed?"

Liszt's is a rhetorical rhapsody, for he allowed his dear Princess to join him in a four-hand composition. Karasowski's, good in its day, is now out of date. Niecks' is long-winded, with much unimportant detail, with a ludicrously solemn view of George Sand as a sinister, vampire-like creature. The pages in Mr. Huneker's book that treat of the man Chopin are worthy of all praise; but the pages in which Chopin's music is discussed, and they form the greater portion of the volume, are less satisfactory, in spite of purple phrases and occasional true eloquence. It is not possible, even for Mr. Huneker, to translate music into prose. Prose, as that of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas de Quincey, Poe (as in "Silence" and "Shadow") may be highly poetic, but there is no literal translation, there is no paraphrase in words of a prelude by Chopin. In writing even about this rare master it is a good thing to keep one foot on the earth, however you may charm or thrill for a moment by marvellous feats with the flying rings.

Biographical Methods.

I know of nothing more tiresome and repulsive, nothing more fatal to true appreciation of a composer than detailed analyses of his pieces and minute explanations of their meaning. The study of the man himself cannot be too circumstantial. We should know the early influences that shaped him, we should be as thoroughly acquainted with his environment during his creative years as though we had walked with him in the streets and looked over his shoulder while he wrote.

The French of late have been interested in modern English literature. Translations of certain works by Hardy, Meredith and Wells have entertained general readers and excited the attention of professional critics. The late Marcel Schwob wrote singularly acute and appreciative essays on Meredith and Stevenson. But the interest of the French is not confined solely to modern English works. Undoubtedly the most careful study of Crabbe, "an English realistic poet," is by Mr. Rene Huchon, whose volume has been translated into English by Mr. Frederick Clarke. Another excellent example of marked skill in biography is the life of William Hazlitt by Mr. Jules Douady, an instructor at the Ecole Navale. The latter volume has not, to my knowledge, been Englished.

The New York Evening Post said of Mr. Huchon's study of Crabbe: "Its abundance of literary judgments is presented rather in dispersion than compactness, for the purpose of elucidating the biographical theses, and the complete proportion and harmony preserved throughout may well be considered the crowning achievement of the work."

In Mr. Douady's "Hazlitt" we become acquainted with the essayist through the man. Nowhere is there a deliberate attempt to criticize "The Round Table," "The Plain Speaker," "Table Talk," or any volume of Hazlitt. The biographer describes Hazlitt's pamphlet against Gifford as so terrible that it blasted him forever; he speaks of Hazlitt's funeral eulogy of John Canavagh, the famous hand-fives-player, as "magnificent"; but only incidentally and in a passage where he is describing the essayist's affection for his young son William and their close companionship. Nowhere does Mr. Douady grudge up his lungs for the task of inquiring into the soundness or unsoundness of Hazlitt's views, political, literary, dramatic, moral, metaphysical; no, where does he endeavor to disclose the secret of Hazlitt's inimitable style, which excited the envy of Henry and Stevenson, both masters of style and criticism. But Mr. Douady by his psychological study of the man Hazlitt, "pimpled Hazlitt" as blackguard Blackwood dubbed him, convinces us that Hazlitt could not have written otherwise than he did.

A Born Composer.

Mr. Poiree, writing his life of Chopin for a series intended to give people at large an idea of sundry composers as men and musicians, naturally divided his little volume into two sections. In the first he tells the story of Chopin's life. In the second he explains in what respects Chopin differed from other composers; he reveals his individuality as a writer of music.

Not the least important pages of this life are those of the short introduction. "There is no one that does not know his name, that has not heard some one of his works. His music is found on every piano. Were there no music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, you would surely find one of his nocturnes or one of his waltzes."

There is a melody a la Chopin, as there are faces a la Raphael, or a la Rembrandt. This peculiar melodic

phrase is not only an interesting document for the history of musical evolution—it enters into work that is still very vital. It inaugurates a form of writing and a technique which represent the tendencies and the methods of modern art.

Chopin was an instinctive musician; he belonged to the class of artists marvelously endowed by nature, who have almost nothing to learn. From the beginning his music was distinguished in the highest degree by spontaneity, homogeneity and originality. In his first compositions there was nothing that smacked of the school, but there was already the revelation of a deep knowledge of harmony, a wholly novel melodic contour, an uncommon comprehension of the resources and sonorities of the piano. Nor was this individuality modified in the course of his too short life. Living in Paris during the romantic movement, he was little affected by it. He was not moved to serious meditation by the music of Rossini, Berlioz, Meyerbeer. If he learned from any other composer it was melodically in a measure from his dearly loved Bellini. Throughout his life his music was the translation into tones of his own nature; he told the story of his soul, which was charged with "zai"—for this Polish word, which is not to be translated literally, describes a state of soul that is full of melancholy, a blend of pleasure and suffering, which finds in sorrow a species of voluptuousness.

With him the idea is nearer sensation than thought. His musical conception is the reflection of extreme sensibility, which his sickly body and physical and mental suffering made still more acute. Nature did not appeal to him as it did to Beethoven, Schubert, d'Indy. Writing his polonaises and mazurkas, he remembered Poland and the scenes of his childhood, the folk songs and dances, the tunes heard in the fields and inns; but the scenery in Berlin or on the Balearic Isles awakened in him no desire to express in music emotions aroused by landscape or seascape. The preludes were probably written before he sojourned on Minorca.

He was not tempted to write for the opera house or the orchestra. The human voice did not appeal irresistibly to him. His work marks an important stage in the history of absolute music, which after him "will search for a more and more precise expression, will move more and more by various paths toward the theatre, by the orchestral suite, symphonic poem, programme music, and which, as poetry also, will develop in its turn into the epic, into symbolism, the type of which will be realized by Wagner with incomparable magnificence."

Chopin as Man.

After the painstaking investigations of Niecks and those of Hoesick—although only the first volume of the latter's work has been published—there is probably little that is new to be spoken concerning the man Chopin as he appeared in the street, in the parlor, and in the concert hall. As a young man and ever afterward he might be described as white gloved, cravated with elegance, rejoicing in his canes, "comme un parfait gentleman." He was timid before an audience. He told Liszt that he felt suffocated, paralyzed, mute. He was thoroughly at home in drawing rooms, where his brown eyes—not blue, as Liszt wrote—gentle but knowing smile, fine, transparent complexion, brown and thoughtfully arranged hair, delicate limbs, graceful gestures, muted voice, and air of aristocratic distinction played havoc with noble dames. He was not the victim of flattery, for he himself said: "Every one finds that you have much more talent because you have been received and applauded at an ambassador's. There is finer subtlety in your interpretation because the Duchess of Audemont, the last Montmorency, has deigned to patronize you."

portraits of Miss Clara Sexton as Filina in "Mignon" and of Miss Laura Van Kuran as Lucia di Lammermoor. The two singers who appeared in Italy last season in these parts respectively are well known in Boston as choir singers.



Clara Sexton.

Laura Van Kuran.

He enjoyed this refined, perfumed, ttering life. He taught in the morning, composed a little in the afternoon, then amused himself. When he needed money easily and abundantly he lent it lavishly. He kept his own carriage; he gave dinners and suppers to friends and acquaintances; he gave to needy countrymen. In the sense of George Sand's guests at her home in Paris—and among these guests were Balzac, Blanc, Hugo, Quinet, Henri Martin, Mme. Rodot, Lablache, a mob of artists, poets, writers, men of politics—was usually silent. He was not an intellectual person; he was not well read in literature; he was not a thinker, and least of all was he a philosopher. His nearest male friends were Delacroix, the painter, and the cellist. There was no artistic companionship between him and George Sand, who did not share his life and changed frequently her own. In short, the character of Chopin as sketched by Mr. Poiree, who is not so full justice to many admirable characteristics revealed to us by other writers. But no biographer, less it be Mr. Hoesick, whose first volume covers only the years 1810-1831—have not seen this volume and do not know whether it is still to be read only in Polish—no biographer of Chopin, I have portrayed the man, as Modest Halkowsky portrayed his brother, so that we are sure we know through and through and understand him and his moods. Mr. Douady has as a motto for his study of Hazd these lines of the Duke in "As You Like It":

Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
Or then he's full of matter.
at motto should stand on the title-page of the final biography of Chopin?

Chopin's Individuality.

Mr. Poiree before he discusses completely and to the point the works of Chopin by groups—nocturnes, waltzes, mazurkas, etc.—characterizes with simple acumen the chief and salient characteristics of Chopin's music. In this characterization he has not as yet been reached by other writers.

The first endeavor to describe the individuality of this music is successful, but with a grace that is only feminine, delicate and fragile like the first flower of a precocious spring, smiling in its sadness and sad smile," the melodic phrase of Chopin has a strikingly individual extension which cannot be forgotten. The classics knew it not. The moderns searched for it, have perhaps beyond it, but wishing to go farther than he, they have missed the sound and exquisite delicacy which after all, is unattainable.

The melodic phrase came at the appointed time; it shone at the decline of the art, in a beautiful sunset, the dream, passing, without a sorrow. The most characteristic type perhaps, an excessive charm. Some of the contour might be firmer, yet seductive grace, what moving melody! The melody is often a lyric flight, a poet who little by little is intoxicated with his own words and gestures. The melody grows with the sentiment; the conclusion is constantly announced and retarded.

The musical thought of Chopin floats in reverie and passion. The past forms of Italy are associated with the contemplative dreamy forms of many, so that a momentary effort the illusion of force, of a voluntary action. Inherently feminine, it is the coquetry of women. "When melody of Chopin weeps, when it laments, its sadness, like unto that of a widow, does not allow her to forget she is beautiful. Sombre colors she adorns herself with embroideries and jewels." But in his Etudes and Mazurkas and when he did not write for

the noble dames, when he did not put on his white gloves and ceremonial cravat, his melodic sorrow is simpler, less ornamented, irresistible in its direct appeal.

The accompaniment of the melody is an amorphous milieu from which arises, isolated, an ideal voice, that of a practiced and inspired improvisator. Mr. Poiree dwells on this subject and says that Chopin's distribution of lights, and his variation and gradation of effects might lead one to ask whether the impression made by his music is not due to the harmonic setting rather than to the thought itself. He also speaks at some length of Chopin's marvellous harmonic instinct, "developed much less by the teachings of the school than by acquaintance with Hungarian music and Czech music, which have a remarkable harmonic character. Chopin always remembered this music and was always influenced by it." His knowledge of harmonic resources and his instinctive comprehension of the value of dissonant elements inaugurated a new system of composition. He was a forerunner of the great moderns and in his own period his audacious innovations at times shocked even Schumann—who, nevertheless, admired him greatly.

Orchestrated, this music—a melody and an arpeggio—would seem as thin and meagre as the music of Bellini. "The beautiful harmonic inventions would then be lost, dispersed as heaps of leaves swept away by the west wind; there would be musical dust, not music. Only the piano, with its immense keyboard and its perfect evenness of timbre, can lend itself to the realization of these combinations, produce a grand and powerful harmonic impression and give the sensation, as some one has already said, I believe, of a shower of pearls on a crystal charger." Mr. Poiree, who heard Orefice's opera, "Chopin," when it was performed at Paris in 1905, bears witness that Chopin's own music sung and orchestrated was unsuitable for the expression of the drama and its evolutions, nor did it furnish orchestral material.

Lesser Groups.

Mr. Poiree discusses in turn the nocturnes, ballades, polonaises, mazurkas and other works of Chopin, each group in a broad way as a rule, without annoying technical detail, without attempts at fine writing. By reason of this reticence, the pages are the more valuable to student and general reader. Speaking of the nocturnes, he says that Chopin is seldom inventive or original in his themes of prayer. "His lyricism has not the religious character of Lamartine's, and before the great problem of human destiny and the future life he is inspired only by fear."

To Mr. Poiree the third Ballade is an inferior work, with a second theme that is a vulgar dance motive, a ballet tune that reminds one of a marionette show. The bolero has little originality and no local color, but the barcarolle is beautiful, and the berceuse, an exquisite poem, is the apotheosis of ornamentation. The Tarantelle is the one piece that shows the influence of Rossini; but there is mist, not sun, and the genius of Chopin faded away when he borrowed from another. The polonaises have male accents, almost an epic character. The mazurkas, as, indeed, the greater portion of his music, display his mastery of the eurythmic side of form, but their technical construction is more interesting today than their sentimental expression. The waltzes—the public does not prefer the best—are more superfluous than the mazurkas; they are sometimes pretentious, they smell of musk; they invoked in the mind of Schumann a ball with marchionesses and countesses dancing. "They sometimes seem to be a poetic account of receptions in society with their sonorities colored like beautiful costumes, scintillating with the brilliance of chandeliers or diamonds; emotional accents tell of some amorous adventure, discreetly managed, which

ends at last in tears. Chopin composed nearly all these waltzes at Paris, as a 'gentleman' would write from day to day his journal of social life."

"All these works of Chopin, with languor and melancholy blended with nocturnal shades or festal din, smiles of the ball, and grace of evening gatherings, are uniform in their ensemble and they make a uniform impression. This musical monotony comes from rhythms chosen almost exclusively from those of the dance, from the manner in which themes succeed each other end to end, and also from the monotony of the states of soul which are expressed, and repeat themselves whatever the surroundings may be. You feel that, like the traveller of whom Seneca spoke to Lucilius, bearing with him his saddened soul, Chopin carries with him everywhere in his work his incurable neurasthenia. This deviation of dance rhythms and forms which throws them out of their natural simple course of expression—Baudelaire, Verlaine and others have abused poetic metres and forms in like manner—can produce and does produce an artistic effect; but this effect is seldom varied, it is factitious,

and after it has once seduced us, it soon fatigues."

The Greater Works.

After a discussion of Chopin's treatment of the sonata form—Mr. Poiree declares that the "Allegro de Concert" (op. 46) is wholly unworthy of the composer—and mentioning the concertos only to say that they have not survived their epoch although they still have a didactic interest, Mr. Poiree proceeds to eulogize the great works of Chopin, the preludes, etudes, fantasia in F minor, scherzos and the sonata in B flat minor. In the other compositions the three dominating influences were the society life, continued to the end in spite of sickness and suffering, which inspired the nocturnes, waltzes and salon music; Poland, whose lamentations and heroic deeds were translated into polonaises and mazurkas; the beginning of his career as a pianist to which we owe his compositions of the second rank. The greater works reveal the artist freed from all incumbrances, the composer whose art has reached the perfection of concealment.

"There is much art in the nocturnes, but in the infinitely more beautiful preludes art no longer appears. There is much research in the Concertos, but there is none in the immortal etudes." And here the critic's task ends. "Of what profit is it to comment or to explain at length that which of itself compels admiration and defies criticism?" Nothing is comparable as melody to the beginning of the etude in E major, at the head of which might be written "Wahnfried." In one other etude—the song in B major (op. 25, No. 10)—there are analogous accents, but Chopin never found again this deep peace, this profound calm.

Mr. Poiree ends his consideration of the greater works with a description of the sonata with the funeral march. It is not the poem of suffering; it is the poem of Death, whose shudder at that period ran over the composer's emaciated flesh. The four movements are songs of Death. The first is charged with fright, yet there is a grand and noble thought. In the scherzo Death prowls about the ballroom. While the melody sings a gentle, penetrating strain, solemn voices whisper on alternate chords some disturbing psalmody. But Death has triumphed, and the funeral march is the expression of this triumph. The lugubrious bell tolls slowly, and the procession moves without hesitation, without detour, as is the implacable destiny of mortals. The trio is neither a prayer nor a religious hymn; it is a gentle lamentation, the appeal of resignation, an aspiration of some

hope. In the finale, which for years seemed ugly, meaningless, monstrous, repulsive, Death shows himself with the atrocious realism of his brutal, destructive, ruinous force.

"Here is the snub-nosed fellow, whom one curses, from whom no one escapes. The last effort of Manfred, dying, brings to his lips the bloody foam of an insult, a blasphemy. This final page of Chopin's sonata gives one the vertigo; it opens the abyss where a being, still full of force and life, disappears and is annihilated."

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Chopin is the true founder of music for the piano. "Without him not only would an important chapter in the general history of music be missing, but the history of the piano would not exist. If the whole work of Chopin were blotted out, it may be said, with due remembrance of Schumann, that it would be almost impossible to understand how piano music passed without transition from the ancient classic forms to forms that now exist."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Riccardo Lucchesi, who for many years was well known in San Francisco as a teacher and as a music critic of much force, has now chosen Boston as his dwelling place.

Mr. F. W. Wodell of this city has published a pamphlet by him entitled "The Choir and Class Voice Book."

Mme. Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, will give concerts in the United States next season from November to March.

Americans have often wondered at the high reputation of certain English singers at home and at the applause given in London to mediocre or poor singers in

opera. It is a pleasure, therefore, to learn from the Referee that there is now in England "a much keener perception than formerly of beauty in vocal tone." Lancelotti adds: "Covent Garden audiences are no longer satisfied with having Wagner merely declaimed; they demand that the music shall be sung with due regard to tone-color and command of the art of vocalization. Moreover, I have often noticed, even among people who have no intimate knowledge of music, a keen perception of correct intonation—a matter which our German cousins, and tenors in particular, would seem to regard as of secondary importance."

Yet there is still discussion in London over the question whether the theatre should be darkened during the performances of "The Ring," and there are apologies for those who are late in arrival on account of "congestion of traffic in the streets" and from the fact that the performances "have to be taken in the ordinary course of the daily life of busy London people."

Some one in England wondered recently why Weber's opera, "Oberon," is neglected in that country. The Daily Telegraph gives as answer: Much of the music is exceedingly tiresome. And the libretto is duller than the music.

Mr. W. H. Breare in his "Vocal Faults and Their Remedies," published lately in London, gives much advice to the pupil. He says, for example, "Never rely on your own opinion of your work; you cannot perfectly hear yourself. Do not accept the public's estimate of your powers—they will lure you to dangerous paths. Know a trustworthy specialist and be guided by his or her judgment." In Boston, as in New York, or in London, or in any large city, the name of this "trustworthy specialist" is Legion. Yet how many poor singers there are.

Ah, there is only one city musically, and that is—Philadelphia. At least Mr. Phillip H. Goepp, who lives there, says: "In Philadelphia we have better daily orchestral concerts in summer than anywhere in the classic land of music; no eating or drinking is purveyed to the thronging audience that sits in rapt attention. To be sure, Philadelphia is here ahead of her American sister cities; and this is but another sign of real progress in the best things." Summer concerts without beer? What are summer concerts for?

Mr. de Pachmann talked freely in London before his final concert before sailing for America, talked not only in the course of the concert, but afterward to a reporter. "I do not like the word 'farewell' especially when one enjoys such excellent health as I have been blessed with; but I am now 59 years of age, and one cannot go on playing for ever. . . . I have not been to Paris for 22 years, and I suppose I shall go there unknown now, because a new generation is springing up to whom the name of Pachmann will be unfamiliar." Mr. de Pachmann talked of kings and pianists. "I perfectly recall Rubinstein, who was somewhat monotonous in his performance, because he had no fairy touch, but I only wish I had his force and power. Liszt, however, was the giant of pianoforte players. He was alone on a mountain top, and no one has yet been able to approach him. Rosenthal is a great executant, but in my opinion Godowsky is the finest pianist of the present day and the best exponent of modern technique."

Apropos of the recent performance here of "Dorothy" by the Castle Square company, The Referee (London) of May 12 stated that the song, "Queen of My Heart," was composed by Alfred Cellier originally for concert use. "On Cellier's return to England, just after the production of 'Dorothy' at the Gaiety (September, 1886), he was annoyed to find that the song had been introduced into the opera, as he did not consider that it fitted in with his musical plan. 'Queen of My Heart' had, however, already become so popular that it was retained throughout the run."

"Lancelotti" of the Referee said that Mr. Knupfer's conception of Falstaff in Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," performed in London, May 7, was not that of Shakespeare. "It was more suggestive of a caricature of Mozart's Don Giovanni and the robust humors of the part were well-nigh refined into nothingness. The other male characters seemed to me to be played under the shadow of the 'Ring.' Mr. Zador's Ford suggested an Alberich of the 15th century: Mr. Raboth, as

Page, a descendant of Hagen, and Mr. Stockhauser, a Gunther in his second childhood. Mr. Bechstein's costumes as Slender somehow reminded me of a ballet girl in abbreviated skirts." To "Lancelot," Wotan's killing Hundling "because he has been obliged to sacrifice Siegmund in fulfillment of his promise to Fricka suggests the feelings of the office-boy, who, being made a scape-goat, kicked the cat." But "Lancelot" was much pleased with Mr. Cornelius who impersonated Siegmund on May 9, "for he is a German with a musical voice who can sing lyrically."

AN UNUSUAL FESTIVAL.

An unusual musical festival, that of the Litchfield County (Ct.) Choral Union, was held at Norfolk on last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Among the works performed were Gounod's "Redemption," Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody, and orchestral pieces by Massenet, Saint-Saens, Wagner and Weber. The solo singers were Meses, Eames and Homer and Messrs. E. Johnson de Gogorza and Witherspoon.

The festival was unusual in this respect; no tickets were sold for the concerts and the admission was solely by invitation.

Mr. N. H. Allen, the organist and composer, formerly of Hartford, Ct., and now of Worcester, has written for The Herald an interesting account of the origin of these festivals:

"In 1899 Mr. Carl Stoeckel and his wife conceived the idea of doing something for the musical education of Litchfield county—a county without a city. The first move was to give a choral concert in the village of Norfolk with perhaps 100 singers, but with an elaborate array of New York soloists, and no charge for admission. The next year a larger chorus was organized in Winsted and the two societies were combined. The concert was given in Winsted with an orchestra of 50 men from New York. The year after that a society was formed in Salisbury, which gave its own concert in May and was not joined to the two other societies until a year later, when a new society was organized in Canaan. A still larger one was established later in Torrington.

"Until last year the concerts in June were given in Winsted. Mr. Stoeckel

built on his estate a fine large building known as the Music Shed, which seats 1500. It was dedicated by holding the June concert there. At first the rule was made that 50 cents and no more should be charged for tickets, so that the price need not be prohibitive to any one, and the public rehearsals were in invitation affairs, chiefly for the benefit of the young from the different towns who could not attend in the evening. But those wily Yankees began to speculate, much to Mr. Stoeckel's displeasure. Therefore, admission will henceforth be by invitation only. Heretofore a single concert has been given. This year the scheme was expanded so that a choral and an orchestral concert were provided.

"The choral conductor is under contract by the year for his full time, to take care of the five societies. Many extra trains are run to bring the societies together for joint rehearsals, and the best artists procurable are invariably engaged. Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel assume the entire expense. There is not one cent of income from the concerts. I do not think there is any parallel to this in America, and perhaps not in Europe."

THE POP CONCERTS.

The sixth week of the Pop concerts in Symphony Hall will bring the third and last conductor of the series, Mr. Gustav Strube, succeeding Mr. Max Zach, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Zach has arranged two "composer" nights for his last appearances. Monday evening will be "Victor Herbert night," when the greater part of the programme will be devoted to selections from the operettas of the best and most popular of American composers of light music. Tuesday evening will bring the third "Wagner night" of the season. The programme for tomorrow, "Victor Herbert night," will be as follows:

March, "Serenade".....Herbert
Selection, "The Red Mill".....Herbert
Ballet, "Famors".....Rubinstein
Overture, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Intermezzo, "Al Fresco".....Herbert
"Minnehaha's Dream".....Andre Maquarre
Indian Serenade.....Andre Maquarre
Waltz, "Harlequin's Wedding".....Zach
Overture, "1812".....Tschalkowski
Polonaise in E.....Liszt
"La Lettre de Manon".....Gillet
Gavotte from "Mignon".....Thomas
Selection, "It Happened in Nordland".....Herbert
March, "The Amerer".....Herbert

NEW SONGS.

Why do not some of our singers, seeking anxiously unfamiliar songs, look at the five new ones by Jean Sibelius? "O Wert Thou Here," "In Silent Town" and the "Song of the Roses" were well spoken of when sung in London, May 6, by Mrs. Granger-Kerr, who also sang five "Rondels" (MS.) by Norman O'Neill. A set of "Sappho Songs" by Mallison also pleased. Songs by Theodore Streicher and Otto Vrieslander were not so well liked. Then there are "Along the Path" and "Autumn," by Joseph Holbrooke.

There are also new song cycles: Landon Ronald's "Cycle of Life," five songs which were sung for the first time in London, April 29, by Mr. Henry Boulderson, a tender. Liza Lehmann's new song cycle, "The Golden Threshold," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, was also produced in London, April 25, when two pianos were substituted for the orchestra. The words are taken from a book of verses by Sarojini Naidu. There are love songs, a snake-charmer's song, a lullaby, etc. The Referee said of this cycle that the name of the poet, "com-

bined with such words in the libretto as 'Kokila,' 'Aasoka,' 'Gambak,' 'Ksmala,' references to Buddha, and a pervading sentimentality suggestive of the torrid zone, excited expectations of music redolent with eastern idiom, but only in two numbers, several entitled 'The Snake Charmer' and 'The Royal Tombs of Golconda' was this realized. The music is pretty and rhythmic, and several of the numbers are very effective; but in its entirety the composer's artistic perception seems to have been made captive by desire to win popularity." The Pall Mall Gazette compared it with the same composer's "Persian Garden," and said:

"We do not think that 'The Golden Threshold' comes up to the earlier cycle. The music has not the same freshness nor the individual note to the same degree, still there are several numbers which reveal once again Mme. Lehmann's gift of writing essentially vocal melodies, and if the spirit of the text has not always been reflected in spite of some touches of Indian coloring made by use of the flat seventh and characteristic turns of melody, there is sufficient flow and deftness of treatment to make the work acceptable to many people."

Other new songs that might please are Cyril Scott's "A Song of London," and "Blackbird's Song," five songs, "Love Letters," by George Clutsam.

RARE BIRDS.

Others than ornithologists will be interested in the discovery of several skeletons of the cahaw, a bird that lived and passed away hundreds of years ago, a night bird, a cave dweller in the "still-vex'd Bermoothes." Some classed the cahaw, not with the dodo, the moa and the great auk, but with the simurg, roc and phoenix. The dodo had been found in Madagascar and borne away by sailors. The frame of the gigantic moa of New Zealand was set up by Owen. Donald McQueen, who caught the last of the British specimens of the great auk, was in sound health in 1880. Three years later an auk's egg was sold for £140. In 1893 the price of an egg rose to £160.

It is undoubtedly true that there was once a bird, possibly the moa, which was known to the Arabians and Persians as the roc. It is also true that Heliogabalus thought he had at last eaten a phoenix, but it was a bird-of-paradise. Then there is the simurg, which is as strange to naturalists as the killiooloo bird, which lives on dilson berries that grow on the pamela bush on the islands of Barangatang. Is it possible after all that the cahaw is a bird of the imagination? The name has a suspicious sound. "Web footed, it had the beak of a hawk and the habits of an owl." It was not so affable as the dotterel or dottrel, which fell a victim to its own courtesy. The hunter walked toward the bird with a mincing, ball-room gait. The bird was fascinated. The hunter advanced. The bird stepped toward him. The hunter bowed. So did the bird. They came close together in exchanges of courtesy, and lo, the bird was caught.

A singular bird
With a manner absurd.

Hazlitt, disgusted because Southey, once a shouter for democracy and a Jacobin, had accepted the office of poet laureate and been tamed, likened him to the dotterel.

Mr. Charles Dixon has noted the fact that while perhaps in the majority of instances "the extinction of birds which has taken place within the historic period is entirely due to man's interference, either by tampering with the delicate balance which nature has adjusted between species in certain areas," or by his own acts of destruction, yet there are a good many instances of species being remarkably rare from no assignable cause. "These species are mostly excessively local in distribution, or individually as equally rare." Among birds exterminated in Great Britain were the great bustard, crane, spoon-bill, avocet, Savi's warbler. Among birds curiously scarce or birds of "remarkable localness and implied small numbers individually," are Forster's sandpiper (Society islands), Cabanis'

sand plover (Chili), Seebohm's chat (Algeria), Tristram's warbler (Sahara and Aures), and the wonderful humming bird that lives in a single valley in upper Amazonia, 8000 feet above sea level. But specimens of these birds exist, stuffed specimens, not merely skeletons. Cahaw? It has a suspicious sound.

June 2 1907

'FAUST' AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE — "Faust," Gounod's grand opera in five acts, Elliott Schenck, conductor. The cast:

Faust.....Hary Davies
Mephistopheles.....George Shields
Valentine.....J. K. Murray
Wagner.....W. H. Pringle
Marguerite.....Miss Lois Ewell
Siebel.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Martha.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Last evening's performance of Gounod's opera was the occasion of Miss Lois Ewell's debut in this city. Miss Ewell, according to report, is a southern girl who has been singing in public for two years, and was cast in last season's production of "The Dream City." As Marguerite last evening she made at once a favorable impression, on more than one score, although her voice is exceedingly light in quality and hardly equal to the role.

She is an attractive young woman, of slight physique and much delicate charm. Her stage presence is good, she moves with grace, and she sang and acted last evening with convincing sincerity, and at times with considerable dramatic force. It was a pleasure to see a Marguerite of the tender and winning sort, for the part is not a heroic one, and too often falls to the lot of a Valkyrie in physique.

Miss Ewell's appeal was made chiefly through personality, and the appeal was quickly felt over the footlights and found an instantaneous response. Her voice, of great sweetness, was somewhat worsted in the more exacting scenes, and was at its best in such passages of the love-duet and the first part of the prison scene, where the gentle madness of the betrayed girl was peculiarly touching and effective. The general performance was reviewed in yesterday morning's Herald. The opera was cut, and the whole cathedral scene was omitted, perhaps wisely. On the whole, the production is smooth, and particularly commendable under the circumstances, which present many difficulties. The stage management was generally admirable.

Of the other principals, Mr. Davies sang conscientiously, but used his voice injudiciously, so that it fell short in sustained passages. He suffered from an unfortunate make-up—as indeed do most impersonators of Faust—but his dramatic action was very good. Mr. Murray made an effective Valentine, and it was a pleasure to hear his agreeable voice in so grateful a part.

Mr. Shields was a conventional Mephistopheles. Miss Le Baron made an attractive appearance, but she should direct the part of certain mannerisms which are characteristic of her in performances of a less serious nature.

Mr. Schenck conducted with due regard for the solo voices. The opera next week will be Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado."

June 3 1907

CONCERT FOYER

Story About Conductor Leads to Sundry Notes on Gambling.

A FINE CROP OF INFANT PHENOMENA.

BY PHILIP HALE

It is said that a distinguished orchestral conductor in Germany is head over heels in debt, although his income is estimated at \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year. He is said to be a passionate gambler.

Gambling has been the favorite amusement of many distinguished violinists, pianists, singers, conductors. Both Wieniawski and Rubinstein were fond of tempting fortune, and gambling ruined the former. There are European violinists and pianists today who throw away in a short time at home their large earnings in America. The virtuoso often falls a victim to the sharper, and even when the game is fair the bank has the advantage.

I received not long ago a letter from a Bostonian in Europe who was struck with the inconsistency of the French laws concerning gambling. He wrote: "For years the French policy regarding vice has been one of 'toleration' and regulation so that it may do as

little material harm as possible to the public at large. And I don't suppose any one will deny that gambling is a vice. Now, all over France the games of roulette and trente-et-quarante are forbidden by law, while the game of baccarat is allowed. But in roulette the mathematical chance in the bank's favor (in the long run) is 1.35 or 2.70 per cent., according to whether the bets are even or against odds; in trente-et-quarante this chance is somewhat less than 1.35 per cent. But in baccarat the chances in the bank's favor, with a first-rate banker, are 20 per cent., and first-rate bankers are to be found nearly everywhere the game of baccarat flourishes; and, what is more, they seldom play with their own money, but merely stand in for rich syndicates that have an enormous subscribed capital to back them. Here is the inconsistency. If the aim of laws regulating vice is to guard the general public against material harm, one would think that 1.35 or 2.70 per cent. odds against it in the long run were less noxious than 20 per cent.

"It is a fact that I myself can swear to that all experienced players I have talked with have united in saying that, compared to roulette or trente-et-quarante, baccarat was simply 'la foret de Bondy'—highway robbery! Of course, the general public, or 'punt' is mathematically sure to lose in the long run in any case, but at baccarat it loses hand over fist. The much emphasized distinction that, at roulette and trente-et-quarante, the establishment itself holds the bank against the public, whereas at baccarat the public plays against itself (the bank is put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, so that the banker is really one of the public), has a merely theoretical value; its practical value is nil. The bankers, to whom the punt is sure to lose in the long run, and nearly sure to lose rapidly, are essentially professionals, who have enough capital behind them to tide over any run of ill luck, and play with all the coolness, absence of 'inspiration' and blind trust in mathematical chances that the bank at Monte Carlo does. Let any mere amateur try to take their place and he will soon see what he is in for. To be a perfect banker at baccarat is very like having the multiplication table at your fingers' ends up to 75."

Monte Carlo, my friend says, has been ruined aesthetically by the German, in spite of the fact that he is a good customer who is not frightened by a long hotel bill. "The great trouble with him is that he is equally luxurious and pleasure-loving folk of other nations flatly refuse to flock with him; wherever he comes, and he always comes in battalions, he drives them out. The rich and swell English, Americans, French, Italians, Poles, Russians, etc., in a word, the people to whom Monte Carlo used most to look for its support, and used to spend from one to three months a year there, now spend from three days to a week at most. To be sure, the Teuton is a fierce gambler and goes at a rule play a big game, and the people he has driven out did not play as a rule. The whole tone of the place is changed; the Teuton will rather do anything than dress for dinner, and his womankind are not gorgeous in their raiment; restaurants and hotel dining rooms have lost more than half their whilom gaiety of aspect, their festal air. And what is true of Monte Carlo is true pretty much all over the lot."

Yet the Germans are by no means dull at cards. Not long ago two sharpers, swells, cheated players in a Berlin club out of hundreds of thousands of marks. The games were chiefly baccarat and poker. The sharpers marked the cards. These marks were round impressions, scarcely half a millimetre in diameter, and they were placed on the cards from ace to nine at a certain distance from each other. The ordinary German cards have backs of many colors and elaborate patterns, but the rascols marked even completely white or black backs. "Their modus operandi," says a foreign journal, "was to take a splinter of wood, dip it in water, and with the fine point imprint a tiny speck of the fluid on the card. This close to the side meant one, further away two, and so on by various signs indicated in the distance or by a slight ascent and descent, until the whole suit was accurately noted." A dry splinter that leaves an almost imperceptible line is also used.

Indigo ink is used for mottled and parti-colored backs. Sharpers divide the backs of the cards into five or six sections. Four positions in the section denote the four suits, and a couple of marks on each section give much information. Then there is marking to the touch. A needle makes a puncture half through. Sometimes this needle is dipped in white wax, so that the sharper feels the spot with his thumb. The German crooked sport trains his thumb as though he were a piano pupil studying Ralf's exercises. He looks especially after the inner surface of his thumb. He wears gloves even in a room. At home he wears India rubber finger stalls. He scrapes the epidermis till the fine skin is exposed, that the thumb may be more sensitive to wax specks, punctures, indentations.

Mr. Andrews, who spent the greater part of his life in the 18th century in playing billiards and betting on his game and also in playing hazard and other games of chance, had a face that was "a perfect vacuum, with respect to every possible idea except billiards." His diet was a singular one: tea and buttered toast for breakfast, dinner and supper. He finally lost everything he had gained, and he had gained great sums. Fortunately for himself he could not dispose of a small annuity, so he went into the country and lived quietly. "He declared to an intimate old acquaintance that he never knew contentment while he was rolling in money; but since he was obliged to live upon a scanty pittance, he thought himself one

of the happiest men in the universe."

Philosophic Mr. Andrews! But how many musicians who are gamblers ever have the firmness to put aside the habit? The great virtuoso earns a large sum by one performance. He is puffed up with the idea that he will always be applauded by the public, that he can always command a high price. Money won easily, goes as easily. There is the excitement that entertains him, soothes paradoxically his nerves, or keeps them up to concert pitch. Nor should it be forgotten that man, the animal, is a gambler by nature.

Once in a while a virtuoso, especially a singer, is thrifty, close, near, and the instance is so rare that this thrift, no doubt exaggerated, passes into tradition. The economy of Adeline Patti is a case in point. It has been said that the extravagance of her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, made her thrifty. With the assistance of her second husband, the tenor Nicolini—but of this I shall speak next Sunday in connection with Frederic Lollée's amusing book, "La Fete Imperiale."

Although the spring has been backward—the spring comes slowly down his way—a fine crop of infant phenomena has already sprung up.

There is Evelyn Winter, only five years old, "the child director," who led an orchestra of 25 children at Gesu uditorium, Milwaukee. Her brother discovered a year ago that she had "a wonderful ear and a most correct musical sense and I believe she has a splendid future before her." He surely should know.

There is Bebe Lorraine, "in real life" Lorraine McCormick, the daughter of a "prominent in the musical life of large cities of the Middle West some years ago." Bebe is only eight years old, but she is "a finished actress and accomplished singer." She impersonates Marguerite, Elsa, and Elisabeth "with the utmost charm and abandon," and she also sings the soprano music in Rossini's "Stabat Mater." She goes through her chief scenes of an opera with "a delicacy of portrayal, a warmth of temperament and poignancy of emotional conception truly astonishing." Yet is she a normal child, for she cuts paper dolls from the comic supplements of Sunday newspapers and wheels her dolly in a ramshackle. She is also a subtle mathematician and her m-m-m-m-m-m-m states that she "reads everything she can pick up."

There is Mildred Forsyth of Chicago, an 8-year-old pianist. Her specialty is aach; she has summered and wintered with him, and been through him with dark lantern. She came by her love of aach honestly, for her father is foreman of a drill factory. In school she has a record of an average of 100 per cent. in examinations. Not only as a pianist her technic "perfect," but she has a wonderful depth of feeling. She has no difficulty in managing the pedals. "Even the refractory damper pedal cannot get away from her. Furthermore, she is a profound harmonist." "She has a wonderful knowledge of the formation of complicated chords, and, indeed, there are not many musicians who can op in the street and tell you what imposes certain complicated chords." "nd if any one should stop in the street bore one, the police should request m to move on. He would, indeed, be dangerous character."

There is also little Kalman Rev, the olinist, who was born in Hungary, here, according to Voltaire, the vamps flourish. Rev is the son of an innkeeper, as were Bernardine Hamakers, the opera singer, the De Reszkes and her virtuosos. He, too, is 8 years old, but in his 4th year he played on a ringed instrument made out of Indian rns. A friend of the family bought him a toy fiddle. "Since that hour music has mply flowed from him." (We have all heard of a man leaking bartone.) "And gypsy gave him a real fiddle." "The fects he produced at once amazed even e gypsy fiddler, and he wanted to spirit e boy away with him. Then a friend, saring of the boy's wonderful skill, rode s far as Wiskolez to hear the wonder-ild, and the performance so impressed m that he immediately went to Prof. ubay, who, on hearing the boy play but e piece, declared him to be a marvel." he boy is now studying at Budapest, nd he will astonish the world two years on now.

"He is a restless artist." Inasmuch he is only 8 years old, why not try vernifuge, especially if at night he ashes his teeth and has frightful eams?

Apropos of the fact that La Milo has en chosen to ride in Coventry as Lady odiva, the following editorial article om the Pall Mall Gazette is of in-erest:

"Coventry has come along at a great ice of recent years, developing new dustries much faster than old ones rished; and it is to be hoped that Co-ventry in these days knows how to man-ge a Godiva celebration with some-ense of artistry and decent feeling. But at that case she must have come along something rather more than a ma-terial sense. These Godiva pageants sed to be grotesque—and painful. A nature dame in the costume make-up opera bouffe rode side-saddle and vis-ly perspiring through the streets, in a avalanche that might have been man-ged by Bottom the Weaver and Sly the nker; and she was followed and ac-claimed by a grinning rag-tag-and-bob-ill, to whom the spectacle of her dis-est undress furnished only matter for abelsian commentary. That was in e old days. Historical pageants have me into wider and more pleasant vogue; nd Coventry must be prepared to find self judged by new standards." And who will take the part of Peep-og Tom, one of the honored members of e widespread and vey old Rubberneck umly?

married two negroes? Did the con-gregation never hear these words read in the service: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." But the congregation might say in answer that Paul did not mention specifically the negro. "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth?"

HINTS FROM ROYALTY.

The Royal Magazine tells us how kings, queens and their guests be-have at table, or should behave. It seems hardly fair that only the royal personages in England, either at home or dining out, should be pro-vided with a bill of fare. In the eyes of children a king and queen al-ways wear their crowns, even at breakfast, as splurging wives of the suddenly rich sport diamonds in hotels as they eat a "cereal," steak, eggs, buckwheat cakes and sausages and other indispensable articles of an American breakfast. The Royal Mag-azine does not deign to describe the "headwear" of King Edward, whether

he dons a house crown, a "silker" or a smoking cap as he sits down to tea, toast and a bit of bacon or a bloater.

American citizenesses might imitate to advantage a practice of queens. In returning a call made by royalty, "the visitor must not dream of ris-ing to go until a sign of dismissal be given by her hostess." The hostess, be she ever so humble, should have the privilege of telling her visitor that it is time for her to go. Then the visitor should go at once, not with a lingering, leg-wearying, death-bed farewell, but with "neatness, elegance and dispatch," as the old advertisement read. The sitter in the seat of the scornful was censured by the Psalmist, but there is a still more formidable sitter, the caller, male or female, that reminds you of the man in the Grecian mythology who was sitting on a rock from which he could not be released, and even Hercules left him sitting.

SUMMER AND TOBACCO.

The secretary of a cigarmakers' union in New Jersey prays for warmer weather because hundreds of cigar-makers are idle. He says that more cigars are smoked in hot weather than in cold.

Here is a subject for the investiga-tion of the earnest student of so-ciology. Erring brethren drink whis-

key in winter to keep warm and in summer to be cool. It has been thought that tobacco is beneficent in that it knows no especially favoring season. Young men are seen in winter going to business or walking for ex-ercise, with pipe in mouth. It is true that they look uncomfortable; never-theless, they persist in the practice. The Elizabethans believed that tobac-co, "drinking tobacco," as they said, was a sure remedy against rheums, just as Uncle George in "Rollo in Cambridge" smoked only because he suffered from a cruel nervous disease. Winter is the season for rheums.

It would be interesting to deter-mine the precise influence of open street cars and veranda life on the use of tobacco. There are still tact-less women who will not allow a hus-band to smoke in the house, not even in the kitchen near the sink. The poor wretch living in the suburbs is sometimes seen in winter, coated and muffled carefully, but shivering, on the front stoop, smoking quickly, viciously. The husband of this species looks forward to summer. But is the natural taste, not the artificial taste, for tobacco that is inspired by grega-riousness, more imperious in sum-mer than in winter? We doubt it.

PASSING DRUGS.

Sir Frederick Treves is not the only physician who has little belief in the efficacy of many medicines. There was a time when the sneer of Vol-taire that a physician was a man who put drugs about which he knew little into bodies about which he knew less angered the profession. That time is now as the dark age. A physician in Boston, one honored at home and abroad, said not long ago: "I doubt very much whether the medicines I have prescribed for thirty years did any one good." And Dr. Oliver Wen-del Holmes said, it will be remem-bered, that if all the drugs, with two or three exceptions, were thrown into the sea it would be "better for man-kind, but bad for the fishes."

Thunberg noted that his medicines acted with the greatest efficacy and certainty on slaves. He accounted for this by saying that their constitu-tions were not so much impaired by improper diet as those of their mas-ters, and because they were less ac-customed to the use of medicines. The diet of the American has grown more sensible. He takes more exer-cise than he did. But he still works against the clock; he is excited and in a hurry during business hours; he drinks too much alcohol; and pre-mature hardening of the arteries and heart and kidney troubles thin the ranks. Medicines are of little avail in the rush of the greedy after money, even though they have not been dosed from boyhood when "elixir pro" was administered in the spring by an anxious mother.

June 15 1907
A NOBLE SOUL.

The letters of a western clergyman to a female parishioner were read re-cently in court. In one he promised to spend an afternoon with her, and to show that he was a good provider, thoughtful, tender, solicitous, he wrote: "Will bring with me a pint of oysters and a quart of milk." Those who have eaten oyster stews at church sociables will appreciate the generosity, the nobility of this clergy-man. A pint of oysters to a quart of milk! The usual recipe is a pint of milk for two oysters.

"WHY IS A HEN?"

There is an old and foolish conun-drum, "Why is a hen?" and to this there is no logically satisfactory an-swer. This conundrum might, how-ever, have been asked recently to some purpose in a London court room.

A hen flew into a bicycle. It upset the rider and smashed the machine. Was the owner of the hen liable for damages? One lawyer contended that he was, for the hen was tres-passing on the highway. The other lawyer said: "No," for there was no proof that the hen might have been expected to act in a violent and de-structive manner. The judge agreed to this, and gave judgment for the defendant.

But should not a bicyclist feel rea-sonably secure on a highway from unprovoked assaults of domestic fowls? A wild fowl is capable, like Habbakuk, of anything. Suppose a cock should peck a hole in the tire of a standing devil wagon?

"YOUR EXCELLENCY."

To the Editor of The Herald:

As my previous letter seems to have aroused some interest, may I be allowed a rejoinder to your editorial of this morn-ing? You point out that in "The New English Dictionary" the quotations for "His Excellency" range from 1825 to 1848. It is not likely that "The New English Dictionary" was overlooked by one who has himself furnished over 30,000 quotations for that work. As a mat-ter of fact, however, the extracts there given throw no light on American usage.

Nor, permit me to point out, is the con-clusion you draw from those extracts correct—at least, so far as Massachu-setts is concerned. "The English colon-ists," you say, "brought the title with

them." Now this is precisely what, how-ever it may have been elsewhere, the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonists apparently did not do. That they were familiar with the title, and that they might have used it had they chosen to do so, goes without saying; but the fact is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, that they did not employ it until 1692. In the early years the Gov-ernor of Massachusetts was called "our honored Governor" or "the honored Governor," and was addressed as "Hon-orable Sir." Later he was called "Hon-orable Governor" and was addressed as "Honorable Sir." And this statement is true of other American governors. Thus, Gov. Leete of Connecticut in 1678, Gov. Sir Edmund Andros of New York in 1678, Gov. Cranfield of New Hampshire in 1684, and Gov. Bradstreet of Massa-chusetts in 1689, were each called "Hon-orable" and addressed as "Honorable Sir."

The Massachusetts Province Charter was dated Oct. 7, 1691. Under it the General Court was convened on June 8, 1692. The acts and laws passed that year were "Printed by Benjamin Harris, Printer to His Excellency, the Govern-our and Council." If my friends Dr. Green and Mr. Ernst can show that the title "His Excellency" was used in Mas-sachusetts before 1692, the fact will be interesting; but until this is done, my previous statement that the title "was apparently first used in Massachusetts in 1692" stands unimpaired.

In short, our ancestors lived here 72 years before it occurred to them to employ the title; but, once established, it became a fixture, and was made a legal title in Connecticut in 1777 and in Massachusetts in 1780. This is the more surprising because, at the outbreak of the revolution, the people of Massachu-setts were so incensed against every-thing that savored of royal government that soon after the battle of Bunker Hill, they changed the title of their own gov. from "Province" to "Colony." For these reasons I asserted that the title "might well be called a peculiarly American title." A. M.

Boston, June 8, 1907.
[The Herald in its editorial did not attempt to contradict the statement of "A. M." concerning the first use of "Your Excellency" in Massachusetts. It merely asked for further information. "A. M." qualified his original statement by saying "apparently." "A. M." said in his first letter that "Your Excellency" might well be called "a peculiarly American title." We quoted examples of the use of this title in England long before 1692 to show that the use was common in England and known to the first colonists, who brought the title to America with them as they brought their language. A colonist might have brought a keg of Hollands and not opened it for a year or two—pre-serving it for "purely medicinal pur-poses." We still fail to see why "Your Excellency" is a "peculiarly American title." Ed.]

June 16 1907

JOHN ORTH AGAIN.

So the Archduke John Salvator, otherwise known as Mr. John Orth, has turned up again. This time he is in London, and Mr. Garzon, once se or of Uruguay, and now of Paris, "a person of considerable im-portance," was introduced to him in the St. Lazare station, June 8.

Since the archduke disappeared, in 1891, he has done many things, according to trustworthy informa-tion. He was lost at sea when a sailing vessel went down. He was a waiter in New York. He was working in a gold mine out West, and at the same time running a ranch hundreds of miles from the mine. He was also living in South Africa and Australia, where he had a bushwhacker's beard and a mel-ancholy bearing. Mr. Garzon knew him when he was a laborer on the estate of Senor Villa Rey, at Chaco, Paraguay.

Other distinguished foreigners have appeared in America in the course of their "disappearance." Some believe to this day that the son of Marie Antoinette lived as a preacher among the Indians. "Have we a Bourbon among us?" was once a stirring question even outside of Kentucky. There are some who will swear that Marshal Ney was never executed, that he escaped to Amer-ica, and lived a long life as an hon-

est farmer in Georgia. As for John Orth, he may be in Boston this mo-ment in spite of Mr. Garzon's firm belief.

June 14 1907
AN EXCEPTION.

Why should the congregation of a prominent Episcopal church in Har-m be disturbed because the curate

Frederic Loliee's Gossip in "La Fete Imperiale"; Strakosch Mistook a Voice; Book of Personal Revelations

BY PHILIP HALE.

File June 16 1907

MME. ADELINA PATTI, the Baroness Cederstroem, talked last month in Paris with a reporter of the Echo de Paris. Unlike the majority of singers, whose birthday is a movable feast, she insisted that she was 64 years old. She then said: "I suppose you would like to know how I have managed to reach such an age without appearing too much damaged?" Thus she neatly begged the question.

She told the reporter that up to 40 years she ate and lived as she chose. When she was 40, she considered her dietetic ways. "Since then I have eaten no red meat and have drunk only white wine and soda. When I feel weak, a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liqueurs. My diet consists of light food and white meat, chiefly sweetbreads, sheep's brains, fowl and vegetables." White wine, of course, is yellow, but as Mr. Chesterton pointed out, if a guest should insist on this, the landlord, waiter and fellow-guests would think him crazy, or at least a little lacking, for the world resents the statement of truth; witness the hysterical protests against Mr. G. B. Shaw. Mme. Patti can afford to order sweetbreads. There was a time when butchers threw them away as offal, or gave them to customers with singular tastes, just as grapefruit were once thought fit only for pigs. Why do hostesses special grapefruit by treating them with sugar and sherry, or rum? But I wander.

Mme. Patti always sleeps with the window wide open in summer, and partly open in winter. She seldom goes to bed before 12:30 or 1 o'clock. She goes to bed; she does not go through "that mysterious operation known as retiring." A woman that retires has no legs, and she never sweats. She accents the first syllable in cement and the second in decorative. She is a genteel person in many ways. "A severe hygiene and an elaborate toilet before bed are absolutely necessary to any woman who does not want to get fat." In other words, Mme. Patti believes in massage. Was not Baron Cederstroem noted for his skill in massage when Mme. Patti married him? Or did he merely teach light gymnastics and Swedish movements?

The majority of American women will wonder at Mme. Patti's statement about her sleeping with an open window. Yet there has been recently in English journals an animated discussion over the "night air superstition." Dr. C. W. Saleeby began it by an article in the Pall Mall Gazette in which he argued seriously in favor of having a window open at night, for night air may contain fewer organic gases, and it contains less microbe-laden dust. "I do not here reckon," says Dr. Saleeby, "with the imbecilities practised in some cities, where huge circular brushes sweep the roads at night, without previous watering." What would he say to the condition of the streets of Boston day and night? He then argues gravely that foul air in a bedroom is injurious to the sleeper; that if an open window rattles, it may be fixed with a couple of wooden wedges; that the top sash should be opened rather than the bottom one; that the head of the bed should not be placed between the open window and the fireplace; that if the sleeper feels cold, he should have an extra blanket. "It is possible to sleep in pure air." A wise man, this Dr. Saleeby. Yet his statements and advice have been vigorously combated by correspondents. Mme. Patti's practice is, therefore, not to be taken for granted as common in England.

Patti as Critic.

Mme. Patti heard Strauss' "Salome" in Paris. "What a part! I would not sing it for anything." It would, indeed, be hard to think of her in this part. The apparition of the Baptist's head frightened her. "I put up a prayer in my box during the performance. Salome ought not to kiss John's lips. The Bible says it was her mother, Herodias, who asked for John's head, not she, and that she gave it to Herodias." A deep thinker and a close biblical student!

Hearing Strauss' music, she thought the more of Wagner's. She has never sung Wagner's music on the stage. "He did not compose for my voice, as Verdi and Gounod did, but I love him all the same." And here is a statement that should not be overlooked by Mr. W. A. Ellis when he comes to the volume of his work on Wagner in which "Parsifal" is discussed. "I never met Wagner," said Mme. Patti, "because he refused to know me. The reason was that I refused to create the part of Kundry. Wagner often heard me sing at Covent Garden, and he told my brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, that he was writing the part of Kundry for me. But I thought there was a great deal of shrieking to do in the part and refused to sing it. Wagner was furious, and never would meet me. All of which has never prevented me from landing his music to the skies."

Her Former Beauty.

Telling the reporter how she has continued to be plausibly young at the age of 64, she said nothing about the absence of worry and distress in her life. Mme. Patti has always lived for herself.

There is much about her in the amusing volume, "La Fete Imperiale," which was published recently in Paris. The author, Mr. Frederic Loliee, is known to English readers by his "Femmes du Second Empire," which, published in English by John Lane Company, has been reviewed in The Herald. I doubt whether any English publisher will have the courage to publish a literal translation of "La Fete Imperiale."

Mr. Loliee in his sixth chapter describes certain grand opera singers who shone in the Second Empire. Patti appeared first in Paris as a singer of the Rossinian school, when the magnificent

Frezzolini had left the Italians and the "divine Bosio" had died, only 32 years old, victim of her devotion to the poor of Moscow. Patti's marvelous voice and vocal artistry, her sombre Andalusian eyes, black hair, pale yet warm complexion, native vivacity, bewitching smile,

youthful grace and ardor, turned all heads. She sang in Italian opera and Mme. Miolan-Carvalho in French. The critics praised the two without measure. The descriptive adjectives were always in the superlative: "Charmantes, eboules, santes, merveilleuses, prestigieuses, prodigieuses, incomparables, divines." Poets became inflamed. Charles Coligny wrote of Patti: "O, brown Adeline! As the blonde Venus with the tip of her foot drinks the foam of the wave, so you are, like unto a flower that drinks a song."

A Spoiled Child.

Flattered continually and extravagantly, Patti could not brook the slightest adverse criticism, she could not endure the praise of another singer. The Marquis de Charnace had an enviable reputation as a critic. He had made it a rule, in order to preserve his independence, never to associate with singers, composers, musicians of any sort. Strakosch, not pleased by the dignified reserve of de Charnace's articles, urged him to dine with his sister-in-law. "She reads your reviews and wishes to convert you. She will give the dinner for you, and you will sit on her right, Doucet on her left, and Aubert opposite you. There will be other guests, but no women."

De Charnace was persuaded. The dinner was of the best. The table equipage was splendid and the service was noiseless. There was at once talk about music. Patti had sung in "Lucia di Lammermoor" the night before, and de Charnace broke out enthusiastically in praise of Fraschini, the tenor. He had hardly finished, when Patti burst into tears and left the table. Strakosch followed her. There was consternation among the guests. What had happened? Strakosch returned and said: "Mr. de Charnace, I beg you to go to my sister-in-law. You have pained her deeply. De Charnace went into the next room. He soothed her, dried her tears, flattered her, till she said gaily: "It is over now." She took her seat again at the table, but there was nothing said about Fraschini.

Invited everywhere, begged to honor aristocratic houses by her presence, she was slow in acceptance, she needed urging, and when she did go, her behavior was that of a spoiled child. Her host, on one occasion, took the precaution to ascertain her favorite dishes and wines. Nicolini, her second husband, his name

Photograph of Mr. Alexandre Guilmant, the distinguished organist, taken at his home in Meudon on the occasion of the celebration of his 70th birthday, when his American pupils joined in honoring him.



was Nicolas, and he deserted his wife to marry Patti, answered for her and named the only brand of champagne that she desired to drink. The soup was served. Nicolini tasted it, and turned to her: "Yes, you can eat it." So it went through the dinner, and the anger of the host was a long crescendo, which ended in his resolve never to invite such a comedian again.

There was talk only of her, her beauty, her voice, her triumphs. She alone was "the Diva." All Paris was interested in her private life, in the report of a dis-

agreement with her family about a Belgian wooer whom she was prevented from wedding.

A Marchioness.

Her first husband was the Marquis de Caux. No one led the cotillion at court balls with greater elegance than he. No one was a more agreeable gossip when noble dames fanned themselves or affected to hide their faces for a moment behind their fans. No one was more welcome at Compiègne for his store of latest information. But this master of the Emperor's stables spent money with both hands, and was soon without a sou. It came to pass that landlords of fashionable restaurants refused to trust him for a supper. Then Patti became Marquise de Caux. A crown fell into her lap, and her money poured into the purse of the marquis.

Did she move gracefully in aristocratic circles? Mr. Loliee tells us that she disappointed expectation. "She remained that which she always was, a delightful singer, but a woman without great mental culture, without curiosity outside her art—except an unusual facility for acquiring languages, wherever she was obliged on a tour to make herself understood—indifferent toward letters and seldom writing a letter—if I may be pardoned this pun—boasting that she never read the newspapers, keeping her admirers in suspense and asking whether she were only a virtuoso or whether she had a soul. Shall I say heart? The details of her generous deeds furnish meagre food for the journals." But they have told a hundred times the chief features of her brilliant career, the Himalayan proportions of her receipts in the countries of large salaries, "where artists have more talent, for those who listen when the latter have paid dearly to hear them," and "the extreme sweetness of an existence which has been ruled only by caprice, and has had no other trouble than to live, always guided, contented, glorified." Captain, these are bitter words.

The Marquis de Caux made a distinction between the marchioness and the singer. Thus a note of invitation was passed in gleeful Parisian society. The Marquise de Caux will be at home Saturday evening. La Patti will sing. "Later, when the separation took place, and the marquis, again poor but having regained unalloyed dignity, never speaking of his wedding ring to put it on the finger of Nicolini, tenor di grazia, waiting that it should go after the death of the latter on the finger of a Swedish gentleman, it was perceived that the addition of a blazon had not transformed the seductive siren, that she had not ceased to be that which

she was from birth: a nightingale, and nothing else."

Is there not something to be said on Mme. Patti's side with reference to this marriage? Did not the marquis, heavily in debt, dissipated, constitutionally unfaithful to any woman, marry her solely for her money? Did not the Emperor aid in bringing about the match? Did not the marquis after the marriage waste her earnings in riotous living and shamefully neglect her? Were there not stories of his cruelty at the time of the separation?

Words of Gail.

Of all this Mr. Loliee says nothing. He speaks of her, however, as an old singer today, never weary of deriving glory and fortune from a marvellous organ, which, though transformed, pretends to preserve its brilliance of former years, although it, naturally, has not the fresh and pure quality that long distinguished it. He remembers the triumphs at the opera house, the caprices of her talent and humor, her farcical actions; her indolence, for she was never willing to study and she generally found some one, often Strakosch, to rehearse for her; her liberties with the music of composers, for she overloaded it with ornaments, arabesques, arpeggios of all sorts, daring cadenzas, scintillating trills; singing by instinct and giving herself to it, forgetting that she was also an actress to whom a character had been entrusted, a situation that astonished rather than to move. "The art of bel canto had not yet been dethroned by lyric dramaturgy to which the singer must not only consecrate the voice but also deliver all the nimble forces of her intelligence and also her soul."

Is this all true? Was not Mme. Patti scrupulous in her interpretation of Mozart's music, as in that of Zerlina? Did she not sing it and other romantically classic music without embellishment save the ineffable beauty of her voice?

La Frezzolini.

On the other hand, Mr. Loliee finds only words of praise for Adelaide Frezzolini, whose beauty, whose grace and dignity of behavior moved Richard Grant White to a Grandisonian eulogy.

Mme. Frezzolini was a brunette, whose body rivalled that of the Countess de Castiglione, it was so sculptural. A prince of the Romanoff family wished to marry her. It was necessary to obtain the permission of the Czar, and he ordered her to leave Russia. This was before the singer visited America. Later she married Fogli, a singer whom she appreciated more in the opera house than at home. She soon knew poverty. Some years afterward she married a distinguished physician in Paris.

Travelling in America, she had as a companion a parrot, who imitated the voice of the mistress so that even her servants were deceived. One day at New Orleans, her manager, Strakosch, had occasion to call on her. He knocked at the chamber door. A voice answered "Come in." Strakosch turned the door-knob and entered. Mme. Frezzolini was before the looking-glass making her toilet. She was clothed in the air of the

room Strakosch apologized and withdrew as slowly as possible. The parrot had deceived him.

In Paris the hair of the singer grew white and her face became lined. Her superb body grew strangely thin. The glory of her large, gentle, black eyes was long undimmed and her voice remained for a time, but she would not sing for everyone, and anyone that had not heard her in her brilliant days, was surprised nevertheless by her voice and art.

A story is told of Mr. Georges Meyer who saw her walking idly in the night in a parlor to the piano. He did not know her at the time, but her voice was as "the echo of a heavenly instrument." When she sat down, all went to her with congratulations, and one of the guests handed her reverently a cigar case. She took a Havana and lit it. "Who is she, pray?" asked Meyer. "What? You don't know her?" it is Mme. Frezzolini. He would afterward, meeting her, fall on his knees and

beg her to sing. One night at Carlotta's she began an aria that had provoked storms of applause at the Italiens. At the second measure she grew pale, shut her eyes, and fell to the floor. Before her death she lost in large measure her mind.

Mr. Loiree remembers that she, generous and romantic, would never receive more than 2000 francs an evening, and matter how friends urged her to take more and managers stood by consenting.

The Artiste Auber.

Bernardine Hamakers deserves an article by herself. Let us today speak of her only in association with Auber, Rossini and Meyerbeer. Mr. Loiree draws a singular sketch of Auber. To the end of his long life, the composer was susceptible to the charm and flattery of a man. He multiplied private rehearsals for Miss Hamakers, who gave Mr. Loiree many piquant details of Auber's private life. The woman that ruled him as Pauline Dameron, who was once at the Opera, very handsome, otherwise uninteresting. Her intimate friends were Miss Poinot of the Opera, very ugly, with a metallic voice, and Miss Riquier of the Theatre Francaise, beautiful, intelligent and witty. Auber lived in an expensive manner. He kept ten or eight horses in his stable, and his carriages were distinguished. He gave sumptuous dinners, but the guests were generally only women. "The illustrious composer was an egoist in the pleasures of the eyes." The guests were served by men in full livery and the conversation was not at all austere, nor was it chiefly about music. Auber loved curry. Opera singers and actresses were then dressed by Worth, and costumes often cost from £1,500 to £2,000. The thing Auber would not talk about was the days of his youth. He disliked to be reminded of his age. He never forgot Count Walewski, as minister of state, offering a toast to him at a formal banquet, and beginning: "This noble and illustrious old man."

At his receptions, there was seldom any music. Auber affected not to speak of music, to consider it only as a means by which he became known and successful. Alone, he would play music of Mozart and Beethoven, but if any one entered the room, unless he were a musician and a close friend, he would sit at the score.

Mr. Loiree says Mr. Auber, an egotist, pleasure-seeking old man, but not a son of his age. He was high-spirited and physically and mentally in his prime, kindly disposed, simple, ready to advance the young on condition that he was not inconvenienced thereby. Miss Hamakers' brother died. Auber exacted from her that she should not wear mourning at his house, for mourning saddened him.

Auber's life was strictly regulated. At clock he took a cup of tea, dressed and exercised his horses. Then he went to the Conservatory, attended rehearsals of his operas, dined at 6, and in the evening drove in the Bois. In winter he would often go to the theatre, accompanied by "his nymphs," the women who had dined with him, or with some of his companions. In summer he would sit in the balcony by the side of the court of his house, and then the party would visit the Bois in two or three carriages. The favored woman, Miss Hamakers, some singer or dancer, would sit with him in a two-seated victoria, or Pauline Dameron would assert her rights. Auber hated the country, when Miss Hamakers lived at St. James, he would condescend to visit her as a paternal friend.

Rossini and Meyerbeer.

Miss Hamakers told again to Mr. Loiree the old story of the economy practiced in Rossini's house, for the second wife was thrifty to the verge of parsimony, and she trained Rossini in the way he should go. He, himself, might have lived on the flattery of his guests, it was so thick and unctuous. He would say to them: "Make yourselves at home, go, come, smoke; my house is safe." And once Gaetano Braga murmured: "If it is a cafe, serve us something." Miss Hamakers was walking with Rossini on a Christmas. He stopped at a shop and priced some indispensable table dish. Every one that was shown him was too expensive, he said.

But he was a brilliant talker, amiable, delicious, humorous, ironical, philosophical. He was prodigal at least in wit. At table he liked a dim light, which permitted more intimate duos, more confidential conversation. Ordinary or agree as the dinner may have been, the invitation to Rossini's house was highly valued and eagerly sought. There was much laughter. Rossini unbuttoned his anecdotes or impressions that were full of charm. Sometimes Mlle. de la Motte, a Belgian who inherited Rossini's library and unpublished manuscripts, would accompany a singer on a motorcycle. This instrument was made of masses filled with water, which were used in a sort of grand piano. Its vibrations and crystalline sonorities amused the ear.

But Meyerbeer was not as smiling and easy as the epicurean of Passy, nor was he sensitive to the "odor di femina." He was, however, paternal to singers who took part in performances of his operas. Miss Hamakers, as Berthe in "The Prophet," observed the extreme care that he took in rehearsals, in stage settings; how he was constantly preoccupied with the exterior effects; how in some way he was "plus artiste que les artistes."

Then there was Dr. Veron, once the manager of the Opera, a bourgeois Lucullus, who was once thus defined, probably by a grateful guest—belly, vanity and a cravat. He was a bachelor and he applauded himself for it; but he had a wonderful cook, Sophie, who presented herself after dinner to be congratulated. It was Sophie who said one day to her master: "Sir, the newspapers are neglecting us."

A pronounced gourmet, the doctor sought after the super refinements of the gastronomic art. At his table there were sympathetic companions, seldom women, except Miss Lucie, a young dancer of an admirable figure, but plain-faced. She prided herself on her virtue, and was never weary of talking about it; yet she could manage successfully three intrigues at once. After supper a foot-

man would appear, bearing a platter of gold coins or rolls of gold pieces. The women gambled with them while the men went to the smoking room. Mme. Taglioni, the dancer, would open the rolls, distribute the louis, and they that gained kept their winnings. Veron received his guests, male and female, with the pomp of a Roman of the Decadence. Bernardine Hamakers told Mr. Loiree many things. A sketch of her and of queens and princesses of operetta in the days of the second empire will appear in The Herald next Sunday.

PERSONAL.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Davies, the tenor at the Castle Square Theatre, feels called upon to substitute sentimental ditties for the music written by the composer of the operetta or to interpolate them. Both substitution and interpolations are usually incongruous. Perhaps Mr. Davies remembers Perkyon Middlewick, who said of Sir Geoffrey: "Trying to play billiards one of these days, I'll loore him on to skittles." But an audience is not always a Sir Geoffrey.

Mme. Schumann-Heink told Selene Armstrong of the Atlanta Georgian that she does not wear flannels at any season of the year. This abstinence accounts possibly for the "dynamic force which the personality of the woman radiates." "To spend a half-hour in her presence," adds Miss Armstrong, "is like catching a whiff of wind that purifies and rain that cleanses."

Miss Elena Gerhardt, according to the London Telegraph, has promised Mr. Nikisch that she will never, no never sing "to anybody's accompanying but his."

Mr. Blaess, the cellist who was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has had luck in London. Last October he broke his cello just before he gave a concert, and last month, purposing to give a concert, he fell sick with gastric fever.

Felix Senuis, two years ago a bank clerk in St. Petersburg, made his first appearance as a tenor in London, at a Philharmonic concert, May 16. His voice was highly praised, but an artistic control of it was not admitted by some of the leading critics.

Mr. Joseph Sheehan sang at a concert of the Lyric Glee Club in Milwaukee not long ago. We regret to learn from the Milwaukee Free Press that he displayed "a laas, a laas, the vibrato and scallinaccone effects that characterized his vocalization since he passed the zenith of his tenoristic career," tonal effects which spring into prominence when the orchestral support to which he is accustomed to sing is lacking." Mr. Sheehan should look after his "scallinaccone effects" this summer.

"The Wagner operas," says a London journalist, "which begin at 5 o'clock at Covent Garden, are certainly responsible for some of the quaintest conglomerations of modes ever seen or imagined. Poor femininity is sadly put to it to present a congruous day and evening scheme at one and the same time, and the result is, in many instances, far removed from the accepted tenets of la Mode."

Mr. Paul Soudy of Paris thinks that the music of Strauss "Salome" is "too clear," and therefore incapable of expressing or suggesting the mysterious.

Victor Maurel sang recently at Barcelona in "Rigoletto" and "Othello." After the performance of the former, the audience would not leave until he promised to sing once more in the course of a few days. Three extra performances were given, and at the last the audience would not leave the theatre until he had sung several songs. The manager ordered the lights to be turned out at 3 A. M. Then the crowd followed Mr. Maurel to his inn, cheering him. Has Mr. Maurel purchased a new voice, or has his old voice come back to him, repentant and eager to serve his brains?

The Daily Telegraph (London) represents Mme. Melba as saying "there is no orchestra in the world to equal the Boston Philharmonic" (sic). The Telegraph informs us that this orchestra was founded by Mr. H. V. (sic) Higginson, "who does not in the least mind losing \$50,000 a year over the enterprise. It was never run as a speculation, and any profit there may be goes to the orchestral pension fund. Every member of the band is something more than a highly skilled orchestral player. He is a completely equipped artist and capable, when need be, of shining as a soloist." The season lasts, "from September till the middle of May," and "the repetition" is on Friday evenings." Mme. Melba, the Telegraph adds, "entertains a hope that Mr. Henry J. Wood, for whose conducting she has the warmest admiration, may be prevailed upon to take charge of the Boston organization for one season."

Mme. Melba thinks the Americans are a really musical people, "for the reason partly that they can afford to pay for the best of everything, and, therefore, hear the finest artists and the best performances."

At the MacDowell concert at Paris four pieces by Godard were on the programme. Miss Godard, the sister of the composer, took part in the concert as violinist.

The Pittsburgh Male Chorus offers a prize of \$100 for the best music set for male voices to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." The cantata must take from 20 minutes to half an hour in performance, the fourth stanza, as well as repetitions of the "Chorus," to be omitted at the discretion of the composer. Manuscripts should be sent to Col. Austin Beach, Oliver Avenue and Wood Street, Pittsburgh, before Sept. 15, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the composer. The judges will be Charles Heinrich, Luigi von Kunitz and James Stephen Martin, director of the chorus. The successful work will be performed next fall.

Mr. Francis Macmillen, violinist, played in London, May 27, after a successful tour in the United States. The Paul Mall Gazette said: "We felt that he played as if extremely conscious of this fact; there was almost too much confidence and air of success about his playing. It showed itself in great exuberance of spirit—a good thing, it may be said, and truly, if wisely tempered with artistic restraint. Exuberance and pride of playing should not make one careless of intonation, certainty of attack, or purity of tone, and this is what happened in Mr. Macmillen's case last night rather frequently. We are sure,

all the same, that he is really a first-rate violinist; but he must not give us the impression that he has forgotten about the music he is playing."

CHARLESTON VS. STOUGHTON.

The Herald has received the following letter from Mr. O. G. Sonneck in answer to the letter of the secretary of the Stoughton Musical Society, which was published in The Herald of June 2. Mr. Sonneck refers to his "early concert life in America."

To the Editor of The Herald:

I do not claim to have been absolutely exhaustive or correct as to minor details. Many interesting data must have escaped me, if I actually did not know of the existence of the Musical Society in Stoughton before I read the secretary's protest against a certain statement of mine. However, supposing I had known, at the time I claimed priority for the St. Cecilia of Charleston, S. C., over the Stoughton Musical Society, the substance of his protest, namely, that he possessed a copy of a letter of resignation by President Samuel Talbot of the "Musical Society in Stoughton," in which he refers to his long connection with the society "ever since and during the year 1862," what deductions would have been warranted?

According to my way of historical reasoning, and barring a slip of memory or of that on President Talbot's part, and without further data, merely this: that such a society existed in Stoughton in 1862 that the St. Cecilia Society was founded in the same year, consequently also existed, and that both preceded the "Stoughton Musical Society," founded as a kind of "Saengerbund" in 1870. It would still have to be proved that the Musical Society in Stoughton really antedated the St. Cecilia Society, and until the secretary of the Stoughton Musical Society proves this, which I hope he will be able to do, I hesitate, as a cautious historian, to accede to his "probability."

The growing-out and continuation process must not be adopted in such matters, as otherwise somebody might wish to prove that some society dates back to 1720, when singing societies—addicted to the use of psalmody by note, a sure sign of aesthetic awakening—are said to have existed in New England, or some aristocratic Charlestonian might throw off his tactfulness in what is unfortunately regarded down South as "private local business," and establish the existence of some similar forerunner of the St. Cecilia in the 17th century. Yours sincerely, O. G. SONNECK.

Washington, D. C. June 3, 1907.

NEW WORKS.

A symphonic poem, "The Sunken Bell," op. 12, by Vladimir Metzl, was performed for the first time in England at a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Safonoff, May 13. The composer was born at Moscow, in 1882. He studied at the Moscow Conservatory with Taneieff, and also with Safonoff. For a short time he taught at the Imperial music school at Odessa, but he now lives in Berlin, and spends his time in composition. His two most important orchestral works are this symphonic poem and a symphonic fantasy, "Dream Pictures." "The Sunken Bell" is based on Hauptmann's play. The Pall Mall Gazette said of the work: "It is a remarkably mature composition for a man so young, and withal inexperienced, seeing that his other works are few in number and small in scope. There is a distinct German influence to be detected in the music (the composer is now living in Berlin), more, perhaps, than that of his native country, but he seems to

have the same nappy knack of dealing with the picturesque orchestral color that is the common property of Russian composers. In some respects this is the most interesting part of the symphonic poem, for though the thematic material is definite in character and often duly expressive, the construction is lacking in coherence; the work is, in fact, far too long compensatory with the effect realized, chiefly so, perhaps, because there is not sufficient variety in the development of the themes. Founded upon Hauptmann's fairy play "The Sunken Bell," the music is intended to illustrate the ambitions and despair of Heinrich, the bellfounder, who endeavors to create an impossible chime, and the influence cast over him by the fairy elf, Rautendelein. This latter idea has given the composer his best chance, and, indeed, some of the fairy music is exceedingly characteristic and shows real feeling. As a whole, though, the work can hardly be said to be a notable success, but it is evidently the pen of a man who has something to say, and whose later compositions one may wait for with genuine interest." The Times said that the composer's cleverness showed the weakness of his power of genuine invention.

A song cycle "James Lee's Wife," a setting of a selection of Browning's words for voice and orchestra by Arthur Somervell, was performed for the first time in London, May 25. The singer was Marie Bruma to whom the cycle is dedicated. "These songs, five in number, made a really genuine impression on ac-

count of the refined feeling expressed in the music." The Times said: "Although the music is thoughtful and at moments even strenuous, there is a certain feeling that music and words have been forced together, that they belong to distinct types of artistic expression which cannot satisfactorily be united." The Times, however, calls the last song of the cycle beautiful.

A duet in manuscript, "Crux Fidelis," by Max Bruch was sung for the first time May 27, in London by the Misses Carbone for whom it was written. "It is a pleasantly composed hymn in the contrapuntal style, and colored by the sombre manner of the writer."

R. H. Waltham's "Ode to the Nightingale" (Keats' words) for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, was performed for the first time in London, May 14 at a concert of the Handel Society. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "The music is cleverly written as regards effectiveness, and for expressiveness of the text, rises in one or two places to a real beauty. Especially pleasing is the setting of the opening and closing verses. Had the composer in general gone throughout for broader treatment rather than the very closely illustrated points attempted, we think the work would have been more coherent. As it is, there is an inevitable feeling of patchiness, and the atmosphere created at the beginning is not sufficiently maintained. Still, the cantata is, indeed, decidedly worth hearing."

HOUSEKEEPER AND WIFE.

A Philadelphian of brains and reputation died a few days ago, self-exiled, in London. It appears that he married his housekeeper, and "society refused to recognize her." Indignant, he left his native city and swore he never would return. It is said that he died of a broken heart.

But did he marry to suit himself or to please his family, friends, acquaintances? If he loved her, was he not content with the exile's lot, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot"? An excellent housekeeper has qualities that characterize an excellent wife. Housekeepers are often physically attractive, cheerful and tactful. They know the requirements and the whims of the master of the house, when to speak to him, when to be silent, his table tastes, his idea of a grate fire, the thousand and one little things that contribute to a man's happiness or discomfort. Furthermore, the man is accustomed to the housekeeper. He has had the opportunity of knowing whether she would wear well, whether he would be tired of her face and voice.

But in Philadelphia, as in Boston, there is much chatter about social position, and a woman who works is not always named in the list of "our best people."

APPROPRIATE READING.

Foreign reprints of English copy-right books, which were formerly confiscated and destroyed by the English customs officers, are now given to the corporation of Trinity House for use in lightships and lighthouses. Do the men on these ships and in these houses delight in stories of the sea? Or do they prefer village pastorals, tales of aristocratic life, adventures in Africa and Asia?

The most inveterate reader of travels we ever knew seldom left Boston, and a journey to New York was to him a desperate trip, fraught with excitement and perils. Does not the summer dweller in the country prefer a story of city life or the history of a long buried and strange people to books about the habits of birds or those that describe the procession of flowers, fruits and vegetables? Did the tired butcher, craving relaxation, find pleasure and forgetfulness in "The Jungle"? The retired sea captain built his house, as a rule, where it was sheltered from the winds, where he could not see the ocean.

Probably the lonely watcher in the lighthouse finds comfort in stories of tumultuous action, and the man on the lightship revels in accounts of intrigues on the firm land.

HER FORTUNE.

Mr. William H. Hackett, the principal of the New Haven (Ct.) high school, said that a handsome face and a tailor-made gown are greater

factors than mental qualifications in getting promotions for teachers in the schools of that city. On the same day the news came from St. Petersburg that the "lady assistants" in the general postoffice of that city are, almost without exception, good-looking. The Slovo, a St. Petersburg journal, states that applications for clerkships from plain women receive scanty attention.

Mr. Leonard Merrick, in his singular romance, "The Quaint Companions," a novel that should be read by all who are interested in problems of miscegenation, says: "At 20 the gift that man counts best in woman is loveliness, and at 30 it is wit, and at 40 it is a keen appreciation of his own." This is epigrammatic; is it true? Was not Dryden nearer the truth when he sang:

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

A woman, writing to the Pall Mall Gazette last month on the subject of physical attraction in marriage, said that physical attraction alone is likely to be of short duration, "unsupported by mental and spiritual attraction." However this may be in marriage, there is no doubt that in business relations the comely woman has an advantage over the plain one, unless the business man has a jealous wife or is wholly absorbed in business or very nearsighted. Whether the young woman apply for a position as stenographer, parlor maid, choir singer or nurse, her personal appearance has much to do with her obtaining the position. Her keeping the position does not depend so much on her looks. The pretty girl may soon be revealed as one incompetent, lazy, a singer untrue to the pitch, clumsy. The plain woman is not necessarily accomplished, and she is not forgiven so quickly for carelessness or stupidity by her employer.

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ONE MAN'S POISON.

Dr. Chalmers Watson, in a paper contributed to the series which deals with work done by Prof. Schaefer in a physiological laboratory, a series published in the latest issue of the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, shows that the progeny of meat-fed rats are, as a rule, poorly developed and die in great quantities in early life; that the bones of meat-fed young rats whose parents were meat-fed are diseased—skull, ribs, spine, all the bones. The experiments were made on 100 meat-fed rats. The "control rats" fed on an "exclusively bread and skim-milk diet" were healthy, sound and in high spirits.

Dr. Watson also shows that the thyroid gland of the neck—a gland which has much to do with the growth of the body—is larger, more vigorous and more active in porridge-fed animals than in meat-fed animals.

It is said that the Scotsman is physically the largest man on earth. "Further, considering his numbers and the conditions under which his activity has been displayed, his contributions to the work and thought of mankind are amazing in extent." Now porridge has long been the staple of Scottish diet.

On the other hand, Mr. Ernest L. Walford says that rickets is more prevalent in Scotland than in any other part of the British empire, but the disease is unknown in Australia, whose inhabitants are the biggest meat eaters in the empire. This statement is disturbing, if true.

It would seem as though the prudent man should eat porridge for breakfast, and a bit of steak or a mutton chop for dinner. Nothing could be fairer than this.

JOAN OF ARC AGAIN.

What has become of the scheme to move the cottage of Joan of Arc to Kensington? The thought of Englishmen paying respect at this late day to one whom they assisted in burning at Rouen, to one vilified by Shakespeare and his colleagues, is pleasant to the observer of the passing show.

We say "burning at Rouen" as respectful followers of tradition. Yet, early in the nineties, a Frenchman named Lesigne wrote a carefully prepared and scholarly book, in which he attempted to prove by quotations from the manuscripts and contemporary records that Joan was not executed; that she became the wife of Robert des Armoises, and was highly honored. The homage paid her recently in London at the theatres was much commented on in Paris, where disputants are busy. The churchman believes Joan is the symbol of Christian inspiration. Others think she was irresponsible, a "hallucinee"—and here enters the plausible theory of Dr. Icard about her visions. A third clique esteems her as a great military commander, a leader of men,

not only an inspirer, but a planner and organizer of victory. The believers in the occult—and Paris is now given up to occult sciences, candle gazing, vibrations of the astral body, consultation of cards, reading of the hand, etc.—these believers are sure that the soul of some great general, possibly that of Hannibal, entered into Joan, and years later was reincarnated in the shape of Napoleon I.

But, if Joan was not burned, think of the dramatists, poets, musicians, historians, who have been grossly deceived—from Villon to De Quincey, from Shakespeare and his colleagues to Tchaikowsky and Bemberg.

MR. TESLA'S TOWER.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Tesla will be able to pay a judgment brought against him for \$1108.20, and thereby save his tower. All magi, wonder-workers, sorcerers have operated in towers, from the Babylonians to Klingsor, from Klingsor to Tesla. "I see as from a tower the end of all."

It is a pity that there are contrary statements about the exact height of Mr. Tesla's tower. The New York Times says the height is 150 feet, and the Sun says it is 216. We like to think of it as 216. The inventor is, then, so much nearer Mars, and in communicating with the Martians every foot counts. What romances there are about magicians operating in towers! There is the story by Irving of the tower window in which strange lights were seen, and there were stranger, wilder lights in Tesla's, for the electrician is the modern and superior magician. The two that stood on a tower in Hardy's novel were tragic figures, although they were at first only astronomically inclined, but, frightened at the abysses in the sky, the woman fell in love with the unappreciative youth.

Mr. Tesla's tower must be saved. There's too little that is romantic in our architecture and life.

June 8

WEDDING "FUN."

Friends of a newly married couple in New York tied tin cans to the carriage. The horses, frightened, ran away. A trolley car, unable to stop, struck the carriage and sent it against a pillar. The driver was

badly injured. "No arrests were made, as the affair was entirely accidental."

At Washington, a bride about to take the train for her wedding journey, was hit in the eye by a piece of glass or gravel thrown at her with rice, and will probably lose her sight.

At Red Hook, N. Y., a young man returning home with his bride was met by "merrymakers," who indulged in a charivari. He fired a charge of birdshot into the crowd. Several of the injured belong to "prominent families, and efforts are made to keep the affair quiet." "Birdshot" is an agreeable variation. As a rule the charge is buckshot. Sometimes the justly angry bridegroom takes up his trusty rifle.

Paragraphs of a like nature may be read somewhere almost daily in this country. The wonder is that the irresistible humorists, the screamingly funny, the mad wags are not always arrested by the police, or injured seriously, or put far beyond future jesting by a well-aimed gun. Any prank that causes a bride confusion and shame when she should be the happiest is in execrable taste, and the partition that divides "humor" and insult on these occasions is thin. There are apologists for all silly acts of "smart Alecks" at weddings. They say that the practice of throwing this or that, of howling and beating of pans, of making all sorts of hideous noises is very old, and they point to customs of the ancient Romans. It is true that the Roman wedding guests threw nuts on the floor and sang nuptial songs, but their purpose in so doing was significant, reasonable, beautiful. How the Romans could look on the wedding ceremony and all that pertained thereto is revealed in that most charming of songs which Catullus wrote for Torquatus, a song which only Spenser's "Epithalamion" approaches.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Mikado."

comic opera in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. The cast:
The Mikado.....J. K. Murray
Nanki-Poo.....Harry Davies
Ko-Ko.....W. H. Pringle
Pooh-Bah.....George Shields
Fish-Fuz.....W. H. Pringle
Nee-Bah.....Miss Clara Lane
Yum-Yum.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Pitti-Sing.....Miss Maud Earl
Peep-Bo.....Miss Maud Earl
Katisha.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
The performance last evening was one of the best that have been given at the Castle Square Theatre this season. Barring a hitch or two, due to insufficient rehearsal, the opera went smoothly and with unflagging animation. The work itself is so delightful that it is a pity it is not heard here oftener, and that it cannot be revived with the care and perfection of detail that it not only deserves, but absolutely requires for an adequate presentation. The parts should be taken by singers who are not driven from pillar to post with the taxing work of a stock company in repertory; the lines should be left intact, and there should be no interpolations; above all, the situations should be treated seriously, as was remarked in an earlier review of this season of one of Gilbert & Sullivan's operas.

If there was in last evening's performance a certain quality, a sameness with this company's productions of operas of a very different nature, the attitude of the audience is answerable; for that audience, which varies little from week to week, is pleased to regard its favorites as favorites and not as impersonations. This detracts inevitably from the atmosphere beyond the footlights. The stage setting and the lighting effects in "The Mikado" last evening were singularly impressive, and as far as the efforts of the players were concerned, the illusion was entirely successful.

It is a mistake to give so many encores, for it is not necessary to spin out a pleasantly brief work into a conventionally long performance, and too often the response was made to perfunctory applause.

Mr. Thayer disappointed a little in the first act, but in the second he did some of the best work he has shown this season. His performance in the famous quintet, "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," was capital, both in its suggestiveness and in its variety. Mr. Shields had a grateful part, which he filled with some distinction. Miss Lane was unfortunate in her make-up, but was happy in action, as, indeed, were most of the principals. The bit of business that fell to the lot of Mr. Fitzroy, brief and isolated as it was, proved a delightful feature of the performance.

"The Mikado" will run for the rest of this week. Mr. Tallman, alternating with Mr. Davies in the role of Nanki-poo. Next week Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be given.

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MAN OR PEG?

Just what is angling? Justices of Bangor, Eng., refused to convict two men who were charged with taking trout in Lord Penrhyn's waters by the use of night lines. They refused because the information alleged that the accused had taken the fish "otherwise than by angling." Dame Vernon in the fifteenth century and the "Fly-Fishers' Guide" of 1828 say that in angling there must be a rod, and a stump or peg is surely not a rod. "Angle" means in Anglo-Saxon, hook. The dictionaries, as a rule, give loose definitions of "angling." The Standard says it is the act or art of fishing with a rod. J. D., in his "Secrets of Angling," states directions for making the line:

Then get good hair, so that it be not black,
Neither of mare nor gelding let it be,
Nor of the tiring jade that bears the pack,
But of some lusty horse, or courser free,
Whose bushy tail upon the ground doth track
Like blazing comet that sometimes we see,

but J. D. is not quotable for legal purposes. It is not fair to say that in "angling," if there be a hook at one end there should be a human being—not necessarily Dr. Johnson's fool—at the other, and not a dull, indifferent, inanimate peg?

AS OTHERS SEE.

The Pall Mall Gazette published recently an entertaining description of Englishwomen as seen by a Frenchwoman, "gifted and intellectual to the last degree," who knows English perfectly and visits in London and at country places. According to her, Englishwomen have lovely complexions, immovable, masklike faces, abominable clothes and worse hats, a stride like that of a man, no spontaneity, no personality, no individuality. The men are alike in evening dress and opinions. "If it were not for George Bernard Shaw, where would England be? In the intellectual doldrums. I do not say I approve or disapprove of his ideas. I simply say that they show the courage of originality." The English actor is stagey and artificial, constantly walking out of his frame. "The American companies have a better sense of proportion in their acting than the English." Once more, the women. "There are no women in the world who can wear evening clothes with the distinction and brilliance of the English. That is because of their impeccable necks, radiant complexion and hair." This Frenchwoman has an unbounded admiration for Marie Tempest.

The Berliner Zeitung sent a special correspondent to England to study the manners and morals of English society. He has made amazing discoveries. "Woman is, for the Englishman, nothing more than a beautiful doll, useful to amuse the male during leisure hours." She is a brainless doll with moments of eccentric extravagance. She is an object of sale, and when sought in marriage she names in a formal document her conditions: How much pocket money she wishes, what allowance for clothes, how many horses, carriages, servants, etc. The husband often tires of his wife and wholly neglects her. Sometimes they meet only once in six months. There is no community of interests. Listen to this: "The English wife is frequently

norant what profession her husband
urnes, and the Englishwoman has
come in character just what Burne-
ones represents her as being in his
cture—"lifeless, soulless, brain-
ss." The correspondent must have
con't reading Thackeray's story in
hich a husband swept a crossing
id made a large income while his
life knew nothing of his business.
Sir Richard F. Burton more than
ice declared that the Englishman
as the finest woman in the world
d does not know what to do with
er. He was too experienced a judge
characterize her as brainless, "an
ject of sport, and nothing more."
e realized the fact that the women
a country are largely what the
en make them. The Berlin corres-
ndent has discovered that the Eng-
shman "refuses on principle to take
omen seriously." Thus does he
nk himself among romancers rather
an among ethnologists or sociolo-
sts.

SOARING.

Mr. Wilbur Wright in Paris talked
h "quiet enthusiasm" about soar-
g, "the greatest sport in the world."
said that with a proper soaring
chine a man could hover over a
p, like a gull, all day. "I am a
vice, but I have soared one minute
d twelve seconds." This reminds
of the speech attributed by Arte-
s Ward to little William Shakes-
re at the Grammar School when
delivered a farewell address to
kind teacher, who went to London
accept a position in the offices of
Metropolitan Railway: "Go on,
in a glorious career. Be like a
gle, and soar, and the soarer you
the more we shall all be grati-
il."

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TUMULTUOUS PRIVACY.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is more
in a king. The people of France
re allowed to see a Louis seated
table and in the very act of eat-
g. Strangers are kept out of Mr.
Rockefeller's home in Cleveland be-
cause last year some "sneaked upon
veranda and peered into the
dow of Mr. Rockefeller's dining
om and watched him eat. That
aged Mr. Rockefeller." This is
explanation given by Supt.
Ivatt.
No doubt these strangers were
ious, first of all, to see Mr.
Rockefeller. His action at the time
is immaterial. They would have
en equally pleased with a sight of
n exercising with wooden dumb-
bs, playing jackstraws, or reading
he improving book. One or two
ht have been curious concerning
diet. Thus there was once in-
ry into Caesar's meat. But the
thority at Forest Hill simply
hed to see the famous oil man.
or do we think that Mr. Rocke-
er was angered because he was
ted at when eating. He resented
e general intrusion, not the spe-
ic rudeness. He is probably sure
his table manners, and he is not
of those who secretly envy the
because he takes his bone under
barn to eat at leisure and unob-
ved. Yet men differ in this re-
ct. Some suburbanites in the fall
winter, with houses close to the
lewalk, find pleasure in letting
light stream out of windows
h undrawn curtains. They think
by are thus more hospitable, yet
by would hardly welcome in a
gry passer-by. There are oth-
r who could not enjoy their
l with the thought of pos-
e observation from without.
on affected dislike of seeing any
nan eat, and, it must be con-

fessed, the manner of eating is often
a severe test of affection, especially
when steamed clams or corn on the
cob are served. Happy are those
couples who with mutual onion love
and defy the world. But to cool
observers these happy ones are often
grotesque.

CONCERT FOYER

Dispassionate Inquiry Into Forms of Domestic and Modern Music.

VIRTUOSOS, AMATEURS EXTRAORDINARY

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Indianapolis Star tells a sad
story. It begins as follows:
"For 30 long years John W. Fullen
and Jennie M. Fullen sailed the sea of
matrimony with more or less success."
Married in 1874, they lived together
until 1904, and now she applies for a
divorce.
There was a reed organ in the
house, an organ that is described as
"the ordinary parlor variety." It was
Mr. Fullen's delight to seat himself
"at" the organ, or to "preside at" this
instrument. He could not play a tune
or an exercise, but he pumped vigor-
ously with his feet, pulled out the
"loud stop" as far as it would go, and
then put his hands on the keyboard.
They were heavy hands.
He did this, Mrs. Fullen says, not
because he was a melomaniac, not be-
cause he found a strange pleasure,
but to keep her awake. He would
play far into the night, and he would
stop playing only for a moment when
he would leave the organ to slam the
door, an entertaining intermezzo. He
played with more than ordinary gusto
whenever she took all or some of her
eight children to a neighbor's for an
hour or more. A domestic man, this
Mr. Fullen, though not Emerson's do-
mestic man, "who loves no music so
well as his kitchen clock, and the airs
which the logs sing to him as they burn
on the hearth." Because she went to
the neighbor's Mr. Fullen "got even," as
she now affirms.
Yet he was simple in his application
of torture. He played the parlor organ
by main strength. It is true, and the
parlor organ might well have stood,
an object of terror though silent, in any
crust chamber of the Inquisition. He
might have gone further. He might
have given her at Christmas, with an
ironical smile, Mr. Krehbiel's book en-
titled "How to Listen to Music."

By the side of Mr. Fullen's domestic
diversions, those of Mr. Bullock seem
amiable, yet a decree of divorce was
obtained by his wife. He is a man of
surprises, like the gallant Captain in the
Bab ballad. "If he concluded to go to
business in the morning without a col-
lar or necktie and carried his hat perched
on the knob of his gold-headed cane it
never surprised her." She had lost all
capability of being surprised. She had
supped full of surprises. Hence she no
longer found him witty. "Often," tes-
tified the wife, with keen regret show-
ing in her face, "often he would wind
the clock, and retire to his room, and
proceed to tuck himself under the blank-
ets with hat, clothes and shoes on. When
I remonstrated with him he would simply
smile."

There are worthy citizens who do not
wear cravats. Some of them having a
pontifical beard, say "What's the use?"
Remember Plancon as the Egyptian high
priest in "Aida." How foolish he would
look with a string, foulard, or a four-in-
hand. But some shaven as to their
chin and without "siders," "Piecadi-
weepers," or "Zymos," refrain ostenta-
tiously from a cravat. Sometimes they
wear a bediamonded collar button, some-
times they are content with the ordinary
button of commerce. Their fellow town-
smen are accustomed to them. Their
wives have become reconciled perforce
to the solecism. But suppose a husband
wears a cravat when he is doing the
chores and wears none when he goes to
the meeting-house: This is trying to the
wife, for she is never sure of him.
That Mr. Bullock should wind the
clock and then go to bed without taking
off his clothes, hat and boots leads one
to infer that he had read "Tristram
Shandy."

"When I remonstrated with him, he
would simply smile." But a smile may
be more exasperating than cutting word
or violent gesture. At the same time
it should be remembered that Mr. Bul-
lock was not noisy about the house. He
played no harmonium, parlor organ,
seraphine, concertina, accordeon, ocarina,
nina.

There is a music more terrible than
that of any instrument of reed or wires or
brass, and Mrs. Whittaker somewhere in
New York state, played this music until
her husband Eleazar, "who has been
employed on several irrigation projects,"
filed a suit for divorce. His story is this:
She talked so much at night after they
had gone to bed that he lost sleep and
his health was thereby impaired. "She
talked to him at night not pleasantly,

but in a querulous, fault-finding way,
charging him with offenses he never
committed, demanding that he buy
things for her which it was impossible
for him to buy and do things which it
was impossible for him to do." Never
a word did she speak about irrigation,
the one subject that was nearest his
heart.

A brother in misfortune of Mr. Whit-
taker and the late Mr. Caudle is Mr.
Morton, yet his wife was the one to sue
for divorce. His wife Victoria nags him,
he says. (The old form "knagge" is to
be preferred as more expressive of the
action just as a "boule dogge" has more
teeth and a more set expression than
the familiar "bulldog"). "In the middle
of his sleep hours that he had been
snoring," Mrs. Morton did not deny
this but she countered heavily by say-
ing "she had to keep him awake to keep
him from snoring."

In this instance there was no need of
mutual ill will and distressing recrimi-
nation. If Mr. Morton were a vigilant
reader of newspapers and magazines he
would have learned some time ago that
a light supper, say a piece of stale bread,
a little cooked fruit, and a glass of water,
noticed, would have so disposed his
body and mind that he would not, could
not have snored. Or Mrs. Morton might
have insisted on his sleeping in another
room, in his having a cot in the wood
shed or, during cold weather, in the
kitchen.

The story of the Stetsons in Califor-
nia is still more tragic. The husband
is a rich man, a president of a city rail-
road company. It appears that he has
dietetic convictions. She is fond of soup
and salad. He would not allow them.
She likes striped bass, but he insists
that salmon is the only fish worth eat-
ing. For these and other cruel and in-
human actions she sued her husband
for divorce, and she told a reporter con-
fidentially that Mr. Stetson had actually
compelled her to eat pumpkin pie three
times a day.

Soup is condemned by many of the deep
thinkers who write today concerning
diet. They say it distends the stomach,
gives little or no nutrition, etc., etc.
But spare us onion soup, pumpkin soup
and black bean soup, the kind that takes
three days in the making and may be
served for three days, the thick soup
delicious with its white of egg, faint
spices and assertive dash of rum.

We sympathize with Mrs. Stetson in
her fondness for striped bass. Salmon
is rich and heavy, with or without cu-
mbers. It is not a fish for men and
women with weak or irregular hearts,
with clockwork that needs attention in
any part. Years ago in England lepers
and other paupers rebelled against a
daily diet of salmon in the hospitals,
the fish was then so common.

And so now Mrs. Stetson protests
against pumpkin pie thrice a day. Tou-
jours perdition! Did Mr. Stetson wish
her to share his enthusiasm over this
particular kind of pie, or did he insist
on "feeding her face" with it because
he thought it would do her good? Who
can fathom a husband's mind? The
thought of a spouse cramming pump-
kin ruthlessly into the mouth that he
once longed to kiss is not a romantic
one. Let us shed the tear of sensibility.

There are other husbands, as Mr. Ben-
ham, the grocer of Cleveland, who cured
his wife of insomnia. She had passed
dreadful nights, nights known to the
French as "white," but as black and full
of fantastical horrors as any described
in "The City of Dreadful Night." Mr.
Benham read in a medical journal that
the pater of rain drops would cure
sleeplessness, so with the help of a thea-
tre workman he rigged up a thunder and
lightning machine on the tin roof of his
house. When the night came his son
arranged the garden hose and Mr. Ben-

ham persuaded his wife to go to bed for
it looked like rain. The lightning flashed,
the thunder rolled, there was the sound
of rain on the roof. The tempest—as
they call a thunder storm on the cape-
died away. Mrs. Benham slept.

There are husbands who, wishing to
have their married life one long sweet
song endeavor to educate a betrothed or
even a young wife as they would have
her be.

Mr. Ensign wedded a young English-
woman whom he met in London acci-
dentally. His affidavit, filed in court
for the wife sued for a separation—is a
singularly romantic document. Telling
how he met her and in what condition
she then was, he says: "I was so com-
pletely captivated by her extraordinary
beauty and winning ways that a few
days' acquaintance sufficed to convince
me that I could never live happily until
she belonged to me and me alone."

He married her and endeavored to edu-
cate and purify her mind, "that she
would yet become a woman whom any
gentleman might be proud to own as his
wife." He tried the refining influences
of the best society in England and
America. He sent her to a first-class
boarding school. And yet, on one occa-
sion, as he was going down the stairs of
his English home, she, standing at the
top, knocked him senseless with a heavy
leather satchel. Probably she had
gained her dexterity by playing basket
ball.

"The bewitching beauty of her face
and her soft, gentle voice and winning
ways were but a mask concealing under-
neath a temper which, should she be
even lightly crossed, broke forth in the
most uncontrollable bursts of passion,
wherein she appeared to lose her very
reason." Mr. Ensign says that she also
died her eyebrows and painted her
cheeks. "And when, on such occasions,
I would take my handkerchief and rub
her eyebrows and her cheeks and thus
confront her with the painted evidence
of her guilt, she would make an awful
scene and stamp and scream and rip her
clothing into shreds."

Ah, this education of the ideal wife!
Years ago Mr. Thomas Day, the author
of that priggish book, "Sanford and
Merton," a book that is most amusing

when the author was most serious, de-
termined that he would take to himself a
wife educated from childhood according
to his theories, which were based on
those of Rousseau. At an orphan asy-
lum he picked out a girl of 12 years,
whom he named Sabrina Sidney, and at
a foundling hospital he chose another,
whom he named Lucretia. He took
them to France, where he might inquire
into their characters and discipline
them.

There were quarrels, and then the un-
grateful girls took the smallpox. He
was glad to return to England, where
he apprenticed Lucretia to a milliner,
and when she married a well-to-do linen
draper he gave her a dowry of £500.

He kept up his experiments with
Sabrina, but she could not, or would
not, qualify. He would drop melting
sealing wax on her arms, and she
would jump and howl. He would fire
a pistol at her, and she would scream.
He would tell her secrets, and she
would at once reveal them to the ser-
vants. The last straw was when she
wore thin sleeves. She married a law-
yer, and Mr. Day gave her a dowry.

A little discouraged, he found, finally,
a maiden lady who looked skew-eyed on
pumps and vanities and he married her.
His happiness did not last over a year.
Trying to train a colt by a new method,
the animal, as unappreciative as Sabrina
and Lucretia, kicked him, and he died.

There are sensitive persons who say
that American newspapers are flippant
in their treatment of domestic incidents
and private affairs. They say that the
English and French journals are more
serious and discreet. Do they ever read
the long, minute accounts of divorce
proceedings in London Journals, as the
Times, Daily Telegraph, Pall Mall Ga-
zette? And how about the serious jour-
nals of Paris?

The Matin, an excellent newspaper in
many ways, a newspaper of authority,
publishes daily a half-column, more or
less, entitled "News in Three Lines."
I read these paragraphs in a recent
issue:

"If Georges Guerault and his sister
killed themselves at Triel, it was per-
haps because the existence of their
mother shocked them.

"Ambrosani, soldier, at Grasse, hit his
corporal twice with his fist, then ran
away. The officers judge that this is
worth death.

"Her child concealed a tapeworm.
Disgusted, Mme. Pronnier had her
drowned by her lover, Rousseau, at
Tours. Arrested!

"Mr. Dajon of Grenoble wished to die.
He cut his throat insufficiently, then
threw himself under a train.

"Mme. Metsay, near Arras, arose in
the night, cut her larynx and went
back to bed. Her husband, awakened,
was much vexed."

In Paris, or near that city, there is an
extraordinary family. The members in-
sist on walking on their hands, not for
gain, but as though it were natural.
The Pall Mall Gazette reminds us that
on a clayey waste near Stourbridge
there was once a clan, the members of
which scrambled on all fours and could
not stand erect when they tried. It was
popularly supposed that these wretches
had no spines. As a matter of fact,
their backbones were distorted. One of
the women fastened to her body a stool
on wheels, and she would then go about,
propelling herself by her hands and feet
after the manner of a tortoise. "Owing
to the fact that the members of the clan
could never marry into ordinary up-
right-walking families, they intermar-
ried among themselves, with degenerate
results that may be imagined."

Thus have we this evening meditated
on various forms of domestic music,
and it should be remembered that there
is a dialectic or provincial use of the
word "music"—as in: "There'll be music,
I tell you, when she finds out"—which
makes this discussion fit for the foyer of
any concert hall or opera house.

DISTRUSTFUL OF EACH OTHER.

Mrs. Van Vorst, in the June num-
ber of the Pall Mall Gazette, tells
many anecdotes to show that women
are deficient in the sense of honor.
They may have a special code in the
matter of conduct toward husbands:
"the right to search pockets, consult
note books, open letters, read those
already opened," and to compound
personal and household accounts, but
Mrs. Van Vorst insists that women,
realizing their deficiency, distrust
each other.

Mme. la Comtesse du Pin de la
Gueriniere, one of the very few fe-
male cab drivers in Paris, talked re-
cently with a reporter about her ex-
periences. "Women have not yet
trusted themselves to me. I do not
imagine that a mother with children
and the nurse would ever feel herself
safe with a woman driver; she would
insist on a steady old coachman—a
"pere de famille." Nine young
women out of ten, especially those
who do not intend to lead a profes-
sional life, prefer a male singing or

piano teacher. Does not the average woman still trust herself to a male doctor, although there are excellent female physicians? All these things point in confirmation to this singular distrust.

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AFTER DESSERT.

An animal painter in Chicago is breeding game chickens that will be no larger than pigeons. He purposes to sell them in New York for "after dinner bantam fighting." The pit will be in the centre of the table after the coffee and liqueurs are served.

Mr. Morris thinks this diversion will be a popular one, and we are inclined to agree with him in this: The sport will be popular in the houses where conversation is a lost art, where the bored, like the tyrant of old, will pay any price for a new pleasure, a new sensation. Cock fighting has been a favorite amusement of many nations for centuries, and among the ancient Greeks a main had religious significance. Kings and philosophers, watching the pit, have laid their bets. The sport is honored by the pages devoted to it in Beckmann's "History of Inventions," yet an old writer said that he had never heard but of one imaginative person who was a cock fighter, "and such an odd imagination is his, and so strange are the ends which these cock fighters come to that he is now a morality professor in a Scotch university."

The small size of these Chicago cocks will heighten the enjoyment of

the guests. The women will be enraptured by the prowess of the "cunning little things," and they will argue comfortably that such pets cannot seriously hurt each other. If, perchance, a cock be so ill bred as to kill another on the table, sumptuous with equipage, lights and wines, the death will call forth the tear of sensibility, and a woman may thus easily acquire the reputation of being sympathetic, tender hearted.

COMMENCEMENT SURPRISES.

It has often been said that the judgment passed on a boy by his comrades at a preparatory school and in college is, as a rule, fair, sound and lasting. It is no doubt lasting, as far as the boys are concerned. Jones may afterward become a judge learned in the law, but to the members of '76 he is still stingy and selfish, though they have not seen much of him since the graduation exercises. Brown is never heard of in public; no one knows his address, not even the class secretary; but what a good fellow he is. Robinson, who is now a senator, was a shrewd wire-puller in class politics; he must be a wire-puller today. Tell the classmates of Jones that he is now one of the most generous of men, and they will stare at you incredulously. Show them the criminal record of Brown, and they will not believe it. As for Robinson, he is still a wire-puller—there's no mistake in that judgment.

Class reunions are often correctors of judgment. There was Smith, a brilliant fellow in college. He stood well in his division without grinding; his compositions were praised; he took a prize or two; he was on the nine for a term; everybody liked him. Thirty years have gone by. Smith was at the class dinner, good natured as ever, but quiet and with little to say about himself. He looked rather tired, some thought discouraged, and Binger, who lives in the same town, whispered to those next him that Smith had a hard time to make ends meet. "No—he works, he is not extravagant, he does not drink to excess, but he doesn't get along."

On the other hand, Striker, who

was only tolerated when not disliked, who was at class meetings the butt, who was never taken seriously, this same Striker has made three or four millions in the pursuit of the law and is consulted humbly by founders and maintainers of trusts.

There are more important re-

versals of judgments at class reunions. There were boys at college who learned by hard knocks from teachers and classmates what they should have learned before at home. They entered headstrong, self-conceited, snobbish, rude, disagreeable, selfish. Some were graduated little bettered. All these were still more disciplined by the indifference of the outside world, by adversity, by sorrow. Today they are among the most companionable of the graduates, but some, remembering their green and salad days, seldom attend reunions. Then there are those who were good fellows for the four years, but prosperity has hardened them. The idealists of '76 are now materialists. To them there is no tainted money.

And there are a few whose lives, viewed calmly and without prejudice, have been absolute failures. Not always does the whirligig of time bring in his revenges. Do they realize their position in the world? They attend the dinners; they are loudest in their welcome of classmates; they are the most noisy in their rhetorical devotion to Alma Mater.

AT THE ALTAR.

The heroine in "A Laodicean" decided, just as she was about to be baptized, that she would defer the ceremony. This sudden change of mind gave the minister and congregation something to talk about.

When the clergyman in a town of Louisiana, reading the marriage service, came to the sentence about the necessity of a man stating his objections or forever holding his peace, a young merchant cried out: "I object; she is my old sweetheart and promised to marry me." He stepped forward, whispered to the bride, and it was then announced that he would take the place of the bridegroom, who, a planter, "greatly discomfited, left the building."

This episode shows the advance of civilization in the South. Not many years ago this planter would have plunked the merchant with a ball from the old family rifle, or the friends of the planter would have quieted the merchant's objections forever. Again, how much better it was for the bride to change her mind in the church, rather than to wait for some time and then have a messy divorce suit, with consequent ill feeling and possible shooting. There was the church; there was the clergyman; there was the bride. "Change partner," and all went merry as a marriage bell.

It has been stated that Mr. Goldstein, violinist, who will be a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra next season, is a pupil of Mr. Hess. As a matter of fact, according to a correspondent, Mr. Goldstein studied the violin for 15 years with his uncle, Mr. Goldstein. Mr. Hess afterward gave him a few lessons.

Dr. Neitzel, critic, composer and pianist, who played here with the Boston Symphony orchestra last season, has translated into German Claret's libretto, "Therese," to which Massenet set music. The opera will be produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, next season. Dr. Neitzel translated the libretto of "Pelleas and Melisande" for production in Germany.

The Bavarian government bought the Cafe Sammet, at Bayreuth, for about \$23,000.

Carl Rebecke of Leipzig is 83 years old today. He still has the mania of composing and he persists in playing the piano in public. Some one asked him recently the secret of his youth and buoyancy. "It is because I have written only clear and sane music," was the answer. And who was moved at the time of hearing any of it, or who remembers a page of his more ambitious works?

It is the inhuman custom of certain piano virtuosos in Europe to play sonatas by Beethoven without any rest between, but to go immediately from the finale of one to the first movement of another.

Stories About Hortense Schneider and of Rulers and Nabobs Disporting in an Unmoral Theatre Land.

BY PHILIP HALE.

M R. Paul d'Estree, contributing a series of articles "The Soul of the Comedian," to the Menestrel, comments on the fact that kings have singular privileges, among them that of having apparently the right of the seigneur over women. "Against the laws of the most elementary morality, such a conquest honors beyond measure those chosen by the ruler." He then talks about Napoleon's relations with singing women and play actresses, as Frederic Masson had talked before him.

Mme. Grassini saw in Napoleon the liberator of Italy. She said at a dinner party in Paris, in the language which often amused Parisians: "When I heard about Bonaparte, it was as the sound of distant thunder; but when I saw the hero, the lightning flashed and 'fricasseed' my heart." She had endless petitions from her countrymen to show Napoleon; Josephine was jealous; and Grassini was soon dismissed with presents and a pension. For 14 years she gloried in Napoleon's fleeting passion, and at the end of the 15th she was again struck by lightning and her heart was again "fricasseed." The bolt was then named Wellington, the Iron Duke.

Then there was the play actress, Miss George, "with a body cut in Parian marble," with a face of classic beauty. Napoleon used to tease her about the thickness of her ankles. Her extravagance was heroic, so that in 1855 she thought herself fortunate as custodian of a cane and umbrella stand at the universal exhibition.

Did Miss Mars please the conqueror? Questioned, she kept silence, but she was always faithful to his memory, possibly on account of her political convictions. How different the conduct of Miss Bourgoins, a vivacious actress, who quickly forgot her imperial admirer and welcomed into her parlor both the King of Prussia and the Tsar Alexander. The Tsar, a man usually given to reverie, was fascinated by her. Miss Mars, after the fall of Napoleon, still wore violet as a color on the stage. Miss Bourgoins, with a view to the favor of Louis XVIII., adorned herself with lilacs and white ribbons, and after her death a funeral urn, discovered in the ruins of Pompeii and once owned by Alexander, adorned her tomb.

Charles X. as monarch was given to practices and works of devotion. Louis Philippe was an honest bourgeois. He never cared to wander from his own fireside. He even stepped between one of his sons and Miss Alburline, the dancer, after the manner of Papa Duval, the father of the unhappy Armand.

The Parisian stage was peculiarly joyous in the reign of Napoleon III. For like frankness of joy, the student of theatre manners and morals must go back to the 18th century, when Sophie Arnould exclaimed: "To enter the opera house is to go to the devil; but it is my fate." And Sophie lives today for two reasons: Her association with Gluck and his operas, and her rare wit, although no doubt many of the jests and epigrams in "Arnouldiana" are attributed to her without cause.

This exclamation of Sophie might serve as a motto for three or four chapters of Mr. Frederic Lollie's "La Fete Imperiale," of which The Herald spoke last Sunday.

Other Morals.

Leigh Hunt's defence of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar is well known. He argued that as the characters in their comedies are as fictitious and unsubstantial as any that move in fairy tales, the question of morality does not enter into a discussion of the works themselves. We find Hazlitt adopting practically the same view, finding a source of comic humor in the "pursuit of uncertain pleasure and idle gallantry" and maintaining that half the business and gaiety of comedy turns upon this. He ends a glorious page with these words: "It is the salt of comedy without which it would be worthless and insipid. It makes Horner decent, and Mollamant divine. It is the jest between Tattle and Miss Prue. It is the bait with which Olivia in the 'Plain Dealer' plays with honest Manly. It lurks at the bottom of the catechism which Archer teaches Cherry, and which she learns by heart. It gives the finishing grace to Mrs. Amlet's confession—'Though I'm old, I'm chaste.'"

These views must be accepted by any New Englander who wishes to find enjoyment in the study of the social and the theatrical life in France during the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. It is impossible otherwise for him to understand the attitude of thoroughly respectable men and women. Here, for instance, are the memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne (1781-1866). The first volume of these memoirs has been Englished. A story told by her about Mme. Grant, who was afterward Mme. Talleyrand, is a case in point. The Comtesse de Boigne had an uncle known as "handsome Dillon." Mme. Grant invited him to sup with her after the opera. I now quote from Mr. Nicoulaud's version of the memoirs:

"He found a very charming flat, the table laid for two persons, and all the studied refinements which belonged to Mme. Grant's profession. She had the most beautiful hair imaginable, and Edouard admired it. She told him that he did not yet know what it was like, and after retiring into her dressing-room, she came back with her hair loose and covering her like a veil. She was a second Eve, before any dress material had been invented and with less innocence than her ancestress, naked and not ashamed. The supper was finished in this primitive costume." Dillon told this story—he must have been a cad—to Mme. de Boigne when they were going together to one of Mme. Talleyrand's receptions in 1814, and she was curious to see how Mme. Talleyrand would act. "She received him wonderfully well, and in a very simple way. But after a few minutes she spoke of my head-gear and admired my hair, wondering how long it was, and then suddenly turning to my uncle, who was just behind my chair, she said: 'Monsieur Dillon, you like nice hair, do you not?'"

A Forgotten Singer.

I doubt whether many recall today the name of Bernardine Hamakers, and

yet from 1837 to 1870 she was one of the glories of the Paris opera. She was not a great singer or a remarkable inter-

preter, but she pleased. As a singer, her upper tones were conspicuous for clearness and brilliance, and her trill, it is said, was longer than Patti's. "She trilled in 'Rigoletto' for one minute, by the watch, and with remarkable accuracy." But it was not this trill that endeared her to many.

Singers, as a rule, the ones that are distinguished for any cause, do not come from "our best people." This is fortunate for art. Does not Mr. Baughan say, "the gentleman by birth and training is the last man who should be a musician"? For the English gentleman's outward life "from the time when he brushes his first silk hat to go to church to the day when he totters down the shady side of Piccadilly to his club," is regulated by the ideals of his class. "One of these . . . is a peculiar stolidism which forbids that he shall show emotion of any kind."

Bernardine was born at Louvain, where her father, an old soldier, kept a cafe, or humble inn. She had 10 sisters. One of them was afterwards the Baroness de Mire, and when Scribe and the librettist de George heard Bernardine sing by chance and advised the parents to have her study for the stage, this sister, by no means a duenna, accompanied her only a few days when the Duke de Morny, the brother of the emperor, and as some say the original of Feuilleton's Camors, saw her walking to her music class. A courteous man, he at once sent her a Victoria, and, as it was winter, he added a sumptuous cloak lined with sable, a novelty in those days. She wore this proudly in the Bois, and to display it to full advantage, as she thought, she wore it with the fur outside, but the Duke, who accompanied her, corrected her by saying: "The other side, my poor child; the fur looks ugly shown in this way." Thanks to the duke, the young girl was soon engaged as "light soprano" at the Opera.

She was then 19 years old, and the year was 1857. Her chestnut hair was bushy; her complexion was transparent. "Her teeth veiled harmoniously by the rosy shadow of her lips, had the appearance, as Roger de Beauvoir said, of a keyboard which calls for chords." She took small parts, and as a page she made all Paris run after her. Bouquets were left constantly at her door by hundreds who tried to gain entrance after them. The Emperor, seeing her on the stage, summoned her to his box and complimented her. She wrote in 1905 to Lollie: "I kept for a long time a set of emeralds which he gave me. He amused himself with me as with a child—there was nothing serious." She was invited to sing in the chapel of the Tuilleries, and at Notre Dame in 1856 she sang at the baptismal mass of the Prince Imperial. The professional critics vied in praise, and even the malicious Florentino, who was often paid by a trembling musician, not to write anything, pre-

Caricature of a Scene from Cilea's New Opera, "Gloria," Published Originally by Ars et Labor of Milan. The Tenor Zenatello Will Sing at the Manhattan Opera House Next Season.



ted for her an illustrious future. Bernardino was also on most friendly terms with Auber, Rossini and Meyerbeer, as is shown in The Herald a week ago.

Her Joyous Life.

the Kings of Persia had four palaces, for each season. Bernardine had a

dsomely furnished apartment in Paris for the winter. In summer she rented the country seat of the President of the Council, or the chateau that belonged to the Marquis du Haliez, and as at the latter place that she loved to go for herself, and not for his position, a man who saved her for the four ponies which drew her stage ran away and was stopped by gallantry of a passer-by. Yet she did not outlast the summer. She had a palace in Paris, a chateau at Fontainebleau.

There was a woman of "5 o'clocks" at the Duke's and of late suppers at the Duke's, Philippe's and the Cafe Anglais. Whom did she not meet and know at these resorts? There was the Prince Anatole Demidoff, a lamentable ruin. Who changed from the dash of a dandy to the modest life of a sentimental grisette, content with simple happiness, but at the same time stage-struck. He engaged her for the Bouffes at a salary of \$30 a month, and this was then considered a fair salary for an operetta star.

Her popularity in Paris lasted about seven years. Then she suddenly found her audience cold. Hortense Schneider had appeared, and there were smiles only for her. After a vain struggle Lise Tautin left Paris, and wandered from theatre to theatre, ever thinking to return and conquer again, for she thought the craze over Miss Schneider only a caprice. She heard that her rival was sick. "Now I am going to let them see how Helen should be played." But Hortense lost no time in recovery.

The End of Desire.

My friend and colleague, Mr. Philip L. wrote to me a few days ago: "Tell me, gentle shepherd, in your next article you going to tell how Mlle. Hamel made hay while the sun shone? She made hay, but she did not store it. She had everything in her time, and, as Mr. Lorlee says, she could have had true riches in Spain if she had expressed her will. Her horses, carriages, harnesses, and the wonder of the Parisians. There were invitations everywhere, dinners, suppers. She was resplendent in jewels, and when it rained there were showers of gold. But this gold slipped through her fingers. Friends with long sharp teeth bit into her golden cake, and one of her adorers fell in love with her property, for he was a demoniacal monster, and she kept nothing from him. "It was the period of mad gambling, when the new generation, with the aid of certain noble strangers, Russian, German or Egyptian pashas, ruined themselves gayly between midnight and clock in the morning."

no more than another. No wonder that Mr. Lorlee moralizes at the last: "What remains of all this luxury? Ashes. Of all this past brilliance she could say: 'Here lies the sough of the wind.'"

Lise Tautin.

But the true singing heroines of the Second Empire were the operetta women who diverted themselves in the ingenious works of Jacques Offenbach. The first that won fame was Lise

Tautin, the eurydice in "Orpheus aux Enfers." She had a rumpled, pretty face, roguish eyes, malicious winks and gestures, limber hips, and flaming blood that vitalized even an inferior operetta part. Furthermore, she was extraordinarily delirious in the can-can.

Offenbach discovered her in Brussels, where she was leading the modest life of a sentimental grisette, content with simple happiness, but at the same time stage-struck. He engaged her for the Bouffes at a salary of \$30 a month, and this was then considered a fair salary for an operetta star.

Her popularity in Paris lasted about seven years. Then she suddenly found her audience cold. Hortense Schneider had appeared, and there were smiles only for her. After a vain struggle Lise Tautin left Paris, and wandered from theatre to theatre, ever thinking to return and conquer again, for she thought the craze over Miss Schneider only a caprice. She heard that her rival was sick. "Now I am going to let them see how Helen should be played." But Hortense lost no time in recovery.

Some years later Jules Noriac met Lise in Italy, and they talked of bygone years. She spoke of her wreaths, bouquets, triumphs. Tears came into her eyes. "After all," she said, "Paris is the only city." She was thoroughly forgotten when she died at Boulogne in 1874, not 30 years old.

Lea Silly.

There was Lea Silly, once famous as Orestes in "La Belle Helene." Her name was Delval, and she began by appearing "lightly clad, and therefore the more appreciated" in fairy pieces. She was at first a dark brunette. When Mr. Lorlee saw her after the Empire and its pomps had vanished, she was a striking blonde, still firm of flesh, still lively, eager to revive the memories of the past.

Lea visited the United States in company with Aimee and Celine Montaland. She was engaged for six months at the rate of \$2,400 a month. Mr. Lorlee's account of "the extraordinary manager, Fisk," is amusing, especially in certain inaccuracies. This manager, it appears, was a colonel, merchant, financier, imprudencio; he had purchased a regiment, railways, boats, a theatre. Elegantly dressed, he drove with four horses through the avenues of New York and passed willingly under the window of Miss Montaland, "so captivating, generous, accessible." But the chief mistress of the impresario loved his secretary. Fisk had left compromising papers in her hands and she endeavored to blackmail him. He complained to the courts, and the judges pronounced a severe sentence against the secretary. Knowing that he was about to be jailed, the latter waited for the impresario "in Fifth avenue," shot him, and killed him.

The operetta company was disbanded, and Lea took a vacation. She went, as tourist, but not alone, throughout the country. She called on Brigham Young, as "the founder of the true, the only religion, the Christian restorer of polygamy." When she had said this to him, "the peaceable man nearly leaped for surprise and pleasure." She sang to him an eccentric Tyrolean ditty with a "la itou," and told him it was by Mozart. "Ah! Does he live at Paris?" "No, on an island, the Island of Frogpond." Brigham blessed her and she went on her way rejoicing.

When she was back in Paris she joined the company of the Varietes. Her most brilliant part was that of Orestes. By her freshness and mockery she angered Hortense Schneider. Lea could imitate any one. She was imprudent, and burlesqued Miss Schneider, who was the most intimate friend of Noriac, one of the managers; she was also the most intimate friend of Meilhac, one of the librettists of the theatre, and she was the dear friend of Offenbach. Lea imitated her on the

stage. There were rough words between them behind the scenes, and many of the charges then made on either side were undoubtedly true. The women grabbed each other by the hair. Of course Lea was the one to leave the theatre. The journalists took up the quarrel. Academicians corrected the letter of Miss Schneider for the press. No less a man than Francisque Sarcey aided Miss Silly in her letter to Figaro. An extract will show its agreeable character: "You allow it to be understood, sir, that I have addressed Miss Schneider in the words of a fishwife. On the contrary, the beautiful Helen overwhelmed me with epithets which I should not dare to repeat. They prove that if she were recognized later as the

daughter of Agamemnon, king of kings, she had not been reared in his palace. I have always observed toward her the compassionate respect due her age, her large fortune so laboriously acquired by works which would have made women of less firm courage shudder and recoil, and the procession of illustrious and useful protectors who escorted her, a procession that lengthens incessantly as she advances."

A Woman's Vengeance.

Lea went to the Porte Saint Martin, and there Ismail, viceroy of Egypt, sitting in a box with Bravais, the Nabob of Alphonse Daudet, saw her. Her slight figure and opulent corsage, her scarlet mouth and eyes now sparkling, now languorous, impressed the visitor. "That woman pleases me. Invite her to supper for tomorrow at Bignon's. Do this, I beg you, without naming me. There will be a dozen guests."

Lea went and she was seated where Ismail could see her at his ease. Conversation became intimate and Lea promised to see his apartment the next afternoon. She called and was looking at the objects of "bigotry and virtue," when a servant rapped and brought in a card on a superb salver. The impudent Miss Silly took up the card and read the name of Hortense Schneider. Before the servant could recover himself, Lea had given this order: "Say that we are not at home." Ismail smiled and applauded.

Grand Duchess.

There was also Miss Zulma Bouffar, who pleased the eye and tickled the ear. Her nose was tilted skyward, her mouth was prettily sensuous, but her chin was curved upward a little after the manner of a galosh. She was by no means a beauty sung by Theodore de Banville, but she had vivacity, fire, wit. She, too, soon had her day. She then attempted to manage a theatre and at last Coquelin opened to her the door of his "Maison des Comedians."

There was Blanche d'Antigny, who in certain ways was the model of Zola's Nana; there was Grenier, whose Venus in "Orpheus aux Enfers" made Paris sit up by force of her undisguised beauty; there were others of the noble army, but the genius of operetta was Hortense Schneider.

This remarkable woman began in Paris by playing in comedy at the Palais Royal. She asked for an advance in salary. Denied, she swore she would return to Bordeaux, her birthplace, and to her m-m-m-mother. Offenbach and Halévy caught her as she was packing her trunks. (There are always "trunks" in these stories, even though the poor actress had only a bag and a handbag.) They showed her "La Belle Helene." They whistled the tunes to her. She went to Bordeaux. They telegraphed her. She went back to Paris for \$400 a month. As Helen she became the talk of Europe, although the first night, Helenist's shook sorrowful heads over the irreverence of the librettists.

Miss Schneider's lips were too thin, her chin had not been rounded by the Graces, her thumb was poorly defined, and it would almost disappear in the rapid movement of her hand. But she sang with great aplomb. She was a mistress of the art of gagging, her gestures were daring and original—she had a certain marvellous movement of her hips—and her face was intelligent and mobile. She was capricious, hard to manage, brusque, disdainful, but she could be companionable at supper, especially when a ruler had travelled from afar and left his kingdom to see her. Her dressing-room at the theatre was always crowded. The Duke of Edinburgh,

the Prince of Orange, Provost Paradol, Ludovic Halévy were constant visitors. The sovereigns of Europe in 1867 hastened to make her acquaintance, and Alexander II, escaped from his box at the theatre to call on her at her home in the street which an envious woman, Esther Guimond, had dubbed the "Passage des Princes."

Two Anecdotes.

Mr. Lorlee tells two good stories about Miss Schneider. Her friend, the Duke de Gramont-Caderousse, was pestered by the people of his village. They wished him to marry, to bring to them a duchess. He finally pretended to yield to their desires, and he promised that he would show them a grand duchess. He had given to the village church a bell which was awaiting baptism. Gramont sent word that he would attend the ceremony, and bring with him the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein. Hortense appeared to the joy of the vil-

lagers. She played the part of the benevolent godmother to perfection. Her blonde hair was crowned with lilies and white lilacs. No wonder that the cure gave her his blessing. Is it not possible that this incident suggested to De Maupassant his masterpiece, "La Maison Tellier"?

The other story is this: The Khedive of Egypt at Vichy remembered the theatres of Paris. He said one day to his steward: "Write to Miss Schneider that the Khedive has ordered rooms for her at the Grand Hotel of Vichy, and that her presence will be as sweet to him as the discovery of an oasis in the desert." By some mistake the steward wrote to Schneider, the iron man, that the Khedive was anxious to see him. Schneider packed his valise and hurried to the train. A carriage and a servant waited for him at the Vichy station, and he was conducted with pomp and ceremony to the hotel. The rooms were adorned with flowers. The air was heavy with perfumes. The bath was awaiting his convenience. Hardly was he in the water when there was a gentle knock at the door. The Khedive's head appeared discreetly. No one knows just how the steward was punished, but the Khedive was a good prince, and he continued to order from the forges of Mr. Schneider.

La Debacle.

Miss Schneider's glory waxed steadily. She had no rival. An enthusiast was so foolish as to name her the "Malibran of opera bouffe." Did he refer to Malibran as the "Schneider of grand opera"?

But war was declared against Prussia, and with the empire fell the reign of Hortense Schneider. It was no longer the fashion to be gay. The fashion in the theatres changed. She endeavored to queen it at the Palais Royal, at the Varietes. Discouraged, she left the stage. There was talk of her from time to time, vague talk; there were rumors from afar. There was a sale of jewelry. There was a lawsuit of an intimate nature. She actually married and a coat-of-arms was among her husband's attractions, but a divorce brought the end to unhappiness. She lived, retired, in a fine villa on the road to Versailles. Some time ago I read—Mr. Lorlee does not mention the fact—that she gave herself to farming and to charity, that she had become a devotee. Thus may we all make a good ending! She grew, by the way, very fat.

Schneider left a school, a tradition, but opera bouffe as it was known under Napoleon III. is dead. Revivals of the more famous works of Offenbach show a loss of the original accent. In the United States they have been contemptible. The characters are quasi-legendary; they amused at the time. Sumptuous scenery and costumes will not now galvanize them into plausible and momentary life. When the parts are played with some knowledge of the traditions they entertain us by means of association and by persuading us perhaps for an evening that we are no older than when we applauded Tostee, Irma and Aimée.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a caricature of a scene in Cilea's latest opera, "Gloria." Francesco Cilea was born at Palmi in 1867, and he studied music at the Conservatory of Naples. For some years he has lived as a teacher at Florence. He has written five or six operas. One of them, "L'Arlesina," is founded on Daudet's drama, for which Bizet wrote entr'actes and incidental music. Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" (1902) has been performed in London, and it was produced in this country last season by the "San Carlo" opera company. The libretto of "Gloria" is by Colautti.

The talk about Mme. Nordica's Bayreuth on the Hudson goes merrily on, although it is not yet clear whether Mme. Nordica will sing or take the part of Mme. Cosima. Mr. Walter Damrosch is delighted at the thought of appearing as young Siegfried Wagner, and Mr. Bispham is all ready to impersonate Alberich, Telramund or any other character in Wagner's music-dramas. Possibly Mme. Nordica will permit "The Vicar of Wakefield," with Mr. Bispham as the vicar, to enter the repertory. Meanwhile Mme. Schumann-Heink laughs at the idea of an American Bayreuth, whether it be on the Hudson, the Connecticut, the Tombigbee or the Onion, which is surely unfriendly on her part. Why should not Mme. Nordica and Messrs. Damrosch and Bispham have a little American Bayreuth, if they yearn for one? There will probably be no law passed compelling any one to buy season tickets.

Mr. Conried has engaged Mr. Allan Hinkley for the Metropolitan. Mr. Hinkley came originally from Barnstable, though his family has lived in Philadelphia. He sang for a time with the Bostonians. Going to Europe, he became a member of the opera company at Hamburg, and he has sung at Covent Garden. He is a bass, or, as the New York Sun prefers, a "basso." Signor Hinkley!

Jean Sibelius has completed a new work for voices and orchestra, "The Girl of Pohjola."

Miss Maud Aldis has composed interludes for a performance of Euripides' "Medea" at Cambridge, Eng.

Mancinelli has promised to produce soon his new opera, "Francesca da Rimini" at the Scala, Milan. This opera has been more than once announced for immediate performance for a year or more.

Miss Thyla Larsen, who was to take the part of Caroline in Johann Strauss' "Ballet" at Munich, said she could not be sure of her dialogue, for at the only rehearsal two of the most important comedians were absent. She therefore asked for another rehearsal. As the Intendant would not grant one, she gave up her part, but she insisted that the sum of \$38 should be given her, for she had ordered a ball dress for one of the scenes. The matter went into court, where the judges admitted that she should be indemnified, but they sent manager and singer to a referee.

An unpublished act by Ilerve, "Le Volturin," was performed at the Gaite Paris, May 16. The son of the composer found it in his father's manuscript.

The original manuscript of Beethoven's sonata op. 53 has been bought by Leo S. Olshchki of Florence, who, it is said, paid \$10,525 for it.

Another oratorio, "Moses," with music by A. Paets, has been performed at Bieford, Westphalia.

It is true that Mr. Jacques Thibaud, the distinguished violinist, insists that the violin must now be Seifert of Berlin after the "secret recipe" of Dr. Max Grossmann, are as good and as beautiful as a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius?

In Altona any citizen who uses an automatic musical instrument for the sake of gain is taxed \$5 a month for using it until 11 P. M. and 75 cents a day for using it till a later hour.

The conductor Arturo Toscanini has been suffering from a disease of the optic nerve.

An English girl, a Miss Iolder, 17 years old, has been singing as a baritone in London music halls. The Menestrel is reminded by her of Miss Mela, who made her appearance 40 years ago in Paris as a tenor. She sang in an opera "Il Casino di Campagna," and the composer, who was her father, the opera and the singer failed miserably.

The Tremont prize of \$200, given to a musician by way of encouragement, has been awarded to Edmond Malherbe, a prix de Rome man. The Chatter prize of \$100 for a chamber work has been awarded to Maquet. A composition by the latter was played here at a Longy Club concert last season.

Henry Frevier has completed his opera, "Monna Vanna." Maeterlinck himself prepared the lyric version of his drama. Marie Sasse, the first Elisabeth in "Tannhauser" at the Paris opera, had a benefit May 27. A music drama in one act "Petronie," poem by the marquis de Castellane, music by Raymond de Buriel, was then performed for the first time.

A NOTE ON "SALOME."

A Bostonian, now living in Europe, writes as follows to The Herald concerning the scene of Salome with the Baptist's head in Strauss' opera:

"Why has no critic, as far as I know, pointed out that the 'disgusting' item in 'Salome' (both in New York and over here) is largely, if not wholly, owing to an apparently wanton disregarding of both Wilde's and Strauss' perfectly clear stage direction? Salome's kissing the

severed head is done in pitch darkness, and so nobody can see it!

"The text is the strongest I know since 'Pagliacci.' There is real genius in the drawing of Salome's character; not only in the way it is presented and carried out, but in the keen intellectual insight that shows her to be an inevitable result of her heredity and education. Remember what Proude said of Henry VIII. of England. (I have to quote from memory.) 'He had had a prince's bringing up, and had never known what it was to be denied anything or to deny himself anything.' Now, does not this explain much in Salome? Then the way her virginity is emphasized by her whole attitude toward Herod; she does not resent his amorous attentions because she is in love with Iokanaan, she has always resented them from the word go, simply because an unwelcome lover is ever the most unwelcome thing in the world to a virgin, and a virgin, whether good or bad, instinctively feels all love she does not respond to to be an insult. Again, take that perfectly natural struggle that goes on within her between her desire for Iokanaan and her inborn pride, vanity and quick temper. Look at the lots of bad names she calls Iokanaan, until she finds that she really has to knock under; her demand for his head comes more from pride than anything else; it is in part for revenge, in part because she is determined not to own up to her something of exultation at having got the better of a dead man. She has made up her mind to have the prophet, and have him she will—alive or dead. The whole thing is masterly.

"Strauss seems to me to be the first dramatic composer of weight to get out of the Wagnerian rut of over-slow action; I cannot remember a place in the score where the actors have to wait for the music—as they too often have to in Wagner. I don't quite agree with you about Salome's last speech being too long; I didn't find that it dragged or that the interest flagged a bit. Moreover, I cannot help feeling that one demands some sort of a 'finale' to a musico-dramatic work. Do you remember how Auber's 'Fra Diavolo' ends? As soon as the bandit is shot, the people just sing one verse in quartet, and the curtain falls—of which it was once said: 'Auber knew very well that, as soon as the man was shot, everybody in the house would begin putting on his overcoat and that there was nothing further to be done.' All very well from a business point of view; but it seems to me that the case in 'Salome' is different, and that her deterioration is quite in place. Even

the sudden ending of 'Trovatore.' Azucena—'Era il tuo fratello!' Conte di Luna—'E vivo ancor!'—has its dramatic 'raison d'être,' there was nothing more to be done with the situation, and the quick curtain was unavoidable. But Salome absolutely has to make a speech of some sort; and whether longer or shorter does not seem to me to be of much moment. Possibly because I personally did not find it dull. Also, possibly because I like to see a composer bully his audience a bit, and show them that he is doing what he pleases. I always hugged myself at Hans Sachs' last speech in 'Die Meistersinger': 'Ho, there, stop a bit! You think it's all over, do you? Well, you'll find I've still got something to say, and you've got to hear it!' That is the way a man of genius behaves. I wouldn't give a fig for a genius who didn't make me feel that I shouldn't mind his wiping his feet on me a little."

[The fact that the stage direction of Wilde and Strauss was disregarded in the performance at the Metropolitan Opera House was mentioned both by certain New York and Boston newspapers.—Ed.]

Grand Opera at Castle Square

Performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" by the Company an Enjoyable One.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Lucia di Lammermoor," grand opera in four acts by Donizetti. The cast:

Edgar.....George Tallman
Sir Henry Ashton.....J. K. Murray
Sir Arthur Bucklaw.....Archie Macdonald
Hide-the-Bent.....George Shields
Norman.....W. W. Bishop
Lucy Ashton.....Lola Ewell
Alice.....Hattie Belle Ladd

It is a pleasure to say that last evening's performance was exceptionally good, and the management may well be congratulated upon the production and reception of the opera. The resources of the company have rarely been disposed to such advantage; there was not a false calculation, as regards the apportioning of those resources, and not an effort miscarried. This is not saying that the presentation was a flawless one, for there were certain incongruities in the mounting of the opera, and there were many defects for which individual singers were to blame. Apropos, was it by accident or thrift that the fountain in act I. ceased its functions as soon as public attention was diverted from it, however, to detail flaws which did not detract from the general effect, and there were many good points to offset them. The opera itself is so old and so familiar that no comment upon it is necessary here. If there were any in the audience to whom it was new, they must at least have heard the "mad scene" at recitals and miscellaneous concerts, and excerpts played by innumerable bands. If any one is pricked with irritation at the incongruity of the "mad" music, let him remember how the sextet in the marriage scene sent the blood rushing to his head and beating in his ears the first time he heard it. It is easy to see why the popularity of this opera is unperishable.

As for the sextet, it was the feature of the evening, and it was sung with an unstinted fervor, for no one apparently had any idea here of sparing the voice. The quality of tone suffered somewhat by the reckless generosity of the singers in this respect, but the admirable ensemble, the beauty of the music, above all, the genuinely emotional performance, swept the hearer fairly off his feet, and there was an encore by unanimous demand.

Mr. Murray, in make-up, presence and action, was an admirable Sir Henry, and his voice, as always, gave much pleasure. Only in the use of his voice did he fall short of his standard in other points.

Miss Ewell was very charming, and her voice met the more strenuous demands upon it with a firmness not shown in her Marguerite. Her presence was gracious and dignified, and she acted with spontaneity. Mr. Tallman has an attractive personality and a good carriage. He is a capital actor. Unfortunately, his singing is often faulty. That he made a distinct success in the part last evening is sufficient tribute to his qualities as an actor, and to the endowments of a more personal nature.

The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Clarence Rogerson, and Mr. A. W. MacCollin was stage director. This evening Miss Helen Darling will make her debut here as Lucia, and Harry Davies will sing Edgar. These singers will alternate with those of last evening for the week.

Next week the opera produced will be "The Chimes of Normandy."

BETTING A HAT.

Mr. Frank Richardson of London inquired recently why a hat is generally chosen by Englishmen as the stake of a small bet. "One invariably says: 'I bet you a new hat.' One may not need a new hat oneself. The other man may have a whole cupboard full of hats in his home. Much as one may require a new fancy vest, one does not say in order to decide a matter in dispute: 'I'll bet you a new fancy vest.'"

Perhaps this sympathy for the hat trade is financial rather than senti-

mental, as Mr. Richardson intimates. There are protests and agitations against many industries, but no one storms against the hatters. "When a hatter dies, the millions that he bequeaths are never published in the press." The Englishman's home is his castle. The Englishman's crown is his hat. Has every able-bodied man in England shares in the hat trade? Mr. Richardson thinks so. Why did not Mr. Richardson mention the old Hermit of Newton Burgoland, Mr. William Loie, who had at least 20 hats, of various forms, each with an emblem or a motto, and sometimes with both. Thus, one had this motto, "Without money, without friends, without credit"—it must have been a "shocking bad" hat.

Women do not name a hat in wagering in a small way; they name gloves, or boxes of chocolates or of confectionery. Neither men nor women treat to hats. A woman will treat her friend to a matinee and tea after the performance; there are men who will go through the performance of opening a bottle on the slightest provocation; but who says "Have a hat on me?" A thrifty woman may easily be excused for this deliberate avoidance.

The hat is perhaps not sufficiently respected. A pious Mahometan will not allow the turban designed to cover his head to rest on the floor. The European or American, Christian or agnostic, looks on his head covering without thought of the symbolism that glorifies plug, derby, slouch, straw and even gibus.

But why is a hatter mad? "As mad as a hatter." There have been explanations, all of them labored, no one of them satisfactory. We know why hares are mad in March—at least a plausible reason has been given. Who will unfold the mystery of the mad hatter? Perhaps it is connected subtly with the practice of betting hats.

MR. DEBS ONCE MORE.

Mr. Eugene V. Debs was forgotten by many, or he was a faint memory, as the orator of the Sand Lots, as the man that headed the march to Washington, as other persons that made a bustle for a time, until the reading of articles in the Miners' Magazine, in the course of the Haywood trial, brought him to mind. Mr. Debs as a writer is still fervid, and his lyric style reminds one of Pere Duchesne in the height of the reign of terror.

Wait Whitman, a thrice-honorable name, was unfortunate in certain ways during his beneficent life, but he is now still more unfortunate. Men and women celebrating recently his memory eulogized Mr. Debs, and with unmistakable symptoms of hysteria. This proved that, while they may be fond of Mr. Debs, they neither appreciate nor understand the love of Whitman for his country and his fellow-man.

TWAIN'S PREDECESSOR.

Mark Twain assured King Edward VII. that he approved Windsor Castle with its grounds and would like to buy it. "The King entered into the spirit of the occasion." Thus did Mark Twain again follow in the footsteps of Artemus Ward, as he has followed for forty years.

When Artemus was in London, writing articles for Punch, he visited the British Museum and he punched the walls with his umbrella to see if the masonry was all right. "A man with a gold band on his hat said, in a haughty voice, that I must stop poking the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. 'You see,' I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him

close to me in a confidential way, 'You see, I'm lookin round this Museum, and if I like it I shall buy it.' Instid of larfin hartly at these remarks, which was made in a goaking spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away."

WALLOWING VISITORS.

The dispatches from London tell us of the crowd of Americans in that city; how even the temperance hotels are crowded to overflowing; how the show places, from the National Gallery to the least conspicuous music hall, are jammed with nervous sight-seers. Furthermore, the guests are welcomed heartily. There is only one discordant voice, the voice of Mr. G. R. Sims.

Mr. Sims speaks of the "blazing magnificence of the transatlantic trillionaires who deign to disport themselves and their dollars in our midst," for Mr. Sims is not a purist in style. He then prays that the London journals will not give the details of "frantic freak banquets." To tell the world how much it cost you to feed your friends is an example of vile taste: more than this, it irritates "thousands of hard-working, honest folk with small incomes." Mr. Sims closes in a fine burst: "Let the American millionaires wallow in their wealth to their hearts' content, but there is no necessity that the British public should be forced to look on at the wallowing. The vulgar, soulless multi-millionaire is rapidly becoming a world curse."

Yet in the same number of the Referee, Mr. Sims tells the gaping public what he ate for luncheon at Pontypridd. "It was British to the backbone. The Scotch broth was beautiful, the soles were superb, the liver and bacon lovely, the gooseberry pudding great." Will not the sight of Mr. Sims wallowing in luncheon irritate "thousands of hard-working, honest folk with small incomes"? It is not given to every Englishman to eat sumptuously at Pontypridd.

THE "AMERICAN" WALK.

So the "American walk" is now fashionable in London. "The tiny mincing steps of the French woman and the long, manly strides of the English woman are no longer good form." But there are mannish American women even in Boston who have the rude stride of a male and are therefore the less charming. In the American walk, "the waiker must be slender and hold herself exceedingly upright." Then how about plump, fat, obese women in America? Have they the "American walk"? Cannot a woman who holds herself straight also have mincing steps? The Lord saw the daughters of Zion, as Isaiah tells us, walking "with stretched forth necks, walking and mincing." Therefore, and for their bravery in dress and ornaments, he smote with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion.

The French may have mincing steps, but they surpass all women of this world in the graceful management of their skirts, and many Parisians walk exceedingly well. Again, just what is this "American walk"? It is described as the "swaying walk which gives the idea of a yacht in a breeze." H-m-m-m! When Delilah enters in Milton's dramatic poem the chorus exclaims

But who is this? What thing of sea or land
Female of sex it seems,
That, so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way, sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the Isles
Of Javari or Gadir,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd and streamers waving.

Was Delilah, or Da'ila, as 'Milla preferred, a woman to be imitated at this late day by British cutrons and maidens? Queen Victoria is evidently no more.

NEW SINGER IN TOWN.

Helen Darling Makes Hit at Castle Square in Role of Lucia.

A new singer has come to town, and those who heard her as Lucia in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Castle Square last evening are liberal in their praise of her voice and her personality. She is Miss Helen Darling, engaged especially to alternate Lucia through the week with Miss Ewell. She made clear at once her fitness for that role. She sang Lucia's music exquisitely and captivatingly, and the superb effort of her final effort in the mad scene was a test of ability and skill that she perfectly withstood and gained therefor enthusiastic applause of the audience. She, moreover, acted the role, and it is what many singers do not do.

A BREAKFAST NOTE.

Men and women are now rushing to print for the purpose of showing themselves physically strong and mentally able they are in consequence of a bare diet and long continued chewing at meals. A "brain worker" is to a New York newspaper that thinks burning thoughts after a loaf of a few prunes and a piece of stale bread. As the young man when there was talk of board, long and washing in return for it. "My wash is light; it's a shirt drawer."

In the articles about chewing and etherism there are references freely to Gladstone and his giving chews to each morsel he took in his mouth. Long before Gladstone disclosed the secret of his physical strength in old age, a shrewd man, Wolff, the corncutter of Cannonhall street, London, who left an estate of £100,000 by his skill in choppy, ascribed his own longevity to his practice of chewing a bit of food at least thirty-five

CONCERT FOYER

Musicians Often Mistake Nature and Theory of Vacation.

CARNIVOROUS PLANT IN FRENCH FICTION

BY PHILIP HALE.

There are music magazines that give advice to musicians and students who want to take a vacation. A pianist is urged to practise the sonatas of Beethoven in chronological order; or to become acquainted with the music of Purcell, Rameau, Froberger, the two Liszt's; or he is advised to read books on music, composers, virtuosos. There is also advice to singers; how they should be careful about their diet; why they should guard against a "rehearsal throat"; now they should be grateful to summer hotels and give pleasure by singing touching ballads of the heart and earth; or, on the other hand, how they should firmly carry the banner of the taste. The writers say nothing of the singers suiting the song to the occasion, the scene, the company. Their tones are not inappropriate at the seaside, and although "a too-open note," particularly at the corners, and Mr. W. H. Breare, J. P. M. I. J. Expert and Adviser—The Herald of Music—discusses his latest book, "Vocal Exercises"—this hearty and joyous howling give pleasure and reassurance in a

lonely ravine, as it does in Wagner's "Ring" when the action crawls or sits down.

It seems, from remarks made by Mr. Franz Kneisel to Mr. H. T. Finck, that a violinist can find pleasure in summer only in fiddling or in talking about fiddling. He must not play any athletic games, he must not carry even a cane or umbrella. If he wishes to preserve his bowing. If he plays at cards, he should refrain from throwing down the winning card or hand with the enthusiasm that characterizes the villager triumphing in "Pitch" or "High, Low, Jack," the enthusiasm that is often displayed in the smoking car of express trains between Middleboro and Boston. For a violinist, the lifting of high balls or stunts with the right hand may be detrimental to his artistry; it is safer for him to train his left to these pleasant feats.

But what sadder sight is there than that of a singer or player let loose in the country and yet bound by a sense of duty, endeavoring to follow conscientiously a determined plan of self-improvement? There is no harm in a singer going behind a barn or out in the pasture for practice in the early morning. A pianist may study rhythm by playing rag-time music on the hotel piano. All hotel pianos sound alike, no matter who the manufacturer in each instance may be. Is it not possible that there is a species manufactured expressly and solely for hotel use? But deliberate, steady work in summer months is an insult to nature. Let the poor devil musician forget, for a few weeks at least, his trade.

I know a man, not a musician, although he has nothing against music, who lives in the country three or four months each year. With ever-returning spring he makes a list of books that he will read before returning to the city. The majority of these books are of the kind called "improving." He told me a month ago that he was going to make his third attack on Carlyle's "French Revolution," his first on Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire" and Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," his sixth on Meredith's "Egoist"—he has always stopped at the 13th chapter—and his first on Plato's "Republic." I saw him last Tuesday afternoon on Mr. Herkimer Johnson's veranda at Clamport, and he made the following shameful confession: "To tell you the truth, I haven't got into the spirit of reading serious books. I picked up the 'Republic' and found it dull; Finlay is rather dry; there is much in Ruskin's book that is of interest only to architects and I could not get over the sanctimonious cant of the first section." But he had not been idle. He had read a dozen scintillating French novels and 10 of Mr. Leonard Merrick's delightful romances. Mr. Merrick, by the way, has just been discovered by Mr. W. D. Howells. Mr. Howells is always intrepid, but he is often singularly belated.

Ferguson, this man who intended to summer on Carlyle, Finley, Ruskin & Co., is by no means a prig. He still hears the chimes at midnight; he still sees the Seven Stars. In the rush of fall and winter he has little time to read, and so each spring he makes brave resolves. Yet a man may have led a joyous and beneficent life and made a good ending without knowing Finlay's opinion of Leo III., the Isaurian, and of Michael II., the Stammerer.

There are men who, when they go into the country, buy Mr. Dixon's books about birds, various books on wild flowers, essays on rural subjects, as Mr. Phil Robinson's "Some Country Sights and Sounds," in which there is, unaccountably, no mention of the village sheet iron band, which always plays hitherto unknown and unimaginable music.

But if you have eel grass on your couple of acres, it is better to pull it out than to swing in a hammock and read sympathetically about the "tragic episode" in the pollination of the eel grass. Women and a few men have been goaded to the verge of insanity by their inability to identify wild flowers, although they purchase them thoughtfully, and at considerable expense, a "classic" and heavy volume, a guide warranted to be as infallible as a bank note detector.

The true musician is sensitive and imaginative. It is not a good thing for him to be too intimate with nature. Trees have their diseases, their ulcers, cancerous growths, rheumatic twists, skin diseases, hideous affections not yet fully diagnosed. Their influence is not always soothing. Some trees are sly, malignant. It is by no means certain that some do not move about a little at night.

Then there are the death-dealing flowers, the carnivorous plants, more horrible than the poisonous beauties in the garden cultivated by Hawthorne's Italian. It has been said by a fantastical writer that the rubber plant, tamed and domesticated, will thrive on beef, mutton, pork, if the meat be buried by its roots, an awful warning for little boys and girls who play about the tub.

However this may be, there are plants that in their carnivorous appetite reflect and exercise will power. There is the common sunflower, sung by Swinburne; Venus flytrap, the vetcher plant, though Thoreau once sat down on a bed of them and escaped; the Tillandsia, which stinks most horribly; the bearded rose laurel, the hairy arum. There is also the biad derwort, with its trapdoors, which close with a snap on the venturesome water animalcule.

Victor Hugo's description of the fight with the devil fish is known to all, whether they throw the accent on the first or the second syllable of octopus. Erckmann-Chatrin wrote a story about the spider crab that raises goose flesh even on the hardened reader. A still more horrible story is the one told by

Mr. Joseph Renaud in a recently published volume, "Le Chercheur de Mer-veilleux."

An attache has been gagged, masked and strapped to the seat of an automobile, taken from a villa near Paris, into

which he had been enticed, to a sort of a secret military convention into which France has entered with another power, castle on the Norman coast. The kidnappers, three foreign spies and their woman tool, hope to obtain from him the details. The attache refuses to betray his country, whereupon the head spy shows him an enormous plant, imported from Brazil and trained in a conservatory to gastro-nomic feats. This plant is the pet of the chief spy, an amateur botanist. He exhibits it for the benefit of the attache, and the plant then and there devours the entire carcass of an ox. The attache is told that he will be thrust into the cage of this plant unless he gives the information. Pretending to comply, he obtains a bottle of chloroform, and when at last he is thrust into the cage he drugs the plant. The woman repents and aids him to escape. As he lies exhausted on the beach, the castle is blown skyward, probably by her hands.

The title of this story is "La Ne-penthe." The volume includes tales in which telepathy enters, some in which the leading theme is the doctrine of enchantment, others in which there are strange, subtle or monstrous forms of insanity, and one long story is of the frankly detective order.

A wise English critic, reviewing the book for the Pall Mall Gazette, says it "forms an exception to the rule that the French are seldom successful in a short story."

"Seldom successful." Shades of Mer-lime, Balzac, De Maupassant, Mendes, Silvestre, France, and 20 others! Why, the French are today masters of this art, inimitable, unsurpassable masters.

In England there are Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Merrick, Morrison—the list is not a long one. Thackeray's "short" stories are, as a rule, rather long. In America there are, first of all, the names of Poe and Hawthorne, thrice honorable names; then there are the names of Fitz James O'Brien, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Bunner, Alice Brown, T. B. Aldrich, Mary Wilkins, P. Deming, and there are other names, those of younger writers who deserve respectful consideration. Herman Melville wrote two admirable short stories, "Bartleby" and "The Bell Tower."

It is a question whether any volume of deliberately horrible tales or any volume of blood-chilling ghost stories is a desirable companion for summer, especially if the reader be a cottager removed from the highway. An old writer, Goodman, in his "Fall of Man," praised the variety of voices of singing birds: "The little chirping birds (the wren and the robin), they sing a mean; the goldfinch, the nightingale, they join in the treble; the blackbird, the thrush, they bear the tenor; while the four-footed beasts with their bleating and bellowing, they sing a base. There is other music, however, in the country; there are stranger, inappreciable sounds. The woodpecker, piercing rhingles or running blinds in his search after worms and bugs, choosing early hours, disconcerts the nervous. Leaving the veranda in a peaceful frame of mind, you go to bed. You read for a few minutes, doze, recover yourself with a start, blow out the candle; lo, in five minutes you are wide awake, staring into the blackness.

Is that an automobile going over the bridge; is it the sound of the incoming tide, or is there muttering of far-off thunder? The pine trees chuckle and whisper ghastly secrets. A mouse gnaws till you would swear he were coming through the closet door. There are strange animals roaming in front of the house, beasts never seen by sunlight, beasts unknown to the conventional naturalist; no one has ever shot or snared one; no skin-stuff has ever placed one in an appropriate attitude. The wind moans and the wind mill creaks. Something vague and horrible is behind the blind.

There is no more maddening question than: "If you could only have one book on a desert island, what book would you choose?" In nine instances out of ten a man, desperate, driven to the wall, will name the book he thinks he should name, or he is flippant and names at random. There are men who travel with a copy of Epictetus, and there are men, no doubt, who read Emerson before breakfast. I knew a lawyer in Hudson, N. Y., many years ago, who told me that he had learned life from "Wilhelm Meister." One of the most celebrated and brilliant murderers in France told the judge that he had read Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" over and over again; it was to him the one, the only book.

What are good vacation books for the musician, lawyer, bank clerk, policeman, who go their several ways into the country? Least of all books that deal specifically with nature and country life. See, hear, smell, feel, taste nature. Why read about her?

For a man who is leading a quiet, temperate life, who is abstaining from strong waters, wine, malt liquors, "The Barkeeper's Guide" is a delightful work. No drink ever was so cooling, though it were mixed by the "Only William," as the description of the drink. The conversation in a comedy by Congreve is in marked refreshing contrast to the talk at the store, excellent as the latter may be in its peculiar way. A new detective story, a story of adventure, a red hot love story—these are always in order. Best of all are the novels which have been often read, so that there is no wild curiosity about the ending, novels with men and women more familiar and dearer to the reader than are his street friends, apartment house neighbors, kinsfolk, and relations by marriage; the memoirs that are not wholly free from scandal; the essays that are garrulous, friendly, free-spoken.

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HOSTILE PRIVACY.

Summer cottagers have various ways of irritating native villagers. The latter often learn to make allowance for the practices, whims, foibles of their temporary neighbors, as they have learned to accept natural phenomena. There are certain things that they will always resent.

A city man buys a small lot or several acres and builds a "cottage." For years the villagers had been in the habit of walking across this land or a portion of it to make a short cut. The city man incloses his property by a fence or a wall. If he had not built a barrier, villagers might not

now think of trespassing or of insisting on a vague right of way, for they are often shy, easily disconcerted, except in the matter of charging for labor, eggs, vegetables. The ever present and visible prohibition arouses in them a mood of sullen resentment.

The Levites said unto all the men of Israel with a loud voice: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark." And all the people said: "Amen." The villagers curse the newcomer that blocks their right of way. The small lot is seldom improved by fence or wall. How much New England towns were bettered by the taking down of fences in lots adjoining the streets! We believe Pittsfield was one of the first, if not the first, to do this, and the beauty of the town, at once enhanced, was known throughout the country.

NEXT THE SKIN.

A man told us that he welcomed the hot weather with the oppressive humidity because for the first time he dared to put aside his flannel underclothes. For the first time his flannels stuck to him, and he then decided it was safe for him not to stick to them. This man is not one of those who regulate life by the observance of self-appointed and fixed dates for routine actions.

Who invented flannels? We know the inventor of 5 o'clock tea. Mr. George W. E. Russell gives her name in "Seeing and Hearing"—Anna Maria Stanhope, daughter of the third Earl of Harrington, and wife of the seventh Duke of Bedford. It is said by William Puleyn that flannel, as a dress next the skin, was first used by Lord Percy's regiment encamped on the Boston Common in October, 1774. "There was hardly flannel enough then in the whole town for that one regiment." Some time afterward, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, published a pamphlet in which he said that he was the discoverer of this use of flannel. Is it possible that he suggested the use to Lord Percy?

Just as the majority of Americans eat too much, so the majority dress too warmly in winter. In overheated rooms they sit and work and talk and eat, overheated by their dress. We have known Russian gentlemen who in winter and summer wore the ordinary linen shirt next the skin. They looked on flannels as unhealthy. "Our houses are well heated in winter. When we go outdoors we put on furs."

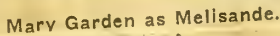
The tendency is to dress lighter. Many now wear one and the same weight throughout the year, and they are the less sensitive to draughts and to exposure of any sort. The day of thick red, spectacular flannels is over for the majority. Even medicated sanitary flannels do not now exert the once fatal spell, but are viewed as curious examples of German philosophy and art. We learn how to live, just as we are about to die.

THE SYMPHONY OF A HOMESICK GENIUS

ANNOT BE SAID TO HAVE
AN AMERICAN BASIS

BY PHILIP HALE

The sons answered in effect as follows: Dvorak knew nothing about the folk songs and chorals of Brittany. He knew the Russian composers by name.



All the correspondents of Mr. Ritter insist on the inherently Czech nature of this "American" symphony. "Never has Dvorak shown himself a more genuine Czech." One correspondent writes that it is very difficult for a stranger to

"NO FEE, NO DOCTOR."

There are some who cry: "The practice of medicine is founded on benevolence." Yet physicians in turn receive bills, and they, too, must live. Surely gratitude should be expressed in some substantial form. Suppose, however, that the patient has suffered or died from a careless, foolish diagnosis and inadequate or mistaken treatment? For there are bunglers in medicine, even though they may

If there are hard-hearted and greedy men in the medical profession, as in other professions, there are also kind and benevolent doctors. If there are men—they are often young specialists—who say, arrogantly, "I can't afford to treat poor patients," there are also men who think first of alleviating suffering and maintaining life, no matter whether the patient's pocketbook be thin or stuffed. In this profession, as in other professions, the exception brings reproach on the many.

DANGEROUS OPERETTAS.

This Gilbert is a dangerous fellow, and, although Sullivan is dead, his revolutionary music still goes marching on.

ing out

A SHREWD BOY.

Johnny a sum equivalent to \$200. This was fair. The police would probably have demanded more. And now all are no doubt satisfied except the police.

FOOD FOR THE POOR.

The English poor, it seems, are wickedly extravagant: they sometimes spend seven pence for food

then the equivalent could be bought for four pence. They should be oatmeal, lentils, cheap dripping, mackerel and herrings—treacle on the mackerel and herrings?—but eggs cost more than they are worth. Above all, mackerel and herrings. The latter are "splendidly nutritious." Especially splendid when they shine in the dark. A red herring and a mackerel are more to be desired than a bowl of soup, turbot with shrimp sauce, a sirloin of beef and a damson tart.

Not for this world and Mars with its canals would we say a word against the herring. The roe escaped from pinewood rods on which it is cast is a true dainty, and the skin rubbed about the mouth of a quart pot will prevent beer from getting so that the thirsty one will have full measure. Lentil soup is nutritious, palatable, and it may be made so that it nearly approaches black bean soup in glory. "Cheap cooking" does not appeal to us: cheap and nasty. When Cobbett made his tour in Scotland and wrote about it, he spoke bitterly against the potato, "the lazy root and the root of misery," as Dr. Drennen said it long ago; he quoted Sir Charles Wolseley who said that "in whatever proportion the cultivation of potatoes prevails in those countries (France, Germany and Italy), that same proportion the working people are wretched." But Cobbett in Scotland was struck by the melancholy sight of working men eating brose—oatmeal mixed with water—"by no means bad stuff"—"without half-a-pound of good meat to eat along with it." According to Sir James Crichton Browne, a small plate of porridge is equal in proteid value to two thick slices of a four-pound loaf. But English food is notoriously bad.

Thus do the physicians, the majority of them proverbially high rollers, show the poor the dietetic they should go, as the French have been pitying her hungry poor wondered why they did not buy certain little cakes that were comparatively cheap. Wordsworth deplored the delights of "rapine, avarice, expense" and exclaimed: "Plain living and high thinking are no more!" I should have lived today, when plain living is accompanied with high thinking, and plain living is discredited by deep thinkers, artesian wells of thought, who for some reason cannot agree as to the precise nature of the desirable plainness.

July 2 1907

A FAMOUS HOTEL.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, about to be torn down, should have its history, so much history was made there. Critics not only talked there to order in an informal, anecdotal, unadorned manner, but they also met to arrange, to settle matters. For the Fifth Avenue was the temporary dwelling place of men distinguished in various ways. Country gentlemen wishing to spend a winter in New York chose this hotel that they might see life. The ambition of the wife of the village when she became a widow was to say in after years that she and Josh had "stopped at the Fifth Avenue."

Before this hotel was built there were other famous New York hotels—the St. Nicholas, the Astor, the Metropolitan. There is a new Astor, and the others became unfashionable and disappeared. Many Englishmen, steamship captains, a few Americans, who liked quiet and conservatively good cooking, preferred the Brevoort. None of these hotels was ever so spectacular as the Fifth Avenue at the height of its glory.

Hotels, like books, have their fate. They become traditions, they live in the memory of the praiser of bygone years, who arouses the skepticism of the younger and bored generation that is obliged to listen to him. We all know the man who begins his story: "Why, I remember when the Fifth Avenue Hotel was thought to be too far up town for trade." The novelists appreciate old and forgotten inns. What memorable inns in the stories of Fielding, Smollett, Cervantes, Dumas, Dickens and in the tales of a picaresque nature, of which "Gil Blas" is easily first!

What adventures took place in them! The famous New York hotels of the fifties and sixties were also full of adventures, and the characters were often as entertaining and extraordinary as any imagined by the romancers. A history of any one of these inns would be pleasant reading, but that of the Fifth Avenue would not be in one volume.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Chimes of Normandy." Planquette's comic opera in three acts. The cast:

Serpolette.....	Miss Clara Lane
Germaine.....	Miss Louise Le Baron
Village girls.....	Miss Lois Hall and Miss Carrie Donnell
Marquis of Cornville.....	J. K. Murray
Jean Grenicheux.....	George Tallman
Gaspard.....	Otis B. Thayer
The bailiff.....	George Shields
The notary.....	W. H. Pringle

Planquette's operetta is 30 years old. Like other operas that have had more than an ephemeral popularity, it is as fresh today as when it was first produced, fresher than many musical comedies of the past few seasons. It is a curious fact that this opera found little favor in Germany, and has had comparatively few presentations there. But elsewhere in Europe and in America it became a favorite, and belongs to the roll of "standard" operettas. Its success is due wholly to the score, not to the plot or dialogue—at least, in this country, where the latter suffers from translation.

The plot has its peculiarities, that place it in another class than that of the ordinary comic opera; for the character of Gaspard requires serious treatment, and the later scenes in which he appears are made to take on the qualities of "legitimate" drama. In the second act his appearance in the haunted chateau is both romantic and tragic; in the last act he is pathetic. Unless portrayed in this spirit, the character would be buffoonish, and not funny enough to pay.

Mr. Thayer, showed as he showed in "Dorothy" and "The Mikado" that he possesses a distinct gift for "character" work, and his impersonation of the miser, Gaspard, was more than a sketch. In the second act and in the scenes of madness his acting was admirable.

There were a few hitches in the performance, such as mistakes in the delivery of lines, and now and then discordant passages in the musical performance. The stage management was generally good, and the scenery was very pretty.

Miss Lane sang and acted with all the vivacity of the madcap she impersonates. Mr. Tallman was applauded in a rather ungrateful part.

The production of "The Chimes of Normandy" would be welcome here if for no other reason than the good opportunity it gives Mr. Murray for a baritone is not often permitted to play the romantic lover—more's the pity.

Mr. Davies will alternate with Mr. Tallman and Miss Ewall with Miss Lane, during the rest of the week. The opera next week will be Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

July 3 1907

THE COLLECTOR.

Any one reading the accounts of recent auction sales in which old coins and certain stamps brought extraordinary and extravagant prices might well advise his son to be a collector instead of a lawyer, broker or electrical engineer. He forgets that the true collector sacrifices everything to his collection, that he is happy only by reason of his mania, that he is seldom willing to realize on his investment, and that the sale is after his death.

This is true of any collector of coins, postage stamps, books, china, autographs, butterflies, bugs, death masks, pictures, shells, souvenirs of executions, monograms—whatever may excite the fury of collecting. And it should be remembered that some class Jack the Ripper among collectors, whether he were the mysterious surgeon who made way with himself in London, or the equally mysterious person who, watched anxiously by the London police nearly twenty years ago, was found dead in the hospital grounds

of St. Louis.

When Mr. W. C. Prime wrote his "Coins, Medals and Seals" he promised himself that he would prepare a book "which every parent may place in the hands of his child, with the assurance that it would not mislead him into collecting coins for the sake of their rarity instead of their historical value." Thus does a collector deceive himself. One spends a fortune on postage stamps to study geography and political history; another toils for money to buy books that he may be liberally educated. The former cannot name the capitals of states west of the Mississippi; the latter has no time to read; he may be a collector in bulk after the manner of Dumas—the elder Dumas—M. de Villenave, or he may purchase only first editions, or large paper copies, but the leaves as a rule are uncut and therefore the more valuable. The collector of butterflies or bugs usually knows much about them, but we doubt whether the owner of a store of death masks tries them on before a looking glass and then resolves to live up or down to any one of them.

The collector as a rule must necessarily be a bore to all that do not share his particular mania. He is constantly exposed to temptation: he is easily envious; he is an accomplished liar; he often steals; he occasionally murders. His triumphs are over the ignorance of possessors to whom the full value paid for the thing desired would mean comfort instead of poverty. His defeats are the bitter memories of one outwitted. The true collector knows not the joys of wedlock. An etching is to him more than a masterpiece of the great landscapist Nature. His only interest in Cleopatra is in a coin that bears her effigy. Yet he is inclined to believe in immortality, for his collection is not yet complete.

WET EYES.

The New York Evening Post calls attention to the hero that weeps in French fiction. He weeps when he is rejected or accepted by the woman whom he pursues. He weeps at a fire, in a hospital, with indignation, in political debate. Mr. Job Trotter must have been of French descent.

But the French novelists thus follow time-honored tradition. The Romans did not disdain to weep in life and in romance. Aeneas was given to shedding tears, and we read of a patrician who cried bitterly because some one in the Senate had called him a peacock. The young and the old men in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" weep on the slightest provocation. There is a memorable instance in "The City of Brass" where a ruler of grave bearing bawls as he reads commemorative and funeral tablets. How the Orientals weep in the books of the Old Testament! Coming to more modern times, there was wet in the eyes of certain Elizabethan heroes on sea, on land and in the drama. Werther was a portable hose in full action.

No, the hero that weeps quietly or bursts into a passionate flood of tears is not a peculiarly French invention.

July 4 1907

MALVOLIO'S ANSWER.

Learned men have recently weighed departing souls. They inform us that the weight of the average soul is from half an ounce to an ounce. They are not so certain about the composition, though Dr. MacDougall thinks it may be like a helium ray. Now comes a distinguished baritone, who is an expert photographer. He purposes to photograph the soul in the act of taking

fight. It is his opinion that the organism may be like that of the oyster.

And so in ancient days there was discussion concerning the soul. Strato located the soul in that part of the forehead where the eyebrows are separated. Parmenides placed it in the breast; Empedocles in the mass of the blood. The followers of Anaxagoras concluded that it is of an airy species and a body, while Dicaerchus believed it to be the harmony of the four elements. Other philosophers entertained still more surprising views, but no one of them all likened it to an oyster or a clam or spoke of weighing it.

Reading the statements of these modern and deep thinkers, one is reminded of the answer of Malvolio, imprisoned and charged with lunacy:

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

A BLIND STATESMAN.

In connection with the report that Mr. T. P. Gore, "the blind orator of Lawton" may be elected to the United States Senate by the state of Oklahoma, a list of the blind who have won fame in politics has been published. A distinguished name was omitted, the name of Henry Fawcett, who won renown by his administration of the postal service in England as well as by his writings about political economy. What endeared him perhaps more to many Englishmen was the fact that he rode gallantly in the hunting field, wholly blind as he was.

July 5 1907

"ALAS, WHAT BOOTS!"

The Herald published recently the story of the late Amasa Pinkham and how his leg boots of best calfskin stock were new for sixty years; how he wore them in jury trials and political processions, visiting Boston, attending weddings and funerals; how he was buried in them.

This story, which would have delighted De Maupassant, which would appeal to Thomas Hardy, came from Maine. Another story of boots comes from Paris, where a tradesman was on trial for selling "magic boots," boots that would cure all diseases, not seven-leagued boots. He asserted in his advertisements and shop that his boots were charged with electricity; that he put all sorts of medicaments in them, so that the wearer suffering from any disease of foot or leg, whether he had corns, white swelling or locomotor ataxy, or ataxia, would be cured. His argument was this: that his boots assisted the circulation of the blood, and the blood

is the life. He added, incidentally, though to the sifter in the seat of the scornful his parenthetical remark is more important than his main contention, that if "a boot conforms to the shape of the person's foot that person is happy; if it does not, he is most miserable."

If this bootmaker really fitted the foot, his boots were indeed magical. Mr. Pinkham's were made in 1847 by a shoemaker who went from Newport to East Holden, where he sojourned four days fitting and making. There was a display of personal attention, of personal pride in workmanship. In these days, when men and women are personally conducted into the crater of

Vesuvius or to Spitzbergen, the said men and women are very seldom personally shod. They may not wear ready-made boots, but their boots are not made with the personal enthusiasm, the gusto, that marked the workmanship of the old-fashioned cordwainer.

CONCERT FOYER

Limelight Thrown on Virtuoso Aids Greatly in His Interpretation.

MUSICAL DOINGS AND SAYINGS IN LONDON.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The readers of The Herald undoubtedly know that certain German critics and would-be reformers of concerts have for some time urged the necessity of a darkened hall during a performance. They go so far as to say that, if it be thought better not to darken, the hearers should then sit with their backs toward the gifted singer, pianist, fiddler, chorus, orchestra.

Mr. Francis Macmillen, violinist, after his tour in this, his native country, last season, returned to Europe. Last month he gave a concert in London, "in gloomy obscurity," as the Referee said. Not that Mr. Macmillen is unknown in London and avoided. On the contrary. (See the correspondence of his passionate press agent for the last two or three years.)

"If the American artist had been content to put himself in the shade he might at least have been credited with modesty, but as he was the only illuminated personage, the device savors too much of the showman to be acceptable on an artistic occasion. Of course Mr. Macmillen may think that darkness has an emotional effect on his audience; but if so, he should be consistent, and engage a nimble electrician to graduate the lights according to the passing sentiment of the music."

Mr. Macmillen is not the first to see that his stage is properly set. Mr. Padrewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist, preferred a somewhat darkened hall to one that was brilliant, garish. He wished the stage to be comparatively dark, so that a light arranged to fall on his romantic head would enhance the interest in his performance. Mr. Padrewski should make his entrance by being shot up through a trap door. A hypnotic pianist or fiddler should use every possible means of making effects and holding the attention. In every virtuoso there is something of the rope-dancer.

There were brave men before Agamemnon. I remember an organist named Willis Shelton, who lived in New Haven, Ct., 30 odd years ago. His father, wholly devoted to him, would act as master of ceremonies at the concerts, public, private, informal, given by the boy on his own organ in his own hall. The irreverent freshmen or sophomores at Yale failed to appreciate the grandeur of the preludes and fugues of Bach, for old man Shelton would address the audience while Willis was drawing stops and considering couples. "In this fugue by Bach, ladies and gentlemen, my son Willis will strike the pedals at the rate of 36,000 strokes in a quarter of an hour. I do not mean to say that he will make all of these strokes in playing the fugue; I am giving you his average rate. 'Nor will I at this late day swear to the precise figures. Perhaps Willis struck the pedals at the rate of 136,000 in 15 minutes; perhaps the strokes were only 16,000. He was loose-jointed, nimble, untiring. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt."

This Willis Shelton had a favorite battle horse. It was entitled "The Storm"; not Lemmens, not Lefebvre-Wely's. Pa Shelton turned down the gas solemnly when the boy came to this piece; and whenever during the performance there were passages of musical lightning, the father would italicize realism by turning on suddenly the full force of the gas.

The Referee does not say why any virtuoso should confine himself to white light. "A delicate blue tint should be helpful to the understanding of a nocturne, and the infusion of a dash of pink when the sentimental portion of a piece is approached should be helpful to those of dull imagination." The writer suggests a brilliant green for the "Pastoral," symphony, and a glare of fiery red for the battle scene in Strauss' "Heldenleben." Moreover, when it was desired especially to stimulate an audience the different colors might be switched on in rapid succession. I was once at a supper party at which the tablecloth concealed a sheet of plate glass lighted from beneath, the tints being changed with each course. At the end of the meal the colors were rapidly varied as suggested above.

But these experiments with lights, colors, perfumes in connection with music have been tried with a seriousness of purpose that was to some absurd, to others pathetic.

"The Merry Widow," which will be produced here by Mr. Henry W. Savage, is successful in London. A critic calls attention to the composer's use of folk tunes and the consequent "directness of expression and rhythmic force" of his music. The plot is said to be based on a comedy by Melihac and Halévy.

The English have a blunt sense of hospitality. The Society of British Composers "did honor" to Mr. Alexander Glazounoff at the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. "After the performance of his piano sonata in D flat minor by Mr. York Bowen, Mr. Corder read an address in which it was pointed out that the sonata just heard had inspired the idea of the formation of a British society in England which should take the place of the millinaire publisher, Mr. Belaieff, in Russia, and encourage native talent by publishing works of artistic value. What a clumsy sentence! Mr. Belaieff, by the way, is dead. But do not Mr. Corder and his friends know that a visiting composer wishes to hear only his own music and wishes to hear only talk and addresses about his own life and career, past, present and future? Possibly there are exceptions. I have known only one, Mr. Vincent d'Indy. He recognized the existence of other composers; he acknowledged their worth, in some instances enthusiastically, and when he found the music of M. Chose or Herr Dingekirche intolerable he spoke of the wretch's offences against art, he did not sneer and fume as though this pitiable stuff were a personal insult.

"Lancelot," hearing Mr. Gregory Hast sing Mr. Dalhousie Young's "Parting at Morning," insists that the song is not for a "lady," not even for a perfect lady, "for the last line is the need of a world of men for me." The song might be introduced into de Lara's opera "Messalina."

The London Censor would not allow a performance of Richard Strauss's "Salome" but a "semi-scriptural" play "The Daughter of Herodias" by Brinsley Treharne, with music by Granville Bantock, was performed in London, June 10 at the Royalty Theatre, at a charity matinee—a performance in aid of the Ladies' Work Association. Salome danced a serpentine dance with a dash of the danse du ventre, "a swirl of splendor," as Herod describes it in the play. Salome had no funny business with the head. After an interval of three seconds, she was roughly treated by the crowd at court and stabbed by the executioner, for which there is no warrant in scripture.

The Referee published this personal note: "Perhaps owing to the fact that this now high-class composer (Bantock) did at one time (disguised as 'Grabau') supply some excellent music for a play in which a certain top-line variety artist starred, his serpentine dance music for Salome came out very effectively," but the critic added: "Miss Mabilia Daniel's salutory impersonation of Salome did not make me agree over-much with King Herod's raptures thereon."

Who succeeded the late Mr. Vernon Blackburn as the music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette? He has neither the curious insight nor the grace and poetry of style which distinguished the work of the latter, but he is discriminative and he too, can be enthusiastic. Speaking of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," he said that the composer's music in general is remarkable for its continuity; "as far as technical devices are concerned the interest never flags from the beginning of an act to its end; his power of pointing the dramatic moment by some expressive orchestral touch is great"; but he added, "on the other side many people will agree that his idiom has a certain sameness, which is only another way of saying that his musical characterization is somewhat limited."

A new symphonic cantata "The Last Days of Pompeii" by Benoit Hollaender and "Beatitudes" by Edward Maryon will be produced by the London Choral Society next fall.

Mr. Sven Scholander should visit Boston. When he sings there is no one "at the piano," no one on, under, against, or between the piano. He accompanies himself on a Swedish lute which is dated 1788.

Why does not some one set music to Franz Wedekind's one-act play, "The Chamber Singer" ("Der Kammermaenner")? An English version of it was produced recently by the London Stage Society. The hero is a tenor pursued madly by women, young and old, and by those described by Artemus Ward as "between 30 years of age." This tenor, Oscar Gerardo, is in his room at an inn, making ready to take a train, for he must fulfil an engagement. Isabel of 17 years bothers him, for she would fain kiss him; she cannot live without him, and so she has found a way of entering his room and hiding behind the curtain. He rids himself of her, also of old Diehring, a composer, who wishes his opera heard. But Helene Marowa, a wife, and a mother of more or less interesting children, implores Gerardo to take her on the journey and for life. What are husband and children in comparison with a tenor? Has she not already shown him, proved to him beyond doubt and peradventure that she loves him wildly? The tenor argues the point with chilling logic. He reminds her that there are dozens of poor, fond, foolish creatures waiting to adore him in the next town. As a singer he cannot afford to be faithful to any one woman. Constancy would injure his reputation. Whereupon Helene weeps, prays, shoots herself dead. Gerardo in a most gentlemanly way invites arrest, so that he may have a valid excuse for breaking his contract—possibly to attend Helene's funeral—but nobody forbids him, so he leaves the inn remarking that he must sing that very night. A truly strenuous life, that of a popular tenor! Yet this Oscar Gerardo had formerly been the assistant to a paperhanger.

Emily Winant died June 26. How many remember her in Boston? Even

the New York Times mentioning her death described her as a soprano, whereas she was a contralto. It is true that today some contraltos insist on attempting to be sopranos, witness Miss Edyth Walker and Mme. Fremstad. Miss Winant sang here at orchestral concerts and in oratorio.

Mr. Daniel Donovan, of Philadelphia, a baritone, a pupil of Mr. Jean de Reszke purposes to sing in New York. He "bears a startling resemblance" to Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Herkimer Johnson wrote to me yesterday and, enclosing a clipping about Mr. Donovan and his likeness, said: "I have always been sorry that Mr. Roosevelt did not sing in opera. Mr. Blapham as Alberic has suggested to us all what Mr. Roosevelt might have been."

Mr. de Pachmann will not cross the Atlantic in any other month than June. O what is so rare as a wreck in June! Even if his first concert were late in October, he would set sail (or steam, as some would have it) in that month. Nor will he return till June. He is honest in this. The stanchest steamship, the huge boat with four courses of apartments, elevators, golf course and racing track, is, in 11 months of the year, That fatal and perilous bark, Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.

But what has all this to do with his marvellous interpretation of Chopin's music. There was only one Chopin. There is only one de Pachmann, and when he dies who will be his successor?

JULY 6 MORE PHRASES. 1907

Apropos of Mr. Knox's remark about the phrase maker in politics, the New York Evening Post reminded its readers that nearly every public man had won success for himself and his party by the invention of a phrase that soon became historical. The question in every instance is whether the phrase epitomizes a platform, whether there is moral conviction behind the phrase, as there was behind Patrick Henry's "liberty or death," or Seward's "irrepressible conflict" and "higher law."

Cherbuliez in his admirable description of "Aristide Laventie," professional Socialist, instigator of strikes, and general windbag, said: "Since orators have existed only one can be named who never made a phrase: he was born 385 B. C. and Philip of Macedon did not love him." The diction of Demosthenes was praised by Brougham in his famous inaugural discourse for its severe simplicity and subdued tone, and contrasted with the florid rhetoric of Burke; but would Demosthenes be regarded today as a spellbinder? By your forefathers, who for that cause rushed upon destruction at Marathon, and by those who stood in battle array at Plataea, and those who fought the sea fight at Salamis, and by the warriors of Artemisium, and by all the others who now repose in the sepulchres of the nation—gallant men!"

This oath of Demosthenes, they say, was irresistible by reason of its restraint. A western or southern audience would find it cold. It would miss the words "eagle," "bugle," "majestic Mississippi" and "palladium of our liberties."

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

"A prominent business man," questioned as to the nature of a Manhattan cocktail served at the luncheon given to Mr. Roosevelt by Mr. Fairbanks, answered: "I guess there was liquor in it. I did not like it—it tasted too much like varnish."

Ingenuous soul, too good for business! There was liquor in it! It did smell of varnish! We know the kind, alas, and also the cocktail that, disguised in alluring form, tastes like a barber shop. Both are to be avoided.

The taste for various drinks is acquired. Absinthe reminds the natural man of his paregoric boyhood. Gin suggests turpentine and the smell of the most dreaded of midnight marauders. The man who wished he had a barrel of whiskey admitted that he hated the stuff. There is no instinctive demand for Rhenish. The average liqueur sickens. Brandy is a liquid firework, if not "liquid damnation," as Robert Hall described it. Rum—ah, stop a moment. To the born New Englander of godly fore-

bears, rum, 'tis a charming sound, harmonious to the ear; 'tis sweeter in the mouth than the waters of Gellum; and this whether it be drunk in its purity or with molasses in the form of blackstrap; hot with a piece of butter the size of an egg, or with ginger ale and curling strip of lemon peel. The cocktail is heating, but fugacious. It bewrayeth the judg-

ment, it clouds the understanding. In spite of Dr. Johnson's dictum, rum, not brandy, is the drink for heroes. It fosters strenuousness. It should have been served at Indianapolis in pitchers, with a dash of buttermilk to give it a local color, to show an individual hospitality.



Virginie Haussmann,
An Alsatian Singer Who Won Success
in France, Greece, Italy and Russia.
A Pupil of the Paris Conservatory.

Unwritten Opera by Rossini
—"The Students of Bologna" a True Story.

DUMAS' DINNER TALK
CONCERNING LIBRETTOS

Mention the name of Alexandre Dumas, the elder, to a friend, and he will at once think of the superb Count of Monte Cristo, of heroic Athos, Porthos and their companions, of Chicot, the philosophic jester, and rare Queen Margot. Perhaps he has read the inferior romances—inferior only for Dumas—in which Dr. Balsamo figures; he may have read the excellent "Black Tulip" and the wholly admirable "Dame de Monsoreau"; but he is probably unacquainted with "Olympo de Cleves," a masterpiece, and the fantastical "Woman with the Velvet Collar." The theme of this last-named story inspired one of Irving's "Tales of a Traveller." The admirer of Dumas is also unacquainted, in all probability, with certain volumes of delightful short stories, told as only Dumas could tell them, Dumas, without a rival, save in the shape of the unknown inventors of "The Thousand Nights and a Night."

One of these volumes, "Le Testament de M. Chauvelin," is a collection of three ghost stories. The book is eminently characteristic of Dumas. There is a rambling introduction of nearly 40 pages, with much about Dumas' early years and a sympathetic sketch of De Villenave, author, translator of Ovid and passionate collector of books and autographs. De Villenave, now a venerable man, moved by the fall of a charming pastel from the wall and by the news of the death of the original, tells Dumas the story of the Marquis de Chauvelin's last will and testament, how it was signed by the spirit of the marquis, who died suddenly of apoplexy when he was playing cards with Louis XV.—but no one can retell this singular tale, with its wealth of anecdotal detail, its sparkling and malicious humor, its simple pathos, its dramatic force. How effective are the portraits of the King, his physician, Lamartiniere, the Duke de Richelieu, Mme. Du Barry and others of the court! Who but Dumas could have written the dialogue? No one ever told a story with such fleet yet distinct enunciation. There is the peculiar richness of language put into the mouth of any one of his learned men. Lamartiniere is assuring Louis XV. that no king, not even Sardanapalus, had ever sounder and deeper pleasures of royal and unrestrained life. "I have expected champagne, your majesty, which Sardanapalus did not know. On the contrary, he drank the thick,

...ly, glissh wines of Asia Minor, and
the name which was filtered through
grape pulps of the Archipelago,
whose intoxication was raging
finess, while that of champagne is
folly."

The third ghost story in this volume
the marvellous tale of Don Bernardo
Zuniga, and here again are touches
reminiscent of Irving's story of the
fish rake who, believing himself to
live, saw his own funeral rites and
monies.

The second story is that of two stu-
dents of Bologna and it is this one that
chiefly concerns us, for in the in-
troduction "A dinner at Rossini's" there
is an entertaining note concerning opera
tutors.

Soon after Mr. Paderewski's opera
"Pierrot" was produced in the United
States, his wife, it was said at
the time, remarked that Mr. Paderewski
written the music of another opera
which would be performed as soon as
he could find a satisfactory libretto.
The naive confession made the ungaily

of distinguished composers of three cen-
turies have introduced calmly in one
music that was composed for the
and even the situation of another.
has been done even in compar-
recent years. The aria of
Carmen in the third act of "Carmen"
was composed originally for another
one that was never completed.
"Soldiers Chorus" in Gounod's
"Faust" was composed originally for a
different opera. Many similar in-
stances might be named.

Dumas, as he says, visited Rossini in
Bologna. He dined with the Rossinis
and they joyously ate stufato with mac-
aroni, a dish on which Rossini plumed
himself for his only rival in this, Cardi-
nelli, who was then dead. The other
two were a few singers, a Venetian
Luigi de Scamozza, and two or
three learned Italians of the race that
lived for a century whether the
of Ugolino were an allegory or
not, whether Beatrice were a dream
or a creature of flesh-and-blood,
her Laura had 13 children or only
one.

They talked of many things, and at
last they asked Rossini why he had not
written an opera after "William Tell."
Did then he was lazy, but he finally
replied that if a manager should point
out to him and say, "Rossini, you are going
to write your finest opera," he would
write it.

On Dumas lifted up his voice: "If I
were to work for you, I should reverse
the customary order. Instead of my giv-
ing you a poem to which you should set
music, you should give me a score and
I would furnish the text. My idea
is: It is necessary that when a
librettist and composer come together
they should absorb the other; the libretto
should be the music; or the music kills the
libretto. The poet should be the one
reared, for, thanks to the singers, the
words are never heard, and, thanks to
the orchestra, the audience always hears
the music."

Rossini asked him if he thought that
the verse was injurious to a com-
poser.

He said it is. Poetry like that of Hugo
or Lamartine has inherently its own
s. It is not a sister, but a rival, of
music; it is not an ally, but a foe. In-
stead of lending aid to the siren, the
poet struggles against her. It is
the combat of Armida and the fairy
rhyta. The music remains victorious,
the victory exhausts it."

Listen to the superb Alexandre.
Rossini had asked him if he would be
willing to write a text for music. "Cer-
tainly, who have written 300 volumes
I play myself on aiding, serving
because I, who keep the sidewalk
myself when I wish, should regard
as an honorable courtesy to yield to
you, whom I love and admire, to you
who have yours. If Etcecles and Po-
lter had each had a throne, they
not have cut each other's throat,
they would probably have died of
jealousy, alling, on each other every
year's day."

Rossini agreed to this, and said that
he would prefer an opera with a fan-
tastic subject. Dumas endeavored to
entice him, and he reasoned thus:
Italy is not the land of supernatural
visions, its sky is too pure. Phantoms,
spectres, apparitions are at home
in the Black Forest, the English fogs,
the misty mists. They love long and
dormant nights. What would a
host do wandering in the ruins of
a ruin or along the Neapolitan shore?
It were exorcised. It would find no
thing mist or forest. The Italian
from 8 at night till 8 in the morn-
ing. With him there is no night, dear
ghosts. When in the north the maid-
en and the old woman tell grisly
tales, Italians are gay and voluble in
society. "Your apparition is a beau-
tiful young girl with black eyes and
black hair, who steps out on her bal-
cony, falls a bouquet of roses and
disappears. O Juliet! Juliet! You rose

in our tomb only because Shake-
spear the poet of the North, cried unto
"arise!" And at the voice of this
great magician, whom nothing could
not obey, lovely flower of
your spring! But no one of your
pious dreamed before or since of
a priot like command."

The composer asked the poet Luigi to
write Dumas. The poet answered by
refusing to an event that had hap-
pened to one of his ancestors, an event
that was an energetic protest against
Dumas' remarks. He asked the novelist
for two more luminous figures than
those of Dante's Francesca and Paolo
who streaked the gray sky of
the night. "Have you ever seen a more
spectre than that of Farinata?"

come forth from the tomb? Have you
walked by the side of a gentler ghost
than that of the poet Sordello? You
doubt the possibility of a fantastical
Italy. Well, let Rossini give you his
music; I'll give you your poem." And
Luigi promised a libretto based on the
remembrance of the lugubrious episode
in his family history.

After dinner Rossini improvised the
overture to this opera "The Students of
Bologna." He played his thoughts on
the piano. "Unfortunately he forgot to
write out the overture." The poet sent
Dumas the story the next day. "I have
never heard the score mentioned," said
Dumas, before he told in prose the
story.

The story is of two students of Bo-
logna who took a solemn oath that the
one who should first die would at once
visit the other and tell him all that
was permitted him to tell about death,
the great mystery. One, travelling
home, was murdered by bandits. His
ghost visited the other student, who
was led by the spirit to the place of the
murder and to vengeance. The avenger
met the sister of the murdered and
married her.

Did Dumas and Rossini ever have
this conversation at Bologna? Did Ros-
sini improvise the overture and dream
of composing an opera based on the
poet's story? Who can tell? We all
know that Dumas was a wonderful ro-
mancer; that he wrote vivid and en-
chanting descriptions of towns, moun-
tains, landscapes never seen by his own
eyes; that he put words into the mouths
of contemporaries which they might
disown but would secretly envy. There
are various reasons given for Rossini's
long silence after "William Tell." It is
the fashion to call him lazy, but be-
tween 1810 and 1829 he wrote nearly 40
operas and ruled the opera houses of
Europe.

Did Dumas talk with him as in this
chapter of "Le Testament de M. de
Chauvelin," one of many delightfully
wandering digressions? Did he not boast
of the fact that he introduced constantly
the names of his friends in the innum-
erable volumes signed by him; that his
books are crowded with personal remi-
niscences so that he was never alone as
long as one of these books was in his
room? "Where was I that day?" he
would ask of himself; "when I wrote
or thought that page? Was I ascending
the Rhine, praying in the Coliseum,
hunting in the Sierra, camping in the
desert, dreaming in Westminster Abbey,
carving my name on the tomb of Archi-
medes or on the rock at Thermopylae?
What hand touched mine? That of a
king seated on his throne; that of a
shepherd guarding his flock? What
prince called me his friend, what beggar
his brother? Who shared my purse in
the morning, who broke bread with me
at night?" The conversation at Rossini's
villa still lives, even if it never took
place.

Would the subject of "The Students of
Bologna" or of any fantastical libretto
have suited Rossini? We know that he
meditated a "Faust," as did Weber,
who also dreamed of a "Tannhauser"
and a "Cid." Did not Schumann
dream of these operatic subjects,
"Faust," "Heloise and Abelard"—it is a
wonder that Richard Strauss has not
chosen this cruel story—"Mary Stuart,"
"Sakuntala"? An agreeable essay might
be written on operas that should have
been composed by certain musicians.

Dumas said there was no mention of
Rossini's score "The Students of Bo-
logna." Did he himself ever write the
libretto? What he said about librettos
at this dinner in Rossini's villa might
well serve as the text for a grave dis-
cussion.

July 8 1907

PUNCH, BROTHERS.

It was a pity that Daniel Web-
ster could not have pronounced an
oration on the punch made after his
recipe and served at Phillips Beach.
An old lady, a precise and fastidious
housewife, once described punch as
"the nastiest, sloppiest sluster," and
it must be confessed that it is slip-
pery and is easily spilled on table
and floor.

Every man thinks his own recipe
for brewing punch is the best and
that he only is the master in brew-
ing. An amiable weakness! A good
recipe is more to be envied than ac-
curate information concerning the
etymology of the word, whether
"punch" came from the Persian
"punji" or the Sanscrit "pancha."
Regents' punch, fish-house punch—
there is a noble catalogue, but let us
recall today only the gigantic brew
ordained by Admiral Russell in a
marble fountain at Alicante: Four
hogsheads of brandy, 1 pipe of Mal-
aga, 20 gallons of lime juice, 2500
lemons, 13 hundredweight of fine
white sugar, 5 pounds of grated nut-
meg, 300 toasted biscuit and 8 hogs-
heads of water.

This memorable event took place
on Oct. 25, 1694. But why the nut-
meg and toasted biscuit?

Men and Things

MRS. HAROLD McCORMICK,
daughter of Mr. John D.
Rockefeller, says that her fa-
ther "lives in the clouds with his God
rather than with worldly things." It
was then peculiarly cruel in Judge Lan-
dis to bring this "genial, great hearted
man" down to earth. Even on the wit-
ness stand Mr. Rockefeller's testimony
was somewhat cloudy. No one will dis-
pute Mrs. McCormick's statement that
her father dislikes publicity.

Mr. Rockefeller "thinks highly" of
newspaper men, and here again he
shows shrewd judgment—when he is not
in the clouds. They are a kindly lot.
A Mr. Macbeth died a few days ago.
He was a railway car builder, and yet
no newspaper to our knowledge summed
up his life work by quoting: "Macbeth
hath murdered sleep."

Newspaper men, however, have un-
consciously done Mr. Samuel L. Stud-
ley an injustice. They have referred
to him of late as Mr. Samuel H. Stud-
ley. There are men who are wounded
to the quick by such imperfect recog-
nition. They see in a published wrong
initial a deliberate personal attack. If
a man's Christian name is George, we
can understand why he does not like to
appear in print as Percy or Eugene,
but why should he be fussy over a mid-
dle "L," "B" or "H"? There are men
whose middle name should always be-
gin with "B." They were born for that
purpose as some are born with heads to
adorn postage stamps and others to be
chairmen of committees.

Mr. Studley, at the height of his popu-
larity as conductor of the Ideal company
and of the Bostonians, was called by
Mr. F. P. Bacon of this city, "the Ardit
of America." Mr. Studley was not ruined
thereby, and Ardit made no complaint.
The former continued to lead his forces
effectively; the latter continued to swear
by Adella Patti and gossip delightfully.
Many years ago Mr. Studley was a
church organist, and we remember music
for the Episcopal church service signed
with his name. Of all his old compan-
ions in the theatre Mr. Tom Karl is the
only one that saved and kept his earn-
ings. Two or three others were prudent,
but they made unfortunate investments.
The leading women in "Fatinitza" are
dead. Fessenden, the reporter, is dead.
and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, the Russian
general, now lives happily near Sand-
wich, communing with nature and catch-
ing fish.

An English thief, a youngster, gave
himself up to the police because he was
tired of spending his plunder in crossing
and recrossing the Atlantic. He gave
lordly tips. "I sat at the captain's table
and him and me were great pals." He
had reached the height of his ambition.
What was there left for him? To some
the trip to Europe is a failure if they do
not sit at the captain's table. They feel
themselves inferior beings. They might
as well be in the second cabin. As a
matter of fact, the doctor's table is usu-
ally the jollier. The stuffed clubs, the
paper bags blown up with wind, the hee-
haws are too often at the captain's.

This story about the son of the
composer Balfe returns with the regu-
larity of a well behaved comet. The
last time it was told, a few years ago,
the son was pictured as grinding a hand
organ with tunes from "The Bohemian
Girl." There was a dispute as to
whether he were born in wedlock, and
his name is not mentioned among
those of Balfe's children by the two
leading biographers. An interesting
and thick book could be written about
distinguished men and women born
out of wedlock. A London publisher
told us recently that among the chil-
dren born to Bulwer were George
Meredith, Mrs. Braddon, Arthur
O'Shaughnessy and Thomson, the
sleepless one who wrote "The City
of Dreadful Night". Years ago
there was a story that Dion Bouci-
cault was a son of Bulwer, but the
playwright and actor's father was a
highly respected citizen of Dublin,
duly married to Dion's mother. Pos-
sibly the two now living of the four
named above might say to the pub-
lisher: "Sir, you flatter me."

We were talking yesterday with a man
who knew both Mr. Victor H. Metcalf
and Mr. W. H. Taft at Yale College.
Metcalf was in '76, but he did not grad-
uate with his class. He left it to enter
the Yale law school. The man who now
with a lavish use of the personal pro-

noun "I" talks of sending a great fleet
of warships to the Pacific to make an
Oakland holiday was not wholly unac-
quainted with boats at New Haven, and
he was there counted as an egotist. He
was chiefly conspicuous in college as a
single sculler, and he took prizes by his
prowess. He was rather a lonely man.
"Bill" Taft of '78, on the contrary, was
gregarious and suave. The two were
physically strong. Taft had formidable
bulk. Metcalf was muscular and well
built. Conscious of his figure, he was
at times roasted by his classmates—
"amici usque ad aras"—for his displays
of chest and side.

A man in Causeway street was seen
last Saturday to quiet a prancing horse
by whispering in its ear. It is an old
trick. George Borrow described the ef-
fect, but not the cause. Rarely, the horse
tamer, knew the magic words, or the
spell of intonation and accent. The EGY-
PTIANS knew it. Did it come from the
east? An old trick, we say, very old.
Basil, the stable boy, tamed the wildest
horses, subduing them by a whisper,
and, incidentally, he ruled the Byzan-
tine empire from 867 to 886.

July 9 1907

CIGARETTES.

The statement was made recently
that cigarettes were introduced into
England by Laurence Oliphant about
the year 1844, and that they became
common in England after the Cri-
mean war, on account of their use
by Turkish officers. Is this state-
ment true? Oliphant was born in
1829; he was, therefore, about 15
years old when he brought cigarettes
into England and smoked them, a
tender age.

The word "cigarette" seems to have
first entered into the English lan-
guage in 1842, when Mme. Costello,
in her "Pilgrimage to Auvergne," de-
scribed cigarette smoking as a fash-
ionable habit of certain French lad-
ies. Mayne Reid, in 1851, described
men in "The Scalp Hunters" as smok-
ing "cigaritas, rolling them between
their fingers in husk of maize." In
Dalrymple's "Travels in Spain"
(1777), "A marquis took out of his
pocket a little bit of tobacco, rolled
it up in a piece of paper, making a
cigar of it."

The true Spanish woman seldom
smokes either a cigarette or a cigar.
She prefers garlic. Sala, in Havana,
noted that the handsome Cuban
woman enjoyed openly "not the
pretty puerility of the papalito, but
the downright and athletic exercita-
tion of the full-grown cigar," yet in
his "Under the Sun" there is a long
account of a visit to the cigarette
factory, La Honradez. This book
was published thirty-five years ago,
and in it Sala said: "I think that
the majority of Englishmen could
more easily learn to curl their hair
or play on the mandoline—two arts
in which they are never very likely
to excel—than to roll cigarettes."

When did cigarettes become com-
mon in the United States? Among
the first were the Honradez, with
their pungent, wholesome odor. They
had to be rerolled before they were
smoked. On the wrapper of each
little bundle was a motto in Spanish,
which, being interpreted, read: "My
works shall justify me." In the late
sixties and early seventies the Hon-
radez had no serious rival in this
country as a made cigarette. The
college boy carried a pouch of Vir-
ginia tobacco—the disorderly had it
loose in a coat pocket—and a pack-
age of cigarette papers. He prided

himself on his skill in rolling. There
was a little machine for rolling cigar-
ettes used only by confirmed bun-
glers. The tobacco then most in
favor also had a motto. We quote
from memory:

Or seek no further:
Better can't be found.

There were other brands that had
their little day of popularity. The

first made cigarettes or native manufacture were largely of perique. They were very strong, and the smell would have turned the stomach of a tobacco worm. How many smokers in Boston today roll their cigarettes?

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Il Trovatore," Verdi's grand opera, in five acts. The cast:

Leonora.....Miss Clara Lane
Inez.....Miss Lois Hall
Azucena.....Miss Louise LeBaron
Manrico.....George Tallman
Ruiz.....W. H. Pringle
Messenger.....Louis Fitz Roy
Count Di Luna.....J. K. Murray
Ferrando.....George Shields

Last night's opera was the third of its kind this season, "Faust" and "Lucia" being its predecessors, while the other productions thus far have been comic or "romantic" operas. The size and enthusiasm of the audience showed that the serious work of the company is in a fair way to rival its work of a lighter nature, and that the taste of the public has been in nowise vitiated by the run of musical extravaganzas that have held sway for the past few seasons. There is no doubt that the season of opera at the Castle Square Theatre every year does much in the line of musical missionary work.

The performance last evening invites individual rather than general comment. Miss LeBaron, for one, had more opportunity than she has had previously this season, and she improved the opportunity to the delight of her auditors. Her stage make-up as Azucena was peculiarly happy; a certain like quality in her physical make-up was effective; and she showed a genuine abandon in action that has been certainly latent in her previous performances. In the several scenes which are pre-eminently her own, she was able, by song, pose and gesture, to dominate the performance. Her chief defect last evening was in enunciation—she slights her consonants, an injustice to those letters which is shared by Miss Anita Rio, the concert-hall singer.

Miss LeBaron's voice, naturally of agreeable quality, was in excellent condition, and showed unexpected volume in the concerted and dramatic passages. Only at moments did she show a lack of authority. Her general performance, barring this slight unevenness, was truly admirable and was appreciated as such by the audience, who recalled her with the utmost enthusiasm.

Mr. Murray—we speak of these singers first because they, of all the others, showed themselves in a comparatively new light—Mr. Murray, fairly blossomed forth in a make-up which certainly possessed occult qualities. Always of an agreeable carriage and presence, he showed last evening more than the distinction of a good actor—he was patrician in looks and bearing, and he maintained the impersonation without a flaw. He looked his best, and that is well enough for any Count Di Luna.

Miss Lane showed her versatility here as well as it can possibly be shown in her jump from the jaunty, flighty and plebeian Serpolette of last week to the stately heroine of Verdi's opera. Her voice gave pleasure, and she was obliged to give many encores. Mr. Tallman's impersonation of Manrico was impressive by its sincerity. The orchestra was not always secure. No doubt the later performances will be improved in this respect. It is high time that the men's chorus learned to sing in tune.

During the week Miss Ewell will alternate with Miss Lane. Mr. Alberti with Mr. Murray. Mr. Davies with Mr. Tallman, and Miss Ladd with Miss LeBaron. Next week "Maritana" will be given.

Men and Things

MRS. LAURA CARTER, who betrayed Mr. Runyan and his dress suit case stuffed with stolen bank bills to the police, is discriminative in the characterization of her intimate friends. She described one of them as "the old gazabo who pays the bills," while Mr. Runyan is, in her eyes, "a poor guy." Perhaps Prof. Stanley Hall, who has made a profound study of slang, can tell us whether the "gazabo" is higher or lower than the "lobster" in the social scale, and whether a "gazabo" is of close kin to the "geezer." Furthermore, is "guy," unqualified, necessarily a term of reproach? Of course, even the strictest purist is complimented if he be alluded to as "the main guy."

.....
Apropos of gazabos and lobsters, Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey has been paying Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, double prices for singing lessons. His hopes for her "crowning triumph in grand opera" are naturally doubly high. Nothing could be fairer than this.

.....
Senator Ackermann of New Jersey has sailed for Europe to study crime. Why go farther than Paterson?

.....
The world will listen eagerly to the story of any great rascal as told by himself. This accounts for the popularity of certain autobiographies. The narrator bravely recounts deeds that the more timid wish they might have done, or once thought of doing. After the confession of Mr. Orchard, the

great public skips the account of the Haywood trial. The attempts to prove that Mr. Orchard lied and that he was not a wholesale murderer provoke only yawning. This is deplorable, but true. Possibly Mr. Muensterberg can do something to revive the drooping interest, although Mr. H. B. Blackwell sternly disapproves his studies at Bolse and his preliminary statement.

.....
The head of the Ocean Grove (N. J.) Association has prohibited the sale of chewing gum. He errs in this. Man is by nature a ruminative animal. If he does not chew gum, he will work his jaws on flag-root, lovage, slippery elm, toothpicks, or tobacco, plug or fine-cut. Dr. Ballard says in defence: "This chewing gum is too much like tobacco." Again he errs. It's not a bit like it.

.....
Lieut.-Col. Newham-Davis, who bravely dines and sups at London restaurants and then writes about the dishes, wines, table equipage, service and guests for the instruction of the public, met recently two young American women. "Miss Belle and Miss Mamie talk the English of Boston, the emphasis falling on all the little words." Is that the way we all talk in Boston? Is emphasis thus distributed in the wish to be thought genteel? Could not the gallant lieutenant-colonel distinguish between Mr. Lawson and Gov. Guild, between Messrs. Whitney and Bartlett?

.....
A Philadelphia woman, not "the Lady from Philadelphia" but one of the circle that includes the Rittenhouses, the Biddles, the Cadwalladers—"not for Cadwallader and all his goats"—said recently to an equally arboreal Bostonian, as they chipped on branches of neighboring family trees: "I would give anything if I could say 'commaund' as you do." The Bostonian lost an opportunity to be reciprocally courteous. She should have answered: "Teach me to say 'bird.'" There are Bostonians trained laboriously, from their youth up, to say "maun" for "man" and "aund" for "and."

.....
Some persons commit statistics to memory and are therefore described as well informed. We know a Bostonian who can tell you without consulting a memorandum book or his cuff the tonnage of the chief trans-Atlantic steamers. He has admirers, who speak of him as "a regular man of the world." Yet statistics are sometimes inherently amusing. We refer any doubting Thomas to Whitaker's Almanac for this year. Here is a note appended to official returns of the various creeds of prisoners: "The religious convictions of one prisoner could not be ascertained, as he was unfortunately suffering from delirium tremens."

.....
Olga Nethersole was asked by a reporter: "What led you to attempt the artistic capture of Paris?" for that is the way reporters talk in the French capital. Olga answered: "Some people would have bought themselves an automobile; others a pretty jewel; I wish to buy the applause of Paris." Who would have thought her so epigrammatic? Equally surprising is the discovery of Edna May's poetic gifts. Visiting an English south coast watering place and benefited thereby in health, she received congratulatory verses from a local poet and adorer. She replied as follows:

.....
Verses so kind, I feel, must earn
A similar answer by return.
Your hopes and wishes I shall treasure,
Trusting that in no small measure
The health and wealth you wish for me
Accorded to yourself may be.
I shall return another day.
Yours most sincerely, Edna May.
A trifle, one may say, but Martial,
Swift, Lander wrote versified trifles. As
a rhymist, she wisely chose her stage
name. Let her tax ingenuity by rhyming
Lewisohn, or even Titus.

.....
Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, by reason of his investigations, does not expect too much courtesy from his fellow-man. Coming from Swampscott recently with a paradoxical valise—paradoxical, because it is of the leather kind that weighs as much empty as full—he sat in the railway car by a man of outward polish, and as he took his seat, he remarked: "May I sit here?" The man glared at him, and did not vouchsafe even a grunt, but turned his shoulder toward Mr. Johnson and kept it there till they arrived in the North station. In any other country the one addressed would have made some answer. In England he might have said "Pickles!" or "G'way!" or have cursed, but he would not have sat like a chump. It was Mr. Frank Richardson who said: "The use of manners is to enable you to do exactly what you want without giving offence."

EARLY AMERICAN MILLS.

It was stated recently that prize fights were known in the United States at least a century ago. Is this statement strictly accurate?

.....
Southey, in the letters which purported to be written by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, gave a short description of pugilism as practised in England. "Too much vivacity is rather against a man; if he indulges in any flourishes or needless gesticulations he wastes his wind, and, though he may be admitted to be a 'pleasant fighter,' this is considered as a disadvantage." Don Manuel, speaking of the better side of pugilism, said: "The American twists the hair of his enemy round his thumb and scoops out an eye with his finger."

.....
To the second American edition of these letters (New York, 1808), an American editor added notes. The reflection on the American as a fighting animal inspired this footnote:

.....
"Don Manuel is not correct. The mode of fighting which he says is practised in America, and which is so truly savage and barbarous, is not, by any means general, but confined to a very small portion of it—chiefly to Virginia, etc. Boxing matches elsewhere are as fairly and as honorably conducted here as in England. It cannot, however, be boasted"—boasted is italicized in the original, to show the annotator's irony—"that these are here made up for the purpose of gratifying spectators and bettors (sic)—but to settle the disputes of the parties themselves. Sometimes, indeed, at elections, it has been thought necessary to determine by this mode which party were the most republican. During one of these experiments in New York the champion of one party broke his arm over the head of his antagonist, and was in consequence compelled to give up the argument. Since that his party have made little or no pretensions to republicanism."

.....
Encounters of this sort were, no doubt, common, but just when was the first prize fight in the United States, the first genuine mill, with seconds, judicious bottle-holders, betters and all the glorious pomp and circumstance? Is there any record of such a fight in the colonies?

Men and Things

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS saved a waitress from being drowned in Yellowstone lake, as though water and not buttermilk were his native element. The memory of the cocktail episode may now be drowned in the present thought of heroism.

.....
Every good citizen will rejoice in the sentence of ex-Mayor Schnitz of San Francisco, and echo the wish of Judge Dunne that the time in jail might be longer, but is it not more dignified for a judge to pronounce sentence without delivering a long-winded moral lecture or a "scathing rebuke"? The scene at San Francisco was one of wild justice, and Bacon likened revenge to this.

.....
It is a pity that Herman Melville did not live to hear the tale of the whale rammed by a fruiter and nearly cut in two. The story might then have made a thrilling page in "Moby Dick." In Melville's time and before it, the sperm whale would knowingly and maliciously stave in, destroy and sink a large ship; witness the fate of the Essex, Capt. Pollard of Nantucket, in 1820, thus destroyed in the Pacific; of the Union, also of Nantucket, thus lost in 1807 off the Azores; of the strange adventure of the ship commanded by Capt. D'Wolf, who afterward lived quiet years in Dorchester.

.....
Will all this flattery, will all the hair trigger laughs that are discharged in England if Dr. Clemens merely observes: "It's a fine day," swell the head of the distinguished visitor? Will his inevitable book of personal recollections of England in 1907 resemble the incredibly vain volume of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes?

.....
Mr. Gardner Lamson, who for several years was well known here as a church and concert singer, is now visiting in Cambridge. He is on leave of absence from the Coblenz Opera

House, where he has sung for a year and impersonated many parts. Mr. Lamson's first operatic experience was gained at the Opera House of Essen-Dortmund. Before that engagement he consulted Dr. Muck, who not only listened to him—there are conductors who are brutal in their treatment of embryo stage singers—but gave him valuable advice and needed encouragement. Mr. Lamson prepared himself patiently and modestly. He sent no cablegrams concerning his purposes and prospects. Unlike Caesar Walford in Leonard Merrick's delightful "Cynthia," he was not always announcing a debut. After Mr. Lamson made his first appearance he did not expect that leading managers would at once besiege his door. His success is therefore the more deserved.

.....
Mathilda Betham-Edwards, to whom a civil list pension of \$250 annually has been awarded, says that taste in literature has deteriorated in England. Suppose that her pension were \$2500?

.....
Newspapers are quoting from the poets to prove the sex of the eagle. It is singular that no one of them has yet thought of Tennyson's famous verses, which are illustrated in music by the superb page of Edward MacDowell. Tennyson thought of the eagle as masculine. Years ago in a Matine village Artemus Ward, taking a walk abroad, saw a cart marked "Eagle Bakery."

.....
"I'll take one," said Artemus to the driver.

.....
"Take what?"

.....
"A baked eagle."

.....
Were these eagles male or female?

.....
Too many apartment houses in highly respectable districts are built without an attic or even an air chamber. The dwellers immediately beneath the house-tops now know this to their cost, nor are they consoled by the presence of elevator, electrical lighting and the latest devices in sanitary plumbing. In some apartment houses there is a compromise; the rooms of the servants are next the roof. Thus are the master and mistress made more comfortable.

.....
Not long ago a man dying in Boston left instructions that his ashes should be preserved as contributing to the substance of a brick. Mr. H. T. Elwes, an Englishman of a Sussex village, directed in his will that his body should be cremated: "As I feel that my ashes would doubtless in time be thought in the way, they should be mixed with a bushel of dry sand and scattered in the grass field in the front of my house." There are some who are averse to cremation for the singular reason that they fear neglect of their ashes. If they could be assured that the funeral urn would stand forever on the parlor mantelpiece, or on a pedestal in the front hall, not too near the hat rack, they would give orders for cremation. What do they not fear? They see the ashes spilled and carelessly swept up; they see them strewn on the sidewalk slippery with ice. Mr. John Ellmore, an Altoona cobbler, insisted that he had discovered a process by which ashes could be burned, and he found believers with money. One of them, weary of ridicule, recently swallowed carbolic acid. But if the cobbler's theory could only be put in practice, one objection to cremation would be removed.

CONCERT FOYER

*How Behr Did Not Substantiate
His Charges in a Divorce
Suit.*

**RANDOM NOTES
ABOUT MUSICIANS**

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Herald on the 28th of last March published in this column a story about the divorce suit of Mr. and Mrs. John Behr of Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Behr brought suit for divorce against his wife and in his petition accused her of many things; that in a fit of rage, unprovoked and unjustifiable, she broke a valuable pipe which had been presented to him by his orchestra—broke it by snatching it from his mouth while he was calmly smoking on the veranda of

lage in a Cape Cod town; that she occasion threw a plate at him, much force and no uncertain aim, but he escaped serious bodily injury by quickly evading the missile"; returning home, he would find the door locked, and that once he used her being caressed and em- braced by a man who had evidently more musical interest in her. Behr, by the way, is a singer. Behr's petition was published in the Kansas City Journal.

Herald has received a letter from Al Gaylord, general manager of the Kansas City Journal, in which he says: "A great injustice was done Mrs. Behr. The allegations were proved to be absolutely false. I have actually seen a letter written by Mr. Behr to the publication in which he stated that he did not intend to reflect on her character and that he never could or would. Mrs. Behr returned from Europe as she heard that Mr. Behr had filed suit and she was given the decree for cross-bill. Mrs. Behr stands high in Kansas City and never for a moment was there anything but sympathy for her during these unfortunate things."

appears from the Kansas City Journal of June 27, that when the divorce of Mr. Behr was called at Independence, Mr. Behr failed to appear, and attorneys asked to withdraw from the case. They stated that they had made every effort to ascertain the whereabouts of their client, but they had sought in vain. A cross bill Mrs. Behr charged against him with a craving for strong drink. "On one occasion he came home and threw her against a radiator. A temperamental passion- ary outburst. Just the man to lead a cverture of Tchaikowsky or a symphony of Sibelius. Mrs. Behr's attorneys stated to the court that they did not seek alimony."

Carlo Buonamici, pianist, of Boston, called for Italy. He will return Oct. 1. He will appear as soloist with the Cherubini Society of Florence, and the Roman Orchestra of Rome, among the leading symphony orchestras of Italy. Clara Butt, the tall English alto, who is remembered here by her impressive performance of "Death of Maiden," and also by a theatrical interpretation of "Abide with me," will aid of piano and cabinet organ with Mr. Rumford, baritone, and her husband, for Australia. Mr. Rumford talked recently with a London reporter and told him the public wishes better things for him. Asked what songs he likes best he answered: "They are everything my wife sings." A husband's spouse? "Wherever we go we find letters waiting at the concert asking us for such songs as 'The Church' and 'Abide with me.'" But he will probably visit the States the year after next. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, who is known here as a violinist of the symphony orchestra when Mr. Arbos, concert master, appeared in London the first time June 25. He has Joachim's variations and a concerto by Weinlawski. "His performances were spirited but rather cold."

olln sonata by Ippolitov-Ivanov played for the first time in the city on June 25 (Paul Stoeving, int.). The Pall Mall Gazette says: "This sonata is not very interesting. The music is slender, though melodious; the three movements are short and only fairly effectively written for the instruments. Russian in character, but without glow and vigor generally accompanying the music of the school." The Telegraph of London says: "composer of some distinction, too, is Ippolitov. Imagine the noble rage of Henry T. Finck reading this, for Ippolitov is never weary of burning in before his Polish idol. Joseph Holbrooke, unfortunately, has been considering Mr. Paderewski as composer, but he has expressed wide views in the Musical Standard concerning composers now living. He says: 'Grieg, Saint-Saens, Mahler and Strauss are all composers in Bruckner. Holbrooke has a friend, Dr. Gordon, who has written a prelude to 'The World' which is worth all I have of these composers.' Dr. Muck is used for this work at once. Let no burst in ignorance."

he are women in Germany who are anxious to conduct orchestras, but which does not smile on their plans. "Several women applied for positions at my school of conducting music, but I would not take them for this reason: as matters are now, even if they are exceptionally able, they have no chance to become professional conductors. Their education is therefore, only for their own use, and my time is limited. I will be obliged if I took them to let me know if I now give to the men." "I see reason why women, who are so obviously gifted, should not also be talented for conducting." Paderewski says that his symphony is now complete, "save for a few details in the orchestration." His statement was made a year ago.

ouis is not yet the favorite abidance of the Muses. While Miss Nola is a "juvenile stage artist" singing at the Nickelodeon, a negro half brick at her "through a window and struck her in the eye." But was she singing with her back to the audience? Invading the home of Miss Flormons of Chicago were quieted by a young woman in a way that would

have delighted Mr. Maeterlinck. Enraged by finding that roses in a parlor vase were artificial, they began to attack the parents of Miss Simons, but she "sank to the piano stool and struck a few notes in the key of B flat. Aside from the sweet strains the house grew quiet. The swarmed insects were then easily lured. 'I have never seen anything like it since we had a farm,' said Mr. Simons, whose father settled in Chicago back in '47. 'My father used to raise bees and he would beat on a tin pan to make them swarm. Of course, that is no reflection on Flo's music or on the piano, either.'"

London is looking forward to the appearance of "a new musical genius, a cellist, who is expected to set the town on fire." He will accomplish this feat partly by dint of mechanical proficiency and partly by reason of a marvellous endowment of hair, the brightest, vivid red ever seen on a concert platform. "The Valkyrie" was performed recently for the first time in Australia, at Melbourne.

"A Country Girl" is now popular in Italy. The operetta is there called "La Ragazza del Villaggio."

According to the St. Louis Star Chronicle, Miss Grace Van Studdiford has announced that she is able to pay her own personal debts and will do so. "Her own" are printed in letters of unusual size. Her "finances," we learn, "have been severely drawn upon by a near relative who squandered her fortune on horse races. She has sold her country home on the Creve Coeur line in the country, which she valued at \$15,000."

Kansas City, Mo., boasts of a blind musician, who is a third cousin of Arthur J. Balfour, the distinguished English statesman. "He is the author of a number of pleasing compositions, of

which his 'Bouncing Betty' is the best known."

No sooner had Mr. Caruso's press agent stated that the tenor received 27 calls in a performance of "Aida" last month in London, than a "correspondent" informed the Daily Telegraph that "on the occasion of her last appearance in London, before starting for Australia, Mme. Melba was summoned before the curtain 32 times." They take opera very seriously in London.

Louise Alchele, now a "head liner" of the Whitney Opera Company has had a romantic history. She is "petite, of radiant complexion, bronze brown hair and laughing eyes." Listen to an admirer writing for the Denver Times.

"Brace up, old boy, and be a man; if you do, why I'll marry you again." "With these words Louise Alchele, the attractive divorcee and former wife of Julius Alchele, one-time clerk of the county court, took leave in the early spring of her husband and choo-chooed away to Chicago, or Pittsburg, or New York. The present venture of the former Denver girl proves that she likes alimony better than an allowance; liberty is dearer to her than the sheltering embrace of a husband, and the glow of the footlights more to her taste than any old hearth fire that ever was kindled."

Men and Things

A DISTINGUISHED portrait painter of Boston sojourned recently in a western town, invited there to immortalize an elderly man with shrewd eyes, thin lips and financial whiskers. The son of the sitter said to the artist on his arrival: "We have put you up at the hotel instead of our house, because we thought you would be more comfortable; you can drink more there." Then looking the painter over, he exclaimed: "I should never take you for an artist." He was evidently much disappointed. On the station platform he had looked for a man dressed in green trousers, sunset waistcoat, velvet jacket, fatigued linen, flaring cravat, and a sugar loaf or bandit's hat, or a sombrero. The artist's hat of the Latin Quarter, the superbly identifying plug, was unknown to him, but he would not have been surprised to see the visitor, the worse for alcoholic wear, delivered to a hackman by a brakeman. It spite of its boasts concerning culture, the West is not yet beyond the romantic period in art.

It is a pity that the artist in this country does not make up for his part. Look about you in Boston. Consider carefully the street appearance of Messrs. Tarbell, Benson, Paxton, Wendel, P. L. Hale—we name at random; they are not to be distinguished by the outsider from lawyers, book-keepers, merchants—the herd of conventional beings. Mr. Sweetser, as the Maine humorist informed us, was wont to go about with brushes clasped in one hand and "a wild expression into his eye." Some years ago a man used to walk our streets who was apparently the real thing, who at once inspired confidence by his hat, cravat, sauntering gait, rolling eyes; you thought immediately of genius in a garret and saw the canvas, brushes, palette knife. Was he of the classical school? Was he painting "Iphigenia in South Boston," "Orpheus Complaining to the Abbe Litz"? Was he an impressionist with a masterly nocturne "The Gasometer at Midnight"? The mystery was never solved. Possibly he was a corn doctor; perhaps a clerk in a bird shop.

The Earnest Student of Sociology writes to us from Clamport: "Yesterday the village painter going home to dinner stopped me and said: 'Mr. Johnson, do you suppose Cleopatra had a better time with Antony than with Julius Caesar?' He added in an apologetic tone: 'I've been reading a lot of that old stuff.' My impulse was to give him Mr. George Bernard Shaw's address—just London. This, however, would have been a confession of weakness. Remembering what I could of passages in Plutarch, Suetonius, Shakespeare and other profane writers, I answered, 'Antony.' 'Well, I think so, too. It looks to me as though Antony was more sporty.' What greater compliment could be paid any woman than this remembrance centuries after the asp had cooled her blood? Or could the character of Antony be more concisely described?"

Mr. Frederic Gebhard, once a wine opener, is now a wine seller. Thus perhaps he may strike what is known as the "divine average." There was a time when he was famous as a "dresser," though Mr. E. Berry Wall soon outshone him. Today there is no one more resplendent male who sets the sartorial pace in the United States. Mr. Harry Lehr is only a humorist, in the class with Messrs. Wilder and Depew. Bathhouse John's taste glorifies a district in Chicago, but he is not the man to have disciples or imitators. Boston never had a follower of Brummel or D'Orsay—and the tailors of "our best people," the district attorney and the Legislature, would at once quench the zeal of any golden youth panting after individual splendor in dress. Mr. O'Meara would look on him with a more lenient eye. He is a man of travel and observation; he has been a newspaper man; he has a sense of humor. The police would not be allowed to interfere with a citizen's display of, say, a plum-colored dress coat and lavender trousers even in business hours.

The intense fear shown by some in a thunder storm is a physical weakness. That shown by others is a revelation of monstrous egotism. The sufferer seems to believe that he, only he, has been chosen as a target for the lightning. The bolt will be aimed directly at his chimney; it will search him out, though he be on a feather bed with glass casters, though he be standing in the centre of a room and in rubber boots donned by way of precaution. Like the guilty lovers in "Pippa Passes," he sees the lightning as the sword of divine vengeance, yet his life may have been blameless as far as the moralities are concerned. Here is a striking instance of the undue importance of a man to himself.

Men and Things

President Roosevelt pitching hay on his farm at Sagamore Hill is, indeed, a subject for the Historical Painter. As Mr. Edward Maloney, who pitched with him, remarked: "He's a wonder." The President was dressed in a white suit and a negligee shirt, with tie to match. This costume might be described by carpenters as better fitted for the joyous husbandman in operetta. A flannel shirt with overalls sustained by one suspender would have been more realistic. To quote Mr. Maloney again: "Talk about sweat drops like peas, the President had them as big as black walnuts, dropping from his face." Was there no pall of switchel? What is haying without the recompensing draught?

Our friend the Historical Painter is, alas, out West, making studies of Vice-President Fairbanks in hospitable, rhetorical, heroic attitudes. Mr. Fairbanks does not sweat drops as big as black walnuts or as small as pinheads. He does not sweat at all. Wedded to butter-milk, he, too, knows not the glory of switchel.

A Cracow correspondent writes concerning the case of Johann Dorosiewicz, who murdered his only daughter, an 18-year-old girl, because she was so remarkably ugly that no village lad would be seen with her. Dorosiewicz strangled her. He was not moved to this deed by any aesthetic motive. Mr. Wainwright, "Janus Weathercock," the friend of Lamb, Hazlitt, Talfourd—murdered Helen Abercromby for her life insurance by poisoning her theatre supper of oysters and ale, and when he was asked how he could have done it—she was so fair, so innocent—he answered: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick legs." Wainwright had a sensitive nature. He dabbled in art and wrote about it, but Dorosiewicz is a rough peasant, and he feared he should be obliged to support

his daughter till he or she died. The jury was sympathetic; it found him guilty only of manslaughter and he was sentenced to hard labor of three years.

The absorbing question is this: Was the girl aware of her extreme ugliness? It has been said that no young man thinks he will ever die. No woman, young or old, thinks in her heart of heart that she is positively homely.

In Paris they are asking whether suffragists should be plain. A French newspaperman writes from Versailles that the 18 women deputies are "the triumph of female ugliness." The Finnish "deputee" is a man in skirts, "voila tout." Each one dresses in black and eschews laces, furbelows, jewels, frizzing of hair and fringes. "In external matters the woman deputy is a forbidding person, though we must believe that her soul is pure and white and her brain wholly given over to the loftiest thoughts for humanity." But no French Feminist will put aside the natural coquetry of woman and its aids and embellishments in allurements. Nor would any American woman struggling against the oppressor man deliberately make herself hideous.

It is not likely that the daughter of Johann Dorosiewicz was ugly in all respects from sole to crown. The Lord is infinite in his mercies. Nature delights in compensations. A woman with a coarse complexion may have a body of marble. If her mouth be merely a gash, a receptacle for food, she may have hair like that of Fotis or any one of the Sutherland sisters. Her face may be a repellent mask, yet her arms, neck, breasts are sculptural. There is the memorable instance of Miss Churchill, slighted at the court of Charles II. for her pale, thin face, till one day she fell from her horse. The Duke of York was there. "The whole assembled court were thrown into admiration that such a body should belong to such a face (so transcendent a pattern was she of the female form), and the duke was fixed." No wonder that Hazlitt called this "the sublime of amorous biography" and could conceive of nothing finer than "the idea of a young person in her situation, who was the object of indifference or scorn from outward appearance, with the proud, suppressed consciousness of a goddess-like symmetry, looked up by fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women, from the wonder and worship of mankind."

Apropos of Mr. Wainwright, a more extraordinary villain than any in melodrama—we do not except the one in "The Span of Life," who begins by poisoning grapes with a hypodermic syringe that he may put a child heir out of the way. Wainwright once painted at Hobart Town a young woman who did not know his history. "He contrived to put the expression of his own wickedness into the portrait of a nice, kind-hearted girl." Oscar Wilde had studied the life of this poisoner, forger, dandy, epicure, essayist, painter, art critic. He wrote a singular sketch of his career, influenced undoubtedly by De Quincey's "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts." Is it not highly probable that the story of this portrait in Hobart Town gave Wilde the hint for his "Portrait of Dorian Gray"? Wainwright's career led Bulwer to write "Lucretia" and Dickens his "Hunted Down."

This same Wainwright had a son, Griffiths, who entered the navy and came into some property. When he became his own master, wishing to escape from the dishonor of his name, he emigrated to America. If he is now living he is about 77 years old.

Mrs. John E. Reyburn, who "expects to be presented at court" in Norway and Germany, tells Londoners that the manners of clerks in their shops and hotels are far superior to those of clerks in New York, and she goes somewhat into detail in explanation of her statement. Mr. Leonard Merrick, the English novelist who has just been "discovered" at this late day by Mr. W. D. Howells, an intrepid if belated adventurer in the swamps, jungles, pathless forests of fiction, has evidently been in America, Lingham, in "When Love Flies Out of the Window," stops at a New York hotel.

"The high, wide window, descending almost to the pavement, imparted to the exterior of the hotel the aspect of a shop in which they exposed for sale nothing but chairs and men's legs. A churl at the desk admitted that he could stare there if he liked, and the first lift that he had entered in a country where they understood that a lift is intended to save time—though they waste time by the name they gave it—shot him to a room in which he could order everything, from a sherry cobbler to a fire engine, by pressing buttons."

There is an "unpromising outlook" for Madeira wines this year. The news will affect few Americans. There was a time

when Boston merchants drank the wine solemnly with customers or friends in the office. There was a time when the cellars of certain Alhanians were famous for Madeira. The wine is for an easy-going age. Men were once willing to wait till the wine had voyaged and ripened. There was leisure then. Today there is no time even for the Newfoundland port. The cocktail goes with the automobile. "He sipped his Madeira." Who sips anything in 1907?

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THE CANADIAN PERIL.

It is surprising that the foes of reciprocity between Canada and New England do not quote from "L'America Vittoriosa," by Hugo Ojetti. This close observer visited America about ten years ago. He reasoned, from his thorough study of social and political conditions, that a German nation would soon be established in the West, with Chicago as the capital; that New England would soon be overrun and governed by French-Canadians. "Malne already sends to Washington one or two representatives chosen as Frenchmen by the French. French Canada descends on Maine with the regularity of a glacier." This Italian prophet is not content with a generalization; he specifies. "Germany will be powerful from Chicago to Pittsburg. France will rule from Quebec to Boston." Tiens!

Our local politicians should at once apply themselves diligently to the French language. What is the use of wasting time on Italian? An Italian duke visits us seldom, but French, according to Mr. Ojetti, will be the language of the common people and of the independent voter. "The New Englander is dying out." There will soon be no "How?" or "I want ter know!"

ON AN UMBRELLA.

"It is alleged that there is a conspiracy among the makers of umbrellas in restraint of trade." And so a United States district-attorney will move against the so-called umbrella trust.

Something should be done about umbrellas. All will agree to this. There was a time when an umbrella lasted for years. It was handed over to a son by a fond father after long use, as was a French razor after a sported a confirmed beard. There were hallowed associations with an umbrella. But now, no matter what price you pay, or how gently you treat it, its life is short. A rib will break without cause. Holes appear even when the umbrella hangs in a closet. The handle is loose. The umbrella in a week has a dissolute appearance. Nor is there any comfort in the thought of an umbrella invented recently in Vienna, one that need not be held by hand. "It consists of a sort of roof shelter, made of silk or stuff, which, by means of two thin rods and a band across the chest, can be supported on the shoulders." This might be of use for a few days to the bundle-laden suburbanite, but how long would it last? "The roof umbrella can be folded into a very small compass"; but will not its complexity bring speedy dissolution? The inventor is an architect, and architecture, as Ruskin told us, is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power and pleasure. Is the roof umbrella good architecture? We doubt it.

Men did not mind the rain before Jonas Hanway was jeered at by chairmen and hackney coachmen for carrying an umbrella. Mr. Julian Hawthorne advised us recently to go out in the rain without an umbrella. He said it would tone up the system and oil the internal clock-work. He

recommended the exercise especially to the middle-aged and those who are beginning to feel old. So let the umbrella trust bust or flourish. Even if you own an umbrella and it is sound, it is yours only when you have your hand on it. 'Tis yours, 'tis his, 'tis ours. It was decided long ago in the court of the world that an umbrella is not the personal property of any individual. As the world is now constituted, there are not enough umbrellas to go round, and the rain it raineth every day. Besides, as some one has said: "There are two things made to be lost: umbrellas and sinners."

DRESSING BY THE CARD.

Not long ago we read that women in aggressive society keep a dress journal, a book in which entries are made concerning the dates and occasions on which dresses and jewelry are worn, so that the wearer will not be accused by envious friends of foolish repetitions; so that the extent of her wardrobe will be fully appreciated.

Yesterday we learned that valets of true "men of fashion" keep a card catalogue which gives the name, size and full description of their masters' collars and cravats. The "neckwear" is arranged in compartments of drawers, and the cards refer to these compartments. "When new collars and cravats are purchased they must be located and catalogued immediately." Otherwise, as any one will readily see, there might be a distressing solacement. Not finding easily a green cravat, the valet might be obliged, through pressure of time, to hand his master something incongruous in blue or lavender.

We knew a man who was punctilious in this: He insisted that his finger rings and cravats should be in sympathy and harmony. He was a sweet thing—though he was not, perhaps, fully appreciated by the majority of his male acquaintances.

There are men who, realizing the desirability of certain changes in "neckwear," hang seven cravats at the right of the bureau looking glass, wear them in daily rotation, placing at night on the left of the mirror the one worn during the day. They pay no attention to a general color scheme. There are men of coarser tastes who wear the same cravat for a week, and then change. Sinking to the bottom of the scale is the wretched being who wears a "string tie" the year round, the man beyond the pale.

It is not given to all to arrive suddenly at the dignity of a cravat-and-collar card catalogue, yet a beginning may easily be made. A new cravat may be bought, say, every other Saturday, and the moment a collar hints at the fury of laundering not made by hands it should be promptly turned. Whether the cravats should be sorted and catalogued by species, shape or color is a nice question, not lightly to be answered. Mr. Dewey revolutionized the system of library cataloguing. He might be persuaded to give valuable advice in this more important matter.

FAITHFUL IDEALISM.

Mr. Rodin frankly says: "I could not have done a satisfactory bust of Whistler even if I wished. In order to produce a satisfactory bust of a man it is absolutely essential that he should sit to me. I want to see him before me living and watch the fleeting changes in his face." Mr. Lawson tells us that the Roman painter who had the pleasing task of portraying him would now and then run about on all fours like a dog and howl or lie flat on the floor and watch him. We doubt whether Mr. Rodin is given to these original but violent methods of awakening interest and maintaining close ob-

servation.

But should a bust or portrait be wholly life-like? May it not be symbolical in idealism? The Pater of "Imaginary Portraits" was surely not the Pater of the photograph. A Pater as he should have looked, painted or sculptured by a sympathetic genius, would be much more to the purpose than an effigy of the writer as he was identified by charwoman, postman, tobacconist. So with any author, painter, composer, hero. So even with Jimmy Whistler.

Men and Things

It is a pleasure to think of Mr. Oscar Morgan, 5 feet 4 inches in height knocking Gov. Sparks of Nevada down in the Barrel House saloon. The Governor is 6 feet 2 inches. This shows the power of the press, even in lawless communities. Gov. Sparks surely has not an ingratiating manner. When Mr. Morgan asked him how he was—for the sake of conversation—the Governor "glowered" and said: "Get away from me; I don't want to talk to any dirty liar." Mr. Morgan immediately wrote an editorial with his fist on the gubernatorial face, and Sparks dropped heavily on the "tiled floor." Here is an editor of the good old school. George D. Prentice, who wrote stinging paragraphs with one hand while the other held a revolver, would have been proud to call him brother.

What would Prentice, or Parson Bates of the London Morning Post, or John Black of the London Morning Chronicle have said to genteel lecturers on "The Ethics of Journalism"? Yet it was Black who answered Lord Melbourne, when the latter said he had never asked a favor of him: "I have no favor to ask of any one in the world. You are prime minister of England; but I am editor of the Morning Chronicle, and I would not change places with the proudest man in England—not even, my lord, with you."

This bar-room at Reno, Nev., has a tiled floor, but has it pictures? When certain citizens of Pittsburg—prudent, to borrow Charles Reade's expression—objected to the purchase of "The Bath" for the Art Museum, bar-keepers of the city would have bought it, were there not a singular law that forbids the cultivation of artistic taste in Pittsburg saloons. (How sensitive the people of Pittsburg are to all representations of a bath!) If boozing kens must exist—and man's thirst dies not with the centuries—they should be made attractive and instructive in every way. The London poet sang hoarsely:

Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pints hold more.

But this is a gross and sensual view. The eye should be encouraged and trained as well as the palate. We do not refer to pictures of farmers recommending a brand of whiskey, of scantily dressed goddesses and demi-goddesses bacchanic with champagne, of 300-pound German ladies leaning lovingly against a beer keg. These pictures serve only a commercial purpose. They are sordid.

But pictures of cool vales and sunny plains, of Venus rising from the sea and shaking the foam from her golden tresses, of nymphs laughing as they mock a satyr caught peeping behind a laurel bush, of a noble dame arrogantly conscious of her beauty before a blushing pier glass, of girls ecstatic in a delirious dance, of types of women from Damascus to Machias—such pictures call the mind of the beholder from the mere animal action of drinking, disuade him from idle chatter and political dispute, and glorify the passing moments.

We have spoken of the "golden tresses" of Venus. When Miss Emmy Destinn of the Berlin Royal Opera House—a dramatic soprano whom Dr. Muck holds in high esteem—impersonated Venus some time ago at Covent Garden, "Lancelot" wrote of her: "The first thing that attracted attention on the rising of the curtain were the raven locks of Tannhauser's hostess, and when she rose from her recumbent position, the said locks became still more prominent, for they flowed to her knees in inky waves, and I couldn't help wondering if they had been one of the attributes of Miss Destinn's recent personation of Salome in Paris." Was Venus a blonde or brunette? To every man there has been the blissful apparition of a Venus, and beauty, like the landscape, is in the eyes of the beholder. As for Salome, who in spite of certain

legends, went to no bad end, but died queen of Little Armenia, her face is preserved on a coin of Aristobulus, her second husband. Her face is there of a pronounced Semitic type, but her hair is not conspicuous.

Mr. Ferguson called on us yesterday in high glee. He had received a circular inviting him to forward a sketch of his life with the maiden name of his mother, an account of his travels, an enumeration of offices and positions held by him, a list of the decorations he is entitled to sport in buttonhole, on coat, around his neck, or just over his appendix. "Listen to this," he cried: "This biographical dictionary will go beyond mere dates, abbreviations and statistics, and show the relation of the man to his work and to his time." No nonsense about it, either. The publishers say: "No fulsomeness or adjectival exuberance will be found in this hook, which relates to the careers of those Americans who best represent the varied fields of professional, business, social or intellectual effort and influence, chosen with discrimination so as to exclude the mediocre and pretensions. There will be no imputation of autohography." And the book will cost only \$10. There's only one out: I've never been decorated." We remember that 25 years ago an Italian decoration—it purported to be Italian—was to be obtained for about \$40. It was "for art and science." A pianist then living in Boston thought one in Berlin, and wearing it impressed his pupils. Nor was he the only musician who was thus decorated.

The appeal to Mr. Ferguson was made years ago to the "prominent men" of various counties. These old books with steel engravings and hideous bindings are more entertaining reading than even the "Keepsake" and "Token" of a still earlier period. What queer coats, collars, cravats were worn by these prominent men! There is the Hon. Cyrus N. Graves, with a statesmanlike make-up, his right arm laid thoughtfully across his breast, with upturned head and a snorting expression—a county Ajax defying the lightning. Graves was once in the Legislature, Marcellus Barnes, Esq., who made money by keeping store, has what might be called a popular face with seductive whiskerage. His family, it seems, was a very old one. A great-great-grandfather was the first settler of Hockanum Ferry, and Marcellus would not have yielded precedence to Mr. Khan, the Persian now among us, whose little child is a direct descendant of Cyrus the Great, and should rightfully be master of all sherbets and lord it over the roses of Ispahan. But Marcellus and the others in the "Prominent Men of Gelum County" paid more than \$10 apiece for immortality.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is wise in making no reply to the incensed Washingtonians. In this he follows the advice of two Frenchmen, Buffon and Renan. The latter preferred to wait till the attack was forgotten. Then the assailant would have lowered his guard, committed some stupid act or said a foolish thing, and there was opportunity. Bliff! Matthew Arnold, in replying to F. W. Newman's answer to the lectures on translating Homer, admitted the folly of noticing a personal assault and then pounded Newman with a peculiar gusto to a finish.

"RENDITION."

The Daily Telegraph (London) sneered recently at American newspapers for using the word "rendition"—"American this for singing."

We regret to say that the use of the word in the sense of rendering, acting, performing, singing, is purely or impurely American and wholly without warrant. But there are American newspapers that put this word in the list of those prohibited. Dr. Furness has spoken of "the rendition of Hamlet," but we doubt whether the dramatic critics, Messrs. Towse and Winter, would use the word, or whether Messrs. Henderson, Huneker and Krehbiel would dream of it as a synonym of "performance."

"Rendition" means first of all the surrender of a place, garrison, possession; then, the surrender of a person. The meaning "return, restoration," is obsolete. The meaning "translation, rendering," though it is now called an Americanism, was used in England by eminent writers, as Pearson and South. There is another strictly American definition of the word, viz., the amount produced or rendered, as a yield of silk, but this definition is a late-comer.

FELIX FOX

Paderewski Is Warmly Welcomed to London After Five Years' Absence.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Felix Fox of Boston gave a piano recital in London on June 22. The Times said that he has "clearness of touch and distinctness of execution," that he played pieces by Ravel, Dohnanyi and other modern composers "with admirable effect." "In all his pieces the player delighted his audience by his first-rate technique and the sympathy which he evidently feels for the music of his choice."

Mr. F. G. Webb ("Lancelot" of the Referee) said that Mr. Fox, by his playing, "sustained the musical reputation" of Boston. "His programme was raiseworthy for its avoidance of the hackneyed, and his interpretations were distinguished by musical feeling and avoidance of exaggeration." Mr. Webb spoke somewhat in detail.

The Daily Telegraph's review was as follows: "As every 'new' pianist comes forward we note with particular satisfaction that the 'pounder' is becoming more and more rare. But there is a vast difference between the 'pounder' and the player who, like Mr. Felix Fox, is at the opposite pole. Delicate almost to femininity is Mr. Fox's playing. His touch is velvety and so his tone is beautiful, but we do ask an occasional 'f' only for the sake of contrast to the depth of the 'ppp' he obtained so readily. For the interesting and unacknowledged programme, too, we are duly grateful. A set of not very telling variations by Chevallard was followed by an attractive, and 'elusive trifle,' Jeux d'Eau, by the modern French composer Ebel, this delightfully rendered; and Liszt's melancholy and subdued Fifth hapsody was done with fine dignity." The writer mentions other pieces which showed the player's quiet, tranquil and intimate style in a very good light; but Chopin, especially the A flat Ballade suffered from lack of contrast. With McDowell's 'Tragic' sonata this interesting recital closed, and Mr. Fox scored decided success."

It will be seen that Mr. Fox, a ranger, received respectful attention. A time when there were many concerts, when other pianists, among them Messrs. Paderewski and Sapellnikoff, were in the field. He was recognized in a throng of singers, fiddlers, pianists, and favorites and new comers, as a musician of genuine ability and taste. Mr. Fox is known in Boston as a pianist who has steadily improved of late years. When he came back from his studies in Paris he was inclined to give undue importance to mechanical dexterity. This was natural, for he had been closely associated with a specialist in diseases of technique. After his first season or two he began to gain in quality of tone, in elasticity and freedom of interpretation. He has given chamber concerts of unusual interest by reason of the works produced. He has gained in his own industry and perseverance an enviable position among the musicians of Boston.

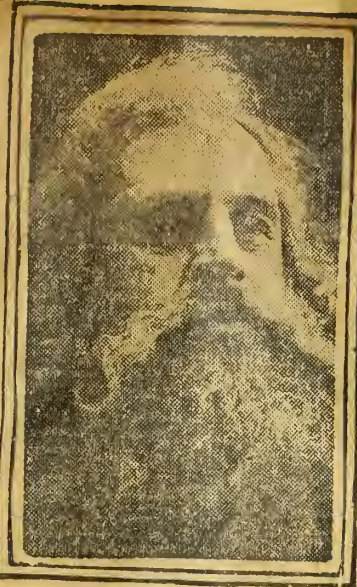
Let two compliments that he deserved in his own city have been denied him. Mr. Fox has not yet played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or at a concert of the Knelsel Quartet. Why, pray, has he in each instance been refused this favor? I say "favor," for concert appearances with orchestras and chamber clubs, like kisses, often go by favor.

By his performances with other chamber clubs Mr. Fox has shown that he was fully competent to play with the Knelsels. Mr. Knelsel is not always thorough in his choice of assisting pianists. We all remember the frequency of Mr. Harold Randolph's visits. About this time expect Mr. Randolph was engaged for some years in the Musician's Almanac. We all remember, too, the appointment of Mr. August Spanuth, as a pianist, at a time when he was also critic of the Staatszeitung of New York. Mr. Randolph was and is at the head of a music school in Baltimore, and has much to say about the arrangement of concerts provided for the instruction and pleasure of students and citizens.

do not say that Mr. Randolph should therefore not be heard here in a Knelsel concert, for Mr. Knelsel has been assisted by pianists not so well equipped as Mr. Randolph. But why should Mr. Fox, who has proved himself an excellent chamber player, be persistently refused a hearing?

There was a time, especially during the first reign of Mr. Gerlicke, when to play here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a recognition as an honor. Only men and women of acknowledged reputation and genuine musical spirit were deemed worthy. The requirements were not so strict. It is not necessary to name names, but all remember visiting pianists, fiddlers, singers and a few local lights who should not have been invited to take part. It is now stated that only 12 soloists will be engaged for next season, and all will be of the first rank. That the number of soloists has been reduced is welcome news. Would that there were to be more at all! But even the Boston public has not yet prepared for a series of orchestral concerts without a formidable prima donna or a romantic fiddler.

There are to be only three or four soloists next season, Mr. Fox has no remaining claim to be heard at a symphony concert. He knows his own abilities and limitations. He real-



Gardner Lamson as Hans Sachs.

Mr. Lamson, Formerly Well Known in Boston, Is Leading Basso Cantante at the Coblenz Opera House.

izes the fact that there are pianists whom he will never equal. Looking over the concerts of the last five years, he has a right to say: "I should have been heard, rather than Mme. X., Miss Y. or Mr. Z." For, as a matter of fact, he played better than they did.

If no Bostonian had been admitted to the list of solo pianists at these concerts, again Mr. Fox could have nothing to say; but when he saw men from Boston announced among the soloists, and when young men in his class played more than once, it was natural that he should wonder at this marked discrimination.

An orchestra was established last season to further certain purposes. One of these purposes was to give competent young pianists or fiddlers an opportunity of being heard. It is to be hoped that this orchestra will live to carry out its aims. As things now are, a young pianist of ability, but without social influence, in this city must go outside to show what he can do and to be judged fairly as a player with orchestra.

Mr. Paderewski played in London June 13, after an absence of five years. A headline in the London Chronicle tells the story: "Enthusiastic Welcome and \$1000 Profit." Whenever Mr. Paderewski plays the gate receipts are recorded by the untiring eulogists.

It seems from the accounts of his recital in London that Mr. Paderewski has not yet moderated the fell rage that distinguished his last recital in this city. "I have heard a good deal of fierce playing," wrote "Lancelot," "I have listened to Rubinstein arguing out a fit of temper with his pianoforte, but I never heard a man hit an instrument more regardless of consequences than did Mr. Paderewski in his fugue on Tuesday afternoon."

This fugue was the pianist's own, "Variations and Fugue on an Original Theme," op. 23, and to quote the same writer, "it was rendered as by a man possessed by raging bad temper." Each staff cost a guinea. The audience was enthusiastic. Women again crowded hysterically to the edge of the platform and a man gave the pianist a laurel wreath tied with red ribbon.

It is said that the Cecilia Society in the course of the season will produce Mr. Converse's "Job." This oratorio with text from the Vulgate, will be heard for the first time at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival early in October. Mr. Converse with his family will go to Europe in the fall to remain there at least two years. He will spend the winter in Paris.

Mme. Selma Kurz of the Imperial Opera of Vienna sang last month at Paris in several concerts. The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette was much moved by her. "The artist thrilled as the birds do. It seemed as if a nightingale were singing. There is something extraordinarily aerial, fluid and immaterial in her voice. At other times it becomes voluptuous and caressing, vibrant as the cord of a violoncello."

Claude Debussy has completed an opera, "L'Histoire de Tristan," after Gabriel Monray's text.

Miss aus der Ohe has been made a royal Prussian court pianist.

Isidore de Lara is at work on a "Salome." He promises that the libretto will be "unobjectionable"—a "Salome" for young ladies' boarding schools.

Dr. Muck will conduct at Bayreuth next year.

Charles Lecocq celebrated his 50th anniversary of theatre work June 13. Before the beginning of the third act of "La Fille de Mme. Angot" the market women presented him with a silver memorial piece and an address of thanks.

Miss Monica Dalley, a pianist born in Batavia, N. Y., made her debut in London June 27 with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which was conducted by Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, who was for a season a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and was conspicuous by a singularly luxuriant growth of hair.

The fiftieth annual Worcester Music Festival will take place in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Oct. 1, 2, 3, and 4. As Worcester is the only city in the United States that has held a musical festival for fifty consecutive years, the management is planning to make the golden

jubilee especially important. Mr. Frederick S. Converse has written an oratorio, "Job," which is dedicated to the Worcester County Musical Association. It will be performed on Wednesday night, Oct. 2. In connection with the performance of this work the first part of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," will be performed. Thursday night, Oct. 3, W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" will be given. The symphony concert will be on Thursday afternoon, and Friday afternoon the festival pianist, Mme. Goodson, will play. Friday, artists' night, will be devoted to a Wagnerian programme. The artists already engaged include Mme. Schumann Heink, Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould, soprano, Daniel Beddoe, tenor, Emilio De Gogorza, baritone, Miss Maud Powell, violinist, and Mme. Goodson, pianist. The conductor of the choral works will be Wallace Goodrich, and Mr. Knelsel will conduct the orchestral pieces. The large orchestra will be made up of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Men and Things

SO "Ouida," who loves dogs and hates Americans, is hard up. There was a time when some of her novels—"Puck" and "Moths"—were considered to be salacious, and women who wished to be respected read them in secret, just as our mothers read "Jane Eyre" in the garret or with locked bedroom door. Now that daughters of English clergymen are writing about Sir Richard Calmadys and their sensual temptresses who fall in love with deformity, "Ouida's" romances seem sedate, priggish. Her earlier novels, "Chandos," "Strathmore," which were once taken by thousands as seriously as "St. Elmo," are now frankly amusing. What tremendous swells her army men were! They were wringing the sparkling Moselle from their amber mustaches in lighter moments. To thicken the plot, their cherubic faces became set and stern and they broke the hearts of noble dames on every Wednesday.

"Strathmore" was especially funny as a play. It was piping hot. We saw it, with other Exeter schoolboys, in '70 or '71. Pulpous Dolly Bidwell was the heroine, and she also screamed and gesticulated wildly in an astounding drama entitled "Pretty Panther." Was this play ever published? For summer reading it could give cards and spades to "Man and Superman." The "Ouida" of "Two Little Wooden Shoes" and "A Dog of Flanders" is a far different woman, a writer of force and pathos, nor is "Under Two Flags" to be despised. Her flamboyant romances, with their store of miscellaneous misinformation dragged in by the heels, with their absurdities in history, geography and aesthetics, with their plush, musk and hifalutin, with their heroes who with baby faces drink quarts of rare wines and strong waters and then hit the pip of an ace at anywhere from 500 to 1000 yards, these romances that remind one of Emma Bovary's dreams when she was a schoolgirl, are well nigh forgotten.

In rhetoric the author of "St. Elmo" pressed "Ouida" hard. We remember a sentence in one of the novels by Miss Evans—was it "Macaria"?—which ran like this: "Cherish the microcosm of the limitless macrocosm. Cherish the boundless rushing choral aggregations of the vasty deep!" But "Ouida" at her worst was inimitable. She had her disciples. Even now there are echoes of her early style. See Mrs. Elmer Glyn's "Three Weeks." A howling English swell is in love with a queen who is at a Swiss inn under an assumed name. He could not wed her if she would throw away her crown, for she has a husband who is a gambler, a two-handed drinker, a rabid pursuer of women, indeed, a shocking green eyes. The queen has "far reaching" green eyes, and in these eyes "the history of the whole world of passion seemed written—slumbrous, inscrutable, their heavy lashes making shadows on her soft, smooth cheeks." There is the "Ouida" echo; but how faint and thin it is to the original burst of perfervid rhetoric.

A correspondent of the New York Times spoke of "Ouida" as "the venerable lady of 67." Men and brethren, ye that have passed 50, shall these things be? "Venerable" at 67? Why a man or woman is only beginning to appreciate life at the age of 70, when the froth has been blown off and the draught is then substantial, comforting and cool. It is not necessary to invoke the shade of Ninon l'Enclos with her adoring youths or of Sophocles, with his immortal tragedy, both splendid and exultant long after 67.

Miss Laura J. Tisdale, who died recently in California, "was known as the person who introduced Delsarte to the United States." Delsarte, O Delsarte, what crimes have been committed in thy name! The man himself died 36 years ago next Friday. He had a wretched voice, yet he sang in opera

until he became a fanatical Saint-Simonist and left the theatre to be a choir director. He gave historical concerts, he taught, he edited a famous collection of ancient songs and arias, he composed singular melodies. So moving was his diet that he made a sensation as a singer. Of late years hundreds in this country have chattered about the "Delsarte theory" as applied to opera house, concert hall, lyceum platform, and dozens have taught—each, the "only teacher"—what they fondly thought was the Delsarte theory. Take any reader at random and he will talk Delsarte by the hour. A poor stick of an actor will tell you that he has mastered the theory, whereas "the deadly trail of the elocutionist," to use the phrase of the late Henry A. Clapp, is over his impersonation. There are singers who cannot sing in tune, who butcher the text in whatever language it may be, whose tones are as vinegar to the teeth, yet they will hug themselves in the thought that they are Delsartian, for they took lessons of a person who once saw Delsarte, possibly on an omnibus, perhaps in a cafe!

We spoke recently of Mrs. Reyburn and how delighted she was in London because she received courteous attention in hotels and in shops, and we quoted Mr. Merrick, who described the New York hotel clerk as a "churl." This species of clerk is largely the invention of the professional humorist. After the possibilities of the mother-in-law, the stove-pipe in the period of house-cleaning, and the tomato-can-and-circus-poster-devouring goat were exhausted, the humorist invented the hotel clerk with blazing shirt diamond and olympian indifference. It is true that there are persons, big men in small towns, who are irritated because in a city hotel they are not at once recognized, because the clerk does not leap the counter and kiss them on the brow. Judge Bolivar's dignity is ruffled because he is only No. 23 and Mr. Zenas Field, who left West Spittum to "buy a bill of goods," cannot understand why the clerk does not devote himself exclusively to him. We have travelled West, we have travelled East, like the man in the ballad, and we have always been surprised at the good nature of the hotel clerk in trying circumstances; at his patience, equalled only by the hero of the information bureau in the North station.

There is a Bostonian who occasionally ventured a journey as far as remote Buffalo. Drop him in any city, on any island, on any mountain peak, and he is surprised that he is not known by name, that in a crowded town the first passer-by does not stop and say: "Why, Mr. Witherson, how do you do? How's your sister Sue? And how's dear Boston?" He of course would resent outwardly the familiarity, but he would secretly be pleased by the expected tribute. The true name of this Bostonian is Legion. It is hard for him to realize that there are other towns, other citizens of importance. In his own chaste, intellectual way he would change Villon's line to "There's no good girl's lip out of Boston."

Ellen Terry's "Autobiography," which, like John Phoenix's autograph, appears to be written by her most intimate friend, already bothers four publishers, who are now in a delightful quandary. The public also has a right to be perplexed, for Mrs. Terry has left out what it wishes to know. Why did she and Mr. Watts agree to disagree? Are the stories true that are whispered about her extraordinary undress and unlaced behavior in the presence of Mr. Watts' strait-laced friends? Watts and Select, the title of the hymn book once used in Congregational meeting houses, might well describe her audience on that occasion. Three men had the courage to tell frankly the story of their lives. Casanova, Cellini and Herbert of Cherbourg! Their autobiographies are among the great books of the world. The autobiography of any motorman, of any broker, of any professional philanthropist would be intensely interesting and a valuable sociological document, if he would only tell the whole truth without self-consciousness, without shamefaced reserve.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Maritana." Wallace's opera in four acts. The cast was as follows:

Maritana.....Miss Clara Lane
King of Spain.....J. K. Murray
Don Jose.....George Shields
Don Caesar de Bazan.....George Tallman
Marquis de Montefiori.....Otis B. Thayer
Captain of the Guard.....W. H. Pringle
Alcalde.....Louis Fitzroy
Lazarillo.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Marchioness de Montefiori.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd

"Maritana" was first produced in London, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1845. In its popular career of more than 60 years its cast has included noted singers. Only eight years ago, at a performance at Covent Garden, the part of Lazarillo was sung by Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, who sang Kundry in the English production of "Parsifal" in Boston, and Mr. Barron Berthold was the Don Caesar. The opera ran for 109 nights its first season, a record in those days. It is justly described as a romantic opera, for there is enough gallantry and adventure in the story to stock a novel by George Barr McCutcheon. The plot has delightful situations, if it does at the last drizzle somewhat toward cheap melodrama; and the music is tuneful and charming, especially the trios and duets.

There are many curious stories of the composer, how he travelled in America and in Australia, and made by his concerts large sums, which he lost manufacturing and speculating in tobacco;

Now he gave a concert in Australia for the payment of 200 sheep, and in Santiago for an admission price of two gamecocks; how he appears on the first night of "Maritana" in London clad in planter's nankeen and a white sombrero. He showed great facility in composing; it is said that "Maritana" was written in two months. Although his works were numerous and popular in their day, his fame rests on this one work. It is not taken as seriously today as it was once, but it gives much simple pleasure, and the comedy has lost nothing in its six decades.

The performance last evening was not as smooth as the usual run of performances at this theatre, for certain of the principals were not sure of their lines, and the last few scenes limped a little. There were also many mispronunciations in the dialogue, not all accidental. It is not necessary to be over-critical in the matter of Spanish proper names, for few in the audience probably know, and who cares? But so common a word as the French "canaille" had better be translated than called "canale."

Otherwise the performance was good, and there was much capital acting. Miss Lane was a gracious and vivacious Maritana, and Mr. Murray met all the requirements of the role of the king, not an exacting and a rather ungrateful part. The two who made the most impression musically last evening were Miss Le Baron and Mr. Shields. Much of the best solo music fell to their respective lots, and both aroused enthusiasm by voice and singing. Mr. Shields had some opportunity to display the beauty of his upper register, which is unusually smooth and gracious in tone; while Miss Le Baron, on the contrary, gave most pleasure by her solo in the prison scene, where her contralto notes caused the song to be twice encored.

Mr. Tallman, by his dashing make-up and bearing suggested one of the famous guardsmen of Dumas. He was not in good voice, and his enunciation was faulty, but he is a good actor, and he caught the spirit of the comedy scenes. He deserves a special word of praise for his hearty and infectious laugh, which spread instantly throughout the audience. Miss Ladd and Mr. Thayer were very funny in the little they had to do.

The opera will be given for the rest of the week, Miss Ewell and Mr. Davis alternating with Miss Lane and Mr. Tallman. Next week "Erminie" is promised.

Men and Things

SENATOR LATIMER, on the way from Vienna to Berlin, attempted to pay his expenses in the dining car with an Adams Express bill for \$20. "He was saved from embarrassment by a fellow-traveller, who generously paid the amount." This anecdote, according to a correspondent of the New York Sun, illustrates amusingly "the simplicity of the senator's character." Some might say that it illustrates the simplicity of the fellow-traveller. But there are always certain persons eager to pay for what a playactor, a senator, or any man of more than parochial reputation may eat and drink. The distinguished man takes it all as calmly, as indifferently as an ancient god of gold or brass accepted the smoking sacrifice; and, like the god, he does not complain if the victuals be cold, provided no others be at hand. The sacrificer has his reward. He is able to say: "I was talking one day with Romeo Hamfatter when we were at luncheon—it was when he was playing in that great revival of 'Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl'"; or he begins a long-winded discourse on the tariff, by saying: "There's nothing in that argument. What did Senator Littleweight say to me as we were going from London to Liverpool? Said he, 'Buggins, my dear man, how many do you think know the true meaning of reciprocity?'"

The late Thomas B. Aldrich, genial and expansive in the society of his intimate and trusted friends, disliked the limelight of publicity and gladly courted the shadow on life's stage. What would he say to the proposal to turn the Portsmouth home of his boyish years into "a museum to his memory." Would not the very word "museum" excite a stinging jest?

Here is another instance that might serve as a footnote to a saying of Max Mueller in his "Autobiography": "There is a curious race of people who, as soon as a man of any note dies, are ready to found anything for him—a monument, a picture, a school, a prize, a society—to keep alive his memory. Of course these societies want presidents, members of councils, committees, secretaries, etc., and at last, subscriptions also. Those who are asked to subscribe to such testimonials know how disagreeable it is to decline to give at least their name, deeply as they feel that in giving it they are offending against all the rules of historical perspective."

Jealousy is cruel as the grave. It sometimes lies awake in the tomb. There are wives who, dying, beg their

husbands not to take to themselves a second wife. These promises are sometimes kept, sometimes broken, and when they are broken the man is not the less esteemed by the world at large, provided his selection be reasonable. In England a promise made by a married man to wed another woman after his wife's death was broken and an action for breach of promise ensued. The defendant wished the proceedings to be stopped on the ground that "the alleged promise and renewal and ratification were contrary to public policy and good manners and were illegal and void." Mr. Justice Channell did not agree to this. A wife about to die may urge a marriage between her husband and a woman to whom she would like to leave her child. A wife may be hopelessly insane and, then a promise to another woman has no "offensive aspects." But the woman who claims damages for breach of promise must prove justifiable circumstances in accepting it.

The married philanderer is the worst of his tribe, whether he intimates darkly or roars angrily that he is misunderstood at home. "If I had only met you sooner," he says to Maud or Alice with a melting accent on the "you." He takes it for granted that any woman was at that time he married eager to rush into his arms. Mrs. Gollightly, charming creature, once told us that no woman was complimented by such a speech. She did not explain her statement. She merely added: "I should feel insulted if any man should say in effect, 'If my wife were dead, I should ask you to marry me.'" What did she mean by this? Would she hold in higher esteem the man who clutched her in buccaneer fashion and bore her away forgetful of his wife and brood at home? How did the "Pirate's Serenade" go? Our maiden aunt used to sing it with a passion that shook the glass chandelier:

O wake, lady, wake!
I'm dreaming (or thinking) of thee,
For this night, or never,
My bride thou shalt be.

Mrs. Gollightly probably thinks that action is the essential in eloquence. It should be remembered that the Sabine women lived happily with their impetuous husbands.

What George Finlay said of Theophilus, Emperor of Byzantium, might be pondered today: "He erroneously attributed the greatest part of the sufferings of the people to the corruption of the administration, instead of ascribing it to the fact that the central authorities assumed duties which they were unable to execute, and prevented local bodies, who could easily have performed these duties in an efficient manner, from attempting to undertake them."

Are the tombs of long departed worthies scrubbed and shining for Home Week. If you go to Elsinore, you will find the tomb of Hamlet waiting for you in a public garden. In this instance the inscription is nearly effaced, but the day of the month is legible—"October 22" (sic), "a date," says a correspondent, "which harmonizes with the well-known eccentricity of the deceased in a very pleasing manner." As a matter of fact, the people of Elsinore were for years bothered by ship captains, passengers and crews, who wished to know where Hamlet was buried. At first the inhabitants, wearied, showed a mound outside the town, in the garden of a villa. The householder in turn became weary of the visitors, so he set up a real tomb with an appropriate epitaph on a patch of waste land, which is now included in the public garden of Marlenlyst.

Visitors in Boston will naturally seek the tomb of the inventor of baked beans. There was an inventor, as every reader of Artemus Ward knows: "Which his name it was Gilson."

"Seaside resorts," or, as the English call them, watering places, are now invaded, however far they may be from the railway, by Armenians, Greeks, Isaurians, Pamphylans, Bithynians and other representatives of the ancient Asiatic and European "themes." They bear bundles of brodered work, drawn work of fine linen. Many have letters addressed to whom it may concern, letters written in a Spencerian hand and signed by the Rev. This and the Rev. That, telling how the deserving bearer is struggling for an education. How did this army of reverend sirs meet the invading horde? Are these letters written by the wholesale and by an ingenious scribe, or is there in each instance personal acquaintance between the clergyman and the peripatetic merchant? And what a thirst for education!

Men and Things

THE anonymous arbiter deliciarum and sartorial despot gives the list of clothes every well-bred young man should put in his valise for a week-

end visit: Dress suit, flannels for sports, pumps, tennis shoes, two pairs of ducks, four or five soft shirts, two dress shirts, eight collars, two white cravats, etc., etc. He says nothing, however, about the comparative merits of pyjamas and night shirt in warm weather; he is not precise in his remarks about socks; he says nothing about the advisability of individual soap. There is no mention of slippers. Does the week-end sneak to the bathroom in pumps or does he visit only houses in which each guest room has a bath? Nor—and this is most important—does he tell how all these articles can be crammed into one valise.

We were not so fussy 40 years ago, when an invitation for Saturday and Sunday would have seemed shabby. There was neither lawn tennis nor golf and there was no need of sporting costumes. When Pa went for a visit of a fortnight he took only one pair of boots—legboots—and he wore them constantly, except in bed. There was no dazzling variety of soft shirts, though there were fancy shirts, one pictured with ballet girls, another with racing scenes or emblems, still another with episodes on the ball field. Even when Augustus went courting for a couple of days, he took only a handbag. Life, which includes hospitality, was not then so complex.

The arbiter admits that a man can get along with two soft shirts. He arrives in one and changes, hanging No. 1 over the back of a chair. On Sunday morning he dons No. 2. On Monday he returns to No. 1, for either the hostess may not see him if he takes an early train or she will not remember the pattern of No. 1 over Sunday. This problem is discussed seriously in a metropolitan journal. We know a man who was enamored of a certain shirt pattern and he bought half a dozen. Visiting, he put on a fresh shirt every morning, yet when he left after four days his adored one was convinced that he was a man of one soft shirt and her affection cooled. Hood's celebrated song is nothing to this story in its simple pathos.

"J. C. B." writes to The Herald: "Apropos of your remarks about the hotel clerk as invented by the professional and self-torturing humorists, don't you think the size of the guest has much to do with the behavior of the clerk? I am obliged to journey about from October till July. I am 5 feet 7 inches in height and weigh about 160 pounds. My one regret is that I am not a six-footer and a man of more formidable bulk—for if I were I am sure I should have a warmer welcome, a better room and quicker service at table. Time and time again, entering a hotel with other passengers, I have noticed that the large and portly men were first and best served. It is hard for a man to be impressive unless he have naturally the make-up for the part."

There is something in this. A small, spare man may have a large bank account and an eye that reminds one of the Peruvians in the old play—"the terror of his noble eye would strike thee dead"—he may cultivate a deep bass voice and a decisive gesture; thus panoplied he may fearlessly approach a hotel clerk, and yet what chance would he have had standing by the late Squire Hadlock, who prided himself on the supposition that he was a son of Daniel Webster. Any clerk would have bowed at once to every wish of Mr. Hadlock or of the late Judge Woodbury. There is something more than manner; it is presence—and presence is not merely a matter of clothes, boots, hat. We are inclined to think that whiskerage is a factor. A pointed beard, aggressive sluggers, important zymos, a piratical mustache, any one of these hirsute arrangements may at once convince the clerk that the guest is Somebody, and not merely Anybody, for whom any old thing is good enough.

Mr. George Grossmith talked pleasantly about himself, and also about others when "Iolanthe" was revived recently in London. He talked before Gilbert was knighted, or his remarks might have had an ironical flavor, for the juxtaposition of the honor and the revival was certainly amusing. It appears that "Iolanthe" is the only one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas that Mr. Lahouchere praised unservedly at the time of production. He enjoyed Gilbert's "Bouffing the Peers"—to quote Truth's headline. Yet peers and peeresses used to laugh and clap chorus of the noble body. Mr. Grossmith said that when he was the lord chancellor the operetta was played by

all as solemnly as though it were "Hamlet"; but now there is a spirit of burlesque. There are some who remember Mr. Perabo's enthusiasm over "Iolanthe" in Boston; how he made all sorts of arrangements of the music; how he was sorely grieved because Mr. Gericke frowned on a proposal to put one of the arrangements for piano on a Symphony concert programme.

Mr. Grossmith, in his talk with a reporter, quoted a saying of German Reed concerning the art of making an impression on the public: "First, you must tell the public what you are going to do; then, you must tell them that you are doing it; and, finally, you must tell them that it is done." Is the theatre public as dull, as stupid as some showmen would have us believe? Never in Boston. Here there is always a "representative" audience. We believe it was Mr. H. A. Clapp who delighted especially in this term if he were not the first to apply it; but he never told us of what the audience was "representative."

The New York Sun and its corps of accomplished correspondents, "porous to thought, and bibulous of the sea of light," are discussing the word "slob." Is the word a "brute, senseless epithet," "horribly vulgar"? On the contrary, all lovers of colored, sonorous words delight in "slob." It is by no means a synonym of "chump" as some fondly think. A chump may be a man of intellectual parts, but otherwise impossible. A slob is hopeless from his birth. He drools in talk; he is foolish in action. If he wears a high collar, it is very high and also very dirty. With it he would wear a lavender "tie," for a slob never wears a cravat. A chump excites irritation, opposition. To call a man a chump often means that he has wasted you in argument or that you could not entice him into some business snare, as taking shares in some strange Peruvian mine. A chump may have no manners, but he has brute force, a bulldog jaw. A slob affects manners and they are disgusting. "He's a slob!" That is the finishing touch in portraiture.

DEAD LETTERS.

The dead letters forwarded recently to those still living who wrote them years ago, or to the relations of the writers, are now of an unusually pathetic nature, especially when they were charged with affection. Bartleby, in Herman Melville's fantastical tale, had been a subordinate clerk in the dead letter office, and his duties had fed his natural hopelessness. "Sometimes from out the folded papers the pale clerk takes a ring—the finger it was meant for, perhaps, moulders in the grave; a banknote sent in swiftest charity—he whom it would relieve nor eats nor hungers any more; pardon for those who died despairing; hope for those who died unhoping; good tidings for those who died stifled by unrelieved calamities. On errands of life, these letters speed to death."

There are dead letters that should not be brought back to life. They are harmful, as certain savage tribes believed that dead men were able to do them more hurt than could their active foes. Thackeray was not cynical when he wished for an ink that would fade and leave blank paper the moment after a letter is read.

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Men and Things

MR. DANIEL G. REID, who has "accumulated millions," and is building "a palace second to none" on the Hudson, once lived on a farm near Richmond, Ind., and last week he revisited "the scene of his childhood." He was a brave man, for no billionaire, no world renowned statesman, no poet of the lofty line is a hero in the village where he was reared. The years go by and he returns in a condescendingly sentimental manner. He would fain see the changes in the landscape; he would fain revive associations and renew acquaintances. It is a shock to him to find that he is not a distinguished person in his old home. "I've

and you done tolerable well" is high praise from the oldest inhabitant. The old's foolish speeches, disagreeable qualities, reckless actions are all remembered and can never be effaced. The En. William Henry Bolivar is still plain "Bill," who riddled the school-house windows with a sling and back-slit, who tore off the pickets from old Bliman's fence, who hit the venerable M. Tenney in the left ear with a snow-bd that had turned to ice.

The clergyman says that art galleries are cesspools of corruption; another sends trumpet blasts against public libraries as insidious sappers of morality. Singing women in music halls exert a baleful influence" on audiences by smoking cigarettes, and men and women in the playhouse stage drink, or pretend to drink, strong waters, wines and beer and thus excite an unholy thirst. What a poor soul to do in search of education or amusement? Nature itself is neither moral nor immoral. She is frank and unabashed, and her animals in the forest or in the field do not stand in awe of the Watch and Ward Society. Nature herself, as it must seem to some, is not a life companion. She has no regard for young.

The story of a young woman indicted in jail in a North Carolina prison on charge of poisoning her first husband to marry her second, a physician, who is indicted, recalls a blood-curdling incident made recently by Mr. G. R. B. as ever, melodramatic in his daily work and conversation. He said in the degree that "the infamous trade of the poisoner still flourishes in our midst." It is true that poison when administered actually works in the midst of the regular, in his concealed clockwork, but the father received the "cursed" of hebanon" in his ear, and the intensity of Italian mediaeval poisoners is infinite. The lighting torch of course was poisoned so that the fumes enter the guest's nostrils; a bouquet, a hat, a helmet, a pommel—these brought death. But let us not quarrel with Mr. B. in manner of expression. "There are scores of unsuspected murders lying hidden for ever from the light of day in our metropolitan cemeteries and our country churchyards. Thanks to a loose system of certification nothing is easier than for a murderer with a little money to get his victim buried without unwelcome interference. *** It is safe to say that if, from some cause or other, a man goes to grave investigation were ordered the result would be startling and horrible. *** There are numbers of men who are born poisoners." Insurance money, says Mr. Sims, is the principal cause.

When we think of murder, we usually associate it with the use of a knife or gun. The poisoner in our mind is a remote, romantic person, Locusta, an old mistress with a glass mask, the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, Wainwright, the villain in Elizabethan tragedies, Capt. Jack, the pirate chief in "Peter Pan," and others who made a garden which contained only venomous plants. That Mrs. Smith should dispose of Mr. Smith and his mother, sister, and aunt Sarah by feeding them on Paris green or some other indigestible preparation, drug, or compound, seems anachronistic. Yet many of us poison ourselves daily and hourly by food and drink chosen, decorated by ourselves.

Whether the sun scalds, or you swelter under a cloudy sky, the weather man assures you that the heat is "seasonable." Gabriel Pelgnot of Dijon wrote many books, among them one in which he minutely severe winters are described. He is, to our knowledge, has written or compiled a book concerning extraordinary hot summers. Are these summers so romantic and spectacular than the coldest winters?

On Cape Cod and in other portions of New England a thunder storm is usually described as a tempest; sometimes it is called a squall, but never a thunder storm, unless the native wishes to show marked courtesy to a visitor. Was this use of the word universal at any time in the New England colonies? The word is defined by lexicographers as an extensive and violent wind, attended usually by rain, snow or hail, but in certain English provinces today the term is used for a thunder storm. The stage direction in Shakespeare's "Tempest" is "a peevish noise of thunder and lightning heard." Prospero by his art caused suddenly a squall.

Some minds surmise that the manuscript of Archimedes found recently at Constantinople is a work on notation. Why may it not rather be a treatise on military engineering? For although Archimedes was so devoted to abstruse calculations that he sometimes forgot to eat his meals, and was a man of unaided skill in observing the heavens

and the stars—yet was he also practical, and as Livy tells us, "more deserving of admiration as the inventor and constructor of warlike engines and works, by means of which with a very slight effort, he turned to ridicule what the enemy effected with great difficulty." What did he not do to repel the besieging Romans at Syracuse with his ballista, catapults, cranes, burning glasses and other mechanical devices for assault and protection? Now the Byzantine army years later was superior to every other in the art of defending fortresses, and Leo the Isaurian's defence of Constantinople was one of the most brilliant exploits of a warlike age. What more natural than that a treatise of Archimedes on fortifications, etc., should have been most carefully studied and preserved in Constantinople, especially as the great Byzantine period of military glory was from 963 to 1025, two centuries after the death of Leo and a half century probably after this manuscript was copied.

Thus we reason gravely after the manner of any Prof. Dryasdust. Possibly the manuscript may be a jest book. Did not Bacon compile one? A dull one, too. Would that other manuscripts had been found, the poems of Sappho, lost books of Tacitus, tragedies and comedies of the immortal Greeks, the missing pages of Petronius, or the books of Elephantis which cheered Tiberius in his retreat at Capri. But perhaps these books of Elephantis would be a disappointment. The once praised and at the same time censured works of Aphra Behn and Susanna Centlivre seem boring today, and even the romance which George Sand and Alfred de Musset are said to have written together is easily laid aside by the yawning reader. The daughters of English clergymen, the watery-eyed anemic spinsters, now write far more voluptuously.

Men and Things

IT is said that Mr. Harry Thaw is sick as to his liver in consequence of rich food sent to him from a fashionable hotel and served in the Tombs. It would seem that a jail were the place for plain living and high thinking, but the first thought of certain prisoners accused of murder, forgery, or some other grave crime, has been their stomach. Thus Dr. Webster was fussy about his meals and they were sent to him in jail from a restaurant. Fifty years ago in the Tombs there was "a broad meat-like man in an apron"—to quote Herman Melville's description—who was known as the grub-man. "Such gentlemen as have friends here, hire me to provide them with something good to eat."

We have known several men who were much benefited physically and mentally by their sojourn in prison. They accepted without complaint the prescribed fare and were the better for it. One was soon free from rheumatic twinges; another ceased to suffer from eczema—the necktie, breast pin and anklets of the intolerable disease disappeared, also the glacier-like patch that ran from a shoulder to a hip. Still another lost all taste for strong drink to which he had been addicted. These men left jail in excellent physical condition.

"Happy man!" says the Count Mirabel of Disraeli to one of his friends: "How fortunate you are to be arrested! You will have leisure to read Paul de Kock." These men we knew—we met one of them only the other day—we were already men of education when they were sentenced. One of them had been graduated with honors at a leading college. Extravagant in his habits, he had aided in a scheme for wrecking a bank. One of them had been the editor of a newspaper and prominent in politics. Charged with bribery or with accepting a bribe, he was convicted and sentenced, as some thought, unjustly. He told us that his term in prison was one of the happiest episodes in his life, for the first time in many years he had leisure for reading. He learned a foreign language, so that he could read books in that language with ease; he pursued an extensive course in history. "I was in every way stronger when I came out, better able to serve my fellow-man and my country."

No sensible person, going to sea, would take with him novels like "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." It is doubtful whether a prisoner would be benefited by reading about Casanova's escape from the Venetian leads, the adventures of Baron Trenck, or "Monte Cristo." These books might make him restless, eager to leave before his body

and mind had gained sensibly through the enforced retirement. Zimmerman on Solitude, the life of Molinos the Quietist, Boethius "De Consolatione," would be much more to the purpose. What does Mr. Thaw read?

If this opera by Verdi found at his villa is one of the composer's early works the last will and testament should be obeyed and the manuscript with all other papers in the cabinet be destroyed. Verdi was not a self-deceiver. He knew that all the children of his brain were not alike worthy. There is no greater wrong to a dead man than to publish discarded manuscripts, to ransack his desk, to examine his waste basket; yet this wrong is often done under the name of reverence. "The world will welcome a complete edition." There are few, if any, authors who can stand the test of a complete edition. The French say in rude speech that every man has one book in his belly. The epigram is in substance true. Look through the Edinburgh complete edition of De Quincey. What repetitions, what aimless wanderings, what prattle that the superb rhetorician would be the first to disavow. Does it enhance the reputation of Bacon to read his remarks about greasing leather boots; that the grease makes boots more pliable and protects them in a measure from rain and snow? A writer of fine taste and calm judgment must turn in his grave, if he hears of a complete edition of a collection of "everything that he ever wrote." What is to be said of the self-complacency of an author who in his life allows the publication of his "complete works"? What is to be said of one who is eager to publish his autobiography while he is still this side of the earth?

A man died a few days ago while he was attempting to reach the top of one of the Catskill mountains. It is hard for any one to realize that his days of fierce activity are over. Men of 50 are seen in the streets jumping jauntily on and off trolley cars in motion, walking as though on a wagger, running to a fire. Visiting a foreign city for the first time, they wish to climb all steeples and monuments. A mountain exists for them only to be ascended. Rivers race and ponds sleep only for rowboats. These men would not back the hands of Time's clock. They would persuade themselves and the bystanders—especially the bystanders—that they have the strength, agility, endurance of 30 years. Thus they hurry toward the grave or suddenly jump into it—the grave which waits for each man and woman patiently, and does not become uneasy in waiting.

Compare for a moment the behavior of Miss Daniel and Marie Corelli. Miss Daniel died recently at the age of 95 on her farm in Indiana. Disappointed in love, she spoke to no man for 70 years. However mistaken her conduct, there was dignity in her reserve. Here is Marie Corelli, whose books have sold by thousands, abusing men in a preface to a new volume. This keen observer declares that men have neither courage nor intelligence, that they hide for shelter from the world's storms behind a woman's petticoat, that they run down woman's work, privileges, attainments and honor. Yes, and some have been so contemptible as to speak lightly of Marie's novels. Her violence bewrays her. She might have learned force and condensation from a fine old woman in a New Hampshire village. She and a city relation were sitting in the farmhouse sewing when her husband came in from doing his chores. He made no change of clothes, but sat down and began to yawn. His wife paid no attention to him, but she soon remarked in the most amiable manner and as though she and her friend were alone: "Maria, what stinking things men are!" She had loved her husband for many years; their life had been one of happiness and prosperity; when he died, the world was empty for her. Yet here was her mature conclusion based on long and friendly observation. Compare this philosophical conclusion, this oracular dictum, which might have come from Mother Earth herself, with the firecracker chatter of Marie.

"Mountaineers in topboots, with pistols in their belts, thronged Monroe, N. C., today when the trial of 20 citizens of Anson county for the lynching of J. V. Johnson, a white man, was resumed." Welcome news! Glad tidings! We had thought that the brave old days were over, that the old spirit was quenched forever, that only mollycoddles were to be found even on the peaks and in the recesses of North Carolina. Will there be no flaming message of congratulation from Oyster Bay?

"LALLAPALOOZER."

The Referee of London answers an inquiring and distressed correspondent, "Hal," as follows:

"As to 'lallapaloozer,' we must give it up—more by token that the best slangster we know has given it up also. Mr. Arthur Elstead reminds us that 'lally' is thieves' slang for all linen, but generally a shirt. 'Lallacooler' is one who shines in a particular line, 'a fair take down.'"

We recognize the word "lallapaloozer" although we disapprove the spelling. "Lallapaloozer" has the weight of authority, although there are variants that demand respectful consideration. "Lallapotoza" has more force and is to our mind more picturesque.

The word in any one of its forms is a term of the warmest, the most enthusiastic admiration. It is often applied to a woman who is distinguished by her compelling beauty or her bewitching vivacity, as one compounded of steel springs and ginger. It is the superlative of the word "corker," the derivation of which is still in doubt, for the argument brought forward by the late Eugene Field, that "corker" comes from the Greek adjective "Korka," meaning "adorable," is open to grave doubt, especially as "korka" is not to be found in the common Greek dictionaries or in the excursions and diversions of scholiasts. The comparative of "corker" is "honey-cooler," a word in familiar speech. Can any one explain the origin of this term? The superlative is "lallapotoza" or "lallapaloozer" or still another variant, "lallapaloozer."

Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" ignores "honey cooler" and the superlative, but it says that "lala" is an American term for "swell" and "lallycoddler," an American term for one who is eminently successful in anything. We have never heard the latter term, although we are most friendly disposed toward all "loafers and footpads of speech." Can any one enlighten our readers on this important subject?

IN A TAVERN.

Mr. E. P. Oppenheim says that he delights in haunting the restaurants of cities when he is meditating the plot of a new novel. He becomes chummy with the head man and listens to his anecdotes and he also studies the various guests, their physiognomy, bearing, gestures. Thus are ideas born in his brain.

This confession would have pleased the poet Verlaine, who, dying, regretted bitterly that he had put his son in the army instead of the cafe, where, as waiter, he would have gained a knowledge of the world. It should please Mr. George Moore, who has insisted for many years that the tavern, from the time of the Elizabethans to that of Dr. Johnson, had a beneficent influence on English literature, and that with the disappearance of the old-fashioned tavern life came the debasing influence of the "villa" and domesticity, and, therefore, feeble, hypocritical romances and essays. The average literary club, even when each member is a five, professional author, is a sorry substitute. Its members are poker-faced, self-satisfied, hide-bound in their conservatism, or reticent, each fearing lest his original ideas should be utilized by another. The tavern atmosphere stimulated; it was poisonous to shallow patience and pompous mediocrity. *preference*

Men and Things

BISHOP McQUAID, as any honest man, is filled with righteous indignation at the thought of an anonymous letter. The anonymous letter to use Charles Reade's word—is always busy, for his or her name is Legion. It would surprise many to know the number of unsigned and abusive or malicious letters sent daily in this city alone. It is true that at least one-half of them are so absurd, so palpably false, that they do no real harm, provided the recipient have a sense of hu-

mor. Mr. Frank Richardson, stating that he received many insulting letters, purposes in future to make a charge for reading them, as Mme. Melba asks half a crown in England for her autograph.

Mr. Richardson's scale of prices is as follows: Ordinary Insulting letter, 10s.; ordinary Insulting letter (if anonymous), 15s.; medium abusive letter (containing home truths), 1s.; ultra-insulting letter (containing threats of unjustifiable homicide), 3s.; ultra-insulting letter (if containing good advice), 5s. Some, and we are of them, would charge the highest price for reading the anonymous letter, especially if the letter be signed, "Friend," or "One Who Knows."

Mme. Melba hands over the proceeds of her sale of autographs to some charity. Mr. Richardson purposes to hand over his proceeds to "The Home of Rest for Decayed Whisker-Wearers." For Mr. Richardson is mad on the subject of whiskers, as Mr. Algernon Ashton is over the graves and tombstones of celebrated men, as others are on the single tax, the necessity of cabinet officers taking part in legislative proceedings, the Baconian authorship of one Shakespeare's plays, etc., etc. Mr. Richardson sees whiskers in the air; he sees whiskers in all revelations of nature, in the sky, in the works of man, as Sir Thomas Browne found the quincunx in everything. He smells whiskers; he feels whiskers. The winds sigh or roar to him as through whiskers. No doubt he eats daily the cereal food that looks like whiskers. If his body were to be opened there would be found whiskers on his heart.

As yet we have not seen in his column published in the Pall Mall Gazette—a column that might be headed "Whiskers and Other Things"—any allusion to the meaning of "Algernon." Reading yesterday Pulley's "Etymological Compendium or Portfolio of Origins and Inventions," a book that might be better entitled "Storehouse of Useless Facts and Curious Misinformation," we came across this paragraph: "During more than 100 years the Normans in England shaved their faces. W. de Percy (who accompanied Duke Robert in 1066 to Palestine) was styled, on account of singularity as to this point, William Algernons, or William with the Whiskers. From this old French name springs Algernon, a favorite appellation in the noble family of Percy." Therefore, when you address a friend or stranger familiarly and lightly, "Ah, there! Percy," you might as well call him "Whiskers." If one only had time to read, to improve the mind! How many wonderful things there are on this little whizzing ball!

Of course the anonymuncle answers in defence that the editoria's articles published in American newspapers are unsigned, and that in many journals criticism of books, pictures, plays, music, is unsigned. The journal itself is behind these articles. It avows them by publishing them. If a man be thus attacked, he has opportunity for redress. But what answer is there to an anonymous letter?

There is an entertaining story in Keble's "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories" that bears on this point. A Tory periodical a half-century or more ago was called the Idler. It had a rival to which Messrs. Sala and Brough were leading contributors, and it one day referred to the Idler as "University and Water." The Idler published this retort:

Easy to see why S and B
Should hate the University;
Easy to see why S and S
Should hate cold water little less;
While by their works they show their creed
That men who write should never read,
Their faces show they think it bosh
That men who write should ever wash.

Sala was much incensed by this reply, and threatened to do all sorts of things to the "hound" who had written it. The answer, however, was not that of Brown, Smith or Robinson, who individually might have been glad to crush a cup with Sala, one of the most accomplished and versatile men that ever spent indisputable talent in the honorable profession of journalism, and took just pride in their profession. 'Twas the Idler that made answer in reply to a sneer.

A single row of 50 oriental pearls, graduated, was sold a few days ago in London at auction for \$18,500, and a necklace of 45 pearls with a clasp of brilliants brought \$22,000. On the other hand, we find no mention of pearls in

the description of jewels left by the late Shah of Persia, jewels valued at \$50,000,000. We read of a crown that holds a ruby as big as a hen's egg; a belt studded with diamonds that weighs 18 pounds; a sword with a diamond-covered scabbard valued at a million dollars; a silver vase decorated with a hundred smaragds; a square block of amber of 400 cubic inches that fell from the sky while Mohammed was alive. Smaragd! What a mouth-filling word! Yet emerald is almost as satisfactory. There are precious stones fortunate in their names, as those which garnished the foundations of the holy Jerusalem seen descending out of heaven by John on the island of Patmos: jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, sardonyx, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, jacinth, chrysoprasus, not to mention sardius and amethyst. Some of these words are more beautiful than the stones themselves.

But pearls are troublesome property, as Mr. Ruby said to Lothair in Disraeli's novel. (If Disraeli had not wished to amuse himself in politics he would have made a fortune as a seller of bric-a-brac or as a dealer in jewels.) Pearls need air and exercise. The Duchess of Havant followed Mr. Ruby's advice and wore her pearls at breakfast. Diamonds at breakfast are vulgar. "I go down to Havant Castle every year," said Mr. Ruby, "to see her Grace's pearls, and I wipe every one of them myself, and let them lie on a sunny bank in the garden in a westerly wind for hours and days together. Their complexion would have been ruined had it not been for this treatment." But who would have this care and responsibility? Let others wear precious stones and blaze in pride when they do not quake in fear. Happy is he that is not "demented with the mania of owning things."

TRIBUTE TO LATE GUSTAVE SCHIRMER

Tradition would have it that the publisher is the natural foe of the author and of the composer. Stories are handed down and repeated with passionate emphasis: how Coleridge looked with a disgust akin to hatred on Dan Stuart of the Morning Post rolling in his carriage through the streets of London while he, the great Coleridge, whose pen gave wealth and power to the proprietors of the journal, was metaphorically starving in a garret; how Murray was arrogant, tyrannical, exacting, so that Byron was justified in calling Barabhas a publisher. The stories are many and they are stale, nevertheless they voice the opinion of thousands today. The publisher grows sleek, as he fattens on the brains of the needy essayist, the unknown novelist, the poor-devil poet. An inspired melodist sells a song for a few dollars, and the publisher buys a magnificent estate with the proceeds of this one song alone. The publisher will not look at a symphony, opera, chamber work, unless he be sure that the sale will repay all expenses. Thousands believe all this.

Two distinguished musicians of recent years, contemporaries, yet of widely different character, were fortunate in their publishers: Brahms, whom Simrock respected and enriched, and Tschalkowsky who counted Jurgensen among his nearest and dearest friends. The letters that passed between Tschalkowsky and his publisher are among the most interesting of all those given to the public in the voluminous life of Peter by his brother Modest. Both Simrock and Jurgensen believed respectively in their men. Nor did either one publish only the works that they judged would be immediately popular.

Or look at Beloeff, the Russian, a man of large fortune, who, deeply interested in the music of the younger school and wishing to spread the fame of his country, established a publishing house that he might be thus a propagandist. He saw to it that the works of the world in posers were presented to the body was thin and anemic. Dying, he left instructions that his work should be continued, and as by his generosity concerts of Russian music had been given in foreign cities, so in the future there should be every encouragement for a Russian composer to strive after the best without fear of neglect, assured of recognition.

The death of Gustave Schirmer in Boston last week is not only the cause of deep grief to his friends and business associates, it is a distinct loss to music itself, both in this country and in Europe.

He had been carefully trained with his brother Rudolph by his father to succeed him in the publishing house which already had an international reputation. Educated in New York and at Weimar, he studied the prac-

tical side of the music publisher's art in Leipzig and Paris. In 1845 he made Boston his dwelling-place and here established the Boston Music Company, and gave it his exclusive attention until 1891, when he returned to New York to aid in the management of his father's business, but he at the same time continued to conduct the Boston house as a separate concern, though it was closely affiliated to the older house. When the latter house was reorganized—the elder Schirmer died in 1893—Gustave became secretary of the company and filled this office until his death, last Monday, at the age of 43.

As a publisher Mr. Schirmer was a man of high ideals and noble purposes. To him music was something more than pages which might be published at slight expense and with a large return. A German by family, traditions, environment, he was not governed in business by the conviction that all good music must necessarily be made in Germany. He welcomed composers of any nation, provided they had something to show him that was worth while.

Of late years he became deeply interested in the works of the ultra-modern French school and also in those of the best composers of the orthodox wing. When Mr. Vincent d'Indy visited this country, he supported that composer's cause in New York with all the weight of his influence. He was quick to recognize the originality, the beauty and the strength of this modern French music, which in New York was heard too often, alas, by ears that were deliberately closed, and was discussed without knowledge, or flippancy, as though the question were one of fleeting moment, as though the attitude of any one of these French composers were only a vain pose. Mr. Schirmer was not easily swayed. He was by no means an enthusiast in wholesale. Discriminative in judgment, he was resolute in holding fast to his opinion, which was based on aesthetic recognition and artistic appreciation. In him Gabriel Faure found a rejoicing publisher for his latest chamber work, a work that the composer hesitated to put on paper, saying: "What is the use? Who would go to the expense of publishing it?" Many Frenchmen of the modern school are now known to choral societies, to mu-

sical clubs, to singers and pianists in this country through the editions published by this house. The desire to bring beautiful music within the reach of all went hand in hand with the wish to pay tribute to the merit of the composer.

One of the most striking instances of Mr. Schirmer's refined taste and keen insight was his early belief in the rare talent of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, when this music was to many a stumbling block or an abomination. He believed in Mr. Loeffler from the start. He watched with admiration the growth and development of the composer. He was glad in his success, a success that must be for some time artistic rather than popular. He was not daunted by the apparent misunderstanding or the indifference of an audience when a new work by Mr. Loeffler was produced. Mr. Schirmer was not content with verbal expressions of good will and warm admiration. He finally persuaded Mr. Loeffler that his chief compositions should be published.

This word "persuaded" may seem strange to some, who are aware that many composers weary publishers with their importunities; that they are always at the door of the publishing house, even early in the morning, as the Roman client awaiting his patron. But Mr. Loeffler knows that escapes the barrier of the teeth; it is not to be called back; it is not to be explained away. Mindful of the Horatian injunction, he would fair revise, rewrite till the music is as flawless as his ideal. Infinite are his pains, for he is a master of self-criticism. The works he thought were worthy he gave into Mr. Schirmer's hands and they were published with an exactness, an elegance, a luxury that any foreign composer protected by a prince might envy.

Max Mueller said, beginning his autobiography: "No sensible man ought to care about posthumous praise or posthumous blame. Enough for the day is the evil thereof. Our contemporaries are our right judges, our peers have to give their votes in the great academies and learned societies, and if they, on the whole, are not dissatisfied with the little we have done, often under far greater difficulties than the world was aware of, why should we care for the distant future?"

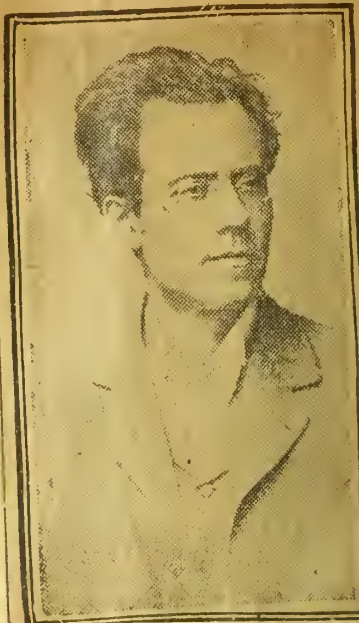
This is a doubtful saying to which artists, remembering history, will hardly agree. Sir Thomas Browne, acute investigator as he was, smiled slyly at the theory of Copernicus, and Rudolph Roth, who, as a Sanscrit scholar, was certainly Mueller's peer, once lamented, as we were drinking thin, sour wine in the Black Forest, the grievous errors of Max Mueller.

Yet this saying of Mueller may be applied without fear to personal character of which contemporaries are necessarily, if honest, the best judges. Mr. Schirmer was nobly ambitious for the honor of his house, but the zeal of his house did not confuse his judgment or blunt his taste. He did not pretend to have the gift of prophecy. When he published works by Franck, Loeffler, Faure and others, no merchant trafficked in his heart. Generous in his treatment of all those with whom he had relations, he did not count anxiously on reimbursement from posterity.

It was the belief of Jowett that friends always think it necessary to tell lies about their dead friend. "They leave out all his faults lest the public should exaggerate them. But we want to know his faults—that is probably the most interesting part of him."

It is not necessary to lie about Gustave Schirmer. His nature was kind, lovely, loyal. The sweetness of his disposition was maintained through his last dis-

GUSTAV MAHLER, WHO IS COMING TO NEW YORK



treaching cruel days. Life was full of interests for him, and these interests were many; for all that pertained to humanity appealed to him, to his curiosity, his humor, his sympathy. He had plans for the future, plans that were beneficent to men and to art. May these purposes be carried into effect by those nearest him who will thus raise an enduring monument!

And yet although he died comparatively young, he has already left a monument of his own unconscious building. There are other artists than the applauded virtuoso, the comet of a season. There are artists who never grace the stage, but make virtuosos possible and enable composers to share their thoughts, dreams, emotions with the world at large for its consolation or its joy.

A NOTE ON BIOGRAPHY.

In the course of the action to restrain certain persons from using for biographical purposes information gained from private letters of James Whistler, the painter, it appeared that the late artist objected to Charles Whibley and to W. E. Henley as his biographers and he had "the greatest fear, horror and aversion to Mortimer Menpes writing his life."

Whibley had already written a life of Thackeray, which is distinguished by keenness of analysis, knowledge of the novelist's period, and by discrimination, reserve, as though in his effort to shun rhetorical enthusiasm, he had gone to the other extreme. Whibley, however, can be glowingly eulogistic, as he has shown in his "Book of Scoundrels" and in some admirable prefaces to volumes of the "Tudor Translations." But this master of the phrase was related to Whistler by marriage and Whistler no doubt feared those of his own household. Concerning Henley's peculiar and great literary ability there can be no dispute. His life of Burns, his preface to the edition of Hazlitt's collected works, his notes to the one volume of Byron's letters that was printed before Murray, the publisher, squelched the edition, show that he would have written an entertaining and striking life of any man that appealed to him, that awakened sympathy or prejudice. No wonder that Whistler trembled at the thought of Henley describing him with gusto for the edification and also the amusement of ages to come.

Whistler was not indifferent to ridicule. He had ridiculed too many. He had been maliciously witty after his own fashion at the expense of others. He was a magnificent poseur—we speak now of the man and not the artist. Who wonder if he dreaded the thought of any biographer whom he could not fully control?

It is not extravagant to say that nine men out of ten would be hard content with any biography written

of their death, and that one hundred in a hundred would secretly condemn any biography written of them while they were alive, however eulogistic it might be. Is the praise fulsome, so that the biography is as a poisonous party tract? "Lay it on the wall; lay it on with a trowel. I like it that way." The old form of biography was a blend of eulogy and apology, and of this Prof. Bennett complained, saying that the old biographers slurred over faults of the men or lied about them. The modern biographer of the realistic school is inclined to put the dead man's faults in the foreground, and if they are few, he exaggerates them or invents others. His chief object is to prove that the dead man was, after all, a very common man, absurdly overpraised in his own generation. He not only depicts the lovingly wart; he covers the victim's face with them, and there and there a carbuncle.

July 22, 1907

Men and Things

EDGE John E. Foster of Freehold, N. J., said in court: "There are too many cheap sports in this country who play for stakes they cannot afford to lose, and then repudiate the bet." It is a question whether in a world that has attributed to precision a man could be described as a cheap sport. If he is a sport, he cannot be a sport. "Every man was once a poem," says Emerson. There was a time when "sport," unadorned, unadorned, was heavy with meaning. Then came the wish to italicize and in succession appeared, "game sport," "dead game sport." When was the word "sport" first applied in the United States to a gambler? In the sixteenth century sport wore broadcloth and fine lace; he was given to patent leather shoes; he displayed diamonds as though he had grown on him; his hat was a plug with a weed around it. It is a mistake to think that all gamblers in the sixties and seventies dyed the mustache.

Many the beau ideal of a dead sport was Bret Harte's friend, the John Oakhurst. His make-up and his hair were certainly flawless and beyond praise, but he was the ideal of a certain type. There was a still striking type of sport, the venerable gentleman who was dealing in the gambling hell at Saratoga in 1873. He was tall, spare, elegant. His hair was white and silky. He was clean shaven. His dress was faultless from his black through clawhammer, to boots. His only ornament was a plain gold wedding ring. His face, though impassive, was not unkindly. He dealt as calmly as Fate. If you had met him in the street, you would have taken him for a retired bank president of the old school, or for an amateur philosopher of large and inherited fortune. Nor could you have been surprised to hear him addressing a convention of foreign emissaries of the orthodox persuasion. And yet this dealer, who looked like a composite photograph of Father Time, of French marquises of the 18th century, and of an old Italian portrait of the Anent of Days, was famous in Saratoga as a bad game sport.

The French are adopting the Russian fashion of inviting their guests to a package of hors d'oeuvres with wine on a table laid in the "petit salon" before "dejeuner," or before dinner. In the line in Russia various kinds of cold waters and of cordials should be substituted. There is the same practice at dinners in Sweden, and the strange stranger is in consequence without appetite and decidedly puzzled by the time dinner is announced.

Twenty years ago, in accordance with the general belief that a mortal must experience all joys and woes before he can rely for blissful self-effacement, for he attains nirvana, we lived in the Fourteenth street boarding house in New York. The landlady had never been in Russia or Sweden, but she knew a trick or two. A dish of nuts

and one of raisins were placed about 5 P. M. on the slab of a marvellous combination hatrack, umbrella stand and bureau (black walnut period) which stood in the hall. The boarders returning from work were thus tempted, and some fell, as was proved by their lack of interest in the dinner.

Are there such boarding houses today in New York? The food was plain but wholesome, and, if modern theories may be believed, there was enough of it. In those unenlightened days, when the only Fletcher was Beaumont's literary partner, and the only Chittenden was a man whose name was on bank bills, we thought the supply meagre. But the people, ah, the people! The man of the house took off his coat to carve. He was a creature of routine. Every night the slavey brought him a pitcher of beer from the nearest avenue saloon; every night as he poured into his glass he sang with a low gurgle, "There were three crows sat on a tree"; every night after he had put down the first glass he cleared his throat and said, "Gentlemen, mark my words. There will come a day when the Catholics will rule this country. Mark my words." There was a mysterious woman who moved like a snake. She had a disconcerting way of meeting you on the stairs, laughing nervously, and saying, "I am always putting you to trouble." There was a professional gospel singer who just before the dessert, which was generally pie, neatly combed his mustache with a fork. There was a man with a door-knob forehead and pink cheeks who drank tea at his dinner and talked with a canary bird in his hall bedroom. Happy days, days of uneasy irresponsibility! Nights when an oil stove in winter was as powerful as a furnace, when the swell of the top floor trimmed his cuffs with a pair of scissors before "going into society"! And now he has land and beehives. Days and nights when grinding work was still far distant, when a man was not as a disillusionized house in a brickyard, when no woman seriously disturbed the landscape.

The Hutchinsons of New York, not Lynn, have had a falling out. Mr. Hutchinson made the following statement, one of many: "Mrs. Hutchinson, who is one of the few really great vocal music teachers in America, had a female accompanist who came to the house twice a week to dinner. For reasons which I thought sufficient I didn't want this woman at my table. I told my wife that if she insisted upon having the accompanist at dinner I would not take dinner at home on those nights." What were these "sufficient" reasons? Did the accompanist drum on the table? Did she keep wiggling the two naturally bound fingers to make them more flexible? Or did she simply talk shop throughout the meal? If she were a good accompanist she surely ate rhythmically. What was the out? Did she leave the table now and then to practise a perplexing passage on the piano?

It is not our purpose to argue for or against college students waiting on table at summer hotels. They also serve who only stand and wait. The Earnest Student of Sociology says that he would prefer to break stone or to swelter in a sugar refinery, but that is merely a personal opinion. Others would not feel humiliated by accepting tips. This reminds us of a distressing incident in the quiet life of Clamport. A student waiter at the largest hotel pleased a guest from the West by his attention to her wants and by his unflinching memory. When she left, she told a friend that she was about to give him a substantial tip, but she had heard that he was a student and she would not have offended him for the world.

LITERARY STYLE.

Two or three New York newspapers have published recently entertaining letters concerning the "style" that distinguishes books, pamphlets, articles written by professors at Harvard and Yale. These letters are in the nature of destructive criticism. That the "style" of Mr. Barrett Wendell, for example, should be criticised adversely should not surprise any one. Did not Herbert Spencer in his plain "Facts and Comments" make merry with admired sentences of Matthew Arnold, "the apostle of culture"? Not that we would liken Mr. Wendell to the author of "Essays in Criticism."

If anyone wishes to be "beastly particular," he can pick out "curiosities of literature" in the works of nearly all the leading English authors. An entertaining article on this subject was written not long ago by Mr. Reginald Lucas, who began with a sentence in "Kenilworth"—"Her mother had died in infancy"—"which suggests a curiously posthumous child," and ended with De Quincey's sentence: "Whilst the mere observers never become meditators, the mere meditators, on the other hand, may finally ripen into close observers." "And who," without a preceding relative is used by Fielding. Thackeray, Lamb, Arnold, Lecky, Ruskin, Spencer. Stevenson did not hesitate to write: "an advantage over whom he speaks with." Do you say "averse to" or "averse from"? The former is preferred by Goldsmith, Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot, while Macaulay, Stevenson, Tennyson, Frederic Harrison use the latter. "Those sort of things" occurs in more than one writer of reputation. Mr. Balfour calmly writes "different than."

Richard Grant White long ago insisted that the English language is a language without a grammar, but he said this with reference to other languages that have a grammar. He himself was fastidious in his use of words and phrases, especially when he was most arrogant in argument. A good style does not necessarily imply linguistic culture, but it argues for preliminary clearness of thought. Dictation tempts a man to diffuseness, and it might be interesting to inquire into the injurious influence of the typewriter on lucid, forcible expression and on conciseness.

July 23, 1907

Men and Things

THE Earnest Student of Sociology, known at the polls and to bill collectors as Mr. Herkimer Johnson, is busy, he writes, gathering material for an exhaustive study of the chauffeur, which will appear in that colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast." (The subscription list is almost complete.) One of the most interesting questions is that of the chauffeur's influence on village life and morality. His sojourn is indisputably disquieting.

There are chauffeurs who on a journey, or passing a month or two in a village near the "cottage" of the employer, insist on luxurious appointments in addition to their liberal salary. They are often dramatic in a swaggering way, these drivers of cars, and while they have not as yet wholly superseded coachman in the eyes of romantic daughters of the "upper class," i. e., the suddenly rich, they nevertheless are looked on with fluttering admiration by the village maidens and married women. Many years ago in Florence of this commonwealth workmen in a factory gave a gold watch and chain to the engineer, who was a man of reading and at times of "literary effort." His reply to the presentation speech was a masterpiece, and it was published in the Hampshire Gazette. We remember a sentence: "For nine long years as your engineer have I held in leash that mighty monster whose force permeates the universe and whose design is still inscrutable." These words might be applied to any chauffeur. The women recognize in him a supreme controller of irresistible force. He is to them a heroic figure. Then there is the thought that he may give them a ride after the owner has gone to bed or is in town on business. Thus do they court man in his most commanding form and, incidentally, death.

The fact that he is able to go at a furious pace excites these women, just as there are women who applaud hysterically a pianist who plays certain pieces faster than do his colleagues. His professional mask does not distress them; on the contrary it fastens the spell. In like manner women in a con-

cert hall applaud the long and wildly tossed hair of the pianist as he sweats.

The greater the fascination, the greater the chauffeur's responsibility. He can vanish from an amatory scene in the twinkling of an eye. He should therefore be the more guarded in speech and action. Stern and terrible in the discharge of duty, he should be the gentler in his hours of relaxation. The chauffeur that talks bolsterously and with oaths while the mail is being distributed, or sprawls under a tree at dusk to chaff with one of his kind the women as they pass by, or pursues them with noisy squeals of joy, is not the man to be trusted with a family devil-wagon, however successfully he may impersonate Don Juan in the country.

Mr. Johnson has not yet determined the chauffeur's precise position in the social scale. In a church, the organist is a little lower than the sexton. In an apartment house, the janitor is just below the agent and superior to any tenant. On the road the chauffeur is master of life and death, but in the wayside inn should he eat at the same table with his employer and family? We know one who on a long trip refused to serve unless at a southern hotel he had two rooms and a private bathroom. Emerson's gentleman is good company for pirates and good with academicians. We are inclined to think that he would stand a little in awe of a first-class chauffeur, but we are waiting anxiously for the tabulated results of Mr. Johnson's laborious investigations and, above all, for his conclusions in the matter.

Our old friend, the funny man, the irresistible humorist, the mad wag, has turned up again. He was not at a wedding, nor did he kill his best friend by pointing a shotgun at him just for a joke. This time he happened to be a clerk in Baltimore, who thought it would be "a good joke" to shut a fellow-clerk in the vault. The door was shut and when it was too late, the wag remembered that the time lock was set to open at 9 o'clock the next morning. This species of joke is highly esteemed by professional humorists. It is preferred to the merry jest of shooting accidentally a sweetheart or a mother because it is not so messy. An agreeable variation is to shut a friend up in the ice room of a meatman and then to go away and forget him.

The Paris journals received recently tell us that the man who slashed Poussin's picture, "The Deluge," in the Louvre, was a grocer's clerk, out of work, discontented or unhappy at home with his parents. He slashed in order to attract attention. The world should know him by this deed. "The aspiring fool that fired the Ephesian dome" was of this tribe, and there are legislators, statesmen, authors, philanthropists who "slosh 'round" for the same purpose. The grocer's clerk was not moved to use the knife through any artistic conviction. He was not "agin" Poussin. His statement that he was ignorant of the value of the picture is incredible.

Mr. Philip L. Hale in The Herald of last Sunday wrote shrewdly about Hazlitt as a critic of art and artists, and he put his finger on the one great and distinguishing characteristic of Hazlitt, the critic, viz.: his enthusiasm, his gusto. Now, Hazlitt described Poussin's "Deluge" more than once. In his essay on the fine arts, he wrote: "The sun is just seen, wan and drooping in his course. The sky is bowed down with a weight of waters, and heaven and earth seem mingling together." This description is varied in his essay on "A Landscape of Nicolas Poussin": "You see a waste of waters, wide, interminable; the sun is laboring, wan and weary, up the sky; the clouds, dull and leaden, lie like a load upon the eye, and heaven and earth seem commingling into one confused mass!"

That the yacht Endymion should run ashore during a thick fog was eminently proper, for Endymion amounted to nothing without the amorous moon. Had she not loved him, we should never have heard of him. That the tug Storm King should assist the yacht is manifestly incongruous. But the nomenclature of vessels, sleeping and drawing room cars, racehorses, abounds in ironical surprises and inconsistencies. Years ago basses used to sing a song, "The Storm King." How did it begin? "Mighty one, the tree tops bending in wrath"? Something like that, but it sounded more terrible in German. It was sung generally by a German with a paunch and in a state of beery fury. It was one of Hermann's favorite tunes, and how he did howl, growl and roar. What becomes of the old songs? Does any tenor sing today, "When the Quiet Moon is Beaming"? The song is amusing if, singing it, you attempt to give an imitation of a man with a cold in his head.

"Erminie" at Castle Square

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—
"Erminie," Jakobowski's opera in three acts. The cast:

George Shields
Chevalier de Brabazon..... W. H. Pringle
Eugene..... George Tallman
Cant. Delaney..... Louise Le Baron
Simon..... William Gault
Dufols..... Louis Fitzoy
Sergeant..... J. K. Murray
Ravannes..... Otis B. Thayer
Cadeaux de Brissac..... A. F. Hendricks
Erminie..... Clara Lane
Cecile..... Bernice Bartlett
Princess de Grammeau..... Hattie Belle Ladd
Marie..... Lois Hall
Javotte..... Lois Ewell

Jakobowski's fame, as that of many another composer of light or tragic opera, rests upon one work. "Erminie" is 21 years old. If it were a hundred it could hardly be more of a standby, nor could it be more nearly contemporaneous if this were its first season. The music is charming, and the humor is neither local nor topical, unless abused by the two comedians. It should be added that the true comedy of the plot lies in the acting of these two gentlemen, and their interpretation of the characters of Cadeaux and Ravannes; for much of the "comedy" of the libretto is mere farce, and much of the dialogue is silly or dull.

"Erminie" was first produced at the Casino in New York in 1886, when Francis Wilson created the part of Cadeaux, Pauline Hall that of Erminie, and Agnes Folsom was the Javotte. The piece ran three years or more, and made other reputations than that of its composer. Francis Wilson, who has played the part so many times that he is inseparably associated with the name of Cadeaux, had been up to that time a song and dance performer. Lulu Glazer, Marie Jansen and Madge Lessing have since been famous Javottes. The opera was revived at the Castle Square Theatre in 1896, where it opened the season, and the performance was praised in *The Herald* at that time. The cast included Mr. Murray and Miss Lane, also Edgar Temple, once a "Robin Hood" with the Bostonians, Oscar Girard as Cadeaux, and Laura Millard as Javotte. The opera has had many revivals, and has been given in most of the principal theatres in Boston, and by amateur companies.

In spite of the title, the principal characters are the two scamps, Ravannes and Cadeaux, who were "lifted" by the librettist from the popular French melodrama, "Le Cabaret des Advets." Ravannes being the Robert Macaire of that play, Cadeaux the Bertrand.

Last evening's performance was an uneven and halting one. Few of the principals were sure of their lines and cues, and the chorus and orchestra were insecure. The men's chorus was somewhat depleted, as the cast called for so many minor parts, and what there was of the chorus appeared badly worsted by the situation. It cannot be helped that they do not look patrician—indeed, most of them were as dazed in their fine clothes as though they had been shot up into aristocracy through a trap door. But they ought, they really ought to sing in tune.

The principals were generally adequate, and in some instances very good, so that when the elements have been made to cohere, by sufficient rehearsal, the production will probably be as good as any this season.

It is difficult to speak of Cadeaux without recalling Francis Wilson in the part, yet Mr. Thayer has a way all his own, and was often capital, as when he listened in naive admiration to the rhetoric of his accomplice. His make-up was excellent. His expressive back, which he knows how to exploit, is already one of the resources of the company. If he would not insist quite so much upon making his points his comedy would be greatly improved.

Mr. Tallman as Eugene was little more than a figure-head. He has little opportunity, and what he had he did not improve in his solo in the second act. His enunciation suggests Mr. Rupert Hughes' version of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as it is sung at patriotic services.

Miss LeBaron was attractive to look upon, and wore her men's trappings with much grace. Miss Lane and Miss Ewell were charming, and Miss Lois Hall, in the little she had to do, displayed a winning personality and a beautiful, though somewhat overworked, voice.

Mr. Murray as Ravannes showed that he had a rather nice conception of the role, for he was a gilded and plausible scoundrel, and his anxiety whenever the irresponsible caddy was out of sight was most convincing. Miss Ladd acted with her accustomed vivacity.

Mr. Davies will alternate with Mr. Tallman the rest of the week. Next week "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be given.

July 24, 1907

Men and Things

WE should like to see "Marco Paul's Adventures in Boston" reprinted for the benefit of old-timers and strangers in "Home Week." The book should be in pocket form, and we respectfully suggest flexible covers, with the representation of a

bean pot and the portrait of our mayor stamped handsomely, one on each side.

This book, published originally in 1853, is the fifth in the series of six written by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, "Marco Paul's Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge." Some may remember how Marco, the son of a New York merchant, under the care of his cousin, Forester, rode on the raging Erie canal, tramped in Maine forests and Vermont pastures, and visited the Springfield armory. Forester is a far inferior hero to the immortal Jonas of the Rollo books. Jonas is a practical Emerson. With his jack-knife and a piece of string he works wonders, and by his observations on life and manners he ranks with Aesop, Epictetus and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Before he died Jonas was undoubtedly a selectman. Forester is wise in a more sophisticated manner. He is always on parade before Marco. Priggish as he is, we suspect him of smoking on the sly, nor should we be surprised if he carries a pocket flask.

Forester and Marco visited Boston on their way from New York to Vermont, a roundabout journey, but far better from us to question anything in any one of the Rev. Jacob Abbott's books. They took the Stonington boat, and thus made a wise choice, for on the night they left New York, the Norwich boat did not run. Approaching Boston, they marvelled at the salt marshes. Forester told Marco that nobody could live on them because they were overflowed by a high tide. Marco then asked why there were bridges across the creeks. His thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. Here is a familiar touch: Forester gave his seat which he had engaged in a stage coach to a woman, and walked to his boarding house. She never thanked him. "We ought not to judge the lady too severely," said Forester to the outraged Marco. "It was a time of anxiety and confusion, and, perhaps, her not thanking us was owing to her mind's being so much occupied. She may have been grateful, though she did not express her gratitude."

Their boarding house was in Franklin place. "In the summer season, one of the most alluring streets in Boston to the eye of a stranger." On the way they saw the State House. "A State House is a more important building than a City Hall, in one respect. For in a State House the business of a whole state is transacted, but in a City Hall only the business of a city." The mayor of Boston might not agree to this.

"I should like to go into the State House," said Marco, "and see them make the laws."

"Yes," said Forester, outwardly prudent as ever, "though it is more probable you would like to go to the top of it and see the prospect."

The large, high omnibus, with four steps, drawn by four horses, made Marco laugh. Forester explained why the Roxbury omnibuses were so large. "Roxbury is three miles from Boston, and very few people get in or get out by the way. The omnibus takes up almost its whole load at the stand, and then, once loaded, it travels along almost the whole distance to Roxbury with very little stopping."

And then Forester spoke those golden words, which should be remembered by all visitors in Boston next week: "What I have been teaching you is that in travelling about the world and seeing new customs and new modes you must not hastily ridicule or condemn them, because they differ from what you have been accustomed to see at home."

Forester and Marco arrived at the boarding house in Franklin place, "and they found that their trunks and carpet bag had reached there before them." There were advantages in living in the Boston of the early fifties. Forester had lost his trunk key. "I usually take all the things out of my pockets and put them in my hat when I lie down in a berth, but I didn't do it last night," from which we have a right to infer that Forester often went to bed with his boots on, and our suspicions concerning his private life are thus confirmed. This accident gave the Rev. Jacob Abbott the opportunity of discoursing on the text, "Trunk locks are put on with the express design of making it as difficult as possible to take them off."

It would be a pleasure to quote from the description of adventures on Long wharf, in South Boston, in Charlestown, with the improving conversation between Forester and Marco about Bun-

ker Hill monument. The strangers had a little business in State street, and Forester explained the methods of brokers and bankers. The task was comparatively easy, although there was then no Mr. Lawson publishing generously advice to all those in doubt.

"I know a great deal more about banks and brokers than I ever did before," said Marco.

"True," rejoined Forester; "but, after all, you know very little now." Marco is still living, and his name is Legion.

The great chapter of this absorbing book is the seventh: "Boston Common." "On ordinary days, the observer sees nothing but scattered groups of these citizens, walking, each in their own way, along the various avenues; or children going to their schools; and now and then a few strangers sitting upon the stone seats, which are placed here and there under the elms. It is only on the occasion of some public spectacle that the Common rises to its proper rank." Then it becomes "the focus and centre of universal attraction." "It makes amends for having been for many months the region of seclusion, quiet and stillness, by suddenly changing the scene, and with its parades, its processions, its music, its fireworks and its vast throngs of animated and excited spectators, becoming all at once, for a single day, the grandest spectacle in all America." The description of the Common can be likened only to Hardy's chapter on Egdon Heath or Hugo's eulogy of Notre Dame.

Marco saw well dressed citizens walking and all their "countenances indicated satisfaction and pleasure." "They advanced in an orderly and noiseless manner, except that now and then a group of sailors or rude boys came crowding by, disturbing the quiet of the scene by singing or loud vociferation." There was a general peal of bells, there were astounding reports from the artillery,

there were the fingers of the clarinet players and "the still more wonderful slides of trombones"; there were fireworks of all kinds. "There are few things which create a more sudden and widely extended emotion of joy than the first rocket on the night of an exhibition of fireworks on Boston Common." There was no drunkenness, no incongruous revelry. There was no flippant girl with cold hands or gold tooth, and although a woman who seemed faint and feeble cried out, "Oh! oh! oh! I feel so distressed! oh!" and was supported by two men, in her search for fresh air, they did not lose their pocketbooks or diamond pins in consequence of their gallant behavior.

The time is short for a reprint of this invaluable guide to the city, but the book is not a long one and there should be willing hands. A few more illustrations would not be amiss: Views of some of the pavements in the business sections and pictures of dust-storms in the Back Bay.

July 25, 1907

Men and Things

THEY enjoy "mixed entertainments" out West. The *Terre Haute Tribune* of the 20th gave a five-column account of a "Chautauqua" in that city. Miss Edith Castle of Boston, "a former *Terre Hautean*, of whom *Terre Hauteans* are justly proud," began the show by giving a song recital. "Dressed in a flowing gown of blue silk which admirably set off her statuesque style of beauty, her appearance upon the stage at 7:30 was greeted by prolonged applause." The *Tribune* praised with good reason her voice and her artistry, for Miss Castle is an uncommonly well schooled singer. Then Mr. W. J. Bryan as a traveller lectured on the old world and its ways. The intrepid exporer thrilled the audience by his eloquent narration of hardships encountered. Once in India he was actually reduced to a meal of boiled eggs, toast and coffee. In this same India he saw women bathers come out of the water, "pick up a bundle from the sand and wind a long strip of material around them while they unwound a similar wet strip; in two minutes, without any exposure, they were entirely dressed." A narrow escape for the Great Commoner.

"I was a little disappointed in the rivers," said Mr. Bryan. The *Tiber*—O father *Tiber*, to whom the *Romana pray*—did not come up to his expectations, and the beautiful blue *Danube* is

not blue at all. Nor are European lakes what they are cracked up to be. "I saw nothing more beautiful than Lake Tahoe in Nevada." Mr. Bryan incidentally gave Confucius a black eye, but he added modestly, "I am not able to judge of the plan of God or to tell what will happen to the heathen in the next world." The *Tribune* ended its report by saying: "There were many there who felt that Mr. Bryan is never quite at his best except on political subjects." We, too, should have preferred to hear Miss Castle sing.

F. C. writes: "Why should not a chauffeur eat at the same table with his employer and family? The chauffeur is often a young man of parts, a man of education and experience. He is mentally above the coachman. Passengers crossing the Atlantic lay wires to sit at the captain's table, and the chauffeur is as the captain of the devil-wagon."

We did not say that the chauffeur should not sit at meat with his employer. We would not have ventured the remark. But let us inquire into the matter in a spirit of love. Grant that the ideal chauffeur, whose neck is clothed with thunder, is a master of the formulas of the wedge, pulley, screw and inclined plane; that he can take an automobile to pieces and restore it in the twinkling of an eye to its proud condition; that he is an accomplished geographer and a fascinating talker with a fund of pleasing anecdotes and merry, harmless jests. The question comes up, would he himself be comfortable in such enforced intimacy? Even distinguished men of scientific attainments, college professors, are not always agreeable table companions, and on the other hand, the employer might shock the sensibilities of the chauffeur by some solecism. It is hard for a man even of the utmost dignity, to be a hero to his chauffeur.

George Gissing in his "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," tells a story about a young English workman, who on a holiday entered a London restaurant, a small one in a quiet neighborhood, and was so overcome by the display of table equipage, especially this cruet-stand, and by the waiter with a long shirt-front, that he could not handle his beefsteak and vegetables. His efforts to transport the meat to his plate were clumsy and futile. At last he spread his handkerchief on the table and forked the meat into it. The waiter brought a newspaper and helped him wrap up both meat and vegetables, and then the guest left hurriedly to satisfy his hunger in less embarrassing surroundings. "It was a strikingly and unpleasant illustration of social differences," says Gissing. "Could such a thing happen in any country but England? I doubt it." He belonged to a class which, among all classes in the world, is distinguished by native clownishness and by unliability to novel circumstances.

No native American could be thus abashed. Years ago we used to frequent an oyster house in Albany, N. Y. It was in the lower part of the town. The guests were of all sorts and conditions. There were swells in swallow-tails, for the oysters were famous; there were assemblymen, senators, judges, merchants, river men, gamblers, crooks. There were no private tables. One man was as good as another and a great deal better. The river men and canal men were a tough lot. One night a gigantic fellow from a tugboat came in a little blighted by beer. He sat down at a table with a judge of the court of appeals, the correspondent of the *New York Sun*, the editor of the *Albany Argus*, and two or three others. Was he disconcerted? Not a bit of it. He said: "How are you, gentlemen?" He called hoarsely for a stew. He put his head into the plate of preliminary cold cabbage and snoozed till the stew was brought. Then arousing himself, he smiled amicably and emptied at least a half bottle of tomato catchup into the smoking dish. He ate at his leisure and evidently relished the general conversation.

It may, however, be laid down as a general rule that employers and those employed by them do not enjoy the enforced intimacy of eating together day after day. This is especially true of northern races. The Latin races are inherently more democratic. We once visited a wine farm near Florence in company with chianti and vermouth merchants. The host, himself a well known merchant, sat with his wife and guests and workmen at table in the huge dining room with a stone floor

One of the workmen made the guests feel at home in a most unostentatious manner, without a suspicion of self-consciousness. The flower of polite courtesy adorned the simple room. The mistress, workmen, guests were of the time one family. But the American is not distinguished by an absence of self-consciousness.

... he laying out of mine areas in the rivers round Boston reminds one of the days in the beginning of the American-Spanish war, when timorous Bostonians sent their valuables to Worcester for safe keeping; when they did not leave their summer cottages on the North Shore; when it was confidently expected that the Spanish fleet would board first of all Senator Lodge's home at Nahant; when even Cape Cod was feared lest their cranberry bogs would serve as targets for carefully calculated shells.

July 26, 1907

POMP AND CEREMONY.

... earlier years of the republic the President took his daily walks abroad in stately peaceful, law-abiding citizen. He was supposed to be the servant of the people, and elected to office by their votes, he took off his hat to them, not to him, to use a phrase of Walt Whitman. He was not attended if he visited a city by officered troops, policemen and plain clothes men. He was a citizen among citizens.

... we have changed all that. Some of the precautions are now necessary in view of the fact that two Presidents were assassinated in time of peace; that there are organized bands of Anarchists and assassins, Bohemians, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen; that the President's life should not be at the mercy of any appointed crank or irresponsible assassin.

... However this may be with reference to the President, are these precautions really necessary in the case of the Vice-President, cabinet officers, private secretaries and others connected with the government? May we not be too much consideration, too much respect? Why should an express train, for instance, be kept waiting for a member of the cabinet, waiting for his own amusement, to the inconvenience of many passengers? Why should the Vice-President be guarded by special police in the quiet town of Danvers? "Passersby are constantly stopping at the front gate." But this is in its way a complaint. Some may wonder why any one is curious about the personal appearance of the Vice-President, but

... a fellow-citizen stops at the front gate hoping to catch a glimpse of Mr. Fairbanks, even when that statesman is so busy with cocktail or butterfly life, should he be roughly ordered to move on? And all this because the Vice-President has arrived!

Men and Things

... appears that in Guthrie county, Iowa, a 16-year-old boy runs around with a dog, curls up behind the stove and attempts to bite, while an older man is thought by the neighbors to be a grilla because he grins mockingly and tips to the rafter, habits that, as is well known, are peculiar to the anthropoid ape of western central Africa. Who cited the interest of du Chaillu, or Winwood Reade and other adventurous persons. Is it not highly probable that these brothers are of close kin to the wild man of Indiana who, when aroused, climbs nimbly with a determined yell to the top of the tallest tree and then disappears, taking the life of him? By the way, isn't it time to retell the sad story of the miserably diseased Stevens, the pig-faced fellow, who, it is a pleasure to know, that the brothers in Iowa are believed as "strong corroborative evidence" of the truth of the Darwinian theory. Westward the star of science, in any way, as the great statesman, George N. True, remarked.

The late Will S. Hayes of Louisville wrote many songs, and some of them were popular, but he had no right to name himself as the author of "Dixie." His version was written at the outbreak of the civil war, but the words were considered so seditious that the writer was arrested and compelled to change them. Dan Emmett wrote and sang "Dixie" months before the outbreak of the civil war. The story of the origin of the famous song was told not long ago in The Herald, and it is not now necessary to tell it again. Col. Hayes was a fluent versifier. We remember a "pome" that he wrote in praise of a sewing machine manufactured 30 or 40 years ago, in Hampshire county, of this commonwealth. The verses did not remind one of Hood's song of the shirt, but they were singable, and the copies of sheet music—for music was set to the words—were distributed by agents of the sewing machine company, if the song was not sung by them in office hours.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says that there are trousers which bag unduly at the knees, diseased trousers. The wool of which they are made comes from a diseased and weak sheep. No matter how carefully these trousers may be pressed, they will not retain their shape, and they are fit only for the ash barrel, or for a box sent in relief of a missionary's family. But can't science step in and do something? Cannot a drug that would restore the sheep to joyous baaing be used, metamorphosed, say, in liquid form, to give strength and courage to the trousers?

The fault is not always in the trousers, it is often in the wearer. There are men born to wear clothes, and there are men who look slouchy even when they spend large sums on dress. Just as a spirited horse knows when a timid rider mounts him, so there are coats, waistcoats and trousers fresh from a superior tailor's shop that find out at once the inherent unworthiness of the owner. They will not try to cling gracefully to his lines. They say: "What's the use?" and the waistcoat begins to climb up the wretch's neck. The coat bulges in the back and the sleeves hang awkwardly, the trousers bag defiantly, obstinately. Here is another instance of the natural depravity of inanimate objects.

There are men who dress irreproachably save in one respect. There is again the case of Achilles with his heel, of Siegfried with the one vulnerable patch of skin. The suit may be a glorious revelation of sartorial art; the cravat may be of wondrous texture and in exquisite taste; the silk may have been made to order according to the most fashionable model; but the boots are quibsy. Everything would be in order and a rapture to the beholder were there not a distressing absence of a button where buttons are imperative; or the cravat clashes with the waistcoat; or the trousers are at half-mast, or the bottoms of them are fringed.

The most carefully and expensively dressed Bostonian, exultant in the limited express train, realizes the fact that he is a provincial the moment he steps into Forty-second street, New York. For some reason or other, he is at once conscious of his clothes. Is it the fault of the wearer or of the clothes themselves? When Artemus Ward visited England he saw that he made a mistake in ordering his clothes before he left home. "The teler said he know'd they was all right, because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashions regular. This was an infamous falsehood." Artemus attended a political meeting at Birmingham. "I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern lookin' artisan said to me, 'You ar from Wales?' No, I told him I didn't think I was. A hldgys tho't flasht over me. It was of that onprincipled teler, and I said, 'Has my clothin' a Welch appearance?'"

J. M. B. writes to The Herald: "I have been much interested in your discussion of the chauffeur as a man and a brother. No doubt there are admirable Crichtons in charge of devil wagons; no doubt there are also coarse, rude persons. Thus chauffeurs do not differ from lawyers, brokers, physicians, barkeepers, members of any profession or calling. I read recently in a foreign journal that the Viennese cabmen, fearing the compulsory introduction of the taximeter and the competition of the automobile, purpose to establish a school for drivers in which a special department will be devoted to manners and deportment. There are schools for chauffeurs in Boston. Does

the curriculum in any one of them include this special branch of study?"

"James" writes as follows: "Although I am only 25 years old, I have been Mr. Gollightly's coachman for six years. He now has two automobiles, but Mrs. Gollightly and Miss Geraldine are as pleasant to me as they always were. The chauffeur and I eat together, and he is a decent chap, though he does not take care of his figure. He said to me only yesterday that he put mighty little stock in women. I should be much surprised if Miss Geraldine could see anything in him."

Mr. Charles Dixon has written entertainingly of the variety of certain birds, trogon, argus pheasant, great bustard, black grouse, cocks of the rock, capercaillie, jacana, not to mention the peacock. Is the quail an egoist because for weeks he constantly repeats proudly his own name, Bob White, Bob White?

July 27, 1907

Men and Things

WE have been reminded recently of the presence in this country of several distinguished persons.

It would not be extravagant to speak of them as personages. Here in Boston, or Cambridge, is a little boy who is "a lineal descendant of Cyrus the Great" and of course, the rightful heir to the throne of Persia. Miss Beatrice Dilworth, one of Anna Held's girls, who accidentally married a Mr. Walker, is a direct descendant of Mary, Queen of Scots. Then there is the Duke Marino Torlonia, second brother of the Prince of Civitella-Cesi, Duke of Poli and Guadagnolo, and connected with the Orsini-Dorlas, Sporzias, Barberinis and a dozen other families of grand opera and wine list names. No wonder that Mr. Moore, a manufacturer in New York, whose daughter is to marry the duke, welcomed his future son-in-law "effusively" and assured the gaping reporters that Marino Torlonia is "the genuine article." "There is nothing the matter with the duke's title, which comes to him through 14 generations." None genuine unless stamped on the blade. Possibly the duke's title is branded on him somewhere in the shape of a strawberry mark.

There is no excuse for any American being without a coat-of-arms. All he has to do is to write to the American College of Arms, 92 Rue Lafayette, Paris, and inclose a draft for 1,250—about that, for the required sum is only \$50. Or, if he is in Paris, let him step into the office, and they will design him one while he waits. "P. Count de Quercize"—an auspicious name—will attend to him personally. Here is the coat-of-arms prepared for the Coleman or Colman family: "Origin, England; branches in Germany (Kohlmann). A winged horse and a long-horned stag are rampant on a shield; and there are also daggers, lilies, flowers, and a five-footed lion." A mustard pot and a ham sandwich would be more to the purpose.

We are not unaware of the fact that some of our "best people" have already thoughtfully provided themselves with coats-of-arms. In many instances the grandfathers preferred overalls to coats-of-arms, but their descendants smile at such simplicity. These coats-of-arms are on carriages, harnesses, letter paper, over the mantelpiece, on book plates; they are sometimes stamped on table equipage. We have not yet seen any on automobiles, though we have noticed a display of monograms. The hero in Herman Melville's "Redburn" saw in London a swell with a coronet on his bootheel. There may be swells in Boston who have coats-of-arms embroidered on their underclothes, but we seldom go "into society" and cannot speak from personal, intimate knowledge. No one should sport a coat-of-arms without having at least one complete suit of armor, standing in the hall near the hat rack, as though it were to be donned in case of a storm.

Prof. Frederick Starr of Chicago said "in his usual terse, emphatic fashion": "Children should wear no clothing until they are 10 years of age." But suppose they are very large for their age?

Prof. Simon Newcomb is a man of astronomical parts and he did not go to San Francisco to be insulted. At the same time many will secretly sympathize with Mr. Hugh Craig, who said

after Prof. Newcomb had delivered an address on the economic need: "I think that too much of the time of this conference is given to listening to long, tiresome essays." Lectures on economic subjects are seldom economical of time. Possibly the esteemed astronomer contemplating time and space night after night and day after day forgot that on the platform they should have limitations.

Not long ago a New Yorker's disapproving views of architecture in foreign cities were cabled to this country. Now we hear from Mr. Monaghan of St. Louis, who is one of eight American lawyers touring Europe to study legal methods. He is bitterly disappointed in the administration of English justice. The judges simply sit in judgment; they are "not men of the world." Now "a judge elected to the bench in America is invariably a man of the world, with wide human knowledge, a man of modern life." We remember some of these men of the world, men of modern life, who were elected to the bench and showed their knowledge of human life during the reign of Boss Tweed. They were impeached and removed from office.

Mr. Monaghan was also disappointed in the appearance of the English judges. "It is not impressive to see judges togged up like gollywogs." Pray, what is a gollywog? Is it something peculiar to St. Louis? Does it belong to the recognized flora or fauna of any country? Is it an animal like unto the gyascutus or the great whimbamper? Alas, we are far from books that might help us.

How cool the weather must be where Mr. William F. Walker, the defaulting cashier of a savings bank in New Britain, Ct., now is! He writes that he will erect a hospital in New Britain, if he is allowed to return home without fear of arrest. He also writes that he is suffering from an incurable disease, but it is evidently not nervous depression.

The New York Times says that the effect of Mr. Arthur Machen's "Hill of Dreams," like that of the novels of Robert Hichens, of whom he seems to be a sort of disciple, is like that of a magnificent house built over a cellar full of decayed vegetables." But Mr. Machen was known by his singularly unpleasant romances, "The Great God Pan" and "The Three Imposters" before Mr. Hichens was talked about. Of recent years Mr. Machen has busied himself in translations of books that some think might as well have been left in the original language.

But the Saturday Review of the Times is inclined to be fussy. Praising warmly the art of Thomas Hardy, it regrets that many know only "Jude" and "Tess," "two worthless books, nauseating in their false and decadent 'realism' and salacity." "Salacity" is a good word. It sounds much better to the ear of the Times than salaciousness. So "Jude" and "Tess" are "worthless books." Yet the Times has the courage to say that England doesn't appreciate Mr. Hardy. "It is incompetent to criticise him!"

July 28, 1907

BANDMASTER DUSS ON THE WARPATH

Mr. John S. Duss, the "millionaire bandmaster," who is taken seriously by many, lectured some time ago at a meeting of the Fortnightly Club, Cleveland, O. He discussed opera and symphony orchestra. To quote from the Cleveland Plain Dealer: "For an hour he hauled both over and over coals of bitter exhortation and scathing ridicule." "Coals of bitter exhortation" is good. Did not the orator at the agricultural show in "Madame Bovary" refer to the King, "who directs with a hand at once firm and wise the car of state amid the incessant dangers of a stormy sea"? Did not Albert Wolf say in all seriousness: "Plunge the scapel into this superficial talent, and what will remain in the last analysis? A handful of ashes." Still nobler are two examples of passionate rhetoric: "These Augean stables should be cleansed with a red-hot iron," and "a wind of pacification blew at last over the hydra of factions."

But let us hear Mr. Duss. He spoke from the text, "Grand opera and the rot that symphony orchestras foist upon us conjure up a dismal daub of meaningless, often lurid color." He described the "Miserere" scene in "Trovatore" as follows: "They raise a

curtain on a dismal scene of a sickly property tree, a green carpet labelled "grass" for the benefit of the audience, a flimsy jail cell which is more like a Podunk calaboose than an Italian bastille, and a prisoner with a six-day growth of beard and a "Please give me a chew of tobacco, I haven't tasted a morsel of food in a week" expression. Then a lovesick damsel trips into the spotlight and starts her wild eerie of song, while the orchestra smashes and bangs in a superhuman effort to drown out her weak voice. This they call music, and ask real money for the privilege of hearing. Can we say that such music paints a beautiful picture in the minds of the audience—covers up the garish defects of the stage setting?"

"Symphonies," continued Mr. Duss, "aren't a whole lot better. They are over-rated; poor, deluded fanatics over-rate them. Any old German band is better. American people are too prone, because of the fad of the thing, to sit through several interminably long hours of symphony music, and then come out and tell sensible people who stayed away that it was grand, exquisite. If such music were heard out on the streets, people would wonder who was disturbing the peace."

Nor was Mr. Duss, the "millionaire bandmaster," satisfied with these remarks. To quote again from the Plain Dealer: "Duss likewise took a fall out of the old masters."

Talking with a reporter of the Plain Dealer, the day before this epoch-making lecture, Mr. Duss declared that a bass drummer makes the band. "He must get the most perfect rhythmic harmony into his ponderous instrument." The reporter, fired to emulation by hearing of the "rhythmic harmony," described a bass drummer who "kept pounding out sharps and quarter notes" when the circumstances were adverse to a display of his technic.

There is Duss and there are Dussites. Mr. Duss rails against all operas. His specific complaint against the first scene in the fourth act of "Trovatore" is absurd for several reasons, and chiefly because it is not true. The orchestra does not "smash and bang" in this scene; the soprano chosen for the part seldom has a weak voice, and she is never wholly drowned in her "eerie of song." It is unfortunately true that Manrico, the prisoner, too often has a two or three days' beard, and this without any attempt at realism in make-up, but because he is an Italian with blue-black whiskerage and a disinclination to shave himself, Mr. Duss is wholly wrong about Manrico's expression. When the prisoner is released by the kind permission of the Count di Luna to acknowledge the applause for the immortal song in the tower, his expression is one of supreme self-satisfaction.

There are persons whose operatic knowledge began with boisterous performances of Wagner's music dramas. They, too, think it shows superior culture to sneer at the "absurdities" and "the tunes" of "Trovatore." This opera, like Massachusetts, needs no defence. Its vitality at the end of half a century is a sufficient answer. In view of still more modern operatic tendencies than those of Wagner, this may be said, however; in no opera, ancient or modern, is there a closer welding together of emotional expression, rhetorical truth and pure song than in the trio of the last act of "Trovatore," beginning with the superbly dramatic denunciation of Leonora by Manrico. Neither Wagner nor Verdi himself ever surpassed this scene for dramatic intensity in frank and vocal expression.

Wagner's greatest stage triumphs were won in spite of his theories. Men that have come after him, composers with a thin, poor vein of melody and a gift of sonorous or ingenious orchestral expression, hold fast to the theories themselves as though those were of saving power. The story and the emotions, situation and even the epoch itself are all described by the orchestra. Inasmuch as the composers have not yet had the courage to turn their singing men and singing women into pantomimists, there is still what they call singing on the stage—but the phrases given to the

characters are inherently of little interest and of still less dramatic force.

Look over the score of Dukas' "Ariane and Bluebeard." As Mr. Henry de Busne well says, the music is a symphonic poem, "developed according to the eternal laws of the reminders of motives and variation." This music can be separated from the drama, detached even from the vocal music, "without losing any of its rigorous sequence, its balanced grandeur, its carefully considered power."

Thus in "Pelleas and Melisande" in "Salome," in "Ariane," a new form of stage art is disclosed. These works cannot be called operas or music dramas, as the terms are generally defined. Compared with them, "The Valkyrie" and "Dusk of the Gods" are as old-fashioned operas as are the stage works of Verdi's middle period.

There has been so much hifalutin written about Georgette Leblanc, the wife of Maeterlinck, that the cool discussion by Mr. Louis Laloy of her impersonation of Ariane comes as balm. Mr. Laloy knew of old that she was obliged to struggle with a rebellious and discordant voice, but he could not foresee that she would at last be constantly inexact in the matter of accent and constantly false in her intonation. He

Dr. Muck (on the Right) at Bayreuth. His Companion Is Rudolf Berger, a Baritone at the Royal Opera House of Berlin.



knew her of old exulting in her physical attractiveness; he could not divine that her smile would at last be incessant and meaningless, her robe poorly carried, her body exposed as in a shop window or on a billboard, or restless in attitudes that insult grace, nature, and, above all, beauty.

It should be remembered that Mr. Laloy, a learned man who writes knowingly about the theories of Aristoxenus concerning music is not easily pleased. Note how he disposed of a recent opera. "I shall say nothing about Mr. Fernand le Borne's 'Catalane,' performed at the Opera toward the end of May, no more than I did of Mr. Alfred Bruneau's 'Fault of the Abbe Mouret' when it was produced. Certain works are only under the jurisdiction of the silence in which they are swallowed up of themselves. I am opposed to useless cruelty."

The "Fortunio" of Mr. Andre Messager, which was produced at the Opera Comique last month, is full of tunes. Mr. Messager is now the musical director of the Opera. This led Mr. Loubet, who was present at the first performance of "Fortunio," to say: "What a pity Messager has been appointed manager of the Opera. He will have no time to write good music, and will probably produce bad."

The libretto is based on De Musset's comedy, "Le Chandelier." Jacqueline is the young and sprightly wife

of a notary along in years, and she looks kindly on a lieutenant. The lovers, afraid of the notary's jealousy, employ a young clerk, Fortunio, to act as go-between, and to avert suspicion. He is the candlestick to light the way for others, hence the name of the play. Fortunio is susceptible and as inflammable as Jacqueline. She at last prefers him to the lieutenant. When she bids the warrior good-by she hands to him the candlestick to light her husband on the staircase.

There is discussion in Paris over the question whether a dainty and subtle comedy is not better let alone, and without music. Some say the motive of the comedy is indecent, the characters vulgar, or cynical, or fools, that no one of them excites sympathy, and that only the supreme elegance and the beauty of de Musset's prose make the comedy a work of incomparable art. The moment an adaptation of this piece for music is prepared, the charm, they say, vanishes.

The music itself is praised warmly. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote: "It is all so delightful, so full of the 'joie de vivre,' of the lightsome, frolicsome atmosphere of the brave and rustling days of fair dames and gallants, of fans and furbelows, powder boxes and patches, perukes and swords, silken hose and buckled shoes. These were the times when the lover spread his silken coat for my lady to walk upon, and when flirtation seemed the chiefest end in life."

In the old days at the Theatre Francaise when Delaunay was the Fortunio he sang the famous song, "Si vous croyez que je vais dire," to music written by Offenbach. And years afterward Offenbach wrote a comic opera, "La Chanson de Fortunio," based on de Musset's play.

GYPSIES AND SLANG.

Our correspondent "S." commenting on an editorial article, "Lallapaloozer," published in The Herald, suggested that the syllable "lall" or the syllables "lallapal" might have come from the Romany speech. Thus "pal" is the gypsy word for brother, and as we stated in the editorial, "lally" is thieves' slang for all linen, but generally a shirt.

Some gypsy words have found their way into the English language, as jockey, although there are dictionaries which insist that it is a corruption of the diminutive "jacky." In English slang to "chive" is to stick a knife into any one, either to rid the earth of a cumberer or to point an argument, and "chiv" is gypsy for knife. "Young shavers" is heard frequently for little children, and the gypsy word is "chavis." "Tanner" for sixpence is said to be from "tano," little; and "mug," a face, from "mui," which means the same thing. A pugilist puts up his "dukes"; the gypsy word for reading a hand is "duk-kerin." Some go so far as to say, since "drom," or "drum," means road, "drummer"—a man on the road—is easily derived. But we fear that many of these touch-and-go etymologists are merely astray in the weedy field of conjecture. Here is Mr. G. R. Sims saying that "slang" itself was originally the language of the "slangs" or shows in a fair. "A 'slang' was so-called from the gypsy word 'swang'—meaning mimicking, acting, shamming." Another refers us to the Norwegian "sleng," burden of a song: "Slengla Kjeften"—to talk slang, literally, to "sling the jaw."

What matters the derivation of "lallapaloozer" or "lallapotoza," for the latter form casts a strange spell over us; is it not enough that the term is the superlative of praise, as in "She's a lallapaloozer"? The word may come from the Sanscrit or it may have been coined suddenly by some genius in the very ecstasy of admiration. It is enough that it exists and that it is on the lips of men.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

Mr. August Belmont, meditating the elopement of the rector of his summer church at Hempstead, L. I., with a young girl, came to the conclusion that a low salary endangers the recipient in many ways. At the parish meeting, when the question of raising the salary of \$1500 to \$2500 came up, Mr. Belmont remarked that the late rector was in debt. "Debt is a most demoralizing thing. It leads to drink and many other vices." Because the rector was in debt he therefore eloped with a young maiden.

Poor clergymen should bear in mind this theory of Mr. Belmont. De Quincey argued that if once a man indulges himself in murder "very soon he comes to think little of robbing, and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Many a man dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time."

Debt is robbery, and from robbery the rector came to plotting and carrying out an elopement; from that he may yet be convicted of heresy. No wonder that Mr. Belmont thinks \$2500 none too much for a rector "who is obliged to dress well and who wishes and is obliged to entertain."

Men and Things

A DANISH engineer has succeeded in producing beer in the form of tablets, which, dissolved in hot water, supply, when cooled, beer of excellent quality and flavor." We do not welcome this invention. It has often been said that the coming man would eat food only for nourishment and not for pleasure; that pills or tablets would contain the essentials of nutrition in highest potency. Let this be as it may. Beer should be drawn from the keg. When kegs are not to be tapped, bottled beer may serve as a substitute, although at the last it brings heaviness and sorrow. But beer is not to be thought of in tablet form. Beer is not to be drunk in drinklets.

The condensed drink known as a cocktail is dear to many. "Infinite riches in a little room." Yet in cocktail drinking madness lies, chiefly by reason of the bitters. We are glad to see the Lancet protesting against the association of bitters with alcohol. Why should not gentian, calumba, chiretta and other "convulsive poisons" be used to enliven cocktails, as long as vermouth is popularly supposed to be harmless? Vermouth is a mocker. Cocktails create a fictitious and wolfish appetite; they also lead to alcoholic excess. They are thrown violently into the system. No one can meditate or philosophize over a cocktail. It is the symbol of the American's pernicious haste and nervousness in living—and one cocktail leads to many.

Beer in tablets! What becomes of the true pleasure of the beer drinker? "Wait a moment, gentlemen, we're tapping a fresh keg." Then the sight of the trial glasses till the beer comes in substantial form and not in mere froth; the foam rising above the stein or mass; the complaint against the height of the collar—are these and other joys to fade away? Years ago George Arnold sang:

Here,
With my beer,
I sit,
While idle moments flit.
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by,
While I,
Being dry,
Sit idly sipping here
My beer.

We quote from memory and are not letter perfect. But could any poet be inspired to sing of beer tablets?

Yet there may be some who will find pleasure in puttering with the hot water and then watching it cool and observing the transformation. There are clubmen who take a pride in inventing a cocktail, and naming it with their name. "Bring me a Bolivar cocktail," a man says in a clear, bell-like voice to the waiter. "Yes, Mr. Bolivar," and the new members hearing the order are impressed. These inventors, if they should try the tablets, would swear.

in his own peculiar way, that they respectively had fully mastered the alchemical arts of the transforming process.

mentioned George Arnold's name. A play that the late Thomas B. Aldrich did not write his reminiscences. account of his early years in New York when he knew the frequenters of the club would be interesting reading. He had the habit of meeting Henry James, Jr., George Arnold, Wilkins, Mullen, the artist, Artemus, Fitz James O'Brien—William Morris, we believe, the most distinguished of the survivors. But Aldrich, singularly averse to any conversation on this subject. We once asked about O'Brien, who for a time sojourned in Boston and contributed two stories to the Atlantic Monthly. "Diamond Lens" is a masterpiece. Yes, he knew O'Brien, "a man of great talent, a handsome fellow," when in a most genial manner he discussed the subject. Yet Aldrich was a contributor to Vanity Fair, and his "At Paffs" were published in the admirable weekly, which was killed by civil war.

where anybody in Boston today knew O'Brien when he was living? His dashing, spectacular, flamboyant life? Is there anybody here who remembers George Gissing when he was a poor and unknown, made Boston dwelling place for a season?

was Aldrich so sensitive about his New York and about his earnings? Fastidious to the extreme in literary workmanship, was he ashamed of his first volumes? He had reason to be ashamed, but allusions to "When the Sultan goes to the bath" were distasteful to him, and a well known fact that he endeavored to buy all the copies of the earlier editions that he could find in order to burn them. Some years ago there was a dining club in Boston. Aldrich was president of it, and he named the members. The members were Judge Dr. Harris, Messrs. Apthorp, F. E. Chase, Alfred Hemenway, Smith, Jeffrey Roche, Bliss Perkins and some others. Mr. Roswell Field elected a member. He had never met Aldrich, but, formally introduced at an informal dinner, he expressed delight at the honor in terms most flattering to the poet, and finally said: "You know what I've been doing for Mr. Aldrich? I've been hunting for a town for editions of your early works. What I want and must have is a quiet set of your works." There was one for our friend the his painter. Sir Thomas Browne seemed "passionate looks" of certain persons for the skill of a craftsman. The look of the poet Aldrich, although he answered Mr. Field that it is customary and inimitable, might be added to the list.

John L. Sullivan, acknowledging invitation to visit Boston this week, I am the fellow who made Boston facts." Call him not an egotist or a declamation. He merely states a fact. Other citizens think he made or are making Boston John, an elemental person, as he did.

the glass vessel discovered near the Abbey is really the Holy Grail, the stage-managers of "Parsifal" have provided a cup of different metal from that which has been supposed to be traditionally realistic. But as till Prof. Crookes, "peers at the esoteric interests," Ambassadors, and other eminent persons pronounce a final judgment.

there are Mormon missionaries near us or near us. A few years ago a Bostonian who owns a house on the street, Lynn, saw from his veranda, a stone's throw from the sea, a Mormon baptizing two young women. There is then no boulevard, and the Bostonian resented this intrusion on his privacy. Thinking there might be mitigating circumstances, he examined the veranda through a marine glass. After thorough examination, he was there in the end.

July 30 1907
ASTORIA SQUARE THEATRE—Double bill, "Parsifal," Gilbert and Sullivan's opera in two acts, and "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni's tragic opera in one act. The casts were as follows:

PINAFORRE.
Porter.....Otis B. Thayer
Corran.....J. K. Murray
Straw.....Harry Davies
Davies.....George Shields
Robb.....W. H. Pringle
O'Brien.....Miss Lois Ewell

Little Battureup.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Hobbs.....Miss Louise Le Baron
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

Santuzza.....Miss Clara Lane
Turiddu.....Miss George Tallman
Albo.....J. K. Murray
Lucia.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd

The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Charles Zimmerman and the stage director was Mr. A. W. MacCollin.

It may be said in general that, while the performance in both operas last evening was better than on the first night of "Erminie" the week before, yet it was by no means smooth. The orchestra was ragged and unorthodox, and was inclined to hurry the singers. One can readily forgive a certain amount of unevenness on a first night, considering the exacting labor of putting on a different piece each week; but operas as familiar as those of last evening must have been to the singers should go smoothly.

To speak first of the chief feature of the evening, it is a pleasure to say that Miss Lane's Santuzza was the best impersonation that has been given by any member of the company this season. It has always been one of her most grateful roles. Last night she dominated the performance from beginning to end, whether she was on the stage or off; her voice was in excellent condition, her make-up admirable, and she sang and acted with a passion of which many had hardly thought her capable. In repose and in action she was hand in glove with the part, and her sincerity, nay, her intensity, swept all before it. She was deservedly applauded and recalled.

Mr. Murray was not in as good vocal condition as usual, but his presence and his acting were capital.

Mr. Shields did good work as Dick Deadeye, and his by-play might have served as an object lesson to principals and chorus. Miss Ewell looked charming, as did Miss Le Baron in both operas. The men's chorus was as weak-kneed, vocally and histrionically, as usual. There was a good sized audience.

The opera next week will be "Carmen."

Men and Things

THE "regal entertainment of a circus chimpanzee" by Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at Newport will no doubt excite attention in the West, and there will be withering editorial articles with reference to feasts of Heliogabalus, the satires of Juvenal and the intimate suppers of Louis XV. In the East we are accustomed to this Newport nonsense, and the trick of having a monkey as the "guest of honor" is stale. It seems as though the Newport ladies and gentlemen should be willing to pay handsomely for a new idea. Even Mr. Harry Lehr's vein of peculiar humor is exhausted.

That Consul, the chimpanzee, should be served with bouillon, sirloin steak, champagne, coffee and cigarettes is only fair in view of the fact that many modern thinkers are living chiefly on nuts and fruit, and are thus increasing the table expenses of monkeys. Was the champagne American, French, the wine of Mayence, or French champagne bottled in New Jersey and decorated with thoughtfully imported labels? Consul's keeper "gave a descriptive lecture about the chimpanzee and answered many questions." For Consul's amusement and education, the keeper should also have lectured on the nature and habits of the host, hostess and invited guests. Possibly some of these guests might have "performed tricks that betokened intelligence."

Before Newport ever dreamed of the Belmonts, Fishes and Lehrs, leaders of society amused themselves with the pranks of animals dressed and treated as human beings. Not to mention the enchanted prince who in the form of an ape played chess with a ruler in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," recited original poems, and was the cause of the death of the ruler's daughter, who fought heroically against the jinn, Louis XI. delighted in the sight of dancing pigs robed as courtiers of both sexes. There was a cardinal at Rome who would watch with intense pleasure a cage of monkeys dressed as fellow-cardinals. We respectfully suggest to the faded revellers in Newport a practice once in high favor with the ladies of Bayonne and Madrid toward the end of the 17th century. They carried in their arms little sucking pigs adorned with collars and ribbons. Mme. d'Annoy informs us that they would not part with their pets even when going to balls. "When they danced, however, they were obliged to set their little pigs down, and then the porkers ran about the room grunting, and tripping up the dancers by getting between their legs." We hear now the inextinguishable laughter in these humble thatched cottages at Newport. "Oh, Mr. Lehr, how did you happen to think of such a delicious idea? You'll kill me some day, I know you will, with laughter." What a pity that Mr. John Mullaly, who has led his orchestra for

hundreds of balls in Newport, cannot be persuaded to write his memoirs, especially as he has a keen sense of humor.

Mr. Jean de Reszke, the celebrated Polish ex-tenor, has been appointed to superintend the solo singers of the Opera at Paris next year. But is Mr. de Reszke the man for this position? He has been giving singing lessons for a few years in Paris and has "warmly recommended" some of his pupils for operatic and concert work. These pupils have met with little or no success. Mr. H. W. Savage was persuaded to bring one of them over, a Roumanian or a Bulgarian, and she made a nice mess of it, although she had the advantage of having a husband who was a journalist with her. Late last season another "favorite pupil" of Mr. de Reszke sang in concert in London, and, according to all accounts, she was false to the true pitch and her voice was like a reed shaken by the wind.

Jean's brother Edouard reappeared before the London public at the end of last season. A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald was much impressed by Brer Edouard's performance. "Jean de Reszke has always loomed larger in the popular fancy than Edouard, thanks to the possession of a tenor instead of a bass voice. But there are those who have always regarded Edouard as actually the rarer artist." As a matter of fact, Edouard's exhibitions of artistry were much rarer than those of Jean. Edouard impressed by physical bulk. He was never an accomplished singer, and he often sang poorly. His finesse in delivery was like unto that of a ton of coal. In certain pontifical parts, as the Friar, for instance, in "Romeo and Juliet," he was dignified and at the same time unctuous, but in comparison with Plancon he was vox et praeterea nihil.

Edouard's closeness in money matters was directly proportional to his weight. That big men are necessarily generous is a popular fallacy. When there was any dinner or supper giving Jean paid the bills. After the brothers left the Metropolitan, it was generally understood that Edouard had salted down enough to live comfortably for the rest of his life, but some time ago there were stories of "severe losses on the Polish estates," and Edouard was anxious to return to the stage.

There have been strange doings on Little Coney Island in North Bergen. A man went about hugging women. "Old maids and young girls looked alike to him." He was apparently about 28 years old. Such amorous impartiality should have added to the gaiety of the island, but a policeman, unable to understand the exhibition of indiscriminate affection, arrested the man and found out that he was crazy and also 85 years old. This discovery only increases the mystery, for the older a man grows the more easily he turns toward the young and yearns for them. Dion Boucicault used to attribute his youthful enthusiasm and physical activity at an advanced age to the fact that he associated on the stage and off it with young and handsome women.

The tobacco smokers in Budapest are talking of erecting a statue in memory of Kaval Kowats, a shoemaker and carver of the town, who, about 1723, made the first Meerschaum pipe out of a piece brought by Count Andrassy from Turkey. Cannot something be done to honor the memory of the man that invented the T. D.? Who was he? Where and when did he live? Why "T. D."? The Meerschaum may or may not color. It has been said: "To some God gives brains, to others to play on the fiddle." It might be added: "To others to color a Meerschaum." But a T. D. is an unalloyed joy. Coloring it does not remove the hair, thin the blood and superinduce cancer of the tongue. When the T. D. is black, it should be thrown away. The fresh one—and the T. D. is within reach of the humblest—will taste fully as good.

July 31 1907

AS IT IS WRITTEN.

Baron Ukkull, the Russian graphologist, divides mankind by handwriting into six classes. Men of genius come first, then men of talent, and the vulgar man, "an abomination," is lowest in the scale. But can a man's intelligence or his character be judged fairly and accurately by his handwriting?

There was a time when not only calligraphy, but the ability to write

at all, was considered unworthy of a true gentleman. Without dwelling on this, a sociologist might say, and with a show of evidence, that great geniuses have often written illegibly or awkwardly, and that professional writing masters, whose copy is of the copper-plate order and of the kind known as "an elegant hand," have been in some instances singularly deficient in knowledge, manners and morals. Before the general use of the typewriter the fairest script was that of professional copyists for lawyers, but these copyists were as a rule mere machines, or men in reduced circumstances through dissipation.

Furthermore, a man's handwriting is seriously affected by circumstances. The one accustomed to a stub pen will write differently with a pen of long and delicate nib, and there are some who with a pencil write like a schoolboy in the first distressing stages. Is a flourish necessarily a sign of vanity? In some countries a flourish is individual and serves as an identifying part of the signature.

To judge of men by their handwriting is, however, an amusement, especially to the ironist. The writer of a fierce martial band, which taunts with the license of ink, turns out to be a pale, thin youth with a chin like a poached egg. The sensitive, poetic band is penned by a thick-necked person with an iron jaw and fist like a ham, while the poet whose verses are distinguished by exquisite fancy writes a plain, commercial script. The judgment of character by handwriting is innocent until experts insist seriously on their infallibility in court. There are persons who profess to decide on the character of a man by his nose, ears, the manner in which he puts down his feet on the sidewalk; why not, then, by his handwriting as well as by the palm itself?

Men and Things

THE social triumphs of Consul, the monkey, are not confined to Newport. There are fair women elsewhere who welcome him as the guest of honor. "Guest of honor!" When did this phrase come into general use among "society reporters"? Were they not satisfied with their perversions of "smart" and "swagger"? Mrs. Arthur Algren Anthony, not at all sure of her drawing power as a hostess, sends out cards of invitation baited with the name of a "guest of honor," some passionate play actress, a regent of some order of aunts or second cousins of the Spanish war, the clergyman's daughter who wrote that singularly audacious novel "From Heart to Appendix," the intrepid explorer of Berwick Park, or some other man or woman whom "you ought to meet." After all, is not Consul a more interesting person than nine-tenths of these professional guests of honor? Do you say, he is only a monkey? But he is an accomplished chimpanzee and thus nobler than the majority of drawing-room lions whose manes suggest the mange, whose roar is very like a bray.

It appears from the daily records of our fleeting life that all circles and clubs, whether they be in Boston, Bangor or Brattleboro, are "exclusive." The young woman who is mentioned may lead in golf, name a ship, play the cornet in an amateur show; she may be about to marry, or she has been killed by an automobile; it makes no difference, she belonged, or belongs, or will belong to the "most exclusive set" in her town. If a series of portraits of wives and sweethearts of burglars and other crooks were to be published, all these estimable women would be described as belonging to the "exclusive circle of the profession." We say "estimable" in good faith, for there are no more devoted wives than those of professional criminals.

Does a young woman become betrothed in Boston or its suburbs? She is "one of the most popular members of the exclusive Vincent Club." The membership of this club must seem

swollen to the stranger within our gates; to the intelligent foreigner studying American manners and customs. He would be tempted, reading diligently the newspapers, to confound "inclusive" and "exclusive." What a pleasure it would be to read something like this: Miss Alice Maud Liverwort of this city is engaged to Mr. Hank Jones of Dubbs Hollow. They will be married as soon as Mr. Jones' salary is raised. Miss Liverwort is not at all pretty, but she has a good heart and an open expression. She was black-balled for the Sewing Circle because her parents were born in the South end. Mr. Jones, a rising young grocer's clerk, is a prominent member and the secretary of the Old Sledge Club of Dubbs Hollow."

Mrs. Christopher Larsen of New York gave birth to triplets as she was borne in an ambulance to the Harlem Hospital. Mr. Larsen was on a seat with the driver when the world was thus enriched. "The happy father could not restrain himself, and jumping to the street, danced round wildly. 'Triplets, hey!' he cried out in a loud voice. 'The President will have to hear about this. No race suicide in my family, I guess.'" Here is an excellent illustration of the absurd pride of the male. This paternal egoism is well portrayed in Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation," a novel that raised a prodigious hue and cry when it was first published, although the indignant protests now seem amusing. The mother who undergoes the anxiety, the discomfort, the suffering, the danger, is forgotten. The father struts about and receives and courts congratulations. "Well, gentlemen, we will have to open a bottle on this."

The women of Morristown are preparing to organize a housekeepers' protective union in order to resist the present demand for high wages made by servants. "The increase in wages is emptying our pockets, breaking up our homes, and making our lives a burden. It is an evil that brings no good to any but the intelligence office and the undertakers. It is breaking down those of us who have to do our own work." This complaint is general, though the wall in Boston this year has been peculiarly bitter. Various reasons are given for the exorbitant demands of cooks, chamber maids, table girls and parlor maids. The suddenly rich do not think it becomes them to refuse any preposterous request; summer dwellers on the North Shore offer any sums to secure good service; the Swedish girls, greedy for money, have put up the prices; the managers of bureaus described ironically as "intelligence offices" encourage the servants in extortion, that they themselves may gain larger commissions. These and other reasons are given. Whatever be the true cause, the fact remains that the great majority of domestics are asking higher and higher wages and wish to give less service in return.

"The front names of foreigners give Americans lots of trouble. The name that causes the most trouble is the Italian for Joseph. Nine persons out of ten spell it Guiseppe and of course it should be Giuseppe." Recently in New York billboards called attention to a performance of "Trovatore," which it described as "the immortal work of Guiseppe Verdi." Why not follow the example of the Germans in their announcements? To them Verdi's first name is Joseph. Why refer to Grieg as "Edvard," or insist on Smetana's baptismal name with the Czech spelling?

Mr. d'Annunzio said recently to a reporter: "From my crucible has issued the only poem of the complete life—of soul and body—that has appeared since Dante's 'Divina Commedia.' What is there to be said in reply? Nothing. All that can be done is to sit still and wonder."

One of the most abominable terms in the speech of modern days is "wire" for "telegram." It is bad enough to think of anyone "wiring" another, but to send or to receive a "wire" is an outrageous insult to the English language. There is only one comfort and that is a sorry one: The misuse of the word is not purely American. We read recently a report of a breach of promise case published in the London Times. The plaintiff, a waiting maid at sundry hotels and restaurants, had been photographed with an Italian waiter and with her arm resting on his shoulder. She saw no harm in it, although she was betrothed at the time to Mr. Theaker, a farmer, who cooled toward her and married another. Mr. Theaker unfortunately had written letters to the waiting maid, and in one of them he said: "Mother and I cried when we received your wire. I hope the time will soon pass for us when we shall be able to clasp one another as we

used to do in the old corner chair. It will get cold without us, love." After all, which is the more hideous expression: "I received your wire," or "I got your phone"? Great is the English language. It is, as Walt Whitman remarked, the language of the proud and the melancholy, and of them that aspire.

Men and Things

MR. BYRON CHANDLER of Reading, who is charged with obstructing railroad tracks in Cambridge with his automobile and forgetting that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, appeared in court "with a pink shirt and green socks." Might not this combination be justly construed as contempt of court?

The inhabitants of the air have had much to entertain them of late as they surveyed leisurely the pranks of the dwellers on this whizzing ball, the shape of an orange slightly flattened, etc. It would be hard to say whether they were more amused by Mr. Haywood's pathetic forgiveness of those whom he had wronged or by Mr. Neldoff's oration over the foundation stone of Carnegie's Palace of Peace at The Hague, in which the Russian attributed the honor of the "idea of peace" as triumphant to his master, the Tsar.

That people talk with their feet was known before Dr. Simms was born. Even distinguished rulers have had loud feet—witness Henry of Navarre, who was famous for his "pieds fumants." Nor is Dr. John B. Watson the first to assert that birds have a language and can talk with their bills. We do not refer to birds with calls and cries, the goatsucker of Demerara, who seems to be in hopeless sorrow, the Bob White, the whippoorwill, the birds that cry respectively, "Who are you?" "Work away," the Tasmanian nightjar that asks incessantly for "more pork," the "Poor Soldier," the "Four O'clock." Aristophanes knew the birds well and was familiar with their speech, hence his charming comedy. So did Mortimer Collins, who also knew his Aristophanes and wrote in turn a satirical comedy, "The British Birds." There were verses in this satire that vexed certain high and mighty persons in England at the time of their first publication, especially the attack on the Positivists. The whole chorus directed against Positivism is worthy of quotation, but we can make room only for these verses:

Husbands and wives should be all one community.
Exquisite freedom with absolute unity.
Wedding rings worse are than manacled wrists:
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries pass'd and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
Then he was MAN—and a Positivist.

If you are plous (mild form of insanity),
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.
Other religions are buried in mists.
We're our own gods, say the Positivists.

There was talk in The Herald of last Sunday about books for summer reading. There are no more delightful novels for a lazy-hammocked afternoon than those of Mortimer Collins. They are full of digressions, rambling, fantastical, extravagant tales. Perhaps the most whimsical and most entertaining are "A Fight with Fortune," "Sweet and Twenty," "Squire Silchester's Whim" and "Transmigration." But they are all worth reading if only for the shrewd and amusing reflections on life, manners, literature. The two volumes of essays, "Pen Sketches," published after the author's death, are also good reading. The record of his walks in English provinces reminds one of George Borrow's "Wild Wales" in this: There is a constant appreciation of good ale and lamentations that it is seldom found in highway inns. Collins went so far as to declare that the "very quality of your first glass of ale is an almost infallible index of prosperity or adversity, of progress or stagnation" in town or village. He also said somewhere that a good tavern sign is one that makes you thirsty; that "a what a tavern sign is for. This record of his tramps through the country makes you thirsty, though you are liverish and the doctor has sternly forbidden malt in its most seductive form. So there are pages of Dickens and the elder Dumas that make even hardened, arrogant Fletcherites and Chittendenites long for a Gargantuan meal.

When Collins died—it was in July, 1876, and he was only 49 years old—Punch published these lines: "He was

a man who in an unconventional way, deeply believed in God, and strove to do his duty honestly and punctually by his employers, loving his family and friends; variously accomplished, happy under hard labor, and helpful to all he could help, by word or deed." This tribute was considered by some genteel persons at the time to be rather patronizing, but examine it, and what finer tribute could there be.

He strove to do his duty "honestly and punctually." Now Collins was not a bit of a prig. He had heard the chimes of midnight and had seen the seven stars. He had sojourned in Bohemia and not as a visitor prudently gloved and with a smelling bottle. He turned out in the course of his life a vast amount of copy, prose and verse, and, no doubt, he never wrote the book he wished to write, for his time was taken by work for immediate wants. But he was scrupulously, fearlessly honest both in the expression of his thoughts and in giving the editor or publisher the best he had, and his copy was delivered at the appointed time. Furthermore he did not hate his work; he was not always speaking of himself as a drudge, a hack, a man in bondage and one unappreciated by the world. He was "happy under hard labor." Unless a man writes with gusto, no matter what his subject may be, he will not be read. If he does not frankly expose his own soul he will not appeal to that of another. There is a great truth in the old saying: "The best girl in the world can give only what she has," and it is so with a writer about baseball or pragmatism, but let him give his best.

It is said that managers of London hotels are disgruntled because American visitors now give low tips. The statement seems incredible. Not that there is perhaps "disgruntlement," but that Americans have at last come to their senses. For Americans have made life more expensive in certain European countries not only for other travellers, but for the natives themselves. The suddenly rich have left behind them a trail of gold. Those in moderate circumstances, ignorant of the custom of the country, or not wishing to appear close-fisted, have given a shilling when three-pence was enough, a franc when a few sous would have been thankfully received. The scale of tips, once absurdly raised, is expected to remain. No wonder there is indignation when the Americans themselves repudiate implied obligations. Meanwhile in our own country the folly, the smart-Aleckism of at first a few has increased the living expenses of us all. Yet we heard a baggage-man of a Cape Cod train say the other day when a passenger offered him a quarter for some slight service: "What do you take me for? Thank you just the same, but I'm paid to do such things by the company." We could have kissed him on the brow; but he probably would have resented this outward token of admiration.

Men and Things

THE Brooklyn Eagle says: "If it is true, what statisticians tell us—as possibly it sometimes is—that population is increasing at a rate disproportionate to eggs, it follows that eggs also will take their place among the luxuries, and will become, like steaks and cigars, objects for the contemplation of millionaires. The remedy for this fearful possibility is not so difficult, however; it is, to keep hens." Years ago Villiers de l'Isle Adam wrote a story, and it is not the least cruel of his "Cruel Tales," to show that the simple gifts of Nature to the poor, things which the poor might reasonably consider as their right, are fast going beyond their reach. A fresh egg is among these things. "Keep hens." If the poor are able to keep hens, they cannot afford to eat the eggs as long as the demands of the rich make the price by the dozen extravagant.

Eggs are today great travellers. Some weeks ago an Englishman, one of the Standing Committee on Trade, proposed that every egg imported into Great Britain or Ireland should be stamped with the name of the country in which it is laid. He said that about 9,000,000 foreign eggs come into Great Britain every year and are palmed off as Irish, so that the people pay an enhanced price instead of obtaining cheap eggs. Another member stated that Australian eggs are as good when they arrive in England as when they left Australia, and, although it is often said that Englishmen have little sense of humor, his colleagues laughed. Twenty-five

years ago great quantities of Italian eggs, like Hannibal and Napoleon, crossed the Alps and then made their way to Berlin. They were wearied by the toilsome journey. We did not read this in a book. Mr. Auger, whose boring capacity should be utilized by drivers of Artesian wells, did not tell us this. We were in Berlin at the time. We tried to eat some of these eggs, for we were poor and hungry. As Walt Whitman said of the brave sea captain who stood by the wreck: "I am the man; I suffered; I was there."

Even if a man can afford to eat occasionally the eggs of his own hens, keeping hens is a hazardous business. They are so uncertain. They are lazy, they do not realize the importance of their mission, they sulk, they go on strikes. It is hard to think of either a dignified man or a sentimentalist keeping hens, careful as to chicken feed, anxious over the pip. Mr. Paur, when he was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, kept hens and worshipped Richard Strauss, living in Jamaica Plain. This instance is noteworthy. It is impossible to think of Mr. Nikisch, Mr. Gerike or Dr. Muck putting slyly a china egg in a nest or clucking to call the pets to their meal. There are men born to raise hens, as others are created by an inscrutable Providence to be drum-majors, to go up in balloons, to write public letters of protestation against everything.

On the other hand, a sentimentalist is seen to best advantage working in a flower garden. A celebrated foreign executioner was passionately fond of roses, sweet peas, tulips, etc.

Once there was a gardener.
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers;
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder showers;
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air
Is deemed a hardener
Of the human system!

Did any "Johann Martin Miller" write this wondrous poem of the Sentimental Gardener, or was the invention solely that of James Clarence Mangan, who disguised himself as the translator?

O, gazelle-eyed princess!
Grand-daughter of the Sultan of Cathay!
The Knave of Spades beseeches
Thee by night and day;
He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,
Apricots and peaches!
Is this too fantastical? We prefer it to Whittier's approved manner:
Preserv'd Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

Julius Caesar sending flowers to Cleopatra or inhaling the perfume of sensuous plants is none the less great. Count Fosco's bulk and villany are the more formidable by reason of his passion for canary birds. But George Washington nailing slats on a chicken coop would not inspire a sculptor or our dear friend, the Historical Painter.

It is gratifying to learn of the progress of the Germans in civilization. A close observer of manners in foreign countries wrote recently—he should have cabled—that the fork in large German cities was slowly coming into favor; that it no longer serves merely to keep meat from slipping off the plate while the knife conveys the cut pieces to the mouth. It is now stated that smoking is to be wholly prohibited in the dining saloons of the German trains. Do German officers and civilians of rank or wealth now take out a pocket comb and brush for personal adornment the moment the soup is served at table d'hôte? A German professor was seen within a year to dish up his mustache at table, after a thorough use of a bit of bread. But this professor was then at a Swiss pension, on a vacation, relaxed.

Dr. Neufeld said many disagreeable things about his countrymen, and especially about Berliners, in an article published in Begleiter. He called on a German manufacturer "employing thousands of hands" and found him without collar, "tie," or cuffs, wearing a coarse woollen garment instead of a shirt, with boots that cost only \$2 a pair, and smoking a 1-cent cigar. The learned doctor is fastidious. We like to think of this sturdy manufacturer. Collar, "tie," and cuffs are mere excrescences. When a man is pondering a great problem they may well be shed. The "coarse woollen garment" was undoubtedly of a sanitary nature, perhaps it was medicated. The manufacturer might answer with Sir Toby Belch: "These clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps." As for the 1-cent cigar, the cheaper the German cigar the better. This is one

For should any student of sociology be surprised at hearing that Dr. Neudorfer was visiting a great German scientist and him "with an unwashed neck, clean hands and the manners of a poligon." Scientists are often so absorbed in world-benefiting tasks that they neglect minor matters of life, and he does any deep thinker like to be disturbed by a visitor who shoots questions as from a machine-gun.

Men and Things

their feet ye shall know them. The
 British girl for years has thus been
 easily identified by the observant in
 oriental countries. We remember
 an English girl in Berlin. She had a
 mass of fluffy hair, appealing eyes, a
 ample mouth, an attractive figure. She
 spoke three or four languages fluently,
 was well versed in the great books, an-
 cient and modern, talked intelligently
 about politics, art and philosophy, and
 led the piano in a thoroughly re-
 ceivable and English manner. A few
 years ago she was widely discussed as
 the author of three unusual novels. But
 when she went into a Berlin shop
 to buy a pair of boots, the clerk, looking at
 her stocking foot, threw up both
 hands and exclaimed faintly: "Ach,
 die Gott!"

3. are Englishmen degenerating phys-
ically? Mr. Sims, the playwright, poet,
invest, "Dagonet" of the Referee and
operator of a hair restorer, joins in the
discussion. He remembers that in
the lead years before recall he and
companions would dance at Cre-
morne Gardens, sup at an early morning
ur "finish up" at an open-all-night
ur, called then a "nighthouse," and
go to the rooms of one of the band
and sit down to cards. "I remember one
party in Fumival's Inn, which, com-
mencing at 6 A. M., after a night at
the Referee, lasted the following day and
the following night. When the party
eventually broke up it had lasted nearly
thirty hours. Men who did that sort of thing
da would be considered mad. But I
think if very many of our present-day
men could do it." The young men
of the sixties and the seventies, he says,
cannot stand any amount of late hours,
big meals and strong drinks. "Thirty years
ago, we were out till 6, we would have
an early breakfast at Covent Garden
market, or some similar place, then have
a bath and go to business. The loss of a
good night's rest made little difference to men
who were temperate in other ways."

due allowance must be made for the natural exaggeration of the man past middle age as he looks back on his deeds and misdeeds when he was strong and in high spirits. In this country the average middle-aged man of American descent is probably much stronger physically than the like man of the fifties and sixties. That a gray-haired banker, lawyer, merchant should devote certain hours a week to out-door games was then impossible. The English are hard losers, and in their attempt to explain the recent defeats in athletic contests they talk of national degeneration and, talking, show symptoms of acute hysteria. It is our firm belief that if the Englishmen and the Americans who have reached middle age were now examined carefully, with a view to comparison, a majority of the Englishmen would be found to be in a sounder condition, as regards muscle, nerves, physical endurance.

Think of the fate of the Countess de Castellane. Mr. Kelly, the American-Parisian lawyer tells a most pathetic story. Letters asking her hand in marriage are delivered every morning, huge bundles of them, under which two postmen groan and stagger. Where'er she takes her walks abroad she finds the sidewalks swarming with impecunious counts who fall on their knees as she elbows her way. Why doesn't Anna come home? Some of these counts could not pay the passage money, and no one of them would be willing to work his way as stoker. But what a press agent Mr. Kelly would make!

A. 4 1907

LOCKS AND A MYSTERY.

Sir Arthur Vicars, custodian of the crown jewels which suddenly and mysteriously escaped his custody in Dublin Castle, now regrets that he did not have a Bramah key for the safe, for this sort of key he regards as the only one of which an impression in wax cannot be taken. This confidence recalls a famous triumph of American ingenuity.

required to open it with the aid of small instruments poked into the keyhole within thirty days and without harm to the lock. Nor was he allowed to see the key. For sixteen days he experimented with bits of iron and steel. Afterward he exhibited the padlock open, and locked it and unlocked it in the presence of the arbitrators, who unanimously decided that he had met the conditions. The Bramahs protested, but their protest was in vain.

There was only one key to the safe in this Dublin strong room. Sir Arthur swears it has never left his possession. A sentry paces night and day within a yard of the safe. If the key never left Sir Arthur's possession what difference would it have made if it had been a Bramah, unless he be a hypnotic subject, and was persuaded that he had the key when it was actually then in the hands of an impressionist? Might not the most accomplished thief have hesitated, knowing the difficulty in disposing of such famous jewels? The theft is indeed mysterious. No wonder that Sir Conan Doyle offered his assistance as an amateur detective. Is it not highly probable that here is something more than a good haul by a professional thief? What romance, what scandal may yet be associated with the robbery! Meanwhile the confidence of Sir Arthur in the Bramah key which he did not have is pathetic in its conservatism.

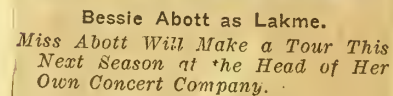
Mr. Georges Servieres has written a life of Weber. The volume of 128 pages is published by Henri Laurens of Paris as one of the series entitled "Les Musiciens Celebres." Mr. Servieres is a man of facts, statistics and painstaking accuracy. He may be enthusiastic over the rectification of a date; he seldom writes with gusto over an esthetical discovery. His "Wagner Judged In France" is a valuable book by reason of the facts contained therein, and his biographical sketches of Cesar Franck, Lalo, Massenet, Saint Saens and others must be consulted by all those who wish to know something about the exterior life of these composers. A useful man this Georges Servieres, but a plodder rather than an impressionist in words or even a writer of more than ordinary distinction.

The life of Weber has been told at great length by his son and well told, after due allowance for filial devotion has been made. There is the thematic and chronological catalogue of Weber's works, edited by Jaehns, a storehouse of information, and there are several short biographies and many sketches of Weber as a musician. That Mr. Servieres should tell anything new about the man himself at this late day was not to be expected. He has published a handy volume for popular use.

We are again reminded of Weber's sickly youth, of his father's wish to exploit the boy's musical accomplishments, of Weber's love for his mother from whom he inherited "his melancholy, religious mysticism and the germ of the disease (consumption) from which he prematurely died." We are reminded of his early virtuosic years and his interrupted studies in composition. Some of his biographers insist on his "religious mysticism." It is well known that he was an amorist and that he led for many years the joyous life. He was dissipated and extravagant. There was a dancing girl or a singing woman ever ready to tempt him. After Margarethe Lang, the opera singer, came Therese Brunetti, the frivolous and gluttonous dancer. For these women he had a variable passion. There were others with whom he lightly loved and lightly dismissed from his mind. Not till he married Carolina Brandt did he think seriously of life, and her he loved with all his soul.

He was fond of wearing a blue coat with gold buttons which disclosed an elaborately frilled shirt, tight trousers, a white cravat with a diamond pin, and he was particular in the matter of tasseled boots. When he married he had been of a changeable, inconstant disposition. He had pleased all women and some of them adored him. He hastened his end by his devouring wish to provide for his wife and children, for when he went to London to bring out his "Oberon," he knew that he was a doomed man.

Weber was versatile. As a piano virtuoso he was highly esteemed; he conducted in opera houses; he wrote critical articles and satires that may still



be read with pleasure; his letters are those of one who was a man of the world, a thinker and an artist; he composed indefatigably in many branches of his art. And what remains of all his work?

To the American public he is known as the composer of three overtures, the scene and aria from "Der Freischuetz"; "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon," and the "Invitation to the Dance." Occasionally some wandering pianist plays with orchestral accompaniment a revised version of the Concert-stueck in G major, which is in fact some solo piece—an extract from a sonata, the rondo brilliant, or even a waltz. There may be choirs that practise the scene in G major, and there are few choirs they have not sung "Sacred Words" set to the music of the horn quartet in the overture to "Der Freischuetz." There are male choruses that know "Luetzow's Wild Chase," and possibly in some remote village an elderly maiden plays "Weber's Last Thought," which was not thought or written by him.

In Germany, France, England he is the composer of three overtures and of the opera "Der Freischuetz." "Oberon" is performed seldom, even in Germany, and there are already revised, tinkered editions. "Euryanthe" is also performed in Germany, but its chief interest is its association with theories and the earlier operas of Wagner, especially "Lohengrin."

We are already far from Mr. Servieres' volume. Nearly one-half his book is a detailed review of Weber's works, variations for viola, concertino for horn, solo pieces for clarinet, bassoon, and other instruments, symphonies, chamber music, piano concertos, the virtuoso piano pieces, the sonatas for piano in which Weber broke away in a measure from traditional forms, songs which are seldom heard in concert hall or parlor, cantatas for occasions, operas and stage music that are forgotten.

Weber is first of all the composer of "Der Freischuetz." The opera is inherently German, and only a German can enjoy it thoroughly as a stage play with music. The story in original form and in the libretto is German through and through in its simplicity, its engaging naivete. The old legend was a tale for the fireside. The girl Kaethe loves Wilhelm, a youth of peaceful calling, who turned hunter to win her. He is a miserable shot. How can he hope to triumph in the match? An old soldier with wooden legs says he can furnish him with "free balls" that is, balls which will hit the mark inevitably because they are enchanted. So he persuades Wilhelm to go with him at midnight to the Wolf's den to cast the bullets. When the hunters shoot in competition Kaethe is killed by a bullet which her lover aims at the

This story changed and elaborated by the librettist, with the soubrette companion of the heroine and the mysterious hermit who appears without apparent cause in the last act, is characterized by Saint-Saens as foolish, and in a great opera house, with hearers that never believed in forest spirits of evil. The Wild

Hunter and reckless men that sell themselves to Satan, the opera is reduced to a celebrated overture, a popular aria, and a pyrotechnical display with more or less amusing features.

But "Der Freischuetz," even without consideration of its influence on the development of opera, is something more than this. To hear it, however, you must go to Germany, and in Germany, to Dresden. What a miserable performance was the last one given in Boston by Mr. Damrosch's company, inadequate, miserable in every respect! But when, as at Dresden, the opera is performed with as much attention to the detail as though the opera were "Tristan" or "The Valkyrie," the romanticism of Weber still makes an irresistible appeal. The whole of the first act is as a painting of village life, nor does the element of Satanism seem hopelessly old-fashioned and absurd. As the opera is staged there, who can forget the horns that sound faintly as the evening shades prevail. And later the trio in the cottage and the melodramatic scene with the orchestral storm and fury in the Wolf's Glen give us some- thing necessarily a faint one, an operatic revelation when the work was first produced in Berlin over 80 years ago.

One of the most original composers now living once said to me: "I was born hating Weber's music." Such hatred is easily understood. Much of this music is very obvious. There is nothing more exasperating to a man in full sympathy with both the best music of Gluck and Cherubini and that of the ultra-moderns than the prevailing mannerism of Weber known as the Weberian rush or flourish which often introduces a common melody or leads grandiloquently to nothing. This rush is also described as "chivalric." But all composers, even the ultra-moderns, have their mannerisms; and their music, if it has life, will survive in spite of the mannerisms that excited attention and gave character when the music was first heard, when ears were unaccustomed and startled.

Mr. Servieres makes one remark that Blaze de Bury made before him; although Weber was fanatically German in his operatic ambitions and is now considered as fundamentally German, he loved exoticism and no composer imitated more than he the music of foreign lands, Italian, French, Russian, Polish, English (?), Hungarian and Chinese. Weber learned English to write his music for "Oberon," but his fairies are of fairyland, not England. I must insist, however, that notwithstanding his fancy for foreign music, Weber was essentially, almost parochially German, and, as Mr. Servieres admits, "Der Freischuetz" is the condensed essence of German character, of German "Gemuet." Yet Weber himself wrote: "Art has no country."

He was romantic in the German fashion of his period, romantic after the manner of E. T. A. Hoffmann, nor was he without influence on many. Marschner, Lortzing, Nicolai, and then the far greater Wagner learned from him who had lived for years in the opera house. Did he exert a spell over Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, as Mr. Servieres insists? Let us say rather that his influence is observed in the works of Berlioz and Meyerbeer. "Robert the Devil" follows hard on the heels of "Der Freischuetz"; Bertram is a blend of Casper and Samiel, and Alice is a sister of Agatha. The admiration of Berlioz for Weber is well known, and there are more than traces of this admiration in early works of French genius. But to say, with Mrs. Servieres that Reyser, Gounod, Lalo, Saint-Saens, Bizet, Chabrier and d'Indy also show palpably in certain compositions the spell cast over them by Weber is going far.

Mr. Servieres concludes by saying that if "Der Freischuetz" sums up Weber, all of Weber is not in this opera. "It is a good thing to know his other works. It will then be perceived that rarely has any musician stamped more faithfully his image on his music." This page shows his sickly, nervous, impressionable, sentimental, feverish nature; another his love of pleasure, recklessness, sportiveness, by the lightness and the capriciousness of his rhythms. From his father, the handsome and vain retired army officer, he inherited his chivalric, impetuous nature. From his mother the "mysticism," of which Mr. Servieres says much, but which to my knowledge is found only in the marvellous largo of the "Euryanthe" overture.

But to the musical world at large Weber is master by his "Der Freischuetz" and to the fastidious he is only a romantic influence, and the inventor of the Weberian flourish.

CLEANSING FIRES.

In Siebenlehn, a town of Saxony, there is an amateur fire brigade composed of men who wish the civic architecture to be more conspicuous for beauty. They wish to rebuild all that is distressing to the eye at the expense of the fire insurance companies. They therefore rejoice at the breaking out of any fire; they aid it in every possible way; they interfere with the Philistines who would fain extinguish the purifying flames. The



I was announced recently that Mme. Lillian Nordica purposed to found an "American Bayreuth."

This "temple of art" is to be near Croton Landing, on the Hudson, which is described as a "lordly" river. Twenty acres of land have been bought for an opera house, which will be modelled after the Wagner Festival Theatre, for the buildings of a national school of music, for an open-air theatre or stadium for Shakespearean cycles, for a pleasure-ground.

The chief theatre will have a "lounge cafe" and a "social clubhouse." Electric launches will convey

passengers along the Croton; special excursion steamers will ply on the Hudson between New York and the Croton's mouth; a trolley line will run from the railway station to the sacred hill.

Everything seems to be provided for except the beer-and-sandwich department which plays an important, a really vital, part at the original Bayreuth.

A fortnight or so ago Mme. Nordica declared that

her theatre should not be described as in American Bayreuth. "She will call it 'The Lillian Nordica Festival Home.'" Her enthusiasm is "not in the least dampened by the criticism it has received in the United States." For, strange as it may seem, the announcement of her purpose incited to laughter, genteel or boisterous, others than the professional sitters in the seats of the scornful.

Of course Mr. Walter Damrosch clapped his hands and admitted shyly that he would be pleased to serve there as conductor—for a consideration.

Mr. David Bispham, the moment his feet left a returning steamer, cried out, "A splendid plan," and he no doubt already fondly sees himself disporting as the malignant and gibbering Alberich in the duller scenes of the "Ring."

But Mme. Schumann-Heink exclaimed "Nonsense," and explained why the scheme would be necessarily impossible. First of all, there would be no "atmosphere." The true Bayreuth had atmosphere, and it probably has it today. We remember this atmosphere in 1882, when "Parsifal" was produced; you could cut it with a knife; it was fixed; and it is, beyond doubt and peradventure, there today. Yesterday, today and forever!

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka laughed in Berlin when an American correspondent talked with him about Mme. Nordica's purpose. "It would be naturally impossible to found a second Bayreuth in the United States unless America could simultaneously produce a second Wagner."

Mr. Godowsky, the celebrated pianist, formerly of Chicago and now of Berlin, gave plausible reasons for the inevitable failure of the scheme. "What America needs for the furtherance of her musical culture is not opera, and certainly not more Wagner opera. New York already has enough opera." Then he made some remarks that might fairly be described as disagreeable.

Mme. Nordica, it appears, has been dreaming of an institution like this ever since she began to sing, and she is now about 50 years old. Her object is a purely philanthropic one. She wishes to be of help to the American Girl, who now goes to Europe for purposes of study and with the hope of succeeding in foreign opera houses. Mme. Nordica gave a pathetic description of the dangers that beset the ambitious American maiden. As she said passionately to Mr. F. B. Stevenson: "One cannot realize the temptations that are thrown in their way; one cannot realize that there are those who cross the ocean for the sole purpose of throwing these temptations in the way of innocent and unsophisticated girls, who, lonely and friendless on a big steamer and in a foreign land, are inclined to welcome little acts of courtesy."

"Can one not imagine a young girl alone and homesick on a steamer?"

"Can one not imagine the greeting of a kind voice, the tender of some little act of courtesy?"

"And then, when the young girl arrives at her destination, when she is installed in her school, when she is hard at work, and is surrounded by strange faces, and one day the one who showed her the little attentions on the steamer comes and asks, 'May I call?' is it not within a girl's nature to say 'Yes?'"

At Croton Landing, in the Nordica theatre, or even in New York city, the American singing girl will be safe.

Why does not Mme. Nordica describe her theatre as "The Sheltering Arms"? In her desire to protect the American maiden, she finds only one serious disappointment. "I regret greatly," she said to a reporter in Paris, "that Mr. Stanford White is not alive to be the architect."

Wagner meditated for years, when he was unknown except to be mocked, a theatre in a remote village whither true lovers of music would make a pilgrimage to hear German master works performed with the utmost care and devotion in an ideal opera house. He chose Bayreuth, in Bavaria, and in 1871 made the little town his dwelling-place. The cornerstone of the Festspielhaus was laid the next year. The chief musical feature of this ceremony was a performance of Beethoven's 9th Symphony. The Wagner Society was instrumental in raising the sum of \$225,000 for the completion of the building.

The first performances were in 1876 (Aug. 13-30), and the music dramas were by Wagner, "The Ring," three performances of Prologue and Trilogy. In 1882 Wagner's "Parsifal" was produced at Bayreuth, and that Wagner's works might be performed there in the most satisfactory manner, and that "Parsifal" might be performed only there, the Richard Wagner Society was established in the summer of 1883. Wagner died in February of that year.

Since his death, his widow, Cosima, has been the

guiding spirit, and now it is the wish of the most orthodox that Siegfried, the son of Richard and Cosima, should be the presiding genius, and not merely an assistant or a conductor.

It was not Richard's thought that Siegfried should necessarily be a musician. The young man studied architecture. Architects looking at his mausoleum for Liszt at Bayreuth say he did well in turning his attention to music. Musicians, hearing his operas or observing him as a conductor, exclaim: "What a pity that he did not stick to architecture!"

There have been bitter attacks on the present government at Bayreuth. Cosima, Siegfried and company are accused of wandering from the founder's carefully expressed plan, of poor judgment in the selection of singers, of ignorance of the traditions or of deliberate abandonment of them. A "Bayreuth school of singing" has trained men and women atrociously so that the diction encouraged and applauded in the Festspielhaus is harmful to the melodic lines and phrases and repugnant to the force of the text. Furthermore, the family is accused of greed. It is said to exploit the works of Wagner solely for personal gain. Writers and musicians of marked reputation make these charges in the name of the master whom they honored, whose cause they now espouse. Yet others are loyal in their adherence to the reigning successors.

When Wagner built his Bayreuth opera house, his music dramas—"The Mastersingers," "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Ring of the Nibelungs"—were not in the repertoires of the leading theatres. It was then thought impossible to produce "The Ring" elsewhere. Opera managers, many musicians, the great majority of music and art critics were arrayed against him. A Bayreuth was for him a necessity. From that theatre "The Ring," as a cycle, made its way into other opera houses. Bayreuth was for some years a sanctuary, and a symbol. Today it is a theatre visited as a show place chiefly by foreigners. Ichabod, Ichabod! The glory is departed!

Some years ago there was an attempt to awaken general interest in a Bungen opera house on the Rhine, where the cycle, "The Homeric World," by August Bungert, might be solemnly performed. There has been talk of a "Bayreuth" somewhere in France where only operatic masterpieces would be reverently produced. There has been only one Bayreuth, and it is even now a tradition, though performances were held there last year, and will be held again. Here in America a "Bayreuth" would be grotesque, if it were possible. Mme. Nordica did well to reconsider her choice of a title.

It is said by Mr. Stevenson that she is "well qualified by heredity, by experience, by ability and by pluck" for establishing a "great musical centre" on the Penobscot, the Onion, the Tombigbee or the Hudson. We knew that she boasted with reason of "Camp-meeting John," a sturdy soul, but we are now told that the Nortons—not the Allens—were originally the De Norvilles of France. Thus is she fully the equal of Cosima, whose mother, the Countess d'Agoult, ran away with Liszt, left him after the birth of three daughters, and was then the heroine of delightful anecdotes told by the malicious Viol-Castel in his incredible memoirs. The pluck, the perseverance, the native ability and force of Mme. Nordica are known to all. She has loyal friends who wish her well in all her undertakings. If it amuses her to spend her money in an attempt to found a great musical institution, they will undoubtedly give her encouragement by word of mouth and they will be indefatigable in advice.

Yet this statement made by Mr. Stevenson, "The social part will be one of the leading features of the musical festival," is ominous, and those who talk of art for art's sake will wag knowing heads when they learn that 16 boxes will be sold at \$25,000 each and that the occupants of the boxes will be charged regular admission prices. Richard Wagner was a shrewd man, but he never thought of such a scheme for the glory of Bayreuth. Three of these boxes have already been sold. Thus the American Girl in search of operatic glory may yet be protected against foreign fiends in human form without serious pecuniary loss to the dreaming philanthropist.

Philistines have prevailed, however, and thirteen of these aesthetic patriots have been arrested and put on trial.

Unfortunately, fire itself is not discriminative. It consumes indifferently a noble building or a monument of hideous taste. If it had only aesthetic perceptions, an unfailing realization of architectural fitness! Nor have citizens yet reached the degree of culture that would enable them to say to the fire department: "Save that building" and "Let that one burn." Nature herself is no more discriminative, no more judicious in her devastation by earthquake, cyclone or volcanic eruption.

Yet a citizen may in a measure control his own fate. Whether he be a householder or a flat dweller, he may be able to let the flames consume bric-a-brac that is abhorrent to him though it is dear to his wife. He may see to it that the fire reaches furniture, pictures, subscription books of a flamboyant nature, wedding gifts

that could not be exchanged, Rogers group, brackets sawn by ingenious country relative, Ro Juliet and the rope ladder in br for a stairway-niche, etc., etc. Only a foolish man, unconscionable this clutter, or proud of it, would sound an alarm at the first glimmer of fire. As Hawthorne wrote: "Should we do without fire and dea

Men and Things

S. writes to The Herald: "I read recently in an account of an auction sale of a picture, published in a London newspaper, the following sentence. Will you be good as to translate it for me? 'A picture of famille verte figures of Kyllins young and a ball, enamelled green, with a w and aubergine on oblong stands, valued 350 guineas.'"

Kyllin is a fabulous animal of composite form that figures on Chinese and Japanese pottery. It has the body of a dragon, the tail of an ox and a single horn; it is sometimes called the Chinese dragon. When Gen. Gordon's Chinese soldiers of art were sold in London—did Gladstone buy anything for a souvenir of the pieces was a vase and one of rock crystal with pierced dragon and a Kylin on the cover. The Kylin is sometimes represented as playing with a ball and cord. The word itself is used by English writers for at least 50 years.

Kyllin may be classed with the basilisk, the wyvern, the griffin, the sphinx, the minotaur, the centaur, the mantichor, the phoenix, the cadrius, that snow-like colored bird with cheerful glance if a sick man will recover but has a sad countenance if he will die; the hircinie, the bird that gives light to man in the dark; the liver, a bird known in herby; the gyscutus and the whimbam; it have been exhibited in American circuses in the side shows of circuses; the catoblepas. The sad catoblepas appeared to St. Anthony. It is a black stag with a hump's head, and a bush of horns. When the south wind blows in these horns, it makes music in sweet, and serpents in ecstasy about the beast's legs, but when the wind blows the forests tremble and blades of grass stand on end like a coward. See for further details in Laubert's "Tentation de St. An-

about the wonders of natural history give us the wonders of unnatural history!

The unicorn and the sea serpent are classed with these strange mythical beasts. Many estimable persons have seen the unicorn. The unicorn is mentioned in the Bible five or six times and with most respect, nor has the higher been done away with it. Lewes unicorn, a voracious traveller, was of them in 1503, and he gave a description of them. There unicorn's horn shown at Wind- castle late in the 16th century was valued at over £10,000.

It is well known that the horn of powder has medicinal properties. The horn was always expensive and only rich men could afford to buy it. It is usually of a purple color. It is also called "brinjal." Suppose then—we do not know—suppose the name of the unicorn is also the name of a vegetable. We find no reference to the unicorn in the dictionaries other than one just given.

There are hideous things known as kyllins and leaderettes and leaflets. The objectionable to the ear and the student of English is the syllable. (The first syllable of

"pyjama" should be spelled with a "y," not with an "a.") We are assured by a circular that this suit in which you may lounge, sleep or roll on the veranda, provided neighbors are not so near that they can count on Monday your weekly wash and on any day smell the character of the dinner with critical nostrils, satisfies a long-felt want. "Hitching up of the coat and sagging of the trousers are also prevented." This circular is illustrated.

There is a picture of two young men who, thus arrayed, look singularly shamefaced. There is also a picture of two young women. One holds in her hand a hairbrush; the other sits with crossed legs, in defiance of all treatises on etiquette, and grins at her companion. The two, clothed rigorously in "pajamarites" from the chin to the toes of their slippers are not at all desirable. Near them are a valise and a travelling bag. Are the young women all ready for a trip to the beach?

Mr. William J. Cleveland died a few days ago at his home in North Carolina at the age of 88. He was very rich, but he denied himself, while he was alive, "the necessities of life." Only the rich can indulge themselves in the luxuries and let the necessities go hang. What was it Mr. Harold Skimpole said? "Give me my peach, a glass of claret, a bit of Bristol board for drawing—and I am content." It is so easy to lead the simple life when you are well-to-do.

Dr. George H. Whitesides of Omaha sues an express company for \$20,000, alleging that the company lost his diploma granted him by Harvard University. How many Harvard and Yale men who were graduated only 10 years ago know where their diplomas are today? How many could translate them into English on the day when the diplomas were granted?

SIR PANDARUS.

Not long ago Mr. Marshall Hall commented on the statement made by two or three English dramatic critics that the word "pander" in English is derived from Shakespeare's Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida." He quoted from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and from "Henry V." to show that Shakespeare used the word before he wrote "Troilus and Cressida."

Mr. Hall might have gone farther back. Suppose that "Troilus and Cressida" was written in 1606, or at any rate not earlier than 1603; that "The Merry Wives" was written at latest in 1602 and "Henry V." probably three years earlier. The Pandarus of Shakespeare says to Troilus and Cressida: "If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers between be called to the world's end after my name call them all panders."

Now in 1530 Lyndesay mentioned "panders" in a list of rascals, and in 1579-80 Sir Thomas North, translating Plutarch, wrote: "He that was the pander." Spenser, in 1591, spoke of "a pander's coat (so basely was he born)." We do not refer to Chaucer's use of the word as a proper name as early as about 1374; we refer only to the noun signifying a go-between in clandestine amours and with meanings derived from this.

Men and Things

Mr. Edward Noyes stabbed Mr. Herbert Howland in Plymouth, but not on account of any personal grudge, not for the sake of Arabella's sea-green eyes, not for pocketbook or gold watch and chain. He simply felt an impulse to strike some one, and he struck. The next day he was much pleased when he learned that Mr. Howland was recovering from the shock. What one of you, leaving home after breakfast, has not felt at one time or another an impulse to assault some highly respectable citizen, known or unknown, to ruffle his dignity if not to do him bodily harm? That man's whiskers should be pulled; this one's silker should be knocked off;

a misapplication of boot might bring Mr. Higgleston to a realization of his true position. Or in sterner moments who has not thought approvingly of the Malay and considered the advisability of girding his loins with a crash towel as he stepped from a belated bath and running amuck with a trusty razor down Commonwealth avenue or Beacon street (on the water side)?

These impulses are natural and a sign of bodily and mental health. They come to some happy ones when they are young and not in fear of the conventions. A boy with the face of a health food advertisement was heard to say at the table of a boarding house: "Mamma, I wish I had a dagger." The proud mother said in a clear, bell-like voice, after the formula of Mr. Johnson, the middle-man, the interlocutor, not our friend Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology: "And why does my little Johnny wish that he had a dagger?" The boy glared at the assembled guests, and answered hoarsely: "I'd like to dag somebody." We have told this story before. It is a true one, and we are fond of it.

Who has not with difficulty restrained himself from making a grotesque or violent demonstration when some fuddy-duddy was drooling on the platform, when some smug and orthodox citizen was reading a series of resolutions that could not possibly injure pecuniarily the proposer or benefit the community, when some dark contralto breathing hard was feverish in song? "Many a true word is spoken from the chest" does not apply invariably to singers. But few of us have the courage of Mr. Edward Noyes; few of us dare to follow our impulses; for we wish this office, or we hope that our salary will be raised, or our wives have "social position" to maintain or to gain.

Mme. Adelaide Norwood, the dramatic soprano, is again in this country. Her law suit against Mr. H. W. Savage is still with her. It may be remembered by some—that is a world of hurry and forgetfulness—that, engaged last season by Mr. Savage as one of the impersonators of Mme. Butterfly, she broke her contract, or, as she says, her contract was broken, because she was not allowed to take the part on the night of the first performance in this country. Mme. Norwood then retired to her tent. "I lost a year because of it, and it has hurt both my professional and personal pride." We are sorry that Mme. Norwood took this question of precedence so seriously, for both she and the public lost thereby.

Before she left this country to study in Europe she was known and applauded as a singer of much more than ordinary vocal ability and dramatic force. Her Aida and her Leonora were excellent impersonations, wholly worthy of the Metropolitan Opera House. It is said that she began her musical career as a cornet player. The instrument itself is a hideous thing, but the practice undoubtedly gave Mme. Norwood the command of breath that distinguished her vocal performance.

Lieut.-Col. Newnam-Davis, praising the cookery and service at the Cafe Anglais, one of the classic restaurants of Paris, says: "The service is absolutely silent; the fat-headed waiter has learned the secret, which was only possessed by the dignitaries of the church, of being fat without being hot." I feel personal satisfaction when the proprietor, M. Burdel, very distinguished in appearance, and with the broad black ribbon of his eyeglasses stretching across his shirt front, walks through the rooms, bowing to a client here, making a suggestion there.

There are fat men in Boston who on the hottest days are arrogantly cool to the observing eye. Their chins are firm and dry, their collars are stiff and formal, while thin men, sweating like an ice pitcher, are loathsome objects. How do they do it? Were they born sweatless, or did they put away the habit, arriving at years of discretion? The collars especially are a source of wonder. They remind one of the enameled steel collar worn by some village swells in the years that followed immediately the civil war. It was cleaved with a tooth brush and at the end of two or three years could be given away as a Christmas present or handed over to a young and envious brother.

"The proprietor walks through the rooms, bowing to a client here, making a suggestion there." Truly a delightful custom, and would that it were observed

today in all restaurants and hotel dining rooms. One of the pleasantest recollections of a middle-aged man when he was a boy visiting Boston is the thought of George Young going from table to table in the hotel to which women were not then admitted. Mr. Young would view the dishes as they were served, and consult the whims of his guests. Nor was the small boy ignored. "And is the steak to the taste of the young gentleman?" We hear that voice; we see that kindly face.

This noon we were at the mercy of an imported waiter who scorned our humble order—a bowl of milk with blueberries and Boston crackers—and wondered why we did not prefer a Stand-up "electric" lunch. Mr. F. E. Chase, a reviser of proverbs and wise saws, once said: "Little inns have great outs," but there were inns of few rooms, no elevators, no telephone service that are remembered gratefully today. They are lost beyond recovery, as the room for which Fitz James O'Brien gambled with the strange intruders.

How hard it is to obtain in a restaurant the kind of crackers that go best with a bowl of milk! The waiter will bring in turn all others. The ideal cracker for this healthful luncheon is the one that used to be sent into the country in barrels. It was known to the oracular loungers in the store. City boys would buy these crackers hot at the bakery and eat them with bits of cheese, preferably stolen.

"Carmen" at the Castle Square

Bizet's Grand Opera Presented with Miss Clara Lane in the Title Role.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Carmen," grand opera in four acts, by Bizet. The cast was as follows:

Carmen.....	Miss Clara Lane
Michael.....	Miss Lois Ewell
Mercedes.....	Miss Louise Le Baron
Francisca.....	Miss Bernice Bartlett
Don Jose.....	George Tallman
Escamillo.....	J. K. Murray
Remendado.....	George Shields
Dancalro.....	Otis B. Thayer
Zuniga.....	W. H. Pringle
Morales.....	W. S. Griffin

The orchestra was under the direction of Charles Zimmerman. The performance was a halting and uneven one, for orchestra and singers were often at serious odds and the chorus was not secure in song or action. Nor was the security, the frequent awkwardness, wholly due to unfamiliarity with the lines. As a whole, the intonation of solo singers and chorus was faulty, and often the latter body set the hearers' teeth on edge. Even the women's chorus fell once or twice into that confusion which is a characteristic peculiar to the men's chorus of this company.

Miss Lane's Carmen was naturally the central figure, and her impersonation was creditable, often more than that. It was not especially convincing, but it at least confirmed this singer's reputation for versatility. Miss Lane is an actress of more than ordinary gifts, and if at times she fell short vocally and did not sing with the apparent ease and abandon that the role demands, she made up for the deficiency by some admirable declamation and "business." Her make-up was good—would it be impertinent to remark that she was unusually happy in her coiffure?

Mr. Murray as the toreador called forth boundless delight on the part of the audience, and his famous solo was well encored. He was not well made up on his first appearance, but his bearing was gallant, and whenever he came upon the scene he brought security with him, and eased the agitated nerves of the hearers.

There was a good deal of spoken dialogue instead of singing. Mr. Thayer was inclined to turn simple action into comedy and comedy into farce, and it must be confessed that he usurped an undue amount of attention, but he was often successfully funny.

Mr. Davies will alternate with Mr. Tallman, and Mr. Pruette with Mr. Murray. The opera next week will be "The Bohemian Girl."

OVER-THE-OCEAN FAME.

Notoriety is regarded by some as honor, and the members of the San Francisco ring, even the jailed Schmitz, may find consolation and pride in the fact that they and their deeds are discussed by a Parisian, not in a perishable journal, but in a book. Mr. Achille Viallate entitles his volume "Les Scandales de San Francisco." Mr. Abe Reuff should be especially delighted, for Mr. Viallate characterizes him as the "Maître Occulte." This will sound even sweeter to his ear than the word "boss."

AN ENGLISH ORCHARD.

Has Mr. Orchard his imitators in lands across the sea? A burglar, Mr. John Henry Reed, went, about a fortnight ago, into the dock at Bristol, went of his own accord, not forced, not in his professional character. He told the magistrate that he, repenting of his sins, wished to lead a sober, righteous and godly life, and therefore he was moved to describe little episodes in a once busy life—episodes that had escaped the attention of the police.

We regret to say that no information is given as to the manner of his telling, whether he showed artistic pride, or used the cool artist preferred by the Greeks for the narration of historical events. The magistrate did not rise to the occasion. By nature a doubting Thomas, he intimated that Mr. John Henry Reed might be trying to pull his judicial leg, and, to encourage his contrite mood, he gave him three months.

A minor Orchard, it is true, yet an Orchard wishing to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

LET us this evening look lazily at the panorama and not pay strict attention to the didactic man with identifying pointer and educational voice. Let us gather wisdom from contemporaneous newspapers and pamphlets and crown ourselves with shell fish before they be withered.

Only a few weeks ago London journals announced the arrival in Liverpool of St. Gaudens' statue of Charles Stewart Parnell, with the accompanying bronze decorative sculptural work. "The completion of the Parnell statue has been long delayed," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "owing to the first model having been destroyed by fire in Mr. St. Gaudens' studio at New York. The second model was sent to Rome for casting." The Pall Mall Gazette reminded its readers that St. Gaudens modelled a portrait in low relief of Stevenson. After the death of Stevenson a little Samoan boy, who had been adopted by Mrs. Stevenson, begged her to give him this bronze bas relief, "the round one of tin," as he called it, instead of the portrait by Sargent which had already been refused him. St. Gaudens, like Rodin, like Loeffler, the poet who expresses himself in music, was not the man to "execute a hurry order." He was not a blocker of hats on a convenient corner.

No one applauds more heartily Bishop Potter in the act of arraigning society for its injustice and the rich for monstrous profusion and extravagance than the man who lives in a city palace and a seashore marble-thatched cottage; who, to quote the negro's version, is "clothed in sackcloth and fine linen and fares sumbustuously every day." The applauders shout "Bravo, Bishop! Keep on with the good work. Give it to 'em!" and they go on collecting their rents from squalid tenements and sums of money gained by oppression and corruption. Bishop Doane of Albany—who used to sign himself, "The Bishop of Albany," without reference to his family name—has often thundered in the pulpit and in the press against "society" and its misdeeds, yet no one ever surpassed him in his manipulation of society for the benefit of his cathedral, and no one ever understood more shrewdly the insane desire of the suddenly rich to enter society and their willingness to contribute to ecclesiastical interests in the pursuit of their ambition.

They think highly of Mrs. James Brown Potter in Cape Town. She played there recently in "La Belle Marseillaise," and the leading dramatic critic let himself go. His article might justly be called an "appreciation."

"Care has not passed this magnificent actress by. She has had her full meed of tears and grief, and yet with the braverie that belongs to her great race, she can eat her tears and rejoice. . . . So long have we been listening to mediocrities that the genius of Mrs. Brown Potter is like a breath of spring. Her wonderful personality pervades everything. She clears up the fog with a decisive motion of her hand. When one sees her

one forgets melodrama and the lurid sentimentality of a fast-dying day. The lithe, swift body conforms to every feature of the play, and the clear, beautiful tones redeem the playwright's inconsequences." Very beautiful! Very precious!

This reminds us of a saying of Dr. Josef Garzourka of Budapest, who, after the sojourn of a week in New York, arrived in Philadelphia on July

31 and at once announced that American women cross their legs too much. The close and trained observer has perhaps seen the picture of the two young women wearing "pajamarites," the picture to which we referred last Monday.

"Imagine," said Dr. Garzourka—and his remark was telegraphed at once to the Chicago Tribune—"Imagine sitting in a car and seeing a comely young woman cross her legs in such a manner that one of the limbs is displayed sometimes to the knee." The sentence is a clumsy one, but we are able to follow the description. "Don't like the picture?" We do, for the distinguished visitor said that the woman was young and comely, and we welcome anything that enlivens a ride in trolley or railway car. "No wonder your women are nervous. Such positions as they assume while sitting is, to my mind, sufficient cause to undermine their nerves and health." But why should the practice make the women nervous? They are certainly sure of themselves.

Dr. Alice M. Seabrook of Philadelphia admits the charge. "We all cross our legs. It is comfortable." No one need sing the old familiar melody, "Alice, where art thou?" She defines her position and takes it.

Then there is Dr. W. M. L. Coplin of the Jefferson Hospital. "He seemed to think if the American women wish to cross their legs, why, let them go ahead and cross them."

Said Dr. Coplin: "The women of a past generation looked down upon such a custom." So do the men of this generation.

"The American woman is an independent creature, and the habit of crossing her legs in public is right in line with the advancement of independent thinking." It is not necessary for her to think when she indulges herself in this habit. The action should be unconscious, spontaneous; then it is the more irresistible. It is one of the most delightful features of summer veranda life. If Dr. Garzourka is seriously disturbed by the sight, let him go back to Budapest where the women are notoriously straight-laced, and let him drink with them potatoes pottle-deep to the memory of the great Hunyadi.

We spoke about the theory of Dr. Garzourka to Mrs. Herkimer Johnson, the peerless Eustacia, who is still the fairest of women, though she has been sorely tried by the eccentricities of her husband. We were seated on a veranda that overlooks Marblehead harbor. She and her younger sister were seated at the time in the position rebuked by the Hungarian. They did not think it worth while to discuss the question, but Eustacia said: "I know a woman who can cross her legs twice," and, as we thought, she said this with a certain pride.

The Rev. Sam Small says that the Methodists are for Fairbanks as President, "cocktail or no cocktail." That is to say, they are prepared to swallow Mr. Fairbanks together with the cocktail.

The French are still the masters of courteous expression. Here is the introductory paragraph of a circular issued by a Parisian firm: "Ladies who begin to coquet with Time at the expense of their complexion and their freshness of color can hardly be blamed for taking lessons from experts in the art of beautification. Some succeed in arriving at a form of illusion which satisfies themselves but deceives no one else."

Men and Things

THE news that the excise board has taken away the 12 o'clock license from the Revere House reminds us that when Mr. Alfred Bunn stopped at this inn over 60 years ago the average

weekly consumption of water in the hotel was estimated at 65,000 gallons, while only four gallons of salad oil were used every week. The guests no doubt would have eaten their lettuce with vinegar and sugar, a practice that is now considered vulgar, though this dressing was known and esteemed years ago in England; but Bunn visited Boston in winter, hence perhaps the small amount of "salad oil."

Bunn is known to us now chiefly as the inspired poet of "The Bohemian Girl," the inventor of "hollow hearts" that wear a mask, and of the superb line, "When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might." There was a time when as poet and theatre manager he was a target for the arrows of Punch's contributors. He wrote at least two books, "The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain," and "Old England and New England." An American edition of the latter was published at Philadelphia in 1853. Not the least entertaining chapters are those that describe Boston and its suburbs.

He was surprised at the beauty of the environs; the supper at "Taft's Hotel," West Roxbury, when 19 kinds of game were served, from wild turkey from Illinois to sprig-tail duck from Georgia, from wild goose to venison with grape and currant jelly; at the sleighing jollity, at the ice cutting on Fresh pond; at the Mercantile Library Association.

Going to Chelsea to lecture, a sober-sided man, escorting him, assured him that they "never laughed down at Chelsea." Bunn lectured in a church, and cracked a joke. A suppressed laugh encouraged him to make another joke; there was a titter, and at last there was a downright roar. Returning to Boston, he said to his companion: "Why, friend, we understood you to say they never laughed down at Chelsea." The answer was as follows: "Well, can't understand it, nohow; but won't our pastor give 'em all fits, next Sunday."

Bunn wondered most of all at the Revere House, and he devoted five pages to a description of it. "There is an appendage to this office of a remarkable character called an 'Anunciator,' invented, we believe, by Jackson of New York city, whereby all the bell-pulls of the house are brought within one focus." There were there 60 waiters. "The darkies are the best waiters, but the biggest thieves; the Irish the worst and the most insolent."

There are many curious pages in this book, which is now forgotten, and not the least singular is that which tells of the Press Club of New York, "which we found composed of gentlemen of high education, great acquirements and polished manners. We were received by 'hands with hearts in them,' and have seldom sat down to a more recherche entertainment—it was a reunion of proprietor, editor and general writer, between whom matters of learning and research, wit and repartee, were exchanged—imparting alike information and amusement. Institutions of a similar character would confer honor upon any intellectual country in the world."

Mr. Ysaye, the eminent fiddler, appeared last month in an Antwerp court with his brother Theodore to answer the charge of having assaulted a guard in a train. The latter went into a carriage to look at their tickets, and, as it is said, they thereupon spoke to him in an "excessively energetic" way and also boxed his ears, boxed them so hard that he is now deaf, so deaf that he cannot hear Mr. Ysaye's soulful strains. The fiddler and the composer denied the more serious charge, but admitted that they called him a bore and a fool, terms that the guard did not consider as coming to him inevitably in his day's work.

Ah, those fiddlers! Perhaps Mr. Jones, the negro preacher heard by Artemus Ward in Cleveland, was right when he said: "Whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness, and wickedness is sin! That's me—that's Jones."

"Sam Fessenden quits." Was it not Sam Fessenden who once exclaimed passionately, "God hates a quitter"?

Many women, especially those visiting New York, will sympathize with Mrs. Blatch in her indignation because she and another woman were refused service at the table of a hotel roof garden in that city. There was no man with the two ladies, and, therefore, they were not welcome guests. It is a fact that a woman travelling even with baggage is often refused lodging at certain hotels in New York. Our friend and counsellor, Mr. Johnson, explains the matter as follows:

"A woman alone, or with another woman, does not order as lavishly as a man. She will spend \$1 at table when a man will spend \$10 or \$20. If I were an innkeeper or proprietor of a restaurant, I should always prefer male guests." The discrimination in the case of rooms is unjust, but the rule forbidding service to unaccompanied women asking for supper in a roof garden is, on the whole, a wise one. The charming frivolity of the weaker members of the sex works apparent injustice to their strong-minded and sedate sisters. It is better for any woman to have an escort at night, even though he be a lobster.

We remember the National restaurant in Berlin—perhaps it exists today. It was a favorite resort 20 years ago of demi-mondaines. No one of them, however, was allowed to enter the restaurant alone. There were male natives who made it their business to accompany these women until they were invited by some admirer to take supper. The admirer paid for the drinks of the escort, who, known familiarly as Louis, then gracefully withdrew.

The Dickens antiquarian is untiring. We all remember the jurymen in the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, an apothecary, who left nobody in the shop but an errand boy—"a very nice boy, my lord, but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is that Epsom salts means oxalic acid and syrup of senna laudanum." It now appears that in 1828 an apothecary's apprentice was indicted for the manslaughter of an infant by delivering carelessly laudanum for paregoric. The apprentice was convicted and fined £5. The case was famous for a time as illustrating the law of manslaughter and it was reported in Lewin's "Crown Cases." Dickens at the time was a solicitor's clerk in Gray's Inn, and it is argued that he knew the case and used it later in "Pickwick." But there are some of us who believe that Dickens' inventive faculty might have created the jurymen and his boy without the aid of a historical document.

Aug 2, 1907

Men and Things

SO Mr. Max Zach of this city will be the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Society next season. The managers of this orchestra had several musicians in view for the position, and they wrote letters to various citizens asking for personal and intimate information concerning the candidates. One of these candidates, Mr. Hugo Olk, will be Mr. Zach's concertmaster.

The St. Louis Republic, in a sketch of Mr. Zach, said: "The new conductor's experience with the Boston organization as second conductor developed him as a distinctive musician." Mr. Zach was never "second conductor" of the Boston Symphony orchestra. There is no such office in the scheme of the organization. When the conductor is sick the orchestra is led by the concert master, and Mr. Zach was never the concert master.

His position in the Boston Symphony orchestra last season was singular in this respect: although he sat in the seat of the first viola player, the viola solos were played by Mr. Ferri.

Mr. Zach is a sound, well-trained musician. He has many friends in Boston who will miss him as a concert and household friend. There will be several changes in the personnel of the Boston Symphony orchestra next season, and Mr. Zach's face is only one of several long familiar faces that will not be seen on the platform. May he win honor in St. Louis!

It appears that this matter of women crossing their legs in public will not down. The Chicago Tribune, fired by the opinion of Dr. Josef Garzourka, has consulted specialists, but it first gave vent to this patriotic burst: "Of course the Chicago girl with the trim ankle and dainty foot, reclining in the rear of the elevated train, doesn't cross her legs merely to display her pretty stockings and slippers." Here is civic devotion for you. The sneers directed for years at the feet of Chicago women are silenced forever. But do the women of Chicago wear slippers when they go shopping and visiting, or to the meeting of an ethical club?

Dr. Elmore S. Pettyjohn thinks that Dr. Garzourka may have noticed "some women in the street cars crossing their legs in a nervous way, and perhaps he

Aug 10 1907

Men and Things

MR. JOHN W. WHEELWRIGHT was a bold man to revive Jonas and Rollo for the possible amusement of readers of Life. Jonas as he now appears is not a bit like our old friend; he is foolish and dull. The original Jonas was the hero of the great New England saga. He had the cunning of the fox and the wisdom of the elephant. He could create a universe with a jackknife and a piece of string. But this Jonas in Life is merely a paper speaking trumpet set to Mr. Wheelwright's lips. Nor is Rollo any better, but here the author deliberately handicapped himself, for Mr. Roosevelt, however you may view him, whether you regard him as a superman or a Smart Aleck, is not a Rollo. The adventures of Rollo, Jonas and Mr. George in Cambridge were truly amusing, but Mr. Wheelwright then had the invaluable assistance of Mr. Stimson, or shall we say that Mr. Wheelwright then heaped in a measure Mr. Stimson in his satiric work?

This is the season for amateur cooks in camps to find out whether the spiced scents of some woods transmitted in the cooking add to the enjoyment of eating meats and fish. Should different kinds of fuel be used for the roasting of different kinds of meat? The old Romans believed in such spicery, and we have read that the Japanese are curious as to their choice of woods for cookery, but what has not been written recently about the Japanese? Frederic Delair, the proprietor of the Tour d'Argent restaurant—who looks like the pictures of Ibsen—has theories concerning the value of various fuels, though he would not go so far as to insist on chestnut coal for a chestnut puree.

As Herald readers know, Mr. Delair made himself famous, as far as Americans are concerned, by his duck press, his silver turn screw. Who was the first to discover the method of squeezing the duck for epicures, professional and spurious? Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis, the only one we know who now writes delightfully about cooks and cookery says the real discoverers were "the poor peasants of the Midi, who smashed with stones the carcasses of their tough and skinny ducks to extract all the essences. One of the great maitres d'hotel whom Paillard's has sent forth—whether it was Frederic or Joseph or Charles or another matters little—remembered this custom of his 'pays,' and the silver turn screw was the result. Joseph, whose carving and squeezing of the duck was quite a sacrificial ceremony, generally used two ducks, one well cooked for the meat and the other part cooked for the juices."

A few years ago the Sun (New York), published entertaining articles on cookery. They were written with a gusto that Hazlitt himself would have praised, though it is not at all unlikely that the author was suffering from indigestion and debarred the pleasures of the table. Possibly Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis eats only a basin of gruel when he meditates one of his rhapsodies, yet we like to think of him having a turtle soup and burgundy complexion. Some time ago the Saturday Review of the New York Times said that Mr. Masfield, a writer of individual prose and verse, in the course of his wandering was a barkeeper in New York; that when he was asked how he was able to form "a good style of writing," he took a volume of a "classic author" out of his pocket and said he had never been without the companionship of some such book. The reviewer added: "The imaginary picture of a New York bartender alternating 'twixt the mixing of cocktails and the reading of—let us say 'Paradise Lost,' is a curious one." This is a parochial view. The reviewer is evidently a man or woman of the closet. Barkeepers are not a distinct and separate race. They are men of like passions, as the apostle puts it. Why should not a barkeeper relieve his mind from the strain of nice computations and blendings by reading an ode or an essay? H. H. Richardson, the architect, devoured detective stories. Does any one think that Gov. Guild reads only treatises on the art of war, or that Senator Lodge's one book is a history of the Gloucester fisheries? Go to! Besides, Milton mentions the julep.

Does any one in the North drink sherry cobbler? Possibly those who step confidently to a bar and ask for "a glass of sherry wine," not knowing that they thus return to the brave English of three centuries ago. Why should a man order a gin fizz when a gin riley is within his reach? The first is sweet and cloying, and it is apt to be warm. The latter is a joy that unfortunately was not known to Schopenhauer. A distinguished German critic once said that he would not drink wine with a man that liked Hummel's music, although he might be otherwise a most estimable citizen. Something in our heart warns us against the man that prefers a gin fizz to a gin riley.

They do well to celebrate the centennial of Cooper at Cooperstown. Thackeray's burlesque of a Leatherstocking tale only proved the Englishman's admiration, for a great parody is the greatest compliment. Bret Harte's burlesque is also admirable. There are dealers in literary judgments—men who sell their opinions as a shopkeeper neatly puts sugar in a paper bag and ties the bag properly—who pooh-pooh Cooper and deplore the clumsiness of his style, but the Leatherstocking stories, "The Spy," and some of the sea tales are a sufficient monument for any man. What in the world did the Rev. Walton W. Battershall of Albany, "the poet of the occasion," mean by characterizing Deerslayer as "the moccasined Parsifal"? A newspaper, quoting this poem, added: "The climax of the literary department of the celebration will be reached tomorrow." Not so; it was reached in Dr. Battershall's comparison.

Lord, how the world slides, and yet some refuse to slide with it! Perhaps some of The Herald readers once joined in the chorus of "Tommy, make room for your uncle," a low, but amusing song, and one that is still true to nature, although it is as out of date in music hall chronology as "Sam Hall." The Daily Telegraph of London announced a few days ago that a benefit was to be given to Mr. W. B. Fair, the "creator" of "Tommy." He first sang it 32 years ago in the pantomime of "Cinderella" at the Covent Garden Theatre when he appeared as one of the ugly sisters. Emily Waters (Mrs. E. S. Willard) was the beautiful Fairy Queen. Mr. Fair has lost in the course of his life about £30,000 in theatres, music halls and hotels. A man of experience! Let us hope that the benefit will not swell the sum of his losses, but a benefit is too often an injury.

Aug 11 1907



Gardner Lamson as Mephistopheles.

Mr. Lamson, formerly of Boston, is now the basso cantante of the Coblenz Stadt Theatre. During the season of 1906-07 he appeared in 47 performances and in 17 different operas.

TIPPING MUSICIANS A GROWING

English Judge Decides That Musicians Are Servants Who Are Paid Wages.

PASSIONATE DOINGS REPORTED IN THE WEST

The Dreadful Tarogato May Cause an Appeal to Be Made to Mr. Moran.

BY PHILIP HALE.

A sociologist returning from Paris told a reporter of the New York Sun that in fashionable restaurants over there he saw large tips sent ostentatiously to the head musician—"he had probably played something by special request." It is customary to tip musicians in Paris at restaurants and at concert cafes. "I have seen a woman ask for her escort's pocketbook, calmly take out a £100 bill and smilingly send it to the chef d'orchestre"—I suppose the sociologist refers to the conductor—"just because he had fixed his eyes on her while playing the last number. A famous lawsuit recently between a musician and a restaurant proprietor developed the amazing fact that the musician made more in tips alone than the profits of the business amounted to for the other. And now the custom has come over here! It's done only in the high priced French restaurants at present, but I suppose it is only a question of time when it will be exacted of us in even the cheapest eating house in town that offers poor music with still poorer food."

If musicians, and among them all operatic singers are reckoned by courtesy, are classed as servants, why should they not be tipped? Last month, in London, there was an action relating to the winding up of the Winter German Opera. (It may be remembered that several of the singers were lost in the Berlin last February.) The counsel for the official receiver submitted that the contract entered into constituted such an agreement for personal services as made the singer a servant within the meaning of the act. His lordship asked: "Whether you engage a person to sing a song or scrub a floor in either case it is personal service?" Counsel answered: "That is my submission. There was no distinction in this case between the star singer and the chorus singer, except that nobody could claim more than £50." Counsel for other creditors submitted that such singers as Mr. Caruso could not be called servants. "If they did, then all persons who rendered 'personal services,' such as eminent singers, professors at universities, etc., were 'clerks or servants' within the act."

It was impossible to say that the fees received by eminent singers were 'wages.' This spurred his lordship to ask: "What does 'wages' mean? Perhaps you do not know that the salary of a judge is called 'wages.' Is 'wages' anything more than the reward given for personal services?" When the counsel answered he thought that, according to the common use of the word, a judge was not paid by "wages," his lordship replied: "Has it anything to do with modern susceptibilities, the word having become associated with menial service, so that the clerk likes to call it a salary because he thinks it more dignified?" There was further discussion and at last his lordship gave judgment. "The artists who were parties to such a contract were paid wages—that being the expression used in respect of remuneration for services rendered by one to another. It was the proper word to express money paid for personal services. Being rather fond of old English words and plain English words, he preferred the word 'wages' to 'salary' in that connection. He thought the artists properly came within the term, 'clerk or servant.'" And a good judge, too.

In the golden remote wild West they may not tip a conductor for putting on the programme a favorite piece, but they know how to express disapprobation of a singer or player. A Des Moines newspaper informs us of the critical behavior of Mr. Job Weis, who attended the open-air services of the Volunteers of America. He did not approve the singing of Mrs. Dow, the wife of the local captain. "He made several ugly faces at her, using his hands to make them more forcible." The inference is plain. Mr. Weis no doubt applied his thumb to his nose and wigged the fingers of the same hand, a gesture of contempt and derision known probably to the cave-dwellers, one that has excited the attention of folk-lorists in all lands. Whatever Mr. Dow might as a mu-

Strian have thought of his wife's voice and artistry, as a husband he was galled. He walked up to Mr. Weis and asked him what he meant. Mr. Weis wasted no time in argument. He did not unfold his own theory of tone production; he did not suggest a more esthetical interpretation. "For answer the captain received a stiff jolt in the neck."

The police were called. "As the patrol wagon drove away with the prisoner the singers struck up 'That's what makes me glad.'"

Why should there not be tipping at serious concerts, even at symphony concerts? It would be a pleasant sight to see a wealthy citizen with decided musical tastes and aversions passing up a bill of large value to a virtuoso, giving it to him on condition that he would stop his performance of a concerto then and there; offering a conductor a check to substitute an overture for the one on the programme; persuading a singer to leave out a cadenza that would betray her age.

Mr. Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, made a palpable hit at the Greek Theatre in California. Mr. Colgate Baker described the memorable scene for the benefit of the readers of the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Sentiment flows from the strings of his Stradivarius whenever he draws his bow across them. He calls to life again the dreams that Mozart dreamed almost a century ago in Vienna's gardens when he plays the adagio movement in the great master's fifth concerto, and expresses poetry so delicate that it defies expression by such a crude instrument as a pen, even when it is wielded by the hand of a genius. . . . The exquisite singing tones he drew from the strings, the sobbing of the long quavering minors and the beautifully phrased climaxes won him a well-deserved ovation." The "appreciation" would not have been complete without the introduction of the word "ovation." Not even "the sobbing of the long quavering minors" would have atoned for the omission.

The Cleveland Leader informs us that Mr. Max Factkenheuer "has been authorized to make certain changes in the opera 'Mikado,' so that the music will no longer give offense to the Japanese. He will change the music in several places and submit the new music to Gilbert and Sullivan, the authors of the opera." Sullivan may not be able to answer promptly.

There should not be too much enthusiasm in performance or in listening. Prof. W. H. Mershon of the Mershon School of Music of Warsaw, Ind., "known throughout Indiana as the drummer boy of Shiloh," broke on Aug. 3, "a nerve in his tongue" by his passionate interpretation of a cornet solo. In Wilmington, Del., a youth "enthusiastically beating time" to the music of an orchestra seated on a raised platform at a picnic of St. Joseph's Church, knocked one of the supports from beneath the platform, which fell with the musicians. Several of these

players were severely bruised. But did the youth lose the beat?

The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald says that Mr. John Coates' Lohengrin has "an undesirable preponderance of the lyrical qualities." What does he want Mr. Coates to do? To shriek and bawl and howl after the manner of so many esteemed German singers charged with the "true Wagnerian spirit?"

Among the singers announced for the London promenade concerts are Miss Parkina, Miss Susan Strong, Mr. Witherspoon, Americans. A piano concerto by Frederick Delius will be played for the first time in England by Theodor Szanto.

The New York Evening Sun says that Miss Ada Sassoli is this year "newly titled the Kubelik of the harp." And is Kubelik the Sassoli of the violin? By the way, how old is Miss Sassoli? Is she not old enough yet for real concert dresses?

Mr. Niklas Schilzonyi leads a Hungarian band in the far West and one of the members plays deftly on the tarogato. The Oregonian of Portland gives a thrilling account of this instrument, which "has caused more suffering and ecstasy at the same time than any other contrivance that appeals to the human ear." The Huns knew it and Attila himself ordered it to be destroyed. For over 1000 years it was not heard in Europe, but an archaeologist finally dug one up and it was shown at Budapest in 1897. From the description the tarogato would seem to be a more terrible instrument than even the concertina. The Oregonian publishes a portrait of the Hungarian who purposed to play it at Portland. He has a fierce, merciless face. If he comes to Boston, we shall have to warn Mr. Moran and remind him of his sworn duty.

Mme. Emma Eames describes her future performance of Iris in Mascagni's opera as "the most interesting thing I have ever done." She says "it is very subtle, extremely poetic, beautiful and very Japanese." The music is and is not like Japanese music, for while it retains much of the quaintness, it is harmonious. Yes, Emma, we have heard "Iris" in Boston. Mme. Eames added that she will forego all concerts next season. "The strain is too much for me."

Articles describing the woes of young American singers in Italy continue to appear. In connection with the statements made therein the following story

told by Mr. Wiengartner of a Liszt pupil may be pardoned by young women who are longing to be opera singers. "A pretty girl once played in class a ballade by Chopin in a very amateurish way. Liszt walked up and down the room excitedly murmuring, 'Heiliger Bimbam! Heiliger Bimbam!' We were all eagerly expecting the final verdict. When he had finished he went up to her in a most friendly manner, laid his hand on her head, as if in benediction, and said gently, 'My dear child, marry soon. Good bye.'"

ADVICE TO THE FRUGAL.

"Perhaps there never was a time when the depressing effects of stagnation in business were so universally felt all the world over as they are now." "The prevailing evil of the present day is extravagance. It is too plain that our present expensive habits are productive of much domestic unhappiness and are injurious to public prosperity."

You would not be surprised to find these statements in the speech of any alarmist now busy, but they are in "The Frugal Housewife," dedicated to "those who are not ashamed of economy." There must have been many of them, for the tenth edition was published at London in 1833. Then, as now, the reader was informed how to tell the age of a fowl by the look of the bird, and "to revive the faded color of bombazine."

This book was a golden one to boarding house keepers. "The first young leaves of the common currant bush, gathered as soon as put out and dried on tin, can hardly be distinguished from green tea." "As substitutes for coffee, some use dry brown crusts and roast them, others soak rye grain in rum and roast it, others roast peas in the same way as coffee."

There was no distressing talk then about microbes lurking in hair brushes and on doorknobs. Tetanus itself was not greatly feared. (To be sure, there were no toy pistols for holiday use.) "A rind of pork bound upon a wound occasioned by a needle, pin or nail prevents the lockjaw." Simple, happy days!

Fire, however, was dreaded. "Always have your tinderbox and lantern ready for use in case of sudden alarm. Have important papers all together, where you can lay your hand on them at once, in case of fire." There was a new fire escape, a marvellous contrivance. It looked like a wardrobe. This extraordinary machine rang a burglar alarm, lit a candle and displayed a tablet "showing the name of the apartment where either of those disagreeable agents are carrying on their work of destruction." How those aroused by fire got to the ground by this escape is not told. It apparently was not always in working order, probably on account of the intricacy of the machinery, for we read on another page: "When a fire happens, put it out in its earliest stage. Muster the whole family, see that none are missing—try to be as collected as possible."

The final chapter of this manual for those who were not ashamed to be economical is entitled: "How to endure poverty," which is an ironical dismissal of the reader.

PEOPLE VS. PERSONS.

A contemporary rebukes the Washington Herald for using the word "people" instead of "persons," and adds: Purists will insist that "among the 'millions who wake up every morning' there are also a few who are unable to 'write' the English language." Our contemporary evidently believes in the English language as it should be, rather than in the language as it is.

We know that some are fussy over the use of "people" as a synonym of "persons." The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, as an editor, would not allow the common expression, and he often in conversation ex-

pressed his dislike of the term. Nevertheless, there is sound authority for the use. Chaucer spoke of a "palace full of people," and Gower used the word. Coverdale translated as follows: "There came together unto Jerusalem a great people." We find the plural: "other wicked peoples." For many years "people" stood for men or women indefinitely. Steele did not hesitate to write: "There are some people"; "People may give themselves airs."

If the word is used emphatically for human beings, it is also used unemphatically, and it has become quasi-pronominal. Here are instances from writers of some reputation: Shakespeare, "People sin upon purpose"; J. H. Newman, "People cannot understand a man being in a state of doubt"; J. Morley, "Excess, on the other side, leads people into emotional transports." Neither Swift nor Prior shared Mr. Aldrich's aversion.

"Person," as we all know, is not in England of today a term to be used indifferently with safety. Gilbert alludes to the reproach in "The Mikado": "They are not young ladies, they are young persons"; and in a novel by Mrs. Bennett we find: "The small person blushed because she was of the small persons who are given to superfluous blushing." A "person" in England, suspicious or objectionable, may be male or female. In the eyes of the snob the world is inhabited largely by persons.

JERICO'S WALLS.

The story of the fall of Jericho is possibly familiar to some young persons, whereas it was a twice told tale to New Englanders when the Bible colored daily speech and pointed all

discussion. The priests blew seven trumpets of rams' horns; the city was compassed for six days and on the seventh there were seven compassings, and at the last blast the people shouted with a great shout and the walls fell down flat. But how thick was this wall? To carry out the symbolism it should have been seven feet in thickness. Commentators have conjectured idly, and there is no satisfying information in Mr. Sutor's play, "The Walls of Jericho."

At last we know, that is if we are sure that Prof. Sellin is digging in the right hole with his 100 men. He writes to the Vienna Academy of Science that he has found the historical city wall, built of burnt lime bricks, some ten feet in thickness, rising from a stone foundation; but on the western side of the city the wall is nearly forty feet in width. There are still difficulties in computing the dynamic force of the blasts of horns and shout of people, for there is a difference between ten and forty, and we do not know the precise pressure exerted by the horns.

BELATED WORDS.

Another section of the huge Oxford English Dictionary is published. It includes words from "Misbode" to "Monopoly," and there are 2405 main words in all, too many for daily and familiar use, even for writers on space. This section might easily be the source, the well-spring of much "copy."

Today let us speak only of an omission, to show the slowness with which purely colloquial American expressions make their way into dictionary English. Dr. Murray, the editor of this dictionary, has been hospitable to "footpads and loafers of speech," and he evidently knows that slang is language in the making.

Turn to "mix" and words derived from it. The term "mix-up" and the verb "to mix-up," as used by pugilists,

are included, and it is interesting to note that "to mix up" with another meaning was used in England as far back as 1823. In J. Bee's "Dictionary of the Turf," among other definitions of the verb, is this: "To agree secretly how the parties shall make up a tale or color a transaction in order to cheat or deceive another party, as in case of a justice-hearing, of a lawsuit, or a 'cross' in a boxing-match for money." But "to mix-up" as we now understand it was introduced in England about 1898, and so was the noun.

That useful modern word "mixer," however, has not yet been approved, or it is possibly unknown in England. There is the mixer workman who performs the operation of mixing. In a match factory he and the dipper are particularly liable to suffer from phossy jaw; there are the mixers of poison, rum in all its fascinating tributaries, cotton, and other things; and there is the mixer, the machine or mechanical contrivance for mixing. But "mixer," the popular clergyman, politician, physician, lawyer, the "good mixer," the "bad mixer," does not appear. This is to be regretted if only for the absence of illustrative quotations, which would show posterity the genial or cold nature of public characters then dead and buried. It is a historical fact that Charles Francis Adams, minister to England, was not a good mixer, neither was Nathaniel Hawthorne. What will be the final judgment on Vice-President Fairbanks in this respect? Will the record of his Home Week adventures weigh in the balance against prevailing and widespread popular opinion?

WITH LEPEERS.

Col. French of the Salvation Army of the Pacific coast is making arrangements, it is said, for opening a leper mission, and his wife has offered to go to the leper island of Molokai and consecrate her life to the care of the unfortunates. Her wish is noble, and her proposed consecration is heroic.

But there are other lepers than those afflicted with the ulcerous eruptions and scaling off of dead skin. These lepers are not kept by the law on some remote farm or on some lonely isle, as more dangerous than wild beasts to the community. On the contrary, they are active in business or celebrated for the elegance of their leisure; they are welcomed in clubs and parlors; but to their wives they are worse than lepers, for they have corrupt souls.

Yet, knowing the foulness of these minds and the uncleanness of behavior, the wives live with them and make no outward complaint; they live with apparent devotion, as though they were honored by the association. Sometimes this bravery is for the sake of the children. Sometimes it comes from a pathetic hope that the leper may be made clean by their self-consecration.

Men and Things

THERE is a woman who makes a living in what will seem to many an extraordinary way. She informs her patients, clients, victims if you like, as to the suitability of their names to success in business, society, profession, love. Her theory is this: the first letter of a Christian name should fit approximately the date of the birth. Thus if a man born anywhere from the first to the fifth of a month be named Albert or Alonzo, he will in all probability be successful in whatever he undertakes, but if his birthday is toward the end of the month and his imprudent parents named him with a capital A, he will be as unfortunate as Romeo or Murad, the Unlucky. In like manner, if Zenas or Zephaniah be born on the first of the month, his name might as well be Denis. These rules apply also to

omen. Let not the girl born on the
st be named Thomasin. Let not the
ri of the 31st be baptized Amanda,
larissa or even Helen, in case the lat-
r be born in Troy, whence the collars
d cuffs come.

This woman, having pointed out the
use of unluck that otherwise seems in-
aplicable, suggests names that will
ing luck. When a name that she pro-
ses does not suit the fancy or the
chitecture or the mental disposition of
e patient, she invents one that is
aranteed to serve, as any rabbit's foot
pocket piece.

For, according to her belief, there are
mes which, given without reference to
te of birth, bring luck or misfortune.
Eugene had been named George, he
ght have attained high office; if Peter
d been named Hugh, he would have
an stronger physically and mentally.
t this is a very old belief. The reader
find a long discussion of the super-
tion in the ingenious Mr. Bayle's "Dis-
se Thoughts Written to a Doctor of
Sorbonne on the Occasion of the
met which appeared in the Month of
ember, 1680," written in French and
lished in four volumes, at Amster-
n (1749). See vol. 1, page 50-55. (The
ges are indexed erroneously "211 et
") Bayle argues, first, that there
o fatality in certain names, although
Emperor Severus consoled himself
the naughtiness of his wife by re-
mbering that she was named Julia,
nsidering all women of antiquity who
his name were subject to the most
odest irregularities," and others re-
aded that if Louis XIII. had been bap-
tized Henry he would have been killed
the siege of some rebellious city.
le then examines into the supersti-
of the pagans in regard to names—
s at Rome when soldiers were re-
ted, they took care that the first one
be enlisted should have a name of
omen. He finally argues concern-
preferences that should be given,
tells of French ambassadors, who,
g to the court of Alphonse IX. in
ch of a wife for their master, chose
che, the less beautiful, because Ur-
a, the name of her sister, shocked
n. And Bayle sagely concludes that
ere are virtuous Helens and Lucre-
there are also Helens and Lucre-
whose lives have been recklessly
us.

e reader should consult the treatise
ensorinus, "Liber de Die Natali,"
the delightfully whimsical pages on
es in Southey's "Doctor." It may
be noted that the Indians of this
try exchanged names with invading
iards, "an Indian league of frater-
and perpetual friendship."

e Daily Mail (London) states that so
ago as 1900 a vaccine was discovered
h renders dogs immune from dis-
er. "This vaccine has since been
essfully used in Germany, Denmark,
to some extent, at home, and more
doubtless, be heard of it." Is any-
g known here about the practical
ing of that vaccine?

pathetic story comes from Denver.
Sherman Goodman sued a lodging
e keeper for \$25 damages, "the
unt he thought due him for three
s' sleep which he, his wife and three
ren, had in two of the lodging house
er's beds." How many combinations
ive could have made in two beds is
interesting problem for any bright-
boy who is now studying arithmetic
nd is acquainted with the rules of
utation.

en Mr. Goodman entered the house,
pouted his fate, for he exclaimed: "If
is a bedbug in the house, it will get
He was not only reckless, he was
stic. He had no thought of his wife
little ones. Is his flesh sweeter than
of his spouse or any one of his in-
brood? Perhaps he had been reading
wedenborg's "Spiritual Diary" about
correspondence of a bedbug to a cer-
spiritual fact, and he had an uneasy
cience.

s. Newell, the lodging house keeper,
vered as any decent housekeeper
d answer, that there was not a bug
house, and that if he found any
would refund the \$3.75 which he
dly advanced. The Goodmans then
to bed. To bed—but not to sleep!
heard the children moaning, they
d one crying; they thought of disor-
l little "tummies," of even a less ro-
ic ailment to which little ones are
ct; they did not think of bedbugs,
ad they not the assurance of Mrs.
ell?
ien, lo, the father felt something
ing on his face! He caught hold of
hing, arose, turned on the light, ex-

amined the beds, and as he told his sym-
pathetic attorney, saw thousands and
thousands. This estimate was no doubt
exaggerated. Sleeplessness and fear give
multiplying vision to the victim. There
are fine examples of exaggeration in
"Thomson's City of Dreadful Night"
and in the still more tragic poem, "In-
somnia."

Mrs. Goodman asked Mrs. Newell to
look at the beds. The dignity of the
landlady prevented her. Did she not
know that her beds were bugless? Had
she not pledged her word? The Good-
mans, like the heathen, imagined a vain
thing, or perhaps they had brought
them with them. For there are persons
who never travel unaccompanied. Nor
would Mrs. Newell give back the \$3.75.
Nor would she tell Mr. Goodman her
first name when he brought suit
against her. A disobliging woman, in
spite of all her dignity.

Americans, not knowing that to the
English all bugs are bedbugs, often
make breaks in conversation, and are
therefore voted ill-bred, low persons.
They should remember that "Norfolk
Howard" is an accepted euphemism for
this common domestic pet. It is said
that the odor of bedbugs is not so of-
fensive to hardened gin-drinkers, which
is perhaps a compensation for the hob-
liver. Mr. Phil Robinson has compiled
entertaining books on poets who have
treated of beasts, birds and nature, but
no Shelley has as yet sung lyrically of
the flight of the bedbug. We say
"flight," for we remember the refrain
of the homely verses:

The bedbug has no wings at all,
But it gets there just the same.
We also remember Emma Earnes
singing this song 20 years ago in a
pension at Neuilly, when there was
need of cheerfulness, and also of clean-
liness in the bed chambers of the house.

Men and Things

C. L. writes to The Herald as fol-
lows: "I read in a newspaper ac-
count of the automobile race
from Pekin to Paris this sentence: 'Ne-
gotiating the vast plateau of Mongolia.'
they met countless Mongols who
were dispatch bearers for the Russian
government.' Is not the verb 'to nego-
tiate' singularly misused here?"

"To negotiate," meaning to clear a
hedge or fence; to succeed in crossing,
getting over, round or through an ob-
stacle, etc., by skill or dexterity, is
found in Dr. Murray's great Oxford dic-
tionary. This meaning was probably
first heard in the English hunting field.
Whyte Melville wrote, in 1862: "The first
fence I negotiated most successfully."
The word with this meaning is now com-
mon in English colloquial speech, and it
is heard frequently in the United States.

To our mind, the absurd use of the
word "premier" is much more objection-
able. "It was her premier dance"; "It
was his premier appearance." What is
the matter with "first"?

Maj. Haverstick, inspector of public
buildings, has started in to clean the
corridors of the Philadelphia postoffice
of its public cuspidors. This is good
news. Let us hope that he will replace
the cuspidors with spittoons. For cus-
pidor, whether it be brass or nickel-
plated, is a foreign word, and it is an
adaptation of the Portuguese "cuspidor,"
a spitter. Let us have a return to demo-
cratic simplicity, the sawdust box, the
spittoon of liberal dimensions, especially
in buildings of the government, for
many of our statesmen and rulers scat-
ter in spray as in speech.

Why should women wish more power
than is theirs by nature? Are not strong
men their speaking tubes? An artist in
Athens wrote to a friend in Boston that
after mature consideration he had de-
cided that the Parthenon was not what
it was cracked up to be. The friend in
Boston commented on this bit of destruc-
tive criticism. Said a fellow-artist:
"That only means that X's wife found
fleas in her bed at the Athenian hotel."

The biographers of the late David
Christie Murray neglected to tell two
anecdotes about him. For 12 months he
served in the Royal Irish Dragoons, but
most of the time was spent in jail. Forty
years later Mr. Murray recalled this ex-
perience at a supper given in compliment
to him and then publicly forgave the
superior officer, who happened to be at
the table.

The other story is one of Murray's
early newspaper days. He began as a
reporter, and his duties included writ-
ing editorials, theatrical criticism, and
a series of articles on Carlyle. He
drew attention, however, to his work
by a three-column shocker on an exe-
cution. The proofs of the article were

carefully kept from the editor, George
Dawson, who nearly had a fit the next
morning on seeing so much space de-
voted to the grim subject. But Daw-
son read every line, and he forgave
Murray when a letter came from
George Augustus Sala asking the name
of the man who wrote the brilliant
description.

It is said that the late Michael C.
McDonald was the author of the fa-
mous saying, "A sucker is born every
minute." Is this true? It is not safe
to attribute any saying to any man.
Not long ago the Pall Mall Gazette
quoted from Notes and Queries to
show that the term "passive resis-
tance" was probably invented by Ed-
mund Yates for his novel, "The Rock
Ahead," published in 1868. Corre-
spondents, who have no other waste
pipe for their intellect than the "Ques-
tion and Answer" columns in newspa-
pers, at once were busy. "H. C." found
"passive resistance" in "The Heart of
Midlothian" and in Disraeli's "Sybil."
"R. P. L." found the passive resistance
of the codfish in "Pickwick."

Strange to say, the word "sucker," as
used by the late Mr. McDonald and a
thousand others, is not to be found in
leading English slang dictionary, under
the proper title. A "sucker" to the Eng-
lish is a parasite, a sponger, and, in
"American political speech," a black-
mailer; also a native of Illinois; yet
Farmer and Henley, under the head "to
suck," recognize the word as synony-
mous with greenhorn, dupe, and there
admit the noun itself. How old is the
word "sucker" in American slang?
It appears in Matsell's "Rogue's Lex-
icon," published in New York nearly
50 years ago: "A term applied by
gamblers to a person that can be
cheated at any game of cards."

Secretary Wilson does not believe in
Latin inscriptions on public buildings.
Yet Latin can be applied with the utmost
fitness to modern exigencies and condi-
tions. Thus a writer in the Pall Mall Ga-
zette points out felicitous terms in the
speeches when degrees were granted re-
cently at Oxford. The diplomacy of Sir
Edward Grey was praised as "patientia
prope piscatoria"—angler's patience; Gen.
Booth was addressed as "plebis infimae
patrone misericors"; and the Lord Chan-
cellor was congratulated on having been
"lignolorum olim in ludis custos,"
"Which, being interpreted, signifieth that
'Bob' Reid used to keep wicket for the
'varsity. If Latin is a 'dead' language, it
certainly contrives to paint some living
word pictures very picturesquely."

Let us, like Mr. Wegg, drop into poetry
a moment. The following "Ballade of a
Poet and His Landlady," by an unknown
London poet of today, may be commended
to boarders at summer boarding
houses where only canned vegetables are
served:

See! I am weary, and my patience endal
And yet I have not anywhere to go
Other than here, where Mrs. Jones attends
Upon my wants, or those she deigna to know.
For I have great grievance, one that so
Bats at my heart and silvers in my bones
That I am forced to make complaining. Lo!
Are there no greens but cabbage, Mrs. Jones?

At times some god a teasing vision sends
Of spinach, peas, tomatoes, beans a row;
I seem to see Pomona as she bends
Beneath the weight of all the greens that
grow—
But what are these to Mrs. Jones? Below,
Securely in her kitchen, monotones
Of cabbage from her sombre fancy flow—
Are there no greens but cabbage, Mrs. Jones?

At times I give a dinner to my friends;
No rich Lucullan banquet I bestow.
But just a modest dinner, where one blends
A few choice dishes: has, of Veau Citequot,
A dozen bottles; fruit, whose odors blow
A country breath 'cross London paving stones,
All things we want—(my eyes glance to and
fro)—
Are there, No greens—but cabbage! Mrs.
Jones!

L'ENVOI.
I will arise quickly and take a hoe,
And grow my own greens, heedless of her
moans;
Then wave triumphant cauliflower, and crow—
"Are there no greens but cabbage, Mrs.
Jones?"

Men and Things

"To roam in the sun and air with vaga-
bonds, to haunt the strange corners of cities,
to know all the useless, and improper, and
amusing people who are alone very much worth
knowing; to live, as well as to observe life;
or, to be shut up in hospital, drawn out of
the rapid current of life into a sordid and
exasperating inaction; to wait, for a time,
in the ante-room of death; it is such things
as these that make for poetry."

Occasion drew us last Monday to a
bar-room near the North station. The
afternoon had been sultry and a man
next us said he would take a gin-rickey.

He was thin, soft-voiced, carefully
dressed. The barkeeper allowed him to
pour into a small tumbler the dose of
gin, according to the trustful practice
of the period. He then went on to ar-
range the other ingredients. The young
man said to him in a confidential man-
ner: "On the whole I consider a gin-
rickey to be the most delightful and
cooling beverage a man can take in this
weather." There was no suspicion of
interrogation. The tones were didactic.
It was as though a professor were ad-
dressing a class. The barkeeper, bulky,
pastry-faced and chinnish, almost moist
and with scanty hair peeping, under a
cap, like strange vegetation, looked at
the youth for 10 or 15 seconds, and then
said "Yep."

We believe that the gin-rickey was
the youth's first; that he was then
snatching a fearful pleasure, drinking
deep of life by going into a bar-room.
It was no time to be chatty. No true
rounder will talk to a barkeeper in the
act of compounding a drink. The bar-
keeper should then be as remote and
inaccessible as an apothecary filling a
prescription. There should be no distrac-
tion. There should be oriental concen-
tration of thought. Barkeeper and or-
derer should gaze on the glass as deep
thinkers into a crystal sphere. The ac-
tion of compounding is pontifical.

The barkeeper worthy of his trust is
an analyst and a philosopher. Men
come and stand and pass before him.
They are of all sorts and conditions; the
vivacious who surely need no gaseous
water for the strong and rebellious
liquor, the melancholy, the sulien, the
dealer in anecdotes, the man who pre-
fers to transact in front of the bar the
business of his office, the shifty-eyed
one meditating crime, the noisy bab-
bler, the solitary drinker who refuses
an invitation proudly—they appear and
reappear and fade away before the im-
perturbable one in the white apron and
the black skull cap. What to him is an
authoritative remark about the value of
a gin-rickey? What to him is the opin-
ion of a young squirt on any subject,
foreign or domestic?

There is a popular delusion that bar-
keepers never drink, just as there is a
delusion that girls in a confectioner's
shop never eat candy, just as some be-
lieve that wily landlords sprinkle the
sidewalk with rum in front of a bar-room
door to attract the irresolute and over-
come signers of pledges. If a barkeeper
ever does drink—and "we've seen him do
it"—is it not from the sheer desperation
of boredom. Think for a moment of the
silly, stupid speeches he is obliged to
hear while on duty; then approach him
with, "I heard a good story just now; it
was new to me; if you know it, call me
down. Old Slocum—you have seen old
Slocum—What, you don't know Slo-
cum?" etc., etc., etc.

An evangelist preaching in Boston says
that New York is today "the Sodom of
America." And what city, pray, is the
Gomorrah? Brooklyn, Hoboken or Pat-
erson? And what city is the Zohar?
There were more than two cities of the
plain. "Boston," says the evangelist, "is
far better morally than would be expect-
ed." This helps some. It is a singular
fact that in every city there are inhabi-
tants, and there is always a clergyman
among them, who announce, or rather
shout boastfully, that their particular
city is the worst morally in the world. It
makes little or no difference whether
they have had any enviable opportuni-
ties for comparison. "Enviably" is, of
course, here used solely with reference
to the study of sociology, for a sociolo-
gist must be intrepid in the pursuit of
his investigations.

Our friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, was
much pleased when he read of the prob-
able betrothal of Mr. McKim to Mrs.
Stanford White, a woman whom he more
than once admired, resplendent in her
box at the Metropolitan Opera House,
sculptural even in black velvet. It pleased
him to think that Mrs. White should
thus pay tribute to architecture as an
art and that Mr. McKim, eminent in his
profession, should thus publicly testify
to his appreciation of the architecture of
Mrs. White.

They were talking at the Porphyry
about famous outbursts of passion in
prose and verse. One man cited Rous-
seau with his "Nouvelle Heloise," an-
other quoted Sappho's lines about the
moon and the seven stars. At last the
Keit recited this Aran ballad: "It is late

last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods. It was on Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you forever." And then for some time it was still in the room.

The Referee of London, discussing the American Theatrical Trust, says: "It would be well if a syndicate could be formed for the suppression of press agents who get a dishonest livelihood and interfere a good deal with the smooth working of the world's theatrical business by the spread of reports that are made up of lies which deceive the many, but to the few who know something of their methods are like Falstaff's, 'gross, open, palpable.'"

But what should we do without the passionate press agent, especially the agent of the prima donna, of the pianist, of the virtuoso conductor, or what should we do without daily information concerning the doings, sayings, wealth of these personages?

Professor Frederick Starr of Chicago says that Japan can whip the United States in war. Professor Starr is always saying something. That is why they call him a professor. Only a month or two ago he said he did not believe that Methusalem was so old as he was reported to be. Next week he will perhaps speak disrespectfully of the equator. At any rate he has given the United States fair warning about Japan, and it will not be his fault if we are all wiped off the map.

Men and Things

A HUMAN Tank of information who answers impartially and eloquently all questions from "How shall I rid myself of blackheads?" to "Did Napoleon Bonaparte write a dream-book?" discoursed recently on the etiquette of letter writing. To our mind, the most important rule is this: Always enclose a postage stamp when you write to a stranger in your own behalf. But the Human Tank does not consider this point.

One law, it seems, is never to be broken: "In writing formal notes or letters always begin with 'My dear so and so.' Letters between close friends or relatives may begin with 'Dear so and so.'"

Why is "My dear Miss Golightly" more formal than "Dear Miss Golightly"? We do not ask this in a carping spirit, but, like Rosa Dartle, simply for information. It seems to us that in "My dear" there is a touch of tenderness, just a dash of heliotrope, whereas "Dear Miss Golightly" is respectfully formal.

In old New England days, when a man or a woman was trained to conceal emotion, a son was expected to address his father as "Respected sir." To the most devoted wife her husband even at table was Mr. Graves or Dea. Williston. It is doubtful whether she ever thought of him as Henry, Zenas, or Marcellus. Those were the days when she would have been outwardly ashamed, had a neighbor surprised her accepting a kiss even of farewell from her lord and master. Nor was Dea. Hathaway given to kissing his wife in the presence of a son or daughter.

There are some who favor "Dearest." This implies that there are others. Many years ago there was a convention of learned men in a town of Hampshire county. Two of the deep thinkers were quartered at our house. One of them, an eminent geologist, did not appeal to our mother, for he washed himself superficially and left grime on the towels. He was a tumultuous cater. After he left, an unfinished letter was found in the room he had occupied. It began, "Dearest Helen." An elderly woman in the household, sour whenever there was talk of marriage, said: "Humph! I should not like that if I were his wife. It sounds as though he wrote to other Helens. How should I know that I was his dearest?"

A musical memory is highly prized by the unreflecting. A fond mother will say: "Yes, Maria is a born musician. If she goes to a comic opera, she can sing every tune in it the next day." But there are some who know the vexation of obsession; a tune sticks in the memory, a foolish tune, and it will not out; you hum it at breakfast, you hear it on your way to office, you are tempted to sing it

to a client, to howl it at a funeral. This is all the more annoying if the words happen to be unfit for ladies' ears.

Listen to the tragic ending of Mr. Charles O. Twoombly of St. Louis, who was thus obsessed. He sang from morning till night "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie, and I'll Be with You by and by." Thus did he annoy his wife, who was not by nature suspicious. He would sing the song at night. "He used to sing it," says Mrs. Twoombly, "just after he would get up in the morning. Then when he would come home to his dinner he would sing another verse and come out real strong on the part, 'I'll Be with You by and by.'"

"I says"—let no one think lightly of Mrs. Twoombly because she prefers "I says" to "I said," for the most passionate outbursts are often ungrammatical—"I says, 'Charlie, what makes you keep singing that song so much?' He says, 'Mary, there's some class to that song. It's got sentiment.'"

Let Mrs. Twoombly tell the rest of the story in her own untutored way, the sad, sad story of loving: "One day Charlie did not come home. The next thing I got a letter. He said that he was going as far as the road went and that I would never see him again. I got thinking about that Nellie song and inquired around and found that he knew a woman named Nellie. I looked further and sure enough they had gone away together. I finally located them up here in Chicago."

The moral is plain. If you are betrothed or if you are married, do not sing any song about a woman whose Christian name is not that of your sweetheart or wife. If possible substitute the name of wife or sweetheart. Thus if Mr. Twoombly had trolled out "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Bessie, Jessie, Lucy, Annie, Molly, Tilly,"—there was a wide choice—he might now be undiscovered, whereas he is—to quote the Chicago News—"languishing in a cell."

As Mr. William George Jordan said sweetly of domesticity in the Delineator: "Some note of discord creeps into the music of life for them both, and neither may be able to silence it."

There are some who may enjoy a book published recently in Paris. It is written and compiled by Messrs. Charles Solier and Louis Gastine, and is entitled, "Defends ta Peau contre ton Medecin"—"Defend Your Skin Against Your Physician." It contains all the speeches against the present system of medical education that have been made by doctors and men of science during the last few years, savage attacks against hospitals as they are managed in France, all sorts of hideous accusations. The purpose of the book is to show that physicians are collectively a band of assassins who delight in the sufferings of their victims and glory in slaughter. The violence of the attack may amuse invalids or hospital patients provided they have a sense of humor.

H. G. asks: "Is hay fever a distinctively American annoyance?"

By no means. The disease was first described in English by Bostock in 1819 and he then named it "Summer catarrh." Ten years later, in England, the names "Hay asthma" and "Hay fever" appeared, as kings and deans and more common people suffered alike from the disease.

We are now told that in England agricultural laborers are practically free from hay fever, which prefers to attack "intellectual men or women of nervous temperament." This may be a consolation to the sufferer. Some are not affected by the first hay crop, but many more are not affected by the second. There are flowers that are more pernicious than hay to the predisposed. "The June patient is not often affected in the dahlia season, and the autumn patient may not be affected in the early summer." The scent of the hawthorne causes some to sweat profusely; that of a double carnation may give asthma to some, while at the seaside wind-blown sand or salt from dried sea spray or the glare of the sun on water or sand brings irritation to others.

An English physician recommends certain remedies that are at least harmless. The necessary thing to do is to allay the irritation of the little projections or points in the nostrils. Snuffs and sprays often aggravate. Supra-nasal gland preparations are recommended, especially adrenalin, a Japanese invention. Kenaglandin is also recommended. Inoculation with the "poisonous principle of the pollen" has been tried. Hay tea is an old wives' remedy. The electric cautery removes the points. In England patients are advised to go to sea, or to "a bracing place on the coast, where no sand is uncovered at high water mark, and where there is little or no grass land." In the United States heroic surgical operations are now tried with these certain results: Severe pain and temporary disfigurement. Asthma cigarettes are advised by some, but any slave to tobacco will prefer hay fever.

Men and Things

MRS. FRANK BROGLIN of Harlem asked a policeman to arrest her husband, though she was only a four-day wife. Think not that

Harlem is inevitably an unromantic place. How does the old song go?

My Johanna lives in Harlem.

I go to see her every Saturday night.

Mrs. Broglin had drawn \$200 from a savings bank and she had received a draft for \$800. She paid all the bills during the honeymoon passed in Paradise Park, but although her husband refused to take her on the merry-go-round or the lickety-split railway, she was uncomplaining, blithe.

She was married on a Tuesday. On the following Wednesday her husband made her black his boots. On Thursday he compelled her to sit and keep flies off him. She performed cheerfully these wifely offices. To see him resplendent as to his feet gave her pleasure, and what loving and high-spirited wife could endure the taunt, "There are flies on your husband?"

But on Friday he insisted that she should shave him. The judge in court asked her: "Was he crazy?" "No," she answered, "only lazy."

Sophie said to her husband: "Why should I do that?" He answered: "It's your regular job. My first wife always shaved me." "Well, your second won't," answered Sophie. Then Mr. Broglin took up a pistol and chased her out of the house.

Would she have shaved him had he not made that unfortunate reference to the devotion of his first wife? Or was his request as the last straw to the camel? Or did she fear that she would yield to temptation and cut the tyrant's throat? Who can peer into a woman's heart?

Yet the confidence shown by Mr. Broglin will appeal to some wives. It is not every husband that would dare to trust his spouse with a razor near his throat. She might, remembering the nagging of year after year, the acts of petty meanness and confirmed selfishness, the indifference and the neglect, suddenly, "see red," as our volatile French neighbors say.

If a husband insists that his wife shall shave him, is he guilty of cruel and inhuman conduct in the eyes of the law? An extraordinary case was decided not long ago in London. The Baroness von Eckhardtstein petitioned for a judicial separation from her husband on the ground of his cruelty and misconduct. Mr. Justice Bucknill, charging the jury, pointed out that it was not necessary for a husband actually to strike his wife to constitute cruelty. "If a man persisted in a certain course of conduct, was overbearing, abused or neglected her, and knew it was injurious to his wife's health, that was sufficient for legal cruelty. If, on the other hand, the husband were a henpecked husband, and had a nagging wife, then he might be allowed to ask the court for protection."

In this Harlem case the husband did not neglect his wife; he wished her to be ever near him. Was asking her, even ordering her, to shave him, the act of a nagger? Should she not have been glad to do it? There are women who shave themselves; for the duvet, which is regarded by certain Frenchmen as an enhancement of beauty, an irresistible fascination, is removed studiously by the great majority of American women, and even the professional Bearded Lady must in hot weather sigh for a vacation and a smooth face. The glorious Venetian blondes in the time of Titian were, like Julius Caesar, skilled in the use of depilatories. If Mrs. Broglin had been in need of a close shave, would her husband have refused to accommodate her? Perish the thought!

The cherished white-handled razor of the first husband is often used by the bearded second to cut his corns, unless he sees visions of lockjaw in its most terrible form. We know a man who wrote a short story with this motive. It was not published in the Atlantic Monthly, and we are under the impression that it was declined with elaborately expressed thanks by the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Let us now consider and applaud two gallant speeches. Mr. Herbert Gladstone once complimented his wife by saying: "I don't think there was any distinct improvement in my conduct or my character until I married." Yet how infinitely more delicate, more flattering to a woman was the answer of a Jack Tar to Mrs. Asquith. She, on one of Sir Donald Currie's boats, asked a sailor: "Are you married?" The sailor looked at her steadily in the face, and answered: "Yes, ma'am; I'm sorry to say I am."

To G. B. G.: Mr. Max Zach will conduct the first concert of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra Nov. 12 in the Odeon, St. Louis.

Judge D. P. Baldwin asked several questions at a Chautauqua assembly. "What is the literature of today and who are literary giants? Where will you find a great novelist in this country? Name, if you can, a truly great poet? Where are our great orators? Are there any Websters or Choates in our profession any longer?"

If answers to these questions will be sent to The Herald office, the names of applicants for any one of the positions will be published in this column. Photographs of the applicants taken expressly in various and compelling attitudes for purposes of publication will be sent at the owners' risk.

It is pleasant to think of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as a professor at the Paris Conservatory. When the prizes are announced she sits in a Louis XIII chair. She rises and embraces a winner effusively, and says to him, addressing him in the second person: "You have gained brilliantly your first prize." On the day of her arrival a young man put his overcoat under her feet to protect her from a draught.

The official report of the United States consul-general at Christiania concerning Spitzbergen, its resources and prospects reminds the Pall Mall Gazette that Spitzbergen was once made the subject of a prize poem. (Tennyson's "Timbuctoo" may be familiar to some). A competitor, giving a general view of the islands, was stumped in the endeavor to find a rhyme for walrus. He finally let this couplet go:

The ice and snow and seal and walrus
Combine to make the prospect dolorous.

DOCK BEHAVIOR.

A man named Magill and his young bride Fay, indicted for the murder of Magill's first wife, Pet, "stood up in court and under the gaze of hundreds of eyes coolly answered 'Not guilty.' Fred, pale and wild-eyed, chewed gum vigorously and looked into space. His wife seemed utterly indifferent."

When any American citizen, suspected of murder, survives the ordeal of the "third degree" administered to him in defiance of law and decency, and is at last put on trial to make a holiday for experts of all sorts, his daily appearance is the subject of comment, which is telegraphed the length and breadth of the land. He has a sullen demeanor; he does not seem impressed by the gravity of the charge; he is seen smiling at the cross-examination of a witness for the government; he keeps his eyes on the floor; wherever he looks, whatever he does, if he blows his nose or if he crosses his leg, his appearance is suspicious.

As any one of us may, as justice is now administered, fall victim to circumstantial evidence, it is a good thing to know how an innocent person should behave in the dock. Treatises on etiquette do not contain even hints on this important subject. Mr. Frank Richardson of London, conscious of this omission, gives advice that should be memorized by all "our best people."

It is not wise, says Mr. Richardson, for a "smart" or "society" prisoner in the dock to wear a tightly buttoned frock coat, or a heavy "gent's" gold Albert chain, or a vociferous pea jacket and fancy waistcoat, or to carry a Trilby hat in your hand, for all police reporters know that these are the insignia of guilt.

"Do not keep passing notes to your counsel. (This nervousness shows that you are not confident of the result.) Do not wear an air of callous indifference to your surroundings. (Such bravado proves that you are prepared for the worst, which—hardened criminal that you are—you

thoroughly deserve). Do not look confidently round the court. (Such a course proves that you are an expert actor)." And so on.

This of course is only a preliminary sketch to a much needed volume, "The Dock and How to Behave in It." There should be a steel plate engraving of Mr. Magill chewing gum, a suspicious action in view of the circumstances.

Men and Things

THE Kossuths die in turn and according to the laws of nature, but the Kossuth hat remains. Who knows but the famous family will thus be remembered when the struggle for liberty will be a vague legend? Blucher and Wellington gave their names to boots; Nesselrode to a pudding; Chateaubriand to a steak; Prince Albert to a coat now worn by men who never stop to ask whether the prince were the prince consort or Albert Edward. Who can tell anything about Gibus? Yet his hat for opera, the crush, the accordion, is still worn in and out of season. William Cullen Bryant's portrait is still seen on cigar boxes, and once "Chet" Arthur was honored in like manner. Was there not a Stanley cravat, a dirty-shirt cover, and is there not now a Derby hat? Fame delights in irony.

A witness before the mining regulations commission at Johannesburg, sent in his bill for £47 10s. One item was as follows: "To moral and intellectual damages while loafing around your property from one office to another (as per your and your assistants' instructions) seeking money already earned by me, to say nothing of my appalling loss of spiritual fortitude, wear and tear of clothes, boots, etc., and being generally made a damned fool of, £3 15s."

"Mr. John Grogan fell into the water" of the North pier this morning and was nearly drowned by his cork leg. The action of the cork was disastrous, as it tended to turn him upside down. His advice now is, "Never fall into the water until after removing your cork leg." Only a few weeks ago we read in an eastern newspaper that cork legs were never made of cork; that a leg of this material would be impossible. The statement was pronounced as from a tripod. Hence the name? Some say because artificial legs were first made for sale in cork street; others that the inventor's name was John Cork. Why not Harold Cork or Eugene Cork?

We consult Dr. Murray's great English Dictionary and find under "Cork" the noun: "III. 10, attrib. or as adj. Made of or with cork. (Sometimes with hyphen.)" The last quotation in this division is from the London Times (1889 Feb. 18. "A dark-complexioned young man with a cork leg"). And what, pray, becomes of the force of the song that Mr. Barnabee used to sing at lyceum entertainments and at church sociables, if the cork leg were always made without cork?

It is a wonder that neither Mr. Coned nor Mr. Hammerstein has engaged Miss Fatima Miris, who, "single handed" and myriad-voiced, produces "The Elsha" in Italian theatres, representing principal parts and changing her costume 175 times. "She has a marvellous voice and sings soprano, alto, tenor and baritone," in turn and at the same time, without the use of the spring-board or any mechanical appliance. She could indeed be a very help in time of managerial trouble.

The Seattle Post Intelligencer, bewailing the fact that no one whistles in Seattle, gives thereby the reason of reasons for making that town a dwelling place. "Youth puckers its rosy lips to whistle to the beaming beauties which beckon in the prospect; old age draws a thin and colorless lips and whistles nearly over memory's shadowy outline the things of yesterday." This is indeed an able and eloquent outburst, but prefer Dryden's line: "And whistled he went, for want of thought."

It is because Seattle has few singing birds that whistling in the streets of the city is so rare? The Post Intelligencer inclined to believe that "a more reasonable explanation is to be found in the fact that men are so engrossed in their affairs, so involved mentally in the busy pursuit of their several schemes, they haven't time to whistle."

This reminds us that the court of appeals (England) holds in opposition to the verdict of a special jury in the lower courts that the arousing by the noise of pickaxes at 6:30 A. M. of those in a hotel who wished to sleep till 8 A. M., is not a nuisance that constitutes a cause of action. It appeared that 8 A. M. was the regular trade union time of starting and that the noise made was not excessive.

It is doubtful whether the noise of a pickaxe, any more than that of a pile driver, can be modulated so as to soothe the hearer. There are early morning sounds that are delightful, as the far-off crowing of a village cock, the cawing of crows, the rumble of an express train some miles from the sleeper, who thinks for a moment of the wretches in the berths, upper and lower, the promiscuity, the poisonous air, and then turns with a psalm of thanksgiving to sleep till there is reasonable thought and expectation of a breakfast to be eaten lazily.

Even pickaxes in the morning are less to be dreaded than the instruments that assail a Parisian flat-dweller who pours out his woes to the readers of Le Journal. Every day he hears the same tune played by 14 pianos, 21 phonographs, one harmonium, one cornet, two mandolines. Furthermore "his ears are daily assaulted by the piercing sounds of feminine voices, mostly untrained." The concierge plays the accordion, an "individual" on the second floor whistles all the evening at his open window, and on the fourth floor amateurs meet twice in the week to practice chamber music.

Does the tortured one bear impotent complaints to the police? O, no. He has bought a hunting horn and is practising diligently.

LECOCQ FREES HIS MIND ON OPERETTA

Declining Years Embittered by the Savage War Now Waged Against It.

HOW CHEVALIER FIRST SANG A COSTER SONG

Jessie Abott Inspiration of Bessie; Miss Story Appears in 'Philemon and Baucis.'

BY PHILIP HALE.

The foreign music weeklies and magazines have been dull of late. The Mercure Musical has been considering the career of a famous French dancer of the 18th century in London with minuteness of serious detail. Mr. Ernest Closson in the Guide Musical tells laboriously of an operatic manager in Belgium at the end of the same century. Mr. Berthold Knetsch in the last number of the Musikalisches Wochenblatt dilates on "Tonale Chromatik" with figures and diagrams that remind me of examination papers in mathematics and inspire the same old feeling of wonder and despair. There are belated accounts of concerts in large and small cities and there are also personal paragraphs. The reader learns that Mr. August Stradal has arranged for the piano an organ concerto in D minor by W. P. Bach, and that this arrangement, or disarrangement, has been played with success by such eminent pianists as Alice Ripper, Harry Dear and Thekla Scholl-Kergensmeyer. Harry Dear is a love of a name for a player of Chopin's music, although George Dear would perhaps be a more potent matinee attraction. We are told that Zianetti, an Italian, has completed a five-act opera, "The Nazarene," for South America; that Gabriel Faure's new opera, "Penelope," will open the season of the Opera Comique in Paris; that the complete edition of Haydn's work to be published by Breitkopf and Haertel will be in 80 volumes and cost \$312.50; that Mme. Materna duly celebrated her 60th birthday on July 10; that Sarasate, who some months ago fell sick at his concert in Darmstadt, has fully recovered; that Massenet is at work on an opera, "Bacchus," and that the rights to "Tristan und Isolde" have lapsed; that the prize of \$750 offered by the Prince of Monaco for the best piano trio in competition

TWIN SISTERS ABOTT.



(Photo by Hall, New York.)

has been divided between Herriot Levy of Chicago and Julius Roentgen of Amsterdam; that at a concert of the Imperial Conservatory at Tokio the pastorate from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Schubert's "unfinished" symphony, and Beethoven's piano concerto in C minor were performed. Miss Kuno, a Japanese, was the pianist, and thus an amusing story by Mr. James Huneker in his volume, "Visionaries," is recalled.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the articles is one entitled "Charles Lecocq and Genuine Operetta." Some weeks ago the 35th birthday of "La Fille de Mme. Angot" and the 75th birthday of its composer were celebrated at the Gaite, Paris. Mr. Lecocq talked with reporters and he spoke freely and frankly. It seems that his declining years are embittered by the savage war now waged against operetta. "It is true the great success of Offenbach and also my success—excited terrible envy and innumerable imitations. There have been operettas galore, all of them bad, except, of course, those by Audran and Planquette. These inferior things, called operettas, have disgusted the public."

"It is a ridiculous mistake to give to 'Les Vingt-huit Jours de Clairette,' 'La Grande-Duchesse' and 'La Fille de Mme. Angot' alike the name operetta. 'Les Vingt-huit Jours de Clairette' is a charming work, but it is a vaudeville, it is not an operetta. It has no score. True opera comique has been destroyed by performing it badly. The singers of today no longer know how to act comedy parts; they sing and that is all. Furthermore, the actors are too much absorbed in making personal points. When a cafe-concert singer appears on a true stage he no longer exists. This has often been proved. He is too accustomed to make 'effects,' which he invents, to maintain himself properly in a legitimate part."

"And then Paris is extremely poor in lyric theatres. There is the Opera, there is the Opera Comique, but there is not one theatre that dares to play frankly and stage properly an operetta with light music in good taste. I say again there is need of singing comedians, and, alas, the race is fast becoming extinct. Don't speak to me of theatre managers who wish to be economical—they are lost in advance! In the theatre more than anywhere else it is necessary to know how to sow if you wish to reap."

Is not Mr. Lecocq self-deceived? Does the public long for the old fashioned operetta so dear to him and to some who find pleasure in renewing their youth by listening to music of Offenbach and Lecocq? As he says, the race of singing comedians is fast disappearing. Revivals of "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Perichole" in this country have been dismal failures. Lillian Russell was never born in the divine scheme to impersonate an Offenbachian operetta heroine, nor do we like to think of her as Girofle Girofla. Operetta had its years of triumph. Farce comedy was then preferred by the majority. Musical comedy as known to the Londoners gave pleasure here for a season.

A musical comedy of the American brand is a nondescript entertainment

which depends for success on pretty and agile chorus girls and the personality of a man known by courtesy as a comedian. The attempts to revive the operettas by Gilbert and Sullivan have saddened those who remember the first performances. The traditions are forgotten. The actors are seldom letter perfect.

The comedians sometimes think they can better Gilbert's lines. Cheap songs are substituted for Sullivan's music.

Mr. Arthur Collins, telling why he engaged Mr. Chevalier to play the chief comedy part in a drama, spoke of former appearances of Mr. Chevalier and his first costermonger songs. It was under the management of Willie Edouin at the Strand Theatre that Mr. Chevalier as Abanazar in "Aladdin" sang his first coster song in public, "Our 'Armonic Club," with the refrain: "With my 'ammer in my 'and, there I sets as large as life. Surrounded by the patrons of the pub; Oh, I ain't by nature proud, but I feels a reg'lar 'treat!"

When I takes the chair at our 'Armonic Club, Edouin was not at all sanguine about the song at the time, but the audience was delighted, and although some time afterwards Mr. Chevalier was doubtful about the possibility of his success in music halls—he himself said, "I had no faith in my power to hold a music-hall audience"—he accepted an engagement at the Pavilion and made at once a hit.

Miss Bessie Abott says that she cannot sing without the immediate presence and inspiration of her twin sister, Jessie. (Miss Abott will make a concert tour next season and the press agent is even now at work.) "I believe it the proper thing for a singer to be a married woman, for without marriage she will not be able to acquire the broadest view of life. But I don't want Jessie to get married." This is how Jessie is described as listening to her sister: "With burning eyes she gazed upon the beautiful young singer whenever she appeared." Bessie, by the way, is "22" years old, "and then the brilliant young soprano, blooming with health and spirits and the joy of life, admitted with engaging frankness that she herself is to be married this fall, but the name of the husband-elect she would not disclose." And to think that the Referee of London recommends the abolition of the press agent!

Miss Lulu Russell, "from the glorious climate of California," described as a "good vocalist with an extensive wardrobe," appeared at the Tivoli, London, toward the end of last month. Her manager at once prejudiced her sisters against her by this announcement: "The most beautiful woman appearing on the English stage at the present time." This announcement should have made the "extensive wardrobe" superfluous.

Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelscy, a native of Toledo, O., has been engaged for the next season at Covent Garden, although she has had no operatic ex-

perience. She will take the parts of Micaela, Zerlina and one other. She sang in Boston once in Symphony Hall, and then showed herself to be a carefully trained soprano with a small, clear and unemotional voice.

The trustees of St. Joseph county, Indiana have decided that after the close of the approaching school year all district school teachers in the county must pass an examination in music before they will be allowed to teach.

"Old Folks at Home," translated into German, is now sung by the Vienna Male Chorus, which visited the United States last spring.

Mme. Albani is still tearfully far-welling it. This time it is in Austria.

Mr. Felix Mottl considers himself hon-

ored by the title "Generaloberhochtsdemselbenninspektionsrathdermusik."

Miss Maud MacCarthy, a victim of neuritis and of a consequent nervous breakdown, will retire from the concert world to study Theosophy. Miss MacCarthy distinguished herself in Boston by fiddling Brahms' concerto two seasons in succession.

Mr. Joseph Holbrook doubts whether England will ever produce a Bach or a Beethoven, because "the whole of the nation is commercial in instinct." English publishers "cater solely for what they know they will have a good market for. They do not, once in 50 cases, invest in a symphony, sonata or chamber music." Yet he has a proud national feeling, for he does not hesitate to say: "Our versatility in art is really amazing and far superior to Russia, Germany or France. Where can any race show so many departments or varieties of endeavor? Our outlook is big in song, orchestra, chamber music, drama and opera." But if the publishers remain obdurate all these wonderful things will be as unwritten.

Hans Richter in vacation puts down the baton and takes up the axe to fell trees. There are conductors who during the season conduct as with an axe to fell composers.

Our old friend Vignas, the Spanish tenor, will be one of the singers in the season of opera at Covent Garden, which, beginning Oct. 3, will run for eight weeks. The chief singers will be Mme. Giachetti, Mme. Maria Gay, whose Carmen is famous for its dramatic and realistic force; Miss Destinn, Messrs. Bassi, Carpi, Sammarco.

Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis" has been performed by swells in Rome for charity. Miss Story, the daughter of the sculptor; Miss Atkinson, the two Misses Gemmill, Miss Roessler and Miss Flunk, "dressed in beautiful Greek costumes, danced with exquisite grace and finish," although three of the dancers, according to a photograph of a ballet figure reproduced in the Chicago Daily News, must have been a sight.

The first act of "Philemon and Baucis" has pretty music, but this alone has not been able to give life to the opera as a whole.

SIGN PAINTING.

The Westminster Gazette gives the names of several distinguished English painters, some of them "famous academicians," who have condescended to paint signs for country inns.

This condescension is not a thing to be wondered at. Sign painting is an old art, and some think it is the oldest form of painting. Several prominent painters, as Ribera, started with signs. In the 17th century, in England, the practice of the sign painter was more profitable than that of the man of portraits, landscapes, peasant, or battle scenes. For London was pre-eminently a city of signs, and extravagant sums were laid out on their decoration. They were placed on posts, or hung thereon on hinges.

Old London's signs did creak, creak, creak,
For every gust of wind did make them speak.

There are a very few old signs left in Boston. The one in "Pie alley" is perhaps the most familiar. But the glory of signs has passed away both in English and in American cities. The most ingenious electrical contrivances are not so picturesque as the old signs with quaint figures, devices, texts, found especially before inns. There were good signs in the old Paris, but the utilitarian methods of the postoffice killed them, as they did in the old city of London. Late in 1901—we think it was in that year—Delaunay, the painter of battle pieces, endeavored to awaken an artistic interest in the breast of the Parisian tradesman, and the prefect of police was

asked to give his patronage to an exhibition of street signs. There was talk of truly artistic street signs the year before at the international congress of public art, held in Paris. The movement started in Brussels. It was in 1901, by the way, that Gustave Kahn, the poet, published his "L'Esthetique de la Rue," a book that should be translated into English, if only for the use of the rulers of Boston and for the benefit of the citizens.

A sign, whether for inn, grocery, lace shop or ironmonger's, should be expressive, symbolical, aesthetic. It should never be pretentious nor insolent. Its appeal should be irresistible to the eye and to the reasoning and the imaginative mind alike.

THE DISEASES AND THE PUBLIC.

A disease so old that it was described by Herodotus about 450 B. C. has been the plague of the Mediterranean basin ever since. It has been called by many names: Mediterranean, Malta, Roch, Cyprus, Cretan, Neapolitan fever; intermittent typhoid, gastric remittent, bilious remittent and other sorts of fever. The cause, a minute vegetable organism, the "micrococcus melitensis," was discovered twenty-one years ago, but how was the infection made possible? The popular belief was that the tideless harbor of Malta was at fault, but men of science looked for some infected insect which conveyed the poison by its sting.

Three years ago a commission came to the conclusion that about half the 20,000 goats of Malta are victims of this fever, and a large proportion of them are constantly passing the poisonous organism in their milk. About a year ago the British soldiers and sailors on Malta discontinued the use of goats' milk. The number of patients suffering from this particular sort of fever was diminished by nine-tenths. While it is not yet proved that the goat is the only transmitter, and insects may play an important part in spreading the disease, nevertheless there has been a discovery of genuine value, and the results have been more than encouraging.

It is argued that these results might have been obtained at any time during the past twenty years. Physicians, pathologists, men of science know many facts about tuberculosis, but the disease still makes frightful ravages. "C. W. S.," in an article published in the Pall Mall Gazette, says that this is because we do not act; because we have no imagination of the right kind. The great public reads, admires and quickly forgets or takes no heed at all. May it not be that the public, hearing so much about maleficent bacilli in hair brushes, on door knobs, on the lips of sweethearts, goes to the extreme of finding all dangers arising from bacilli exaggerated or non-existent—that the public is tired of the cry of "wolf"?

There is one disease, however, which is greatly feared by the public, and physicians, pathologists, learned men have as yet done little to remove this fear. The disease is known commonly as cancer.

STUDENT DUELS.

That the duel still survives in German universities is due no doubt as much to the quiet encouragement of many professors and graduates as to the spirit of the students themselves. That Bismarck and other men of blood should have insisted that duelling is one of the most valuable of

the courses in a university is not to be wondered at, but what shall be said of the apology, or rather profession, by such men as the late Max Mueller? Mueller, who had fought duels, refers more than once in his "Autobiography" to the "usefulness" of duelling in a university. When he first lived in Oxford he wondered at the entire absence of personal encounter among the students. At Oxford, if there was a squabble with hot words, either a man apologized the next morning, or if a man proved himself a cad or a snob, he was dropped.

The ordinary university duel in which two men hack each other's face so that they may show terrible scars, seems to a person of ordinary reason a silly performance. A settlement of a dispute by the fists would be at least more manly, but boxing is, or was, sternly forbidden in German universities. This after all is, perhaps, wise, for the average student is very nearsighted. Without spectacles he would fight as one that beats the air, while a bash on a spectacled eye might do life-long injury. In parts of Germany an assault on a man that wears spectacles is visited with a heavier penalty than if the attacked had not this aid to sight.

Men and Things

MR. HERKIMER JOHNSON, the Earnest Student of Sociology, is taking a vacation, he writes to us. As though his life were not one long vacation, if Dr. Saleeby's theory is a sound one: "To holiday is to be free from worry." For a vacation may be spent in physical exertion; one may yearn for a holiday so that he can write an article for a magazine; another may never stir from a veranda except to eat and to sleep; as long as the man is wholly free from worry, he takes a holiday.

Mr. Jones spent August in undergoing an operation for appendicitis and in recovering from the same. Mr. Brown sat the greater part of his vacation in a dentist's chair. (Was his case one of Riggs disease, or was his facial expression bettered by the insertion of a handsome set of "uppers" and marvellous work on the lower jaw? Naturally garrulous, he is strangely reticent as to the precise character of the ordeal.) Mr. Robinson visited in a country house where the meals were at abnormal hours and the conversation was incessant. Yet the three have assured us that they enjoyed their vacation. Each one dismissed the cares of daily routine from his mind, and no one of them opened letters or read newspapers or magazines.

Now Mr. Johnson has written to The Herald notes of a travelling sociologist, impressions, to use the stilted word once dear to poets who affected French titles, and were not satisfied with "impressions of travel." We quote from one of Mr. Johnson's letters, mailed in an Adirondack village, a passage that bears directly on the foolish fondness of some for genteel or high sounding words or phrases.

"Uncle H! and I went to a funeral yesterday. As we were driving to the church, Uncle said: 'This dead man was the most shiftless fellow in Essex county. He owed everybody, he was a dead beat, you could not persuade him to split kindling wood if there was any in the shed.' The minister made remarks of a desultory nature, and after moralizing on the shortness and vanity of life, he proceeded to characterize the man in the coffin. I was especially impressed by the skill with which he admitted the well known weakness of the coffin and at the same time invested him with heroism. 'Our deceased brother,' said the clergyman, in tones like the lower ones of a bassoon, 'was not blessed with the goods of this world. His life was one of toiling and molling, a constant struggle to obtain the wherewithal to avoid financial stagnation.'"

It will be observed that Mr. Johnson prefers the word "coffin" to "casket," and he may therefore be voted by some a low and vulgar person. The undertaker in his wish to comfort a

bereaved family always says casket. We regret to say that in many newspapers the word "casket" is thought to be the more elegant, and there are funerals at which "the friends of the deceased are invited to view the remains, passing by the casket from the left aisle to the right." What a pity it is that the poets did not recognize the superior elegance of "casket"! Then Wolfe would have written

No useless casket inclosed his breast;

Bryant would have sung of
A cell within the frozen mould,
A casket borne through eld;

and Walt Whitman, in his sonorous nocturn on Lincoln, would have apostrophized the "casket" that slowly passed, with the show of the States as of crape-veiled women kneeling. Whenever you come across the word "coffin" in poetry, ancient or modern, strike it out and substitute "casket"; then see how cheap and tawdry the misused word appears.

But let us return to Mr. Johnson. From another page we learn that he prefers to spend his vacation in a summer boarding house or unpretentious inn rather than to visit friends whose income or salary is moderate. "Not that I am a snob. If I visit my old friend Blivens, I am at once aware that I am causing him, his amiable wife and the interesting children much trouble. I learn from a remark 'aside' that I am occupying the room of the eldest daughter who doubles up with an unfortunate 13-year-old sister. Blivens is most hospitable, but I am sure that were I not at the table he would never order sweetbreads, and seldom lobster. I keep telling Mrs. Blivens that I prefer simple food, but she does not believe me. They own no horse, yet they insist on taking me to drive, and between you and me driving is boring. I know full well that after my departure there will be a sigh of relief, that a month of rigorous retrenchment will follow the week of hospitable extravagance."

"If I must visit, let me be ranked as a Little Brother of the Rich. My friend, Mr. Martin, once sang:

For their sake at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their tallies I ride
And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.
"I do not enjoy the fuss and ceremony; with Horace I abhor the Persian show and sumptuous feast; my internal clock-work is sadly disarranged; I do not even feel the envy of a poor relation, who finds consolation in the thought that all this splendor will fade and that Cousin George will surely 'bust' before long; but I do know that the presence of one more guest does not in any way alter the manner of household life. Yet visiting the rich, I am confronted with the disagreeable problem of tips."

Mr. Johnson's discussion of tipping is too long for present consideration.

A TRIFLING COURTESY.

The girl operators of the Keystone Telephone Company will not in future say "please" to a subscriber, and subscribers have been requested not to say "please" to them. Mr. Ulrich, traffic manager of the company, and incidentally a lightning calculator, declares that "please" is said by both operators and subscribers 900,000 times every twenty-four hours, and therefore there is a loss of 125 hours every day, for it takes half a second to say "please." Here is an entertaining sum for the bright-eyed children freshened by vacation and ready for study under the family lamp. While Mr. Ulrich's mathematical agility may surprise some, more will be amazed to learn that 450 telephone operators in any one city were in the habit of saying "please" to any subscriber. By the way, has Mr. Ulrich already forbidden the use of the word "Hello"? and will he eventually insist on the use of words of only one syllable?

Men and Things

F. C. writes to The Herald and asks about the origin of the practice of breaking a bottle of champagne on a ship then named at launching. To sprinkle the stem of a vessel

while is an old custom, but to say who first did it would not be so easy as to answer the question in the old examination-paper: "From the characters of Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia, deduce that of Mrs. Polonius."

A Breton sailor told Anatole France that the prow glided better in the sea when it had been well sprinkled. He added: "It's a bad sign when the bottle does not break. Ten years ago I saw a large vessel blessed. The bottle slipped on the prow and did not break. The ship went down on its first voyage."

France himself answered the question whimsically. The bottle is broken to avert bad luck, just as Polycrates threw his ring into the ocean. "You say to bad luck, 'I give you this, now be satisfied with it, take my wine but nothing more.' In like manner Jews faithful to ancient customs break a glass when they wed. The broken bottle is a ruse of the child or of the savage; it shows the malice of poor man who wishes to gamble as shrewdly as possible with fate."

The skippers of little fishing boats along the coast of Brittany do not break bottles of wine although their boats are blessed. A table covered with white cloth is put on the deck and it is set with a cake, a bottle of wine, and glasses. The skipper and his wife (if he married receive a priest, his assistant, a choir singer or two. The priest takes from the hand of the choir boy a platter on which are salt and wheat and he sows a handful on the deck that there may be a harvest of strength and abundance. Then he dips a branch into holy water, sprinkles the boat, names it and blesses it. The singer intones the "Te Deum," and sings the 108th psalm and the "Ave Maris Stella." The cake, which also has been blessed, is cut and distributed, and the glasses are filled with wine. All on deck eat and drink. But blessed as these boats are, the fishermen do not forget to sing in dangerous currents or in fog: "Help me, O God! My boat is so little and the sea is so great!"

The sea reminds us of one of its holiest treasures, whitebait, and to eat whitebait, you should go to the ship tavern in Greenwich. An ordinary whitebait dinner includes seven or eight courses of fish, but there were over 60 courses at the American Independence dinner served at the Ship July 4, 1826. All healthy and sane persons—and dyspeptics even more than they—delight in cookbook recipes. The name of the ship for whitebait was thus established: "On a glowing coke is placed a large frying pan full of oiling lard. The fish, first thoroughly oiled in flour, are placed in a cloth, which is plunged into the hissing fat. The cook, a perfect salamander, utterly impervious to the frightful heat, which makes the strangers wink, takes the handle of the frying pan and turns it from right to left, peering at the seething mass. In two minutes the cooking is accomplished, and the fish are emptied out of the cloth into a dish. Ye who would taste your bait to perfection, get permission to eat it in the kitchen."

Do you object to certain terms or phrases in this recipe as perverid? Do you shy at "glowing," "hissing," "salamander utterly impervious," etc.? Do you insist that a recipe should be calm, serene, classically beautiful? We confess that we like the personal note and even a Corinthian touch in a cook's receipt. Would you have no changes rung on the eternal "take a piece of butter the size of an egg"? The lexicographer is dubbed a dry-as-dust. He is not supposed to be moved to dithyrambs a didactic definition or in the mole-rubbing at roots. But in every age there is some unexpected rhapsodist.

Mark Mr. Randle Cotgrave, who in the 17th century published his French-English dictionary. We know little or nothing about him, whether he swayed in his walk and in the tavern, rank potatoes pottle deep with strange oaths, or followed meekly behind Mrs. Cotgrave, as she strutted churchward. But what a roisterer in definition! Turn to the word "Haricot." The ordinary dictionary says: "Kidney bean, ragout." The French word is a humble one, and with one meaning it is paraphrased by Rabelaisian Frenchmen as the piano of the poor. Cotgrave elided on the other meaning, ragout, and will not let it go: "Mutton sod with little turneps, some wine, and toasts of read crumbled among; 'tis also made otherwise, of small peeces of mutton stit a little sodden then fried in seam, with sliced onions, and lastly boiled in clefe broth with Parsley, Isop, and

Sage; and in another fashion, of oysters boyled in a pipkin with sliced onions and lard, verjuice, red wine, and vinegar, and served up with toasts, small speeces, and (sometimes) chopped hearbs."

Or take Cotgrave's definition of "niais," silly, and in old times, a silly person: "A neastling; hence a youngling, novice, cunning, ninnie, fop, cockney, dotterell, peagoose; a simple, witlesse, and unexperienced gull." What a man Cotgrave would be to slang a hackman!

This reminds one of Coleridge, who, admiring Aristophanes' eloquence of abuse, exclaimed proudly: "We are not behindhand in English. Fancy my calling you, upon a fitting occasion—fool, sot, silly, simpleton, dunce, block-head, jolterhead, clumsy-pate, dullard, ninny, nincompoop, lackwit, numskull, ass, owl, loggerhead, coxcomb, monkey, shallow-brain, addlehead, tony, zany, fop, fop-doodle; a maggot-pated, hair-brained, muddle-pated, muddle-headed jackanapes! Why, I could go on for a minute more!"

Nor did Cotgrave disdain to jest in definition. Under "Journee" he noted "Journee des Esperons." "The battell of Spurres, woon in the year 1513 by the English upon the French, possessed with a sudden feare and preferring one paire of heeles before two paire of hands."

HOT OR COLD?

Even now amateur weather experts, constant students of the thermometer, diarists with the mania of statistics, are quarrelling over the summer just passed. According to some it was on the whole a cold one; others insist that it was unusually warm. The fact that some of the observers lived high up in mountain regions and that others remained in the city is of little weight to the drawers of conclusions.

An antiquarian of Dijon, a writer of many books—if books they may be called, for Anatole France will not allow the term in connection with Gabriel Peignot's writings, and Charles Lamb would sympathize with him in this as in other instances—once published an account of the most severe winters in Europe, and this book is fairly entertaining. He did not write a companion volume on the hottest summers remembered. But there are writers who maintain that all seasons have changed for the worst, and that the climate of the world is much colder than it used to be. It is said that they have proof in the north of Scotland that the temperature is colder in summer than it used to be 100 years ago. Here is the sort of proof on which believers rely: "I know that in my grandfather's time barley meal scones, made from the new barley, used always to appear at breakfast on August 12 in a certain shooting lodge in Aberdeenshire. I have spent a great many Twelfth's in that county, but only remember two or three years when it would have been possible to supply the scones." What man is there, country-bred in New England, who does not swear each winter that there have been no real snow, ice and cold since he was a boy and wore a tippet when he went a-coasting on crust or down the road that crossed the highway to his imminent peril?

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A FAMOUS FAMILY.

How many, when they read carelessly of the death of Miss Elizabeth Ney on her ranch in Texas, knew that she was the great-niece of the celebrated marshal? She herself was famous in a way. When she was not far out of her teens she was known as a sculptor, and among her patrons and sitters were Louis of Bavaria, King George of Hanover, and of all men in the world the philosopher, Schopenhauer, who declared that she was his "dearest girl." Was this before or after he wrote his bitter es-

say on woman? After Miss Ney had thus supported herself for several years and saved some money she went to Texas, where she succeeded, it is said, as a rancher.

In connection with this story it may not be impertinent to revive the old legend that Marshal Ney was not executed in 1815; that he escaped to Georgia, where he lived quietly and highly respected for

many years. There are persons to whom this legend is solemn history. The author of "An Englishman in Paris," speaking of Ney's son as a prisoner of the Prussians after Sedan, said that he might well envy his father's fate. He referred to the marshal's execution, not to his exile in Georgia.

IN 2200.

Entertainers of the ape, the guest of honor at Newport and other towns favored by our untitled aristocracy, should find a peculiar pleasure in Mr. Marcel Roland's novel of the years to come, a novel that may seem to some a satire. A Swiss savant returns from Borneo, where he has studied the habits and speech not of the celebrated wild men, but of the anthropoid apes. He visits his cousin Alix, a dressmaker in Paris, and brings with him an ape of 13 years with whom he can talk fluently. The beast can make himself understood in French. He is exhibited at a public lecture; he attends the first performance of an opera ballet, "The Triumph of Man," by an apoe who aspires to the dressmaker's hand; he visits the Chamber of Deputies and takes part in a free fight between the representatives; he also falls in love with Alix. Contracting consumption, he dies, deeply regretted by all who knew him, and before he dies, he shows the awakening of a soul which is superior to that of most of those about him.

All this takes place in 2200, when trains will go from Belfort to Paris in two hours—a timid prophecy; when there will be a "United Europe" instead of separate kingdoms; when the whole world will be republican and women will sit as deputies in Paris; when dressmakers will use mushrooms and other fungi as a decoration for expensive costumes. But even in 1907 there is the "mushroom hat."

It seems from the lecture delivered by the Swiss savant at the museum in Paris that in 2200 the human race will have reached the height of its glory and that there must then be a steady decline. The animals now dubbed inferior will rise steadily in intelligence and become our successors. But has not this idea already been exploited in "The War of the Worlds"? We remember vaguely a satire written by a Frenchman within the last twenty years in which an imported ape was the hero; in which the natural superiority of the ape over his learned keeper, guide and friend, was stoutly maintained. And years ago there were satires not wholly unlike—witness Swift's Yahoo, the loathsome man, who is immeasurably below the horse.

Men and Things

A. H. D. writes to The Herald asking for Mr. Herkimer Johnson's opinion concerning the feeling of servants by a guest at a country house. "You said Monday evening that Mr. Johnson had opinions on this subject, and as I am now spending my second week at the summer 'cottage'—it is really a palace—of a friend, I might be guided in my bestowal of tips."

Mr. Johnson, it is true, has sent many sociological notes to The Herald, and we received a fresh batch this morning. Not all of these notes are suitable for publi-

cation. Some are rambling, long-winded, foolishly fantastical; some are cynical, and they might easily shock those who put their confidence in veneer; other notes are anthropological rather than sociological, and they might be classed with some of Burton's annotations to "The Thousand Nights and A Night." Nor is Mr. Johnson always a wise counsellor. He has his prejudices; he is inclined to look on this world as though he were observing it from another planet, or as an idle man considers an ant-hill and wonders at the activity of its inhabitants. Furthermore, there may be too much Johnson.

Nevertheless, in the preparation of his colossal and eagerly anticipated work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," Mr. Johnson has studied tipping as known in all lands through the centuries. He has travelled, read, experimented. We were with him when he experimented on a waiter in the Bulgarian room of a leading hotel in Boston. Mr. Johnson called for the bill, paid his score—having first borrowed a bank note from us—and then gave Alphonse 10 cents. (The bill for the luncheon was \$3.35. We passed \$5 to Herkimer under the table and as yet have not received the change.) His experiment was perhaps successful in his eyes. To us the experience was painful. Sir Thomas Browne in a comparatively unfamiliar essay suggests to a painter draughts of passionate looks, as that of Bajazet in the cage. The look of Alphonse should have been added to the list.

It was Mr. Johnson who told us recently that the "three waiter system," a time-honored institution in Vienna, is threatened with extinction. It seems, according to his story, for we have never joined the lookers-on in Vienna, that even in the humblest restaurant of that city you cannot get a simple meal without the assistance of three waiters: the head waiter brings the bill, the real waiter takes the order and serves the dishes; the boy, or "piccolo," brings the wine or the beer. The head waiter, who gives you the least assistance, gets the largest tip, a case of ex-officio; the second gets a little smaller one; the boy receives a cent or two. The amount of the tipping is, therefore, swollen preposterously. To remedy the evil, it is now proposed that each waiter shall have the entire charge of a smaller number of tables instead of all the waiters looking after a room indiscriminately and with furiously itching palms. The governor of Austria, Count Klemens, has been asked to sanction the change, for in Austria the government sticks its nose into everything.

We inquired about this matter last week of an experienced traveller, who had sojourned in Vienna a year ago. He said he had dined and supped in many restaurants of the city, but he knew nothing about the "three waiter system." He is, however, a thrifty soul—some call him close, or "near"—and it is possible that he did not see even a single palm when he took his hat in hand.

For the possible advantage of A. H. D. we shall give a few quotations from Mr. Johnson's notes.

"There is a butler here, but no valet for the male guests. This pleases me, for I should not like to have any hired man become intimately acquainted with my clothes, number my shirts, find out whether collars and cuffs are attached, and whether the cuffs are reversible. I have not the courage of Mr. Isaac Vanderpoel, whose name was made prominent by the recent insurance investigation in New York. Twenty years ago Ike, then an insurance clerk at Albany with a moderate salary, visited for a week at the house of a very rich man—rich as wealth was reckoned in those days. He landed with a modest valise. Going to his room after he had exchanged greetings with the host, he found a valet opening the valise. Ike said afterward to his cronies: 'There the fellow was. In a minute he would despise me. I gave him a \$5 bill—half of all that I had—and I said: "Let that bag alone. If I ever catch you in this room or see that you have been meddling with my things I'll knock your block off!"'

Mr. Johnson writes on another page: "If I were a well-to-do man and entertained guests, I should have a notice put in each bedroom: 'Guests are kindly requested not to fee any servant.' I should pay my servants liberally, not extravagantly, for I would not spoil them for myself and others, and I should tell them that if they accepted fees from any ass who should disregard my request, they would, if detected, be discharged that

day. If I could not afford to make reasonable guests comfortable, I should not wish to entertain them. It would humiliate me to think of them paying servants in my employ. Is it possible that there are hosts who hire summer servants and beat them down in the matter of wages by holding out the lure of visitors' tips?

"How many guests of moderate means are made uncomfortable by the thought, 'How little can I give the butler, or waiter and chambermaid without being considered stingy?' In large houses there should be added to the list of expectants, valet, lady's maid, boots, chauffeur, those who serve in stable and tennis court, on golf links, with shooting parties. The Lord be praised, I know not hosts with huge establishments."

"But," says Mr. Johnson elsewhere, "I must be comfortable even when I am visiting. First of all, I must have—"

Mr. Johnson's list of requirements and his advice to hosts, "First Aid to Guests," may be published tomorrow evening, possibly on Friday evening. His handwriting is here almost illegible, as though he had written in a highly nervous state.

CONCERT FOYER

Baritone Now Masher of Stage
in Opera—"Pinafore" First
Sung in Boston

MUSIC'S PITFALLS IN THE FAR WEST

By PHILIP HALE.

LISTEN to the story of Agostina Gilamini, "artist, opera singer, heart-breaker, and teacher of vocal culture," who, leaving Des Moines suddenly, as it were between trains, also left behind him "a trail of broken hearts and bad checks."

"Gay and debonaire, with the black locks and dreamy pose which characterize the artist of fiction," Mr. Gilamini soon became a favorite in Des Moines. He often sang at church and school concerts; he gave recitals; he conducted the Iowa College of Musical Art, "but his passion for wine and women was too strong, and he finally resigned from school work." We are also informed that his countenance was swarthy and his mien aristocratic. He fascinated all women, spared neither the cradle nor the grave, and signed worthless checks, when, as he said in excuse, he was under the influence of liquor and had no control of his right hand.

This dashing singer of Vesuvian temperament was not a tenor, not a bass. Like the justly celebrated Sig. Bimbinger, he was a baritone, or barytone as the word is spelled by certain Englishmen and the N. Y. Sun.

But why "barytone"? The earliest appearance of the word in English literature was in 1609, when Douland spelled it with an "i." Byron also preferred "i" when he wrote:

The baritone I almost had forgot,
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;
With graceful action, science not a jot,
A voice of not great compass, and not sweet.

He always is complaining of his lot,
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street.
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.

There was a time when the tenor was the masher of the operatic stage, whether he were of the heroic species or a beeper. Women sighed for him. Before his reign, strange as it now seems to us, male sopranos and male contraltos fluttered the hearts of noble dames. Today the tenor is first of all a money-maker; he thinks chiefly of himself; when he is not on the stage he is lost in omphalic contemplation. The bass, doomed as a rule to flowing robes, is reckoned a serious person, though in New York not long ago a woman fell madly in love with a bass, though why she endured much for his sake has never been satisfactorily explained. He was and still is sombre and logy. He reminds one of a polished coal stove in summer. She, poor woman, who, loving, counted the world as dress, is dead. He still sings, often with false intonation.

Tenors and basses were of little account in the 18th century. The latter were more conspicuous in comic than in serious opera. The former paled before the dazzling brilliance of male sopranos. The French appreciated earlier than the Italians the value of baritones and basses, but Mozart made his Don Giovanni and his count in "The Marriage of Figaro" baritones. John Hulsh said that Mozart was the first to recognize the fact that the baritone is "the average, and, therefore typical, voice of man." This statement might be argued. Opera composers in Mozart's time wrote for the companies at the respective opera houses. Tenors of marked excellence were not then common.

Cablegrams announced last month the disappearance of Mr. Francis Macmillan, an American violinist, lost as he was attempting "to ascend Mount Blanc." It was said that searching parties had been organized. Some saw the poor wretch imprisoned in ice and began to calculate the speed of the glacier and the probable appearance in public of the preserved body, for they remembered Mr. Stimson's ingenious story. Some, with a hazy recollection of the monks of Saint Bernard, saw a vision of a shaggy and friendly dog bringing aid with a keg of brandy suspended to his neck. Others smiled the smile of experience and prophesied concerts by Mr. Macmillan early in the season, and they were wise in their generation, for Mr. Macmillan will give a recital here in Symphony Hall, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5.

Mme. Calve will also give a concert here in Symphony Hall next month. Her press agent has not been idle. We are told that she purposes to "cultivate the vine in southern California, on a \$500,000 ranch which she is about to buy." She will bring with her 400 expert vineyard workers from France, but they will not sing with her in Boston. Let us hope that she will be more fortunate than Viotti, the great fiddler, who lost money in London as one of a firm of wine merchants.

This reminds me of Prof. McClellan's "Ode to Irrigation" sung recently by the Oden tabernacle choir of Salt Lake City at Sacramento. Might not this composition "produced by Utah talent" be justly called a bacchic ode?

The New York Sun said editorially some days ago that Mr. James C. Duff brought "H. M. S. Pinafore" to this country.

Mr. Duff did not bring this operetta to the United States. My colleague Mr. Perry of The Herald, tells me that the late R. M. Field saw "Pinafore" in London and then bought a libretto and a piano score. Mr. John Braham, who was the leader of the Boston Museum orchestra, made an orchestral score from the arrangement for piano, and the operetta was produced at the Museum. The chief singers were Marie Wainwright, Sadie Martinot, Lizzie Harold, George Wilson, James H. Jones, Joe Haworth, B. R. Graham. The part of Ralph Rackstraw was taken—mirabile dictu—by Ross Temple. The date of this performance was Nov. 25, 1873. That of Mr. Duff's production at the Standard Theatre, New York, was Jan. 15, 1879.

Mr. Perry adds: "Long before that, I read the notices of the performance in London, and showed them to Sam Colville, who was managing the Colville Polly Company. He read the notices and said: 'Oh, it's too English, too English! Never'd do here, me boy!' Thus he lost a chance of making a pot of money."

When the Boston Ideals gave "Pinafore" at the Boston Theatre, April 14, 1879, the chief singers were Mary Beebe, Miss McCulloch (Brignoli's divorced wife), Georgina Cayvan (Hebe)—her first appearance in drama—and Messrs. Whitney, Earnabee, Frothingham and Hitchcock.

All seats for the concerts this season of the Theodore Thomas orchestra in Chicago have been sold. The Philadelphia Orchestra expects an unusually brilliant season, and the number of concerts has been increased.

Mr. Frank Griffin of the Greentown, Ind., band "blew his horn so hard in a contest at Kokomo, on Sunday, that he is said to have burst something inside." "It is said that he was so enthusiastic over the playing of his band he forgot all about his own physical troubles. When he returned home he found that the excessive horn blowing had wrenched something loose." He is now recovering in a hospital. There is still a vacancy in the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a powerful horn player.

The subject of Debussy's new opera, "The Adventures of Tristram," has nothing to do with the Arthurian legend. Will the New York Evening Post take notice of this?

An organist of a "fashionable" church in Evansville, Ind., "the most skilled musician and composer" in the town, is now the "victim of a malady which he has long dreaded and prayed against—musician's madness." There is housemaid's knee, policeman's heel, bicyclist's face, but what, pray, is "musician's madness"? There was once a superstition in Germany that oboists went mad, but Mr. Longy is eminently sane and shrewd as well as a consummate artist. It appears that the Evansville musician is "constantly groping for the keys of the pipe organ," and at times he sings "in a piping voice."

On the other hand Mr. Jacob Workheiser of Bloomington, Ill., fiddles passionately at the age of 106. The citizens instead of resenting his behavior think highly of him and gave him recently a gold-headed cane.

In St. Louis Mr. Max Zach is now called Herr Zach.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

Charles Hunter, an Englishman, was transported to Van Diemen's land in 1833 for stealing a couple of hams. Two years ago he became entitled to £200, and as nothing has been heard from him since 1846 his relatives were allowed to take the sum out of chancery. This item of news reminds one of the severe punishments inflicted in the England of former years for minor offences. Hunter in 1833 was transported for an offence that might now be punished by a month's imprisonment. The early volumes of Punch contain caustic

articles and indignant cartoons against the excessive penalties for poaching, and there were many offences that were visited with Draconian severity, and with a grotesque lack of proportion between the weights of crime and punishment. Yet transportation in some instances put a man on his feet, for it was accompanied by a colonization scheme. It may be that this same Hunter is now a very old man, has changed his name, is well-to-do, and is desirous of quiet, in need neither of legacy nor of hams.

COLERIDGE ON NAVAL DISCIPLINE

Again there is more figuring to show the comparative strength of the great navies of the world. Again there is the taunt brought by one nation against another that many battleships reckoned as first class are obsolete. Again there are tables to show the comparative accuracy of marksmanship.

In all this talk about navies there has been no allusion to a singular remark made by S. T. Coleridge nearly eighty years ago: "The severest naval discipline is always found in the ships of the freest nations, and the most lax discipline in the ships of the most oppressed. Hence the naval discipline of the Americans is the sharpest, then that of the English, then that of the French (I speak as it used to be), and on board a Spanish ship there is no discipline at all."

In the war of 1812 the discipline and the marksmanship of the American navy were shown to the world, and the English became intimately acquainted with them. The victories of Nelson destroyed the existence of the French navy. Hence the allusion made by Coleridge. The looseness of Spanish naval discipline was shown not long ago, although there was no question concerning the bravery of the defeated.

Men and Things

MR. JOHNSON'S handwriting cannot justly be called calligraphy in the earlier and restricted meaning of the word, nor is it always legible.

A professor of the Spencerian hand, one of those marvellous geniuses whose flourishes would excite the admiration of a Spanish grandee, geniuses who with a pen, and with one hand tied behind them, draw nifflie eagles with scrolls suspended from their beaks, would scorn Mr. Johnson's scrawl. The printer curses it. Yet we have been able to decipher certain pages of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's notes taken in the course of his recent wanderings, and we hasten to gratify as far as possible the curiosity of the correspondent whose inquiry was published here last Wednesday.

The chief question was concerning Mr. Johnson's practice in giving tips to servants when he is visiting friends. Although he pretends to be a modest man, he reminds us of Harold Skimpole in the false simplicity of his requirements.

Thus we learn from his notes that he demands first of all quiet and privacy while he is a-visiting. Does he not recognize any duty toward his host or hostess? Should he not be willing to talk lightly even though his head is splitting, even though his host's cigars be a bitter disappointment? Should he not listen with a sympathetic face to his hostess as she dilates on the virtues of her children or hints that her husband is not the man she thought him when he was wooing her?

"I must have a quiet and comfortable room," writes Mr. Johnson, "where I shall not be disturbed by servants overhead or by early sweeping of the veranda. There is a description in Charles Reade's 'Woman Hater' of an ideal guest room. The room contained, as I remember, three or four beds, so that the visitor could try each in turn, if one were too soft or too hard, if one sank down in the middle. If he found himself rolling down as from a ridge, or if he were vaguely restless. There was a tiled bathroom, a thoughtfully selected library, towels galore, an organ, smoking apparatus, a gymnasium, writing material—the description is at least half a page long. This room is far preferable to the guest chamber occupied by Mr. James Creevey at the Duke of Leinster's palace, for the latter

was on the ground floor and the furniture was in the French style; yet how the parasitical Creevey gushed over it! (was Leinster a Duke after all, or was he only a belted Earl? I have forgotten this important detail.) "Avoid any house where fruit is not served at breakfast. A morning blooming cereal is a sorry substitute."

We pass over notes on hosts' anecdotes, obligatory drives and enforced golf, indoor games of a more or less hideous nature, in the hope of finding something definite about tips. Ah!—here is something. "My evening boots really need no polish, yet they are taken away every morning. Mem: Should I be expected to tip anyone for doing this? I hid my boots last night, but they were found. It seems to me that the polish used here is injurious to the leather."

Here is another note: "At Mrs. Gollightly's a butler and two maids served at dinner. Should I fee the three? The maids do the greater part of the work. How can I fee them and yet escape the butler? Would it not be better to dodge the three in the passion of farewell? I shall give the chambermaid something substantial, more than she has a right to expect, for I found that my last night shirt is torn from shoulder to elbow and I do not wish her to think I am wholly strapped. I wish I had brought my new pyjamas. If I leave a bill on the pin cushion will she surely get it?"

"Why does Hawkins, the hall man, insist on brushing my derby hat every time I go out with it? Is it shabby? And why does he have a peculiar expression whenever he looks at it? I had it made for me, with an unusually flat, wide brim, after my own model. It has excited a good deal of attention in Boston. There were some young bloods at dinner last night and I became aware that my house coat is either behind or in advance of the presumably correct style. I notice, too, that the collar cracks my shirt collar."

"I find myself trying to conciliate the butler. I tell stories at dinner and endeavor to catch his eye to win his approval. I am not sure but I said 'sir' to him yesterday. Why did I embark on this galley? How can I disembark without loss of money and self-respect? Disciples got Paul out of a scrape; they took him by night and let him down by the wall in a basket." This was an early instance of "shooting the moon." If I had only a valise I might leave before breakfast with a note of apology; but even then I should run against at least one servant, and the house is six miles from the railway station."

We have just seen a citizen of Clamport, and we happened to speak of Mr. Johnson. To our amazement he declared that Mr. Johnson had been in Clamport all last month. "Why, man alive, here are letters from him, sent from towns in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine." "I can't help that, I saw Johnson every day at the postoffice in Clamport all last month."

Who can solve this mystery? What object had Mr. Johnson in deceiving us? or was the gray-haired villager mistaken for there are two Johnsons in Clamport? Our distinguished friend, the sociologist, is peculiar. Even his wife, the peerless Eustacia, has been urged to leave him, but she insists that he amuses her. She is probably the only one who does not take him seriously. Fortunately, her uncle, the lamented Old Chimes, left to her his fortune in such a manner that Herkimer cannot waste it in experimentation and investigation.

Men and Things

SEVEN has long been a sacred number, and the English now recognize seven stages of drink. Dr. R. Thorold Williams has been investigating the effects of alcohol on behavior. His evidence is not in the nature of an academic or scientific disquisition. "It simply applied to the actual person in the dock charged with the offence of being found in the street drunk and incapable and who denied the offence."

Properly measured out "The first dose should make one irritable, the second 'mellow, comfortable, happy,' the third pugnacious, the fourth affectionate, the fifth lacrymose, the sixth comatose. Last stage of all—but it seems to require a sure and friendly hand—one peacefully gives up the ghost and escapes reaction." The Pall Mall Gazette asked the learned leech to suggest means whereby this order of things might be reversed. Dr. Williams answered: "For those who are comatose I would suggest that a properly qualified medical man be called in; for those that are affectionate I would prescribe the presence of legitimate objects of affection; for those who are pugnacious I would advise writing letters to the Pall Mall Gazette."

This discussion should interest Judge Dewey and other judges of evidence, law or alcohol. Dr. Williams, we fear, argues from particular cases to general principles. We know a man in Boston who becomes affec-

donate after one cocktail. His wife has learned this. Another will be at once quarrelsome, while a third will resemble the captain of the Polly Ann, a staunch boat on which Artemus Ward sailed the Wabash canal: "He luffed a short, wild luff, and called for his jug. Slippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed 'Bless you! bless you!' and fell into a sweet sleep."

Only yesterday we noticed the return of the articles on tests for intoxication, and all the old familiar words and phrases were there, "National Intelligence" to "Truly Rural" and "Solidity." There was no mention, however, of Hanbury the brewer and his dictum: "no man should be pronounced drunk if he can lie in bed without being held there."

Uncle Amos of South Paris visited Boston late in the spring and I gave an order for a suit of clothes to a fashionable tailor. Delighted with the suit, he said: "I wish you would let me have the pattern of this suit. I am getting old and I probably shall not come here again, but Jabez at home has good cloth, just as good cloth as this, only he hasn't any idea of style." The tailor thought over the proposition and said to himself: "I shall never make another suit for this old gazabo and I might as well let him have the pattern. I'll charge him so much that he'll have heart disease." Then he said in a clear, bell-like voice to Uncle Amos: "I'll let you have it for \$100." Uncle Amos pulled out a wad with a cheery "Here you are."

About a week ago Uncle Amos tried on a new suit made by Jabez of South Paris from the Boston tailor's pattern. The suit was indeed a sight. The trousers were of the high-water variety and they pinched the old man's hips. The lower edge of the waist coat climbed anxiously toward the region of his heart. Uncle Amos could hardly get into the coat. "How's this, Jabez? You saw the suit I got in Boston, and you have the pattern. What all's yer?"

"Look here," says Jabez, "You ought to remember that you ain't as big a man in South Paris as you are in Boston by a darn sight."

They are telling this story in Maine. It seems to us that it is not new.

The English are always complaining of the "Slang and Americanisms" that characterize American journalism. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, discussing the essential differences between the German and English character, writes "The typical German, I think, it is incontestable, is a 'mugger,' or a 'swot.' To how many Americans are these terms familiar? Turning to a slang dictionary, we learn that a 'mugger' is any person with an ambition for University distinction—a vague definition and that 'swotting' is sweating in study for examinations.

The word originated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in the broad Scotch pronunciation of Dr. Wallace, one of the professors, of the word 'sweat.' It is not safe for shop clerks to be too polite. One was dismissed lately in Berlin for undue courtesy. It was his habit to compliment customers on the success of their toilettes. He would say: "What a charming hat, madam!" or "Where in the world did you find that exquisite blouse? I hope you will pardon my rap-ture." The employer discharged this clerk because he was so affable. The clerk, suing for a month's salary, endeavored to prove that he was actuated only by zeal for his employer and he brought forward witnesses to prove that customers already missed his winning ways and shopped elsewhere. "If customers have complained of me, as my employer states, it was because my rap-ture seemed moderate or forced." The court appreciated courtesy in a shop and awarded the clerk a month's salary in lieu of notice.

Sept 15, 1907

AN HONORABLE CALLING.

The life of William Thomas Arnold, written by his sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, with the assistance of Mr. C. E. Montague, was published recently in Manchester, a provincial city, and without any blare of trumpets. To the great majority, the honorable and useful work of this grand old man of the Arnold of Rugby is unknown, for it has been well said of him that as a member for over twenty

years of the staff of the Manchester Guardian he took anonymity seriously. Arnold held his calling in the highest respect. He had contempt for superior persons who sneer at journalism and prate about "literature." It was his belief that "there is no limit to what a man can do, if he does not care who gains the credit for it," and he also believed that journalism opens the door widest to the man who really wishes to get things done. Mr. Montague informs us that Arnold bore himself to his paper "as a Jesuit to his Order," but in the newspaper approved by Arnold there could be no "uncritical assents, in politics, morals or criticism, to fashionable second-best."

But Arnold, although a university man, was not a mere theorist. He was as practical in his views concerning the righteous policy of a newspaper as any business man. The fact that a writer was fresh from a university did not commend him to him; on the contrary, he thought a university a poor school for style, and he once complained bitterly that the majority of Oxford honors men needed at least a year in a newspaper office "to unlearn their journalese." He abhorred, even when articles were written necessarily in haste, "inky humming and ha-ing, or clearing of the literary throat," and he insisted that style should be always "fluffless." Furthermore, he found in words themselves a moral value, and he knew that loose reasoning often proceeds from ignorance of a word's exact meaning.

There are not many biographies of leader-writers, and the personality of a leader-writer is seldom discussed intelligently while he is alive. It is the fashion in some quarters to believe that the leader is written by one indifferent or even secretly opposed to the principles he advocates. There are many editorial writers in this country who have Arnold's sacred devotion to his profession. They share his pride in anonymity that is beneficent and uplifting. The late William H. Merrill of The Herald was of this class, and the tributes that have been paid his memory were founded on the recognition of quality that should be an inspiration to younger men whose appointed task is of a like nature.

JOACHIM A FOE TO MUSICAL PROGRESS

As a Violin Virtuoso He Had Been Moribund for Many Years.

FORMERLY FAMOUS AS A QUARTET LEADER

Unfortunate He Did Not Leave the Concert Stage Before His Decline.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Since we last reasoned together concerning music and musicians, Edvard Grieg and Joseph Joachim have been buried with pomp and ceremony. As a virtuoso, Joachim had been moribund for several years, and the later compositions of Grieg showed that his inventive blood was chilled and thin.

Dr. Charles W. Saleeby, who contributes entertaining "Scientific Notes" to the Pall Mall Gazette, and whose book entitled "Worry" is now known to many American readers who surely need words of wisdom and warning on this subject, has examined into the life and

personality of Joachim. He finds first of all that inasmuch as Joachim was a Jew and his "legitimate successor," Ysaye, is also a Jew, "whose trisyllabic name, properly pronounced, is simply a modern form of that of the greatest of the Hebrew prophets," and the chief of the present prodigies, Mischa Elman is also a Jew, until his people ceases to produce practically all the greatest violinists, their case will be a strong argument against the ultra-modern doctrine of those who believe that race is a myth.

He also finds that all great violinists without exception have been prodigies; that early actions determine positively their position in the brain, "and thus their future possibilities of relation, association, and co-ordination in after life." This observation may be applied to cricket, fiddling, and all neuro-muscular feats. A vital character is not the sum of heredity and environment, but the product of the two factors. Musical power owes more to the inherent and less to the acquired than any other. "It is years that bring the philosophic mind, whose material is experience, and the great philosophic works are the product of maturity. Music stands at the other pole, owes least to education, and can, therefore, appear earliest."

Admitting that the sensory aspect of the violinist's art is far more important than the motor aspect, Dr. Saleeby insists on the need of a new phrenology "which shall acquaint us with the microscopic differences in cell-form, cell-structure, and cell-abundance displayed by the tone-deaf, the Paganini with his perfect skill of sorts, playing the music of a Paganini, and the Joachim playing Beethoven. In this field we know nothing." And Dr. Saleeby regrets that the brains of eminent violinists are not examined microscopically after death. He evidently is not acquainted with the recent theories concerning the functions of the brain.

When Dr. Saleeby speaks as an aesthetic concerning the musical character of Joachim, he is less fortunate. He says that Joachim had "a heart that beat in time to the music of the spheres and of humanity." Thus is the good man hysterical, and the mouth-filling phrase reminds one of "the chronometer of God," which impressed for a few moments the ship-companions of Mark Twain. For the last 25 years of his life Joachim as the director of a music school, and a commanding influence was singularly narrow and parochial. Works by modern and romantic composers found little favor in his eyes and in certain instances he was violently and foolishly opposed to all progress in harmonic thought and to all new forms of emotional and imaginative expression in music.

I first heard Joachim as a virtuoso and as a quartette player in 1882, and from 1882 to 1887 I heard him many times, and in several cities. Even then his mechanism was insecure, and his memory would occasionally fail him. I have been present when, playing a concerto with orchestra, he was obliged to stop in a movement and begin again. Nevertheless, he was even then in many ways an admirable performer, though his appeal to the hearers was seldom sensuous, seldom truly emotional. He had not the irresistible fascination of Wieniawski; he was inferior to Sarasate in exquisite quality of tone, engrossing brilliance and subtle, indefinable charm; he was not an Ysaye; yet he had qualities which these other men did not possess, and chief among these qualities was what might be called classic serenity.

It was unfortunate for Joachim's fame as a virtuoso that he did not leave the concert stage 20 years ago. His intonation grew more and more false until it was generally painful when he appeared as a solo player, for his left hand was sorely crippled by gout and his fingers would not obey his will. But he was surrounded by flatterers, and had a Gil Blas whom he respected told him the truth he would have replied in the words of the archbishop. The great majority of the critics in Germany respected the memory of the violinist, and either wrote the thing which was not or refrained from adverse comment. The Londoners swung the censor and the license of praise was thick and suffocating even when his tones stabbed unprejudiced, honest ears, and his general mechanism was sloppy. He was Dr. Joachim, and that was enough for Londoners.

On the other hand, Joachim was a great quartet player and leader in the early eighties, and his failings were less apparent for some years in the performance of chamber music. His colleagues were then de Anna, Wirth and Hausmann. Anna, who had served in Italy in 1859 as a lieutenant in the Austrian army had a smooth, agreeable tone, and he played with a certain outward elegance. Wirth took himself very seriously in spite of a nervous style that was unpleasant to the eye. Hausmann, the cellist, had a great reputation in Berlin and London, but he was an unemotional person, and his performance, exasperatingly accurate, was cold and dry. It was a common saying in Berlin among the younger and irreverent musicians that no cellist could possibly be as stupid as Hausmann looked—except Robert Hausmann. The euphony of the quartet was not so striking as that of the Kneisel quartet, and the programmes were of a severe nature. There were a few modern composers whom Joachim approved, and among them was Heinrich von Herzogenberg. Chamber music by this dull composer found its way into the Joachim concerts. Here was music that was safe, music that would not corrupt the young, music that would not excite unduly the wives of Berlin citizens.

In spite of the limitations here mentioned, the Joachim quartet concerts were justly a commanding feature of the Berlin season, and to hear quartets of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven played by these men disciplined by Joachim was an education and a pleasure.

There was a time when Joachim was eager to win fame as an orchestral

leader. For this position he was eminently unfit, and his experiments in Berlin were sad failures. As soon as he faced an orchestra he was without authority. The men played as though he had expressed no wishes at rehearsal and had no deliberate purpose in the public performance. An incredibly dismal performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and an equally dismal performance of Mozart's "Requiem" are fresh in my memory. I still remember the rage and sarcastic indignation of Bargiel after one of his overtures had been butchered at a Joachim concert. Joachim once ventured to produce a then comparatively modern work, a composition little known in Berlin. It was the first suite made from Bizet's music to "L'Arlesienne." At the end of the last rehearsal Joachim said to the players: "Gentlemen, this music, I understand, is much liked and admired by some. Why I do not understand. I find nothing in it." The performance was in accordance with his opinion. And not only as an orchestral conductor did Joachim lack authority; he was wholly without dramatic force, wholly unimaginative as an interpreter.

Yet in one respect these orchestral concerts were at first interesting. When Joachim came on the stage he brought with him in his hand a carefully brushed plug hat. This hat he placed with utmost care on the floor near his stand. After the performance of the opening piece, he took up the hat and left the stage. When he was ready for the second piece he appeared with his hat, which was again put down and again taken up, and he behaved in like manner until the concert was over.

As a virtuoso of the earlier years, and as a quartet leader, Joachim will long be remembered, and his name will be revered. He formed many excellent violinists, and aided them both in matters of mechanism and in the interpretation of music by certain classic composers. But both as a director of a music school and as a musical authority his influence was narrowing and highly detrimental toward the development of musical composition. Often generous and helpful toward individuals who knewed to him, he was too often bitterly unfair and small. His feeling toward the music of Liszt and Wagner is too well known to require discussion. It may be said that he was the implacable foe of all composers who wished to strike out new paths, and he was especially violent and also obtuse, when they succeeded.

And now a final word about an opinion of the learned leech quoted above. How in the world was Dr. Saleeby led to believe that Ysaye is of Hebraic extraction? The violinist's family is well known as Flemish. Ysaye's father once sojourned in New Orleans as an operatic conductor. There are several Flemish and Catholic families whose family name is Hebraic.

THE SYMPHONY SEASON.

Announcement of Sales of Tickets for Rehearsals and Concerts.

The auction sales of seats for the coming season of the Symphony Orchestra will open at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Sept. 30, when the \$3 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. The \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Oct. 1. The \$15 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, Oct. 3, and the \$10 seats for the concerts on Friday, Oct. 4. All the sales will begin promptly at 10 o'clock. The usual rules will prevail. The seats will be sold as they are situated in the hall and will go to those bidding the highest premium over the upset price. The maximum number of seats sold under one bid will be four.

As in the past 24 years, there will be 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts, coming on successive Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, except six when the orchestra will be out of town. The first public rehearsal and the first concert will be on Friday afternoon, Oct. 11, and Saturday evening, Oct. 12, respectively.

Full announcement regarding the plans of the season will be made in advertisements to be found in the Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning papers of Sept. 21 and 22.

MACMILLEN'S TOUR.

Mr. Francis Macmillen, violinist, will make his first Boston appearance this season in Symphony Hall, Boston, the evening of Oct. 8. Mr. Macmillen has been spending the summer in Switzerland, preparing for his coming tour of America, which is to consist of 150 concerts in all of the leading cities of the East and Middle West. He will be assisted by Mme. Rosina Van Dyk, a Dutch soprano, and Mr. Richard Hageman, pianist.

AN UNWORTHY TAUNT.

It seems that the Socialists who assembled in denunciatory congress at Stuttgart were mocked by the correspondent of a London journal because "nine-tenths of them showed every sign of a comfortable prosperity." A Belgian wore a white waistcoat; a Parsee narrowly escaped applause for the cut of his gray morning suit; "even the uninvited representative of the Natural Life cult, who walked about with bare legs and feet, had cinnamon knickers, a fawn vest, and a graceful brown cloak, which it was impossible not to recognize as the 'dernier cri' of forest fashions." Furthermore, they ate the

highest priced sausages and drank the most expensive beer, and some of them drove to the congress in carriages drawn by two horses.

But why should not a Socialist show outwardly the benefits that will follow, as he believes, the realization of his theory? No one will be converted to Socialism by the thought of universal horse meat, swipes and slop-clothes. It should be remembered that these Socialists were not of the hairy, unkempt variety. There were professors, "literary fellers," bankers and the son of an English peer at the congress.

Men and Things

IT is not easy to say whether Mr. Earle, Mrs. Earle, Mr. Kuttner or Mrs. Earle's white-haired father, old man Fischbacher, is the most entertaining of the singular beings who chatter about soul-affinities and cross-relations. Each one seems to be fond of the others, and Mrs. Earle, whether she has been beaten, or has not been beaten by Mr. Earle—for there are contradictory reports concerning the precise nature of his physical demonstrations of affection—has nothing "agin" him or the sad-eyed Miss Kuttner. Just now the white-haired father is our favorite for the money. He speaks of his son-in-law with "studied moderation"—the phrase suggests inadequate dentistry—and "carefully avoids any harsh expressions" toward him, "whom he describes as 'superman.'"

Yet some might not like to be called "superman." The historical fishwife was routed by the word "hypotenuse." We doubt whether Mr. Fischbacher is quite sure about the exact meaning of superman, whether it be the creature of Nietzsche or of Mr. G. B. Shaw. Mr. Fischbacher, summing up the situation, concludes as follows: "It's a story that sounds like a play at Nouveaute's Theatre." Pierre, or Jean Nouveaute? And when did he found his theatre, or buy it and change the name?

The new "handsome octavo edition" of Marryat's "Midshipman Easy" is expurgated. What next! What next! Are there not passages in "Sandford and Merton" that might corrupt a youth at the awkward age? Are there not paragraphs with sly and damnable allusions in "Robinson Crusoe"? As for the Sunday school books of our youth, "Irish Amy," "Tim, the Scissors Grinder," "Dick and His Friend Fildus," and that never to be forgotten romance of the reformed circus girl—not one of them would meet today the approval of Mr. Comstock, the Watch and Ward Society and other professional censors of literature and art and incensors of the healthy-minded and sane. The professional seekers after impurity would read laboriously "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" in the hope of finding something about an unfaithful shepherdess.

The correspondence of Alfred de Musset, which has been published recently in Paris, will disappoint some, for there is little talk about art with a great "A" in the letters. De Musset was born an amoralist, and when he wrote intimately to man or woman he wrote about love and chiefly about his own passion. Yet there are some pleasant descriptions of scenes, and there are pages of charming jesting.

In a letter of condolence to a friend who had been appointed a sub-prefect, De Musset said that he had been troubled by fleas and other objectionable insects in a beautiful room which he had rented in a German city. "I made a complaint, but the chambermaid answered: 'Sir, a countess—'un gondesse'—lodged here before you.' It is a fact that the German fleas are of the ancien regime."

This reminds us of a story told a few days ago by a woman who had just returned from England. Stopping at the inn of a village frequented by sight-seers, she was not satisfied with the appearance of the sheets and pillow case. The chambermaid answered her by saying scornfully: "Lady Tulkitrott has just slept in that bed for a week. We don't change sheets after person of quality."

Gunda, the big Bronx elephant, hugged Miss Lucretia Hawes, an aged woman, who has been in the habit of feeding him. Thus he showed grati-

tude. If not discrimination was not knows whether his feeling were not purely one of affection? For strange tales are recorded in the books concerning the ardent devotion of elephants to women, and there is an especially pretty story retold by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," in the section that treats of love, the disease, the symptoms, the remedies. We regret to add that Miss Hawes fainted and was taken to a hospital. The joyful surprise came so late in her life.

Coleridge was of the opinion that the ant and the bee are much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends than the elephant. He thought the ant the most intellectual and the dog the most affectionate of the "irrational animals." But, according to modern theories about mastication and nutrition, the cow should be ranked high, for she is most careful in the selection of her food. Coleridge under-rated the elephant. The wise men of India about to write sacred books consulted this sagacious beast. When today in India a Yogi wants strength, he makes a samyama (concentration, meditation and super-consciousness in one) on the strength of the elephant, and gets it. Mr. Roosevelt, who has received from Liberia the brush of an elephant's tail mounted on a crooked leather handle, should note this important fact.

Although Charles Reade, in his "Jack of All Trades," said many bitter things about the elephant's "treachery" and "malignity," he acknowledged his extraordinary ability and power. As for the disagreeable things that have been said about the beast, they may be classed with the schoolboy's composition, which ended as follows: "You must not give the elephant tobacco, for if you do, he will stamp his great big feet upon you and kill you fatally dead."

There are men who are seriously hurt if they are not pointed out with the aid of a megaphone to the sitters in the "Seeing Boston" car.

Elsie Venner, the kleptomaniac, laments that she bears in private life the name of Dr. Holmes' heroine, yet there can be no possible connection between the prenatal influence of a rattlesnake's bite and kleptomania. In a prosecution for wholesale whiskey stealing at the Cape the manager for the whiskey importers is named Schippers. One of the prisoners accused of stealing the firewater is a Mr. Burns, another a Mr. Sparks. A witness is a steward on the Burton Port. The cartage contractor who carried away cases from the bonded stores is Manuel d'Abrou, with the accent on the "brew," and a man accused of being a confederate of Mr. Burns is named Boose. Here is indeed a singular coincidence of names and associations.

A New Jersey jailer will wed his prisoner. This is an agreeable variation on an old theme. In novels, plays, and not infrequently in life, a prisoner woos the jailer's daughter, wife, aunt or cousin, and with her help escapes. The letter that she looks for never comes. As a rule she speeds him to the arms of another. May there not thus be jail-widows, as there are college-widows?

HANDICAPPED.

Elsie Venner, described as the "rich and mysterious snake woman," told the judge who sentenced her to Sherborn that she wished to be known by her stage name, "Henrietta Atwood," for her real name, that of Dr. Holmes' unfortunate and unpleasant heroine, had been a hoodoo to her.

It is a pity that the ingenious Mr. Bayle did not know the story of Miss Atwood when he argued at great length that there was no fatality in certain names and defied ancient traditions and superstitions. Her story might have tempted him to a long and entertaining disquisition. It is not necessary to believe with the Emperor Severus that all women named Julia had been and were subject to immodest behavior, and therefore there was excuse for the naughtiness of his own wife, but it is not too much to say that both men and women have been handicapped by a name the burden of which they were unable to carry.

A woman named Cleopatra or Phryne arouses anticipations that are seldom realized; Hector may be constitutionally cowardly; Hannibal, without a mind above stone-breaking. Would not a son of an illustrious man have a fairer opportunity if he should apply to the Legislature for a change of name? But an Elsie Venner need not necessarily have the nature of a rattlesnake, and Lucrezia Borgia Johnson might be a ministering angel in a hospital.

AN UNAPPRECIATED COMPLIMENT.

The estrangement of the Browns, husband and wife, is a strange, sad story. It is stated that Mrs. Brown of Kentucky is so beautiful that when King Edward saw her in a theatre he asked to be introduced to her; that Mr. Brown objected strenuously, and that his wife ridiculed his objections. Hence an estrangement that has led to a divorce suit.

Many will consider Mr. Brown's refusal as unreasonable and discourteous. There is no question here of the divine right of kings, nor of the time-honored privileges of potentates. King Edward is now a sober and serious ruler, no longer the gay prince.

But even a sedate monarch may admire beauty; and who does not think the more of King Edward for displaying an aesthetic taste which has not been shared by other members of his family? It is not likely that, if Mr. Brown had permitted the introduction, he would have been lodged, in pursuance of a lettre de cachet, in some British bastille set apart for the confinement of unappreciative and meddlesome husbands. Any woman, whether she were of democratic or noble stock, would feel complimented by King Edward's request, and, after a few pleasant words about the weather, or the nature of the dramatic entertainment, would again take the arm of her husband. Did Mr. Brown fear that Mrs. Brown would afterward be discontented with her lot?

Men and Things

THE Lusitania with its elevators, thoroughly laid out golf course, hanging gardens modelled after those of Babylon, shops, arcades, etc., is, indeed, a wonderful vessel. There is one out, as in all these swift steamers; the speed is so great that the scenery cannot be fully enjoyed by the man of feeling. As it is with the automobile maniac, so it is with other restless souls: they ask only to be borne as fast as possible from one point to another.

There are still some persons surviving who look back regretfully on the days when a journey to Europe was a serious undertaking; when a man before he embarked made his last will and testament and requested the prayers of the congregation. A man who returned safely in those days was pointed out respectfully in the village street. He had been to the Tower; he had seen the Rhine and the tomb of Napoleon; it was rumored that he had been part way down the crater of Vesuvius. His clothes for some time smelled of the sea. The year of his journey was the great date of his life from which subsequent events were reckoned.

The inconveniences of voyages only 30 years ago were welcomed by the adventurous. These inconveniences would now be termed hardships or even outrages, and there would be letters of indignant protest sent to the newspapers. The old saying, "We cannot give you a fresh towel, but we have never lost a life" would now carry little weight. In those days there was the joy of roughing it. Howling swells were their oldest clothes. There was no nonsensical desire to don a swallow-tail coat for dinner. Women were careless about their appearance until the day of landing. The longer the voyage the more beneficial it was

thought to mind and body. Now it can no longer be said that a man on ship-board is out of reach of the telegraph. In the days of slow steamers some thought with W. J. Stillman, a journalist, who is unknown to the younger generation, "Unless time is of importance, I prefer a sailing ship to a steamer, and one pleasant companion is worth a shipload of common place fellow-voyagers."

There were brave steamships before the Lusitania. The City of Richmond, the Alaska, the Arizona, the City of Paris were wonders of fleetness in their time. Men boasted of having crossed in any one of them, just as there are men who would fain be the first to ride through a new tunnel or sit through the dragging performance when a new theatre is dedicated. The Deutschland and the Lusitania will be famous for some seasons, and then there will be other vessels to swear by. Possibly these successors will go through the air.

The brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright are sphinxlike in the presence of Parisian reporters. What is this mysterious aeronautic secret that they endeavor to sell to foreign war offices? Mr. Wilbur Wright, who has "a refined, intellectual cast of countenance," says, when he is pumped by adroit reporters, only this: "For 2000 years men have been trying to fly." Even if the Wright brothers do not know how to fly successfully, their nerve is beyond dispute, for they ask \$300,000 in the event of their success, for the privilege of showing army officers how they, too, can fly.

It is said by earnest students of anthropology that the spiritualistic kiss patented and controlled by Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt is "not akin to any other kiss." It is unlike the Netherlands kiss, the Siegfried-Bruennhilde kiss, or any kiss described by Ovid or Johannes Secundus. It is also unlike the kiss, which, bestowed by noble dames on unworthy persons, aroused the ire of Montaigne, who nevertheless described it with exactness and with a perceptibly heightened color in his cheek. Nor is it like the kiss given by Atalanta to Meleager which Parrhasius portrayed in a picture dear to Tiberius. But the precise nature of this spiritual kiss is best known apparently by Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt. She has had the experience and she has also had the coolness to analyze.

To M. E. B.: Mrs. Annie Besant pronounces her name with the accent on the first syllable. This information has already been given in The Herald. The late Walter Besant, the novelist, pronounced his name with the accent on the last syllable. He was Annie Besant's brother-in-law. It is said that vexed by her books and behavior, he changed the pronunciation of his family name. We do not vouch for the truth of this statement. A man has a right to pronounce his name any way he pleases, but if he spells it Hogg and pronounces it Hoag he should not be offended if his neighbors always call him Hogg, just plain Hogg. There are Fergusons, Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us, who insist that the second syllable in their name be sharply accented. More than one man has been foolish about his name. There was Angus B. Reach, who called himself Reack. One night at dinner Thackeray said to him: "Mr. Reack, will you have a peack?" But what was the use of thus being rude? In all such instances of silliness, snobbishness, what you will, it is better to smile and pass by. What is it to the infinite, whether Besant be accented on the first or on the second syllable?

But when Mrs. Besant says that Mr. John D. Rockefeller will be "a perfected being in his next reincarnation" she shows that she is of an unusually sanguine disposition. She is to be taken more seriously when she says: "Chicago is bad for soul development; there are strange smells here." How was it with Cologne; how is it with Bayreuth, a village that stinks to heaven? Does surface drainage necessarily kill soul-development?

Mrs. Besant says that she has lived in many bodies. She is not the first philosopher to make this personal confession. Pythagoras was braver. He named the men and women animated successively by his soul. It would be interesting to know who Mrs. Besant was, say in the 16th century, or in the age of Pericles. Pythagoras was also braver than Mrs. Besant in that he showed his golden thigh to the great public at the sacred games.

Sept 18, 1907

WIVES AND WAGES.

The question is now debated whether wives should have wages, or salaries, if the latter word be considered by some as the more "general." There are women that are not content with board, lodging, clothes and pocket money. "They want," writes one of them, "the businesslike appreciation that is conveyed in a fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

But what awkward situations might follow! Who is to be the judge of the fair day's work? Will a wife insist on a day of eight hours? Suppose the husband is dissatisfied with his meals? Should he not have the privilege of giving her warning? They must insist on wages should join forces with the believers in trial marriages. Advertisements for wives, in the periodicals issued by marriage bureaus—for these bureaus still exist—will then read: "None but experienced housewives need apply. Commendations of former husbands must be first class."

Men and Things

E. writes: "The editorial in The Herald of last Monday in regard to the good clothes, the garments of rejoicing worn by Socialists in Congress at Stuttgart reminds me of Eugene Sue, whose 'Wandering Jew' you probably read in the old or back of the woodshed when you were a boy. He posed as a Socialist and was anxious to 'elevate' the people, and he preached his doctrines wearing a delicate mauve waistcoat and straw-colored gloves. It was his custom to say: 'No one has a right to luxuries as long as some are wanting necessities.' He was yawning on the subject to d'Ennery, the dramatist. The latter interrupted: 'You have been at Bordes? Yes.' 'Did you have a good time?' 'Splendid. There was a lot of shooting, jolly company, and the table was excellent.' 'Ah, you must be very happy,' answered d'Ennery. 'How's that?' 'Because now I am sure that everybody has the necessities of life, since you have the luxuries.'"

There are distressing changes in the course of women, and there are still some distressing rumors of changes. "Csets are losing favor in Germany." Is there any country where they are more imperatively demanded? A German prima donna, even when rigorously trapped together, is more terrible than an army with banners, but think of uncorseted German Elsas and Isids!

The coiffures, they say, are huge because the hats, a return to the Marie Antoinette brand, are enormous. This reminds us of old Dickinson, who used to live in a Vermont village. The minister thought it his duty to rebuke his manner of living. "Mr. Dickinson, why do you drink so much?" "I have to, I eat so much." "But why do you make a glutton of yourself?" "I have to, I drink so much."

There are men, and possibly a few women, who do not welcome the new fashions. The thought of false hair, especially when nature has dealt generously with a woman, is not a pleasant one. The new coiffures scream for false hair. The Sutherland sisters themselves would be obliged to buy curls and puffs another enormities. There may be a return to the gigantic head dresses of the latter half of the 18th century.

Chloe a bushel of horse hair and wool, a cascade and pomatum a pound, a cascade of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull.

Al gauze to encompass it round, a head dress by January may be pulled up like the pagoda. One may be crowned with a cage full of singing birds; another may be modeled after a cat's back.

... are further informed that the correct dressed woman will be a thing of the future, if not precept upon precept. Curves are not only vulgar, they are detrimental to the best interest of the republic. Miss Elizabeth A. C. White says so. "The respectable figure has been introduced to counteract the crime of the present woman's form is too restrictive." An oriental, acknowledging gods of good and evil, would, hearing this statement, and say: believe, then, that the evil one

gained an advantage immediately with the creation of woman?"

We are old-fashioned, perhaps old fogey. We cry out with Tacianu: "Take curves from women and you have no women." Poets and painters are with us. Unfortunately Dr. Asher Gluck, "chief architect of a new race of human beings," who visited New York a few days ago, did not publish there his plans and specifications of the ideal woman, but we have every reason to believe that he prefers the flamboyant to the severe gothic.

And what will become of the chorus girl? Will she be an ascetic stained glass window type? Will she be distinctively a "high-brow?" Will there be no longer the admiring cry: "Get on to her curves?" Will she resemble the elderly ladies in the Chillingly family described by Bulwer, conspicuous by a fine development of bone? Let us slide rather with Mr. Lee Shubert, who, examining applicants in Boston, exclaimed: "I don't care whether they are society ladies and know bridge whist, or whether they sling pans and cry 'dry one,' if they are only beautiful enough and can sing and walk decently, let them come on." It is not necessary for any woman to know that the square root of minus one is a right angle—did not Prof. Peirce write a book to prove it? A book that is reported to have been read only by a mathematician at the head of an observatory in the Ural mountains—but she should bear constantly in mind that the Hogarthian line of beauty is not a straight line.

Do you think there were no brave fish stories before your friend Ferguson returned from Maine?

Mr. Thomas Marchand of Sussex kept a diary early in the 18th century. Here is an entry: "Jan. 25, 1715. We had a trout for supper, 2 feet 2 inches long from eye to fork, and 6 inches broad; it weighed 10½ pounds. It was caught in the Albourne brook, near Trussell House. We stayed very late, and drank enough." Mark the three last words. Were they written in a spirit of gratitude or regret? Did Mr. R. E. Morse call on Thomas early in the morning of the 25th?

Now listen to Mr. Richard Stapley, also a Sussex diarist. "In the month of November, 1692, there was a trout found in ye Poyningsswich, Twineham, which was 29 inches long from ye top of ye nose to ye tip of ye tail; and John flint had him and eat him. He was left in a low slunk after a flood, and ye water fell away from him, and he died. The fish I saw at John flint's house ye Sunday after they had him, and at night they boiled him for supper, but could not eat one-half of him, and there were six of them at supper: John flint and his wife Jane and four of their children; and yet next day they all fell on him again and compassed him."

Some have declared that Mark Twain's works lose much in a translation into a foreign language. To others they seem the more amusing in a translation. Thus when Mark Twain mentions a "pinch-bug" with which Tom Sawyer played tricks in church, a French translator describes "un enorme scarabee noir a la machoire armee de pinces puissantes."

Sept 19, 1907

CONCERT FOYER

Some Results of the Work of the Passionate Press Agents

COMING MUSICIANS PREPARE THEIR WAY

BY PHILIP HALE.

THE press agents have been at work for some time. Never have they been more ingenious, entertaining, and thoroughly delightful. First in its originality is the story of Mr. Modeste Altschuler. Crossing the Atlantic, he insisted on sleeping on the deck, wrapping himself in a blanket. This excited only moderate attention, but when he played a violoncello solo "in mid-ocean," women thronged about him, and they kissed him passionately "when his rendering of a Hungarian symphony was ended." And what, pray was this Hungarian "symphony?" Mr. Altschuler did not play ostentatiously. On the contrary, he borrowed an instrument from one of the

ship's musicians and began work in an "unfrequented part of the ship." Nor did he know that fair women palpitated as they listened, until "at the end of his score he was suddenly grasped by several." Mr. Altschuler, by the way, is 2 little over five feet in height, but he is said to play the cello like a grown person. We all know how Mr. Paderewski is beset by wild-eyed ladies at the end of a recital. We also know the spell exerted by certain male fiddlers who play at the same time on fiddle strings and female heart strings, but this is the first time we have heard of a cellist exciting such amorous demonstrations.

Then there is Mme. Goodson, an English pianist, who will visit this country for the second time. She is expected to land on the 26th. She will then go to Worcester, for she will play with orchestra at the 50th Worcester festival the concerto written by her husband, Mr. Hinton. When she was in Boston last season she seemed to be a reasonably modest woman, though highly nervous, as was shown by personal mannerisms, which marred in some degree the effect of her performance. But listen to her now as she speaks through the megaphone kindly held to her mouth by a press agent: "Instead of taking the envelope containing the fee, the great teacher (Leschetitzki) surprised me by handing it to me with the remark: 'No, my child, I cannot take any more money from you; your playing of the Tschai-kowski concerto yesterday quite astounded me. You are an artist.' For two years after this I continued my studies gratis with the master, and later had the proud distinction of being named by Hullah, in his life of Leschetitzki, as 'one of the best pupils he ever had.' O lame and impotent conclusion! Only 'one of the best'? Not 'THE FAVORITE'?"

The Herald has received Miss Myrtle Elvyn's circular illustrated with four pictures. Two represent her as pensive and hatless. In the other two she sports an ultra-modern coiffure and a hat to match. In one of the two latter pictures she smiles a teeth-revealing and fetching smile. In the other, with hands on her breast, she looks wistfully into the future. Miss Elvyn must be a wonder. "In her own particular field of endeavor"—she is a pianist—"this splendid American girl has helped to carry the stars and stripes abroad." She has done more than this. "She has made herself a welcome performer at the foot of thrones and disproved the old European theory that the fire of musical genius burns on only one side of the Atlantic." She is, therefore, more than a wonder, she is, indeed, hot stuff, the Mrs. Pepper of the concert room. The Emperor William says that she is a great musical genius, and he "considers himself somewhat of a judge of music and musicians." Somewhat! He is "the judge." Does he not disparage the works of Richard Strauss and give an enlightened patronage to Leoncavallo? Has he not composed with him own martial hands a part song for male chorus?

She was a child wonder, but "the fledgling was taught to fly, until she might soar alone." At present Miss Elvyn is an "artiste," not merely an artist. "The accounts of the young artiste's piano performances have been heralded by the daily newspapers, almost sensationally, as a news event; they have not only spoken in the warmest terms of Miss Elvyn's playing, but have gone into ecstasies over her charms of face and form, her queenly bearing, and her modesty withal." Let her come to Boston. Let her come as soon as possible.

Then there is Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who was called by Mr. James Huneker the Duse of the piano, or was it the Bernhardt, or the Brunnhilde of the piano? Mr. Bert L. Taylor has introduced her as Mme. Friedenthal in his story of Chicago musical life, "The Charlatans." "E. L." writes about her from Carlsbad. It seems that Mme. Zeisler is not only an accomplished and fiery pianist; she has also "read deeply in the law" and counts Paul Lindau, Sudermann and Mr. G. B. Shaw among her dearest friends. She has carried on a "chatty" correspondence with the last named for years and years—but she confided to "E. L." her passion for machinery. "Deep down in my heart I have a notion I could have made more money as an inventor than as a pianist."

Nor should Mme. Blanche Marchesi be lost to the sight in the crowd. The daughter of the distinguished teacher, Mme. Blanche, once visited Boston, but with what is euphemistically described as artistic rather than popular success. She is by no means an ordinary woman. It is only fair to say that a few days ago she knocked out a reporter in the first round. "I adore music. I detest musicians. By what mysterious counterpoint does sublime harmony produce pettiness of soul?" This was a corker, and she followed it with a kidney-masher: "How strange it is that the most fascinating of the arts should form, mould, create characters so despicable!"

Mme. Blanche is an enthusiastic admirer of Mme. Melba's voice. "Some of her notes, yes, some of her songs, seem to be diffused through my very being as she sings. Calve is a great artist, which Melba is not, but Calve has nothing like Melba's great gift of voice. Emma Eames does not exist, compared to Melba." Thus did Mme. Blanche converse amiably with a reporter of the New York World in Paris. By the way, she also said: "The most enlightened musical audience in the world is that in Boston." This should please Mayor Fitzgerald.

There are others. There is Mme. von Nlessen-Stone, a mezzo-soprano, who plays Diabolo, for she says it is

"neither so enervating as tiddled-winks nor so mentally exhausting as pigs in clover." There is Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, the pianist. He has been living with friends in ease and comfort on a co-operative plan near Sandwich on Cape Cod. "The ladies of the colony wear a costume of uniform design resembling the classic Greek tunic." What do the selectmen say to this? "The young American musician," says Mr. Hutcheson, "usually lacks the discipline the lifelong patience, the veneration for his work, irrespective of its result, and the poetic imagination of the great artist; and the surroundings of continental study certainly tend to supply these deficiencies." At the same time Mr. Hutcheson does not see why America should not turn out concert pianists, and he points with pride to Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore. This is the more complimentary, because Mr. Randolph is the director of the school in which Mr. Hutcheson teaches.

It is said that Mr. Wallace Goodrich will resign his position as conductor of the Worcester County Musical Association chorus after the festival next month.

Mr. Paderewski will not in all probability bring his new symphony with him this season for performance. He is not wholly satisfied with certain details. Mr. Rosenthal heard a similar

story last season when he was in Boston, and he then smiled sweetly and said: "The symphony perhaps does not sound as he thought it would."

In the Boston Symphony orchestra of 1907-08 Mr. Theodorowicz will fill Mr. Moldauer's place, and Mr. Ribarsch of Vienna will succeed Mr. Sokoloff, who has left the orchestra for a time to study with Mr. Loeffler. Mr. Arthur Kautenbach of Berlin will succeed Josef Adamowski in the cello section. Mr. A. Goldstein and Mr. Rennert of Boston will join the second violins, and Mr. Traupe will play as a first violin. The two new double basses will be Messrs. Agnesy and Huber of Vienna. Mr. Litke of New York, formerly a member of the orchestra, will be the second bassoon. The new first horn will be Mr. K. Schmid of Vienna, and Mr. Lorenz of Boston will be the new tuba player. The orchestra will have 16 new players, and the list will show 98 names instead of 96.

Mr. Carl Pohlig, the conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra, writes music. He has even composed symphonies. It remains to be seen whether he will have the courage to keep them in his desk, or whether the Philadelphians will have the courage to hear them.

Sept 20, 1907

MILK IN EUROPE.

English hygienic experts insist that much nonsense has been published in the London journals about the milk supply. They remind the timid that bottle-fed infants die from insufficient or unsuitable food as well as from impure milk; that unaltered cow's milk is not a satisfactory substitute for the natural food of the human infant; that impurities in milk are not necessarily due to the unsatisfactory conditions of the farms themselves. Nevertheless these experts admit that the conditions of the English milk supply are not satisfactory. There are unsanitary farms, dirty milkers, criminally careless methods of distribution. How are these evils to be remedied?

The experts maintain that pasteurization is not the remedy; the milk is dearer and the return to the producer is not large; furthermore the process makes some change and the milk in its natural condition is preferred. "The best chance of effecting a practical improvement is the distribution of pure uncooked milk in bottles or other sealed vessels," says the Pall Mall Gazette. The difficulties are great: Cost of bottles, cost of carriage, labor of bottling, enormous percentage of breakage. Possibly pails of woodpulp will prove a wholly satisfactory substitute for bottles, but they should be used only once. Perfected milking machines will also bring in a great and much needed improvement in cleanliness.

These Englishmen are lookers-on in Vienna, where sources of supply are regularly inspected, and stables, milking and feeding are supervised. The Austrian inspector is a government official. The milk is tested as soon as it is drawn; it is purified by strainers of close-meshed gauze, sterilized after use; it is cooled; then, it is pasteurized, for it is heated to a temperature of 158 degrees Fahrenheit. It is afterward cooled quickly to just above freezing point. Some of it is bottled; the rest is sent out in cans.

The English applaud these precautions, but say that the system would not do for England on account of the pasteurization. Why?

Men and Things

TO some the news that the price of Scotch whiskey will soon be raised is as a world-shaking event. They discuss knowingly the alleged causes, the rise in the price of barley, the increase in the price of coal "due to a sunless summer." They brood over the probable effect. They talk of vatters and distillers and they champion in turn the various brands that have been imported. Yet a stout man arose at a session of the convention of Mount Zion Sanctuary in Jersey City and lifted up his voice. He said that he had been a drunkard and a gambler. "The good sister is right, the devil is a snake in the grass. I know all about high-balls and all kinds of sin. The Lord swept them all away. At the same time he also cured me of the asthma that I had for seven years."

It is only fair to state that the stout man made his confession on Sept. 16, before the news that the price of Scotch whiskey is going up could have reached him. It may also be said that hot buttered rum, the drink of heroic and loyal New Englanders, or even New England rum, cold, and with molasses, is better than whiskey, Scotch, Irish, rye or bourbon, for the asthma. (By the way, at the same meeting in Jersey City, Bro. James R. Johnson told the faithful how he had found a check for \$5000 under a lace curtain after he had prayed for it. He neglected to name his favorite beverage.)

When Mr. Lane, the London publisher, was in Boston two or three years ago, he was urged at a club to drink Scotch whiskey, the drink of his own country. He said he preferred rye. Urged again and again, he stuck to rye. Asked for the reason of his preference, he said: "When I travel, I drink the wine of the country—that is when I drink at all. In the Rhineland I ask for Rhine wines; in France I like a smooth burgundy; in Munich I beer it; when I am in the United States, I call for rye whiskey. I find it is very good, but, pardon me, I do not recognize as Scotch whiskey the whiskey that is sold here as Scotch."

Drinking Scotch whiskey year in and year out was in this country at first a fad. We all remember the time when Scotch was drunk in Boston only in the winter season, and hot. No one thought of calling for it at any other time at a bar or in a clubhouse. The drinking it freely and at all times was at first a phase of Anglomania. It became popular at the Porphyry, for instance, after certain members had visited England and could not forget their visit for a year or two. They "discovered" Scotch whiskey there. A vatter in Scotland had a large stock on hand. He wished to get rid of it, and he advertised enormously in the United States. His was the reward of the shrewd and fearless advertiser. He made a fortune. Long after his stock was exhausted, the brand was sold extensively.

We are not disparaging Scotch whiskey. When it is good, it is like the little girl in the nursery rhyme. But will any one seriously maintain that all the Scotch whiskey sold in this country comes from the land of Burns, who sang the praises of the native drink and was no mere theorist in the matter? There is poor rye—in spite of the famous dictum; but we believe that the average run of rye is a far more wholesome drink than the average run of the Scotch whiskey that comes to this country or is manufactured here.

While we are engaged in this engrossing discussion, let us refer to an interesting law case in which there was an examination into the nature of chartreuse. There are some who are extravagantly fond of liqueurs. They think no dinner is complete without one at least. Some like a sticky cordial, others one that stings. We know a man who has more than once drunk a whole bottle of Benedictine at a sitting, because he liked it. A strange being!

It may be remembered that the Order of Carthusian Monks, which was founded in the 11th century, were expelled from France in 1803. Not long

age they brought an action to restrain the liquidation of their property in France from using the word "Chartreuse" in connection with liqueurs exported into England. In the course of the trial the head of the house of the Carthusians, now at Tarragona, testified, as technical director of the manufacture of the liqueurs there, that there were four separate parts of the manufacture; he knew them all, and the father-general was the only other person in complete possession of the secret. Only one person of the others engaged in the manufacture knew each part, and he was sternly prohibited from communicating it to any other person. There were no full written directions, there was no recipe. The process at Tarragona was exactly the same as at La Grande Chartreuse, their old monastery at Grenoble. The plants used at Grenoble were also found at Tarragona. (We rushed at once to Richard Ford's delightful guide book to Spain. There is a wealth of information about Tarragona, but nothing about plants for any drink.) These plants, it seems, grow in France, Spain and Italy; some come from distant lands; only dried plants are used, but a fresh fruit called organette enters into the preparation; the alcohol is Spanish. The secret was, of course, not disclosed at the trial.

There are men in Boston who guard jealously recipes for drinks which they affect. Some are devilishly sly in the matter of bitters. They often prepare beverages that are not to be endured, and thus they remind us of amateur blazer cooks who are wise in the preparation of sauces. (We remember one of these cooks who was accused of putting a certain shoe blacking into a sauce for porterhouse steak.) One brought a bitter herb from a Swiss pass and thus gave a name to a cocktail, more modest than some who name cocktails by their own family name and do not shrink from calling loudly for them in the lounging room of a club.

Bitters corrupt and poison many honest drinks because they are used unwisely. Coleridge, who was eager to talk on any subject, once commented on the great difference between bitters and tonics. "When weakness proceeds from excess of irritability, there bitters act beneficially; because all bitters are poisons, and operate by stilling, and depressing, and lethargizing the irritability." But does not a cocktail strongly bittered heighten the intensity of the drinker's vibrations and quickly bring on a state of irritability? We do not believe that Coleridge was acquainted with the cocktail. His steady drink was laudanum.

TABLE DIVERSIONS.

It is said that the men and women of preceding generations were too careless about what they put into their stomachs. Today, as Mr. Annesley Kenealy says in *World and His Wife*, society devotes most of its conversation to symptoms, and social life for the moment represents one vast Sanitary Science Congress. "Men and women apparently sound in mind and limb study the barometers of their bodies as great meteorologists seek for seismic disturbance."

It is not true that there is at present too much attention paid to hygiene, paid in a nervous, timorous way? The guests at the Egyptian banquet ate bravely and drank honestly, although they knew that the mummy would be introduced as a warning. Now a hardened Fletcherite or an earnest Chittendenite wet blankets even a stag dinner. Some folks might think that nine-tenths of the men and women who take such care of their stomachs are influenced in selection of food and in manner of mastication chiefly by magazine and newspaper articles, which are almost always contradictory and are sometimes extravagant to the verge of the grotesque.

There are some who have been led to put hope of salvation only in a diet of fruits, nuts and vegetables "that grow above the ground." What comfort will they find in reading Dr.

Hutchinson's article on "Poison Foods," published in McClure's of this month? Will not the nut-eater tremble and the knees of the cheese-eater knock together? Shun the banana. Strawberries induce a rash or shingles. And beans! Beans that have been the staff of life in many lands, beans that have sustained the Maine lumberman and the Italian vine dresser! Dr. Hutchinson is in this respect a Pythagorean. In the matter of beans he is adamant, as was young Mr. Smallwood in the matter of gravy.

The sensible man marks the result of personal experimentation. Brussels sprouts quicken the mind and nourish the body of Jones, but they give Robinson a sick headache. Smith suffers if he eat tomatoes and Jones leaves the world for a day if he is tempted by clam chowder. Emerson frowned on those who delight in telling breakfast companions of sleepless night or of strange dreams. What pleasure is there at table if the conversation be chiefly about the effect of each dish on the respective guests? Think, too, of the selfishness and the egoism that are thus encouraged.

Nor is there much that is new in all this chatter about health foods and poison foods. There were alarmists among the ancients. Look through Athenaeus, Pliny, treatises by Greek, Roman and Arabian physicians. Note the warnings of Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." Did not Sir Andrew Aguecheek admit that he was a great eater of beef, which did harm to his wit?

Men and Things

TODAY should have been, according to the programme, a joyful day in Homburg, for the King of Siam purposed to treat the town in celebration of the day of his birth. Beer was to flow in the streets like water and cigars were to be without a price. Each foreign guest was looking forward to three bottles—one of white wine, one of red wine, and one of champagne. The King of Siam has already been praised, in heroic and immortal verse, Will Homburg erect a statue to him?

Miss Sarah Sullivan, the most graceful roller skater of Pittsburgh, is now married to Mr. James McCauley, who is said to be the worst skater in Pittsburgh, yea even in the United States. They met—twas at a rink, and there Miss Sarah tried to teach him to skate. "He fell all over himself but stuck to her." Her pity turned to love. How different his fate from that of Mr. McFadden who endeavored to learn the waltz, "but his feet wasn't gaited that way." It may be remembered by lovers of heart and home ballads that Mr. McFadden for the most part danced on his face and "chewed all the wax on the floor." There was no compassionate woman to raise him or to steady him.

"Sir Alexander Mackenzie is said to have heard 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' recently, for the first time, and to have admitted that he wrote it himself 15 years ago, though he wrote it for an oratorio, with different words." We do not believe that he heard the tune "recently for the first time." That he had heard it in the streets and did not know the name of it is within the range of possibility, not of probability. The tune itself was sung long ago with ribald, scurvy words in dives along the Mississippi river. It is said that it was heard by an Englishman in St. Louis who happened to be in a more than "questionable" resort. Charmed by the impudence of the rhythm, he took the tune to England and soon thereafter Lottie Collins made it famous. It is true that several insisted that they wrote the song—after it became the rage. Hence the ditty, now forgotten, "I'm the Man That Wrote 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,'" in which the hero mentions the fact that he wrote it in a garret when he was out with Booth and Barrett—or was it "with Wilson Barrett"?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes from Clamport: "The cottagers are fast leav-

ing the place. When they come down in June, they say: 'We are going to make a long stay this time. We shall not go up at any rate before the first of October, and we may not leave before the 15th of that month. September and October are the best months here, you know.' But let there be a decidedly cool day or a rainy spell early in September, presto, they are all for the city. I know a man who went up the 14th of this month rather than the 16th because if he had waited till Monday he would have appeared in the city with a straw hat, and he, poor wretch, a slave to foolish convention, looks on Sept. 15 as the day for shedding straw. Some leave because they cannot bear to be comparatively quiet. Nature alone makes them uneasy. They are afraid that something will happen. 'The sun sets so soon; it is dismal.' I was talking this morning with a storekeeper who supplies the cottagers and sends two or three carts to them daily. 'I'm glad to see them going. It's high time they did go, d— them.' This he said, and struck wildly at a fly.

"But you make a good thing out of them?"

"Y-a-a-a-s, but they've been here long enough, and I want to take things easy."

Something in our heart tells us to beware of this skeleton of a monstrous animal with a tusk eight feet long, ribs as large as a man's arm and a tooth that weighs 9½ pounds. In the first place, the skeleton was found in New York state, and in that state the Cardiff Giant was discovered. The memory of the learned discussions of deep thinkers concerning the probable age, race, habits of the giant is still fresh. We saw the "petrified man" exhibited in the town hall of Northampton. He was draped a little, either as a sacrifice to the proprietors, or to excite curiosity. A clergyman stood by us. As he looked earnestly at the statue he exclaimed: "A noble, heroic face, as though George Washington had been carved by Phidias. There were giants in the earth in those days." Furthermore, the fact that the tooth weighs "nine and one-fourth" pounds is suspicious. If it had weighed 9 or 10, or even 9 and one-half, we should have believed with a child-like faith, we should have swallowed the whole thing, skeleton, dimensions, and Mr. John Marsh, the farmer who made the discovery, "while ploughing in a swamp."

There is a preciseness that at once awakens suspicion, as when Mr. Blazer, touching you for \$10, says he will repay you next Wednesday at 4:30 at your office. "I may be five or six minutes late." If you are wise, the details of the promise will prevent you from being separated forever from the \$10. This reminds us of the pathetic outburst of Mr. Edward E. Matthews of Brooklyn, who was arrested on a charge of burglary brought by the Rev. William A. Crosbie. He complained that Crosbie was an ingrate. "He owes what success he has to me alone; I staked him when he needed it." Whether this particular statement be true or false, is it possible that Mr. Matthews does not know the fate of the lender? Lend a friend money, especially when he is in sore need of it, and in at least eight instances out of ten he will shun you ever afterward. Even if he pays you, he will not be so warm in his friendship. If he does not pay you, he will say unpleasant things about you; he will look into a shop window or read a sign if he sees you coming toward him. Old Polonius may have been a good deal of an ass, and he was beyond doubt and peradventure a bore, but when he advised Laertes to beware of borrowing or lending money, he spoke words of gold that time has not tarnished.

Few have the assurance of Mr. Henry Cooper, who lived years ago in Albany, N. Y. He had owed a tailor for three or four years, and, therefore, had arranged his walks so that he never passed his shop, never went in the street where he lived. One day he met him plump in spite of all his precautions. Was he abashed? Not a bit of it. All smiles, he shook him by the hand and exclaimed in tremulous tones: "My dear fellow, I have not seen you for years! Tell me, why have you avoided me?"

Sept. 22, 1907

A MUSICAL AND GOLDEN JUBILEE

SOLOISTS OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND PROSPECTUS FOR THE SEASON

SOLOISTS WHO WILL APPEAR THIS SEASON AT THE CONCERTS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.



TERESA CARRENO



PADEREWSKI



FRITZ
KREISLER.



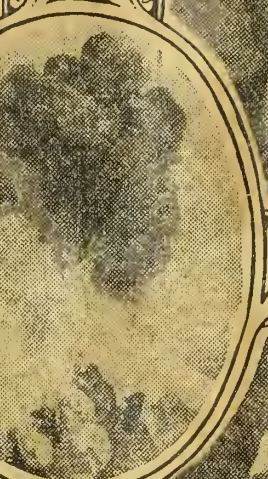
MME SCHUMANN HEINK.



OLGA SAMAROFF
PIANIST.



RUDOLPH
GANZ
PIANIST



MELBA



HAROLD
BAUER
PIANIST



KATHARINE GOODSON.

The Fiftieth Festival of the
Worcester Association
on Oct. 2, 3 and 4.

CONVERSE'S DRAMATIC
POEM, 'JOB,' TO BE GIVEN

First Performance of the
Work—The Soloists—The
Growth of the Festivals.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The festival of the Worcester County
Musical Association, which will be held
at Worcester in Mechanics' Hall Oct. 2,
3 and 4, promises to be one of much
more than ordinary interest. It will be
the 50th festival, the "golden jubilee,"
of the association. On Wednesday even-
ing, Oct. 2, Mr. Frederick S. Converse's
"Job," a dramatic poem for solo voices,
chorus and orchestra, will be performed
for the first time. This work was com-
posed for the festival, and it is dedicated
to Mr. Wallace Goodrich, the conductor
of the association. It is said that Mr.
Goodrich will resign this office after the
festival.

The text of "Job" is taken from the
"ulgate" version of the book of Job and
the Psalms. Mr. Converse was assisted
in the arrangement of the text by Prof.
John H. Gardiner of Harvard Univer-
sity. The translation into English is by
Mr. John A. Macy. The characters in-
roduced are: Job, tenor; His Friend,
baritone; The Woman of Israel, mezzo-
soprano; The Voice of Jehovah is bass.
It is suggested that when conditions
make it possible the part of "The Voice
of Jehovah" be sung in unison by 10 or
more concealed singers.

It will be observed that Satan, the
circulator, the accusing spirit, a dra-
matic attorney-general, as Coleridge
describes him, for the Satan of the pro-
logue is not the devil, our Diabolus, does
not enter. Neither does any one of the
sons of Job, nor his wife, who has been
made the subject of much foolish jest-
ing, nor the celebrated horse that saith
among the trumpets Ha! ha! nor the
daughters of Job, Jemima, Kezia and
Keren-happuch, fairest of all women
in the land of Uz. Furthermore, Eli-
naz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite
and Zophar the Naamathite—"miserable
comforters are ye all"—lose their iden-
tity, and the Job of Mr. Converse's dra-
matic poem has merely "His Friend."

There is a preface to the edition for
voices and piano, but before consid-
ering it let us hear from Mr. Converse his
purpose as expressed in a letter written to
The Herald last Sunday, written in
answer to a wish for a personal note
about the work.

"This is my first effort in the epic vein.
I have tried to give it a directness and
largeness of expression, suitable to the
motive of the poem.

"There is, naturally, no sentimental-
ism, no romance in the work, and what I
have striven to express is the inscruta-
bility and inevitableness of nature; the
impotence of man's philosophy and en-
deavor. These are high themes, I know,
and perhaps not of general interest in
our material and amusement-seeking
days, but nevertheless full of intense
dramatic and emotional interest which
appeal strongly to me.

"The chorus has been used through-
out to give expression to the impersonal,
unavoidable power of nature, and musi-
cally I have treated it with a rigorous,
Gregorian harmonization; melodies my
own, but cast in model forms. Against
this background the more subtle progres-
sions of modern chromatic harmonies
seem to have an added significance and
freshness."

According to the preface "the universal
order, in the midst of which Job plays
his part of human suffering, rebellion and
final submission, is represented by pas-
sages from the Psalms which express the
permanence and glory of God and his
creation. The passages which comprise
the text are chosen for the mood they
convey without regard to their exact
place in the Bible. The dramatic
motive of the poem is the development
of the moods of Job, distress under suf-
fering, rebellion, doubt and final submis-
sive understanding of the will of God. In
emotional contrast with him is the Won-
man of Israel, who represents the spirit of
unquestioning faith. The Friend stands
like the three friends of the Bible story,
for the spirit of conventional piety. The
chorus represents superhuman voices
which declare the glory of God; against
their sustained mood of adoration and
praise beats the contest of human emo-
tions. The impersonal universal spirit of
the chorus is conveyed in the music by
simple diatonic harmonies, the warp upon
which the solo parts are woven in
modern chromatic design."

The first part of Elgar's "Dream of
Gerontius" will precede "Job" on Wednes-
day night. Horatio Parker's "Hora No-
vissima" will be performed on Thursday
night, Oct. 3, and the programme of Fri-
day night, Oct. 4—"Artists' Night"—will
be Wagnerian. On Thursday and Fri-
day afternoons there will be symphony
concerts. Mr. Kreisler will conduct them.
The soloists will be as follows: Soprano,
Mmes. Edith C. Gould, Corinne R.
Kelsey, Mignon Aurelle; mezzo soprano,
Mme. Schumann-Heink; contralto, Mrs.
Adah C. Hussey; tenors Messrs. Bedloe,
Hamilton, Ormsby, Williams; baritone,
Messrs. Cunningham and De Gogorza;
bass, Mr. Croxton; violinist, Mme. Maud
Powell; pianist, Mme. Katharine Good-
son. Sixty-five members of the Boston

Symphony orchestra have been engaged
for the Festival week.

Even those who have attended the
Worcester Festival for only 20 years
have seen a marked change in the
character of the concerts and in the
musical disposition of the audience.
The late Walter M. Lancaster, in an
article published a few years ago in
the New England Magazine, gave an
interesting account of the origin of the
festival and of the nature of the
early concerts.

The first festival at Worcester (Sept.
28, 29, 30, Oct. 1, 1858), was the result
of a circular issued by Edward Ham-
ilton, a musician of Worcester, and
Benjamin F. Baker of Boston. This
festival was literally a convention for
the discussion and practice of church
music. There was only one formal
concert, and the programme included
a cantata, "The Burning Ship," by
Baker, choruses from the "Messiah"
and the "Creation," and selections
from a hymn book compiled by Mr.
Hamilton. He and Mr. Baker were
the conductors. Conventions were held
in 1859, '60, '61, '62.

In 1863, through a misunderstanding,
two conventions were held. The
large, one assumed, Oct. 2, 1863, the
title "The Worcester County Musical
Convention," and elected officers. A
constitution was adopted in 1866. In
1871 the title was changed to "The
Worcester County Musical Association,"
and it was then decreed that the
annual gatherings should be called
festivals. "How far the festival has
broadened from the original intent of
the founders may be judged from a
single comparison. The constitution of
1866 declared the object of the conven-
tion to be 'the improvement of choirs
in the performance of church music,
the formation of an elevated taste
through the study of music in its high-
est departments, and a social, genial,
harmonious reunion of all lovers of
music.' Under the charter of 1879 the
purpose of the association was an-
nounced as 'the cultivation of the
science of music and the development
of musical taste.'"

Mr. Zerrahn was the first conduc-
tor to mould the chorus and raise the
"convention" to the dignity of a "fes-
tival." He began his work in 1866,
and resigned after the festival of 1897.
At the first festival under his leader-
ship the Association performed "Judas
Maccabaeus" with the Mendelssohn
Quintet Club reinforced by a double
bass. In 1868 the "Creation" was per-
formed with a "full orchestra"—18 or
20 players from Boston, and at this
festival the first serious orchestral

concert was given. "The programme
of the first symphony concert was
mild and somewhat overburdened
with soloists." The orchestral num-
bers were the overture to "Pescosa,"
a symphony by Haydn, and a fantasia
by Conrad designed to give individual
instruments an opportunity for dis-
play.

Mr. Zerrahn was succeeded by Mr.
George W. Chadwick, who in turn was

succeeded by Mr. Wallace Goodrich in
1901.

At the earlier festivals chamber
music clubs and vocal societies ap-
peared, but at the old conventions
there were still more entertaining
features. There was time for adver-
tised discussion of musical topics.
There was a "social hour" at the close
of the afternoon session, there was an
improvised concert when "contribu-
tions of vocal and instrumental music
were expected and solicited from
members, and also from solo artists"
—so the announcement read. The
"social hours" turned into more for-
mal concerts at which aspirants were
heard, at which young singers or
players were glad to show what they
could do, without pay, in hope of an
engagement at the next festival. I
remember well some of these concerts
in the late eighties and early nineties
—the last of them was in 1892. I be-
lieve—and they were, as a rule, dis-
mal entertainments, relieved now and
then by the grotesque incapacity of a
singer.

The programmes of these festivals
are important documents to the stu-
dent of musical development in this
country. Twenty years ago music
was applauded that would not be tol-
erated today. The standard has been
steadily raised in spite of open oppo-
sition and in spite of pecuniary loss.
They that believed in the engagement
of a distinguished prima donna to in-
sure the pecuniary success of a fes-
tival were honest in their belief and
moved by patriotic motives, but three
of the five experiments with stars
that blazed each at \$2000 a night re-
sulted in the severest losses on record.
The advantage of a good ensemble en-
gaged for the performance of a work
of indisputable merit was at last re-
alized by all interested in the Associa-
tion.

The chorus is, after all, the main
reason for the existence of a festival.
A few words about the character of
the Worcester chorus may be of in-
terest. In the beginning there were
no rehearsals outside of festival week,
and later only five outside, for the
managers could not afford to pay a
conductor, and the majority of the
chorus lived out of town. When re-
hearsals during the winter, spring
and fall were made compulsory, 375
country members managed to attend
them for several seasons. The popu-
lation of Worcester increased, and
one by one the members out of town
dropped away. The members of the
chorus pay \$1.50 a year for the privi-
lege of attending rehearsals and sing-
ing at the concerts.

The solo singers in "Job" will be Mme.
Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Bedloe, de
Gogorza and Croxton. The solo singers
in "Hora Novissima" will be Mmes.
Gould and Hussey and Messrs. Williams
and Cunningham. Mme. Maud Powell,
violinist, and Miss Mignon Aurelle, so-
prano, will be the soloists at the after-
noon concert, Oct. 3 and Mme. Goodson,

pianist and Mr. Evan Williams. Under will be the soloists at the afternoon concert Oct. 4. Mme. Goodson will play a concerto by her husband, Mr. Linton. Mmes. Rider-Kelsey and Schumann-Heink, and Messrs. Hamlin, Ormsby and de Gogorza will be the solo singers in the Wagnerian concert on the night of Oct. 4.

The auction sale of season tickets will be held Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock. Season tickets will be sold at \$5 and \$7.50, according to location. Season tickets remaining unsold will be on sale at Mechanics Hall from 10 A. M. Sept. 25, until noon, Sept. 26. Single tickets will be on sale at Mechanics Hall between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., Sept. 27 and 28, and during the week of the Festival.

The auction sale of seats for the coming season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, will begin at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Sept. 30, at 10 o'clock. Then the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. On Tuesday morning at the same hour the \$10 seats will be sold. The \$18 seats for concerts will be sold on Thursday, beginning at 10 o'clock, and the \$10 seats on Friday. The usual rules will govern the sales.

Dr. Muck will sail from Bremen next Tuesday. Not long ago it was stated in New York that Mr. Nikisch would be Dr. Muck's successor for the season of 1903-09, but no plans whatever have been made for that season. Dr. Muck may be induced to stay, but whether he will or not time alone can tell. Since he left here last spring an interesting musical situation has developed. The retirement of Mr. Mahler from the directorship of the Vienna opera left a most important position to be filled. Dr. Muck was regarded as the best man for the place, and unquestionably would have got it had it not been for his Boston engagement

and the fact that the Emperor would probably not have allowed him to leave Berlin to go to the rival Opera House of Vienna. The position was given to Mr. Felix Weingartner who, to accept it, gave up the royal concerts in Berlin. His successor has not yet been named. Were Dr. Muck to be in Berlin this winter, he would be the logical man for the place. Altogether, his services are in such demand on the other side that it is all the more a matter of congratulation that we are to have him here even for a year.

The new men of the orchestra will be as follows: Mr. Carl Wendling of Stuttgart will take the place of Mr. Willy Hess, who has leave of absence for a year. Mr. Wendling has been the concert master at the Court Theatre of Stuttgart and for several years the concert master at the Wagner Festivals at Bayreuth, where Dr. Muck became acquainted with him. Mr. Julius Thornberg of Copenhagen will take the position of second concert master which was vacated by Mr. T. Adamowski's resignation. Mr. Moldauer, one of the best of the violins, and Mr. Frietsche, the bass clarinet, died after the end of last season. Mr. Theodorowicz, having left the Kneisel Quartet, will take Mr. Moldauer's place. Mr. Sokoloff, a violinist, who left the orchestra to study with Mr. Loeffler, will be succeeded by Mr. Riharsch of Vienna. Mr. Zach left the viola section to conduct the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society. The name of the new viola player has not yet been announced. Mr. Arthur Kautzenbach of Berlin will take the place in the cello section made vacant by the resignation of Mr. J. Adamowski. Mr. A. Goldstein, whose father was for many years a member of the orchestra, and Mr. Renert of Boston will join the second violins. Mr. Traupe will leave the second violins to play with the first. The two new double bass players will be Messrs. Agresy and Huber of Vienna. Mr. Lilke, a former member of the orchestra, will return from New York, to be the second bassoonist. There will be two new horns, so that there will be eight in all. The new first horn is Mr. K. Schmid of Vienna. Mr. Lorenz of Boston will be the tuba player. There will be two changes in the battery. In all there will be 16 new members, and the list will include 98 names instead of 96. It is gratifying to know that the Pension Fund will be of service to those who have earned retirement and rest.

The plans of the management call for at least 12 soloists this season, and the management has endeavored to secure artists of the highest grade. There will be two, possibly three, singers. Mme. Melba will sing after the holidays. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been engaged. Among the pianists will be Mmes. Teresa Carreno, Katharine Goodson, Olga Samarooff and Messrs. Bauer and Paderewski. There will be no doubt about Mr. Paderewski's appearance. He will sail for this country in about three weeks to be here until the first of May. It is doubtful whether his new symphony will be ready for performance by the orchestra. Among the violinists will be Messrs. Kreisler, Wendling and Thornberg.

Any announcement concerning the new pieces to be performed and the programmes must be deferred until the arrival of Dr. Muck.

There is every prospect of a most successful season. Boston cannot do

much better by its orchestra than it did last year when competition at the auction sales was so keen. From the number of unsolicited subscriptions that have already been received from New York, it looks as though there would be no seats for separate concerts for sale in that city. The same conditions prevail in Brooklyn, Baltimore and Washington. Philadelphia, deeply interested in its own orchestra, is giving the Boston orchestra admirable support.

The general scheme of the season calls for a few more than 100 concerts, about the same number as last year. Of these 48 (including the public rehearsals) will be given in Boston, 10 in New York, six in Cambridge, five each in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and three each in Providence and Worcester. With the exception of the six concerts to be given on the western trip, the others required to make up the total will be given in various cities of the East.

The orchestra will go West on Jan. 26, and it will visit Buffalo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Columbus, and on Friday afternoon, the 31st, and Saturday evening, Feb. 1, it will play in Cincinnati. The Cincinnati orchestra has gone out of existence owing to the inability of the management to make terms with the Musical Union, and in place of concerts by its own orchestra the association which has charge of such affairs will give concerts by visiting orchestras.

The series of Boston concerts will begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 11. The series will end on Saturday evening, May 2. The orchestra will be away on the following Fridays and Saturdays: Nov. 8 and 9; Dec. 6 and 7; Jan. 10 and 11; Jan. 31 and Feb. 1; Feb. 21 and 22, and March 20 and 21. The 17th of April being Good Friday, the public rehearsal scheduled for that day will be given on Thursday, the 16th.

COUNTRY INNS.

The statement is made that automobiling has bettered the condition of country inns in New England. The statement is a sweeping one, and in the main incorrect. We appeal to automobilists themselves. Is it not almost impossible to find good beds, good plain food, food that is well cooked and decently served, in the great majority of the hotels of villages and small towns?

It is said that the late Richard Mansfield looked forward to the establishment of a chain of "English inns" throughout this country, inns that would be "substantial, plainly furnished buildings" the larders to be supplied with good, plain food." But the establishment of this chain would have been a greater undertaking than the production of "Peer Gynt." It is doubtful whether even the general travelling public would appreciate simple comfort. Too many wish show and bustle and an absurdly swollen bill of fare.

How hard it is to find at any hotel in a country town, or small city, good bread, vegetables that are not made watery and tasteless by ignorance or carelessness in the cooking, meat that is not dried up, or fruit in a sound state, if it be served at all. Grant that the landlord is willing and not close-fisted. He has seldom been a cook or a waiter. He may engage a cook at a high price, and even then the food may be indifferently prepared for the table, for high-priced cooks in private families are not always what they were represented to be. On the other hand, the great public wishes first of all a list of many dishes; otherwise it finds the table meagre. It revolts at the lack of quantity rather than of quality. The travelling public must here, as in other instances, be educated so that it may chide with intelligence and discrimination and therefore with force.

As things now are, a sojourn in any hotel in nine-tenths of the small or medium-sized American cities is to be dreaded. Let a man ask for an absolutely fresh egg or a light omelette, wholesome bread, meat that is neither raw nor cooked so that it is like an old-fashioned trunk hinge, and see what will be served him. Yet Mr. Sherry of New York has the assurance to say that the inns in small towns of the European continent are no better! This may be patriotic, but it is certainly quaint.

BEHIND TIME.

That the Quebec passenger train which ran into the freight train and made Caanan famous in the list of frightful accidents was behind time did not surprise any one who is at all acquainted with the workings of the Boston & Maine. When any train run by this company is on

time according to the schedule, the surprise of passengers and station masters is equally great. During the month of August the more important White mountain trains were habitually late, from one hour to three hours. In some instances trains left the North station in Boston twenty minutes after the ap-

pointed time. What has been said of the White mountain division will apply to other divisions of this road.

This excuse is sometimes given by the officials: The travel is very heavy. But it is the business of a well conducted railway company to provide capably for heavy travel. The summer months are especially the months when passengers should reasonably expect to arrive on time. It is not necessary to add that when trains are constantly late the danger of accident is much increased.

OUTRAGED MOUNTAINS.

The Herald has already commented on the number of Alpine accidents recorded this summer. But may not these accidents be regarded by those who profess to be peculiarly intimate with nature as the vengeance of the mountains?

There is in Switzerland a League for the Preservation of Picturesque Switzerland, and it has a journal, the Heimatschutz. In this journal Prof. Bovet of Zurich made recently an eloquent protest against the proposal to build a railway up Le Cervin. He was not moved by the thought of invalids who would thus be able to breathe purer air, for he says there are other heights better suited to the sick, and they may be reached without effort. In reply to the argument that the splendor of the Matterhorn may thus be revealed to all, he says: "The mountain reveals its august beauty only to him who conquers it step by step, by a tenacious love that defies death." "The key to its mystery is found in the moral effort." The Swiss should fight, he ends, for all their lofty peaks, "the glorious summits of our history, the lighthouses of our national life." He cannot endure the thought of excursionists jauntily making the ascension and addressing picture postal cards and drinking toasts on the top of the desecrated mountain.

The sentimentalist might say that even lesser peaks resent the intrusion of climbers and picnickers. If the professional climbers and excursionists would only respect the dignity of the mountain! As it is, they disturb its quiet with their chatter, whoops and yells; they strew its sides with tin cans, empty bottles, paper bags. A mountain may be complimented when its height is measured; it may be flattered by the thought of views taken reverently; but to be treated as a mere picnic ground, to be talked about idly—these are liberties to be rebuked. Any thoughtful mountain realizes the heroic struggles of piercers of tunnels, and if it combats the intestine foe, it is in a grand and elemental way. The old Hebrew exclaimed: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," and among primitive people the gods were thought to dwell on mountain peaks. The modern man looks on a mountain as something to be trampled on, or to be shorn of its forests.

What wonder that now and then the mountain chuckles at the sight of insect-mortals lost hopelessly in its venerable dress, or, impatient, shakes them from its flanks?

Men and Things

MR. CHARLES HANSON, who does not weigh more than 100 pounds, was a bell boy at Mrs. Hegeman's boarding house in New York. He fell madly in love with Mrs. Hegeman, who is portly and much older—furthermore, there is a Mr. Hegeman. Vexed by his importunity, she thrashed him soundly and at last she appealed to the court. Mr. Hanson was sent to the island, and as he left the court room he murmured: "I love her still. How can I help it?"

This is in some respects a story of commonplace romanticism, but we are informed that Mr. Hanson sent to Mrs. Hegeman at least 1000 love letters in the course of a year. Some of the letters were postal cards. "I dream of you every night. I think of you by day. I'm longing for the day when we shall meet again." The enamored youth would now and then mention heaven as a convenient meeting-place, and he occasionally reminded her that he had she were poor, miserable sinners.

How in the world could any man write 1000 love letters in one year, even though he sank at times to postal cards? Youth is the time of virtuosity, but not for a display of rhetoric. How can a man avoid vain repetitions unless he write with one eye on the woman and one on a public that may be called on to read and admire? His letters are then literary exercises, and the more eloquent they are the more artificial if not wholly insincere. A far-seeing woman would prefer halting, awkward sentences, mixed metaphors, words omitted in the frenzy of declaration. A few letters will suffice. Who could stand the strain of 1000? Writer and receiver must inevitably suffer. Miss Jervols, writing to Miss Harriet Byron, exclaimed: "Dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, tho' now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves."

We referred not long ago to a volume of Alfred de Musset's correspondence. To read his love letters to George Sand is weary work. After the first wild declaration, protestations and affirmations of love are dull reading to any third person, whether the letters be by De Musset, Keats or Mr. Charles Hanson, formerly bellboy in a boarding house.

Mr. Jones' bitter reflection on the pies and doughnuts at the Springfield railroad station reminds us of the good old days before the dining car—which is usually the abomination of desolation—when certain stations, depots they were then called, were eagerly anticipated by young and old. There was once famous eating at New Haven and there was time enough to eat. At Stamford there was memorable ale. White River Junction was known far and wide for its custard pie. The wild rush of the passengers was a scene for our friend the historical painter. An American citizen, wearing a plug hat with a ticket in it and a yellow duster, grasping in one hand a shiny carpet bag and in the other a piece of custard pie, nervously watching the clock and incidentally breathing defiance to foreign kings and potentates, was an awe-inspiring sight. It is a pity that he was not preserved imperishably in marble.

It is pleasant to think of Mr. Gutzon Gorglum, sculptor of male angels turning his attention to the Hon. Robert Fitzsimmons. Yet we should prefer a statue of heroic size to a "statuette," and it should stand in the market place in Carson City and be dedicated with pomp and ceremony. There should be medallions on the pedestal, and the immortal words of the faithful wife should be carved in letters of gold: "Poke him in the slats, Bob." Mr. John L. Sullivan was the model for the "The Boxer." The Hon. "Bob" will also give a graceful patronage to art.

Mr. Hanson, a Danish horse dealer, was invited to eat luncheon with members of the Norwegian court. "He had never been at court before. He believed that the King toasted him, although his majesty only wanted salt, and he rose, thinking he had been thus honored. Unfortunately, in his confusion, he pulled the table cloth and all the dishes fell to the floor." The account is not wholly

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clear. Did the King arise and shout for salt? Is he in the "habit of handing out a golden goblet for salt? Did he, in his search for salt, walk toward Mr. Hanson? Has he not his own salt cellar within reach? Or is there a revolving caster with cruets? By the way, what has become of all the machines that once decorated the tables of prosperous New Englanders? "Will you have anything from the caster?"

"The strappers are the ones that pay the dividends," remarked a street railway official in New York, in answer to demands for more cars. Recently in England a traveller in a train of the London & Southwestern railway proved in court that passengers who crowd in after a car has already received its legal complement are the ones to be prosecuted, not the railway company that fails to provide sufficient accommodation!

Commenting on Prof. Munsterberg's invention for recording the emotions of the human heart and for revealing the secrets of the heart, no one has mentioned the complaint brought by Momus against the gods: that they had not put a glass window in the breast of human beings that thus the workings of the heart might be disclosed. Philosophers at the time argued for and against the proposition of Momus, and after long reasoning decided that the absence of this window was a blessing to the human race.

Many of us have looked earnestly at the picture that represents two women settling a dispute with rapier—truly a pleasing picture, one grateful to the eyes. There have been expert swordswomen, dangerous duellists, from the time of Mlle. de Maupin, the opera singer, not Gautier's heroine, to comparatively recent days in France. In Iowa Miss Lulu Crawford and Miss Opal Adair agreed to settle their little dispute by donning gloves and obeying the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury. There were four rounds, and then the police interfered. The scene would not make so pretty a picture, either for bar-room ornamentation, or for the discreet portfolio.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

Anna A. Rogers, in her excellent article, "Why American Marriages Fail," published in the Atlantic Monthly of this month, says that the "divorce evil" is growing more rapidly in the United States than in Europe. "Of course, this preponderance may be partly accounted for by the greater number of divorce courts on this side of the Atlantic. We have 2921 courts which have the power to grant divorces, as against England's one, Germany's twenty-eight, and the seventy-nine of France."

It should be said, however, that in France the wife who has just cause for divorce is in many instances a victim of the laws governing marriage settlements and also of the law's tedious delay. Those interested in the study of the workings of the French divorce law should read carefully a novel, "Les Deux Vies," by Paul and Victor Margueritte. This novel is far from being sensational. It is a cool, grim statement of the cruel injustice that is possible under the present law. Others have recognized the inequities of this law. Gustave Guiche, in his new play, "O'laun Sa Vie," deals with problems of separation rather than of divorce, although the adulterous lover will not make the only reparation within his power; he says that he cannot marry a divorced woman, for religion is to him much more sacred than morality.

Men and Things

THE Queen of Spain officially has no legs, but the King of Spain has a nose, and we all read a few days ago that the royal nasal passages were bored out by a specialist for nasal cavities, or for both nostrils, "nosterilis" to

use the more pompous word of Marlowe—Christopher, not Julia. We are now told that the operation was performed because Alfonso snoring disturbed his wife; his concert vexed his consort. Cold baths and drugs were unavailing; perhaps the remedy of the clothespin was not tried, and to our mind this proposition is always absurd; at last a borer brought relief.

We knew a woman who after many years of wifehood became aware of the fact that she was in certain ways unpleasant. She was bulky; there was some trouble of her eyes; she snored in a manner to strike terror to the stoutest soul. Did she fold her hands, smack her lips, and say complacently, "Well, Adolphus married me for better or for worse"? No. She began to diet and take heroic exercise. She consulted the oculist and underwent a disagreeable operation. She also let a specialist downers with her nose. Thus she made herself more comely and she was still desirable. Eternal vigilance is the price of affection. It should be added that she said nothing about her endeavors and purposes to her husband. How many husbands would thus of their own accord strive to make themselves—let us say, more palatable, to their wives? If one should go through the ordeal, what a fuss and pother there would be!

Mrs. Frederick Gardiner of Thornton, Ill., who is 17 years of age, has obtained a divorce from her husband, who is rich and 73. Mr. Gardiner did all that he could to keep her love; he gave her things—picture hats, silk dresses, a trotting mare, a surrty, a Jersey cow; but 'twas all in vain. She now says to her friends: "I'd not marry an old man not even if he were the last man on earth and had a \$1,000,000. Marry a young man or content yourself with being an old maid, because I believe it is safest to be that or a young man's slave."

This subject was nicely argued on both sides by one Pogge, a Florentine, about 1435, when his dialogue, "Should an Old Man Marry," was published. The dialogue was written in Latin and the original title was "An seni sit uxor ducenda?" Pogge was no idle theorist; he practised in the laboratory, for when he was 55 years old, he married Vaggia de Buondelmonti, a young and noble lass, splendid in her beauty of 18 years, and marrying her, he gayly abandoned a woman who had made him the father of four children. These children, however, were legitimized, and Pogge had five sons by Vaggia. This, however, is a mere detail. It is enough to say that in this singular dialogue the pros and cons with reference to an old man contemplating marriage are clearly and pleasantly set forth, so that the little book is as a lantern to the feet. It was translated into French by Alcide Bonneau in 1877. Pogge argued through the mouth of Carlo, one of the disputants, that it is much better for a young girl to marry an old man than a young one. It is a pity that Mr. Gardiner did not include the book among his wedding gifts, but perhaps Mrs. Gardiner does not read Latin or French. To some of us the fact that Pogge was only 55 when he thought it necessary to defend "old age" is irritating.

Some one discussing the noise problem which is ever before us in the city and also, alas, is too often presented in the tumultuous privacy of summer country life, reminds his readers that Herbert Spencer had ear muffs which he wore whenever there was an "alarm without" or whenever in society the conversation did not interest him. But Spencer was as sensitive as Schopenhauer to noise, and his attempts to quiet an early village cock that insisted on exercising his birthright inspired an entertaining page in his tedious autobiography. Mr. Henry T. Pinck of New York, the author and music critic, uses ear muffs of his own invention to be free from the nocturnal din of the city, and we would easily believe that he takes them to concerts in case of music by Brahms. One serious objection to ear muffs was pointed out by one of the Kernell brothers: The wearer may not hear an invitation to step up to the bar.

Why should not Mr. Richard Croker wear a monocle if he is thus inclined, and if the plain glass inserted allows him to see clearly horses or a deck of cards? That he is able to keep the thing in his eye, is not remarkable. Almost any one can do it with practice. If Mr. Croker should use a lorgnette, with frame of rubber, gold, or tortoise shell, he might justly be accused of affectation. That a man is "monocular" does not necessarily im-

ply that he sports a monocle. "Monocular" is one-eyed, and the three immortal calenders of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" are thus characterized by Burton.

The news that a Swiss dentist uses blue rays of light as an anesthetic recalls by suggestion the blue glass craze. How much talk there was about it! Highly estimable citizens built blue glass chambers on the roof where they might bathe in the sun. Fortunately they were protected from the public view, for they were not all of them like Bathsheba, very beautiful to look upon. Other citizens with rheumatism, or eczema, sat patiently exposed to the beneficent rays. Where is all that blue glass now? With the old-fashioned dusters, the mental photograph albums, the comic songs of the seventies, and Hans Breitmann's party.

St. Helena is known as the prison isle of Napoleon, and later of the Boers. Even in peace there is stern, paternal government on the island, for we learn that any boy detected in the act of smoking or having "tobacco or cigarettes"—a nice distinction of the new law that has just come into force—is liable to a fine of 5 shillings, plus 12 strokes of the birch. Any one giving or selling tobacco to a boy or girl under the age of 16 is liable to a fine of 20 shillings for the first offence and 40 shillings for each subsequent offence. We believe there are almost as strict nicotine rules in Tasmania, and today it is not lawful to sell cigarettes in Spokane or in any other town of Washington. This legislation will, of course, whet the desire for "coffin-nails."

BUSINESS HOURS.

That Secretary Metcalf of the navy department should be at his office at 8 A. M. and remain until 5 P. M. seems to some a departure from the usual official routine, and it has excited comment. Nothing has been said about his luncheon, whether he sits comfortably at table for an hour or takes it standing—an "electric lunch," as the sign read in the South end. There are officials whose business hours remind one of the notice tacked on the hall door: "In every other Wednesday from 12 till 1."

The hours for work vary naturally in countries, according to climatic conditions or long established customs. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," mentions a town—was it Aden?—where, on account of the heat, the markets and bazaars were open only at night, and the inhabitants of another town in a hot land spent the greater part of the day in tanks of water. The German bankers and shopkeepers take it easy in the middle of the day. The noon meal is a serious affair, and they allow time for digestion, gossip, tobacco and a friendly game. The Londoner begins the day at a late hour, while the Frenchman is an early bird, and the Italian appreciates the morning coolth—to use the good old word that Sir Richard F. Burton brought back into the language. But all the southern races know the value of a long rest after mid-day.

The Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror published a fortnight ago a letter from Mr. J. T. Edson advocating a change of time on the island in favor of early hours, and, with the pride of the islander, he said: "It is readily conceivable (if it worked well here and proved generally satisfactory) that other places would follow the example. No one can tell, indeed, how far the movement might extend." He argued that, as nearly all persons over 50 years of age and of good habit wake early and are at a loss what to do before breakfast, they might better have an early breakfast and be at work; that it would be better for younger men to make an early start and be able to live in the open air after 4 o'clock of the afternoon.

We doubt whether business hours are to be changed radically by any newspaper or pamphlet argument,

however specious or eloquent it may be. Just as De Quincey traced step by step the change of the dinner hour in England and described the successive social influences that brought about the change, so one might trace the history of business hours. Here in Boston merchants formerly began work earlier and dined at an hour that now seems to us singular. The slow transformations in the general social life inevitably affect the hours for taking down and putting up shutters and for admitting and refusing clients.

Men and Things

MORE impressive than any spectacular meeting of Kaiser and Tsar or of King Edward and the Austrian Emperor, was the close communion in Venice of Mr. Harold MacGrath and Mr. Henry James, monarchs in the domain of literature. The author of "The Man on the Box" and the author of "Daisy Miller" and recent and more psychological studies, ate luncheon together, and Mr. James said to Mr. MacGrath: "Don't spend much, MacGrath." This was not said with especial reference to the luncheon, for Mr. James added: "Tell your American friends if they love Italy to stop spending lavishly here." Mr. James called Mr. MacGrath by his family name and without a handle. And how did Mr. MacGrath address the distinguished, analytical, self-banished novelist: "Jamesy, old boy!" or "I say, Hank"?

We referred recently to Miss White, president of a dressmakers' convention in New York, who prefers lines to curves in the female form divine. Speaking to a dressmaker who consulted her, she said: "All of you know how to sew. It's your brains I want to help." She then added, if she were correctly reported: "You can't get no thrill from a paper pattern. No one can't." But genius soars above solecisms, nor will Miss White's bills be the less on account of her preference for the double negative.

Mrs. Chester Griswold of New York is planning "a replica of the most luxurious bath of ancient Rome," for the pleasure and comfort, it is stated, of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Le Grand C. Griswold. As Nero's bath was supplied with salt water from the sea, so Mrs. Griswold will pipe for salt water in the bay. Her bath is to be of "marble and onyx, with gold and silver trimmings, and jewelled lamps." The lamps are no doubt to aid in hunting the soap, if it does not float. But who had the "most luxurious bath" in ancient Rome? And from what original is this replica copied? We are told that Caligula invented a new kind of bath and washed in precious unguents both warm and cold, but these words of Suetonius are vague. Poppaea, we are informed, bathed in the milk of asses, but there is no description of her bathroom. There are the baths of Caracalla, but they are not as they were when in use. When Jugurtha was thrust naked into the state dungeon at the foot of the Capitoline, he cried out: "Hercules, what a cold bath this is!" but this historic phrase, while it served a poet, would be of little assistance to an architect. We do know that the ancient Romans shunned the bath after eating heavily of peacock. The Griswolds should remember this.

We doubt whether the Griswolds' bath will be superior to that in the younger Pliny's villa, with its grand and spacious cooling room, with its two swimming basins, with its perfuming room and sweating room, its lesser bathrooms, and "the warm bath of extraordinary workmanship, wherein one may swim, and have a prospect at the same time of the sea." Nor do we think it will surpass the bath described by Seneca visiting in the villa once owned by Scipio Africanus. The walls of this bathroom were of Alexandrine marble, the veins of which were so managed as to have the appearance of a regular picture; the edges of the basins were set with the costly Thasian stone, which was variegated with veins of different colors interspersed with streaks of gold; the water, conveyed in silver pipes, fell by several descents in beautiful cascades; the floors were inlaid with precious gems; statues and colonnades ravished the eye by their elegance and grandeur. Seneca then pondered the simplicity of earlier Roman days. In like manner, let us recall the earlier

American years when bathroom "was merely an architectural term, when the forbears of the Griswolds and all other honest Americans took their Saturday night scrubbing in wooden tubs, and, as a rule, in the kitchen. Nor was soft-soap then wholly unknown.

Mr. Frank James, who once enjoyed an enviable reputation as a bandit, will now at the age of 64 turn farmer. His early associations may lead him to open a milk route. As a bandit he was effective but not picturesque, for his costume was not traditional. He might at least have had the proper hat built for him—a tall one, wound round with red and white ribbons, with a velvet band and gold buckle; and he might also have worn huge ear-rings, also knee breeches of blue velvet and stockings gartered with leather bands. Even, our most prominent bandits have not easily been distinguished from business men.

So Mrs. Annie Yeamans will leave the stage. Would that we were all young again and could see the Harrigan and Hart plays in their freshness! Hart, Johnny Wild, Gray—the inimitable negro clergymen, are dead. Harrigan's plays were intensely local and were of the true naturalistic school. The New York that he loved and portrayed has passed, and many references in the dialogue and certain scenes would be without meaning to the younger generation of Manhattan's playgoers.

A story was told not long ago about an extraordinary Italian boy. "The pupils of his eyes are surrounded by the 12 hours of the clock in Roman figures." But there is nothing surprising in this every-day world of wonders that cannot be matched or excelled by some chronicler in the past. We therefore without hesitation bring forward the "Napoleon Child," who was exhibited in London in 1823. Here is the description of it from the Mirror of that year:

"On Friday the 8th inst, we paid a visit to the bazaar in Oxford street, to witness this extraordinary sport of nature about which the French and English newspapers have lately been so communicative. The child is an engaging little girl about three years old. The color of her eyes is pale blue, and on the iris, or circle round their pupils, the inscriptions on

Left Eye
NAPOLEON
EMPEREUR
Right Eye
EMPEREUR
NAPOLEON

may be traced. All the letters are not equally visible, the commencement 'Nap' and 'Emp' being the most distinct. The color of the letters is almost white, and at first sight of the child they appear like rays, which make the eyes appear vivacious and sparkling. The accuracy of the inscriptions is much assisted by the stillness of the eye, on its being directed upwards, as to an object on the ceiling of the room, etc., and with this aid the several letters may be traced with the naked eye. It was visible at the child's birth, and has increased with her growth."

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CONCERT FOYER

Mme. Calve and Proposed
Singing of Carmen
at Bullfight.

JENKINS, 'GREATEST
TENOR IN THE WORLD'

By PHILIP HALE.

Has Mme. Calve agreed to the proposition made to her manager by Mr. Felix Robert, the matador? If she has said yes, the San Francisco Chronicle asserts that "her magnificent voice will thrill thousands of dark-skinned spectators revelling in blood lust of the bull ring to the accompaniment of the hellowing of torture-maddened animals." This might be more distressing to the sensitive ear than even the passionate outbursts of a German Don Jose.

Mr. Robert is to give one of his "fancy steer-sticking contests" at Juarez, Mexico, on Dec. 22. "I shall build myself a special ring, with seats for thousands. At the back, just above the grand entrance, will be a theatrical stage. In front of that I will finally kill the bull, and then the curtain will rise to the concluding act of 'Carmen.' Is it not simple?" It would be better, Mr. Robert, if you should kill the bull in the courses of the last act of 'Carmen,' but behind the scenes, on the purists would be satisfied. Mr. Robert did not send his offer to Mme. Calve of \$3000 for this performance by ordinary mail. He put on the type a special delivery stamp.

"Carmen," by the way, with a real bull fight, has been produced in the south of France.

Room for the prodigies. Miss Eva Frost, "the gifted Columbus pianist," who is not yet 13 years old, was injured a year ago by a railway accident. She is not yet recovered, and she is "spending her enforced idleness in writing a book on musical subjects." In Chicago she is known as "the girl with iron hands." In Boston the "girl with cold hands," has a warm and delicate touch.

"Little C. Elmer Walp of Slatington, Pa., though only 2 years of age, is already a singer of some of the latest songs."

Mr. C. M. Stevens, a young farmer of Agricola, Kan., "while industriously turning over the fertile sod preparatory to fall wheat sowing, composed verses for which, set to music, he is offered \$3500. Mr. Stevens conceived the idea of writing a verse for music last winter, while feeding stock." He intends to put the money—when he receives it—on deposit and use it "to secure a college education."

The convicts at Walla Walla, Wash., will have a cornet band with players from their ranks. The chaplain says that there are good musicians in the penitentiary.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer characterizes Mr. George William Jenkins as "the greatest tenor in the world." He is 6 feet 3 inches in height, and weighs "much over 200 pounds." He came from North Olmstead in Ohio, where his parents reared him to be a farmer; but he reared in turn and taught school. Now he has been engaged as principal tenor at the "Rouillon" (sic) Opera House. Just where is Rouillon on the operatic map?

It seems that Mr. Jenkins was heard lifting up his voice in song in a Cleveland church; heard by "men who have more than a passing appreciation of music." They talked with Mr. Jenkins after service. They told him that he should develop his voice. "Don't you realize its worth?" Mr. Jenkins was not aware that his voice was any great shakes, for "modesty is one of his distinguishing traits." But Mr. Jenkins thought the matter over and studied. With whom? He says that he had teachers in this country "to whom he will be forever indebted." Then he went to Europe in search of "operatic tradition." His voice is "not lyric; it is distinctly a Wagnerian voice." The widow Cosima should engage him immediately for Bayreuth, where they believe that Wagner's music should not be sung. Meanwhile, what are Messrs. Conried and Hammerstein thinking about? Does the name disconcert them? They might change it to Jenkins or Jenkin-lwicz.

Let us consider for a moment the calamities of musicians, a subject that would have taxed the industry of even Isaac Disraeli.

"Pretty brown eyes, lovely arms and a shapely neck combined in the person of Miss Lois Mills, the violinist in the Lookout Inn Orchestra, have created havoc at this popular pleasure resort." We learn the sad story from the Chattanooga Enquirer. "As she plays the violin her eyes show all the music in her soul." The landlord of the inn has a daughter, an attractive girl, they say, and she had a sweetheart. Long faithful to her, he saw and heard Miss Mills, and he obeyed the song of triumphant love—see the strange tale written by Turgeneff with the assistance of Mme. Pauline Viardot. The landlord's daughter wept and the landlord, who had not been moved by any complaint of a guest, was stirred within his shaggy breast. He immediately "discharged the Mills orchestra for flirting." "Twas a union orchestra, and the union refused to accept the reason of discharge as valid. Now the inn is blacklisted by the union; the present orchestra is composed of negroes. Miss Mills sues for breach of contract. But what has become of the sweetheart? He has disappeared from the story, like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe."

Mr. Bernard Beque, baritone soloist with the Garguilo band, "once the associate of Caruso and other distinguished singers with the Metropolitan Opera House company," did not enjoy his sojourn in Denver. To quote from the Post of that city, he "felt that his professional ability had been seriously slurred when Mrs. A. Denison, the manager of the band, said he sang 'like a jumping jack.'" (Does a jumping-jack sing even at the altitude of Denver?) Furthermore, Mr. Beque said that he and his wife were never able to draw their salary when it was due, although the others were paid promptly. And finally, the Post published a letter "From a Citizen and Heavy Taxpayer," protesting against "foreign singing" at the Park concerts: "To sit there listening to the foreigners trying to make an attempt to sing operatic airs (which are beyond them) is more than the average public can stand." There were hot words between the Beques and the band leader. "Mrs. Beque shook her pretty and bedlammed fist at her hubby and the band master threatened to clash."

But Denver is proud of Pauline Perry, who is now a member of the Van den Berg Opera company in New York, and as the Lady, "Martha," sings "The Last Rose of Summer" in a sweet manner. Pauline "was divorced here some time ago from her husband, who was connected with the Y. M. C. A. At the time it was said she chose a stage career in preference to domestic happiness." The artist's life is one of constant self-denial.

Note, for instance, this tragedy. Mr. Waterbury, "the long endurance piano player, who holds the record of 26 hours and 18 minutes," endeavored to beat it at Altoona, Pa., and failed.

"During his exhibition he was led by his wife, who also bathed his arms and shoulders when they became stiff." We hear of Mr. Waterbury for the first time. The prowess of Mr. Napoleon Berg and of one or two other much-enduring, long-distance pianists has been more than once recorded and admired in The Herald. Mark the devotion of the wife in this instance, as heroic as that of any pianist who plays a concerto composed by her husband. Why should not pianists at Symphony concerts be sponged and fanned in their life and death struggle with concerto, orchestra and leader? Why should there not be seconds and a judicious bottle holder.

The decision of Justice Patterson, handed down at Akron, to the effect that music lessons are a "necessity of life"—a teacher had sued for tuition money—will seem more tragic to many than the Waterbury tale.

The programme of the Thursday afternoon concert (Oct. 3) of the Worcester Festival will include Moskowski's "Steppe," Bruch's violin concerto in G minor (Maud Powell), air from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Mignon Aurelle) and Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

The programme of the Friday afternoon concert (Oct. 4) will include Beethoven's eighth symphony; Hinton's piano concerto (Katharine Goodson); Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," and Chabrier's "Española." Mr. Evan Williams will sing an air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba."

The first part of "The Dream of Gerontius" and Converse's "Job" (first time) will be performed on Wednesday evening (Oct. 2). Singers, Mmes. Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Beddoe, De Gogorza and Croxton. On Thursday evening Parker's "Hera Novissima" will be performed. Bach's orchestral suite in C major will precede. The singers will be Mmes. Gould and Hussey and Messrs. Williams and Cunningham. The programme of Friday night will be Wagnerian excerpts from "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Siegfried," "Dusk of the Gods" and "The Mastersingers." The solo singers will be Mmes. Elder-Kelsey, Schumann-Heink and Messrs. Hamlin, Ormsby, De Gogorza and Croxton.

Karl Wendling of Stuttgart, who succeeds Willy Hess as concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, carries more insurance on his fingers than most men do on their lives.

"Yes, indeed, my fingers are my livelihood, and I must make sure of them," he said today at his apartments in the Hemenway Chambers. "All artists, more or less, insure the fingers, the feet, the voice . . . the artist must protect himself."

"I am surprised, however, that Herr Kubelik insures his feet and his eyes as well as his hands, for he cannot, manifestly, play the violin with his toes."

Herr Wendling was enthusiastic, vigorous and refreshingly cheerful under the sun of the brilliant autumn day, and he talked of things here and there with deep interest. He was soon to begin his five hours of practice, a daily occupation with him. Every day he takes up his violin and paces back and forth across the floor, while the delicately manipulated bow caresses, implores and commands.

Herr Wendling seldom uses a score during his rehearsals. He knows his music and holds it in his heart. His practice hours are devoted to seeking how best to impart the glory and the pathos of that music to his fellow men.

"I am glad to be here in Boston," the herr concertmaster said with a smile. "Especially delightful is it to come here and play with my old and dear friend, Herr Muck. It is indeed a privilege to serve with him."

Herr Wendling spoke, too, of his pupil Robert Siebeck whom he says is promising as a musician and for whom he hopes to secure a place in the Symphony. Herr Siebeck accompanied his master to this country.



FINGERS THAT MEAN A FORTUNE.

Delicate Digits of Violinist Which Are Insured for Bigger Sums Than Many Men Place on Their Lives. Should Injury Come to Them, the Artist, While Perhaps Prevented from Further Playing, Would Be Solaced by Receiving Thousands of Dollars.

On the subject of finger and toe and eye voice insurance Herr Wendling talked interestingly. Kubelik's hands are insured for \$50,000 each, and his eyes are protected by joint insurance of \$25,000. If he lost a toe or a foot Kubelik would receive in insurance \$25,000. If he lost a toe on each foot or both feet he would get \$50,000.

Jervace Ped-rewski carries a policy of \$50,000 insuring each of his fingers for \$1000. So far he has had three minor accidents to his fingers and collected more than \$10,000 in insurance, or \$8500 more than he had paid in premiums. Lina Cavalieri and Mme. Nordica have their voices insured for \$50,000. The Parisian danseuse values her feet at \$150,000, and Anna Held has \$100,000 on her voice. Lillian Russell last year paid

an advance of \$200 on a policy for \$40,000. In May she fell and injured herself so that she missed 15 weeks of engagements. For this she collected \$3000.

There is one famous painter, Carolus Duran, who has guarded against the affliction of "Dick Helder," and if the light falls Duran can collect \$30,000.

Herr Wendling considers this kind of insurance an absolute necessity to an artist. He modestly declined to say how much value he set on his own clever hands, but it is known to be a large amount.

Herr Wendling will live at Hemenway Chambers for the winter, and it is possible that Frau Wendling, who is at present in Stuttgart, may join him later.

Herr Wendling's career has been that of a musician of great natural ability and worth, and his position abroad is

...He has been the concert master of the Court Orchestra of Stuttgart, both in the opera house and in the Symphony concerts of that city. He is the leader of a string quartet and has also served as concert master at the Wagner festivals held at Bayreuth, where Dr. Muck as conductor became acquainted with him.

Mr. Wendling has much more than local reputation, in fact he is ranked among the leading men that occupy similar positions in Europe. He has obtained leave of absence for one year from his duties in Stuttgart.

The concert masters of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been in succession as follows: Mr. Bernard Listemann, who after a long sojourn in Chicago has returned to Boston; Mr. Franz Kneisel, who is now busy as leader of his celebrated quartet and as a teacher—he will conduct the orchestral concerts at the Worcester Festival next week, and he refused some months ago the position of conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra; Mr. E. Fernandez-Arbo, who now teaches in London and is esteemed as a conductor in cities of Spain and England; Mr. Willy Hess.

Mr. Wendling will take his seat with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of Oct. 11-12, and he will make his first appearance as a

*Robin v. the S. in
This country falls in
the S. as on*

Sept 27, 1907

A SOLUTION.

Reindeer have been successfully introduced into Alaska for domestic use, and 300 domesticated reindeer have been imported into Labrador from northern Norway. Thus do they supply in Labrador fresh meat, milk, butter and cheese. Furthermore, they will be valuable for transportation, as a reindeer can cover 100 miles in a day while drawing 300 pounds. Why would it not be a good plan to introduce reindeer into New England for the winter season, to solve the milk problem and provide butter of fine quality at a reasonable price? There is the old story of the Finn maiden at the Yankee intelligence office, who, asked whether she could cook, wash, wait on table, etc., shook her head despondently. "But what in the world can you do?" She smiled a superior smile. "I can milk reindeer." There are plenty of Finns now here, waiting for the opportunity of proving their usefulness.

Men and Things

HERE is another note sent to us by our distinguished friend and occasional contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology. The note is dated "Boresholm." After making some remarks on public men, common acquaintances and friends, and morality, remarks that might be misunderstood or give pain if they were published, Mr. Johnson says: "I have already written you about certain outs in visiting the home of either men of moderate income or of flamboyant wealth. Here I have every comfort. The baked apples are not too sugared; no valet sniffs, examining my stock of linen; the meals are at reasonable hours; my hostess has asked me not to tip any of the servants. Why then do I leave this afternoon? Because the host insists on my seeing the whole of his estate. He expects me to make what the French call 'le tour de propriétaire.' (By the way, do the French say this, or do they say, 'le Tour de propriétaire'? To tell you the truth, my French is shaky when I come to write it, and I was always bothered by the 'de' and 'du'.)

"My host Gummerson is enthusiastic over every inch of his property, and he expects his guests to share his enthusiasm. He began by taking me to the top of a hill through underbrush and through bogs under the pretext of a far-reaching view. As soon as we were on the top and exposed to a searching wind, he told me at exasperating length how he acquired much of his property at a ridiculously low price. It was before Jericho Forks became fashionable, and much of this land gave poor pasturage. Now that lot down there cost me a small fortune. The farmer knew I had to have it, if I wished a short cut to the highway, and he soaked me. You see that patch over there, just beyond the tennis court? I've been offered \$15,000 for that lot alone. And so on, and so on.

"Yesterday I was obliged to see every nook and cranny of his stables, poultry house, garage, toolhouse, and what not. I nodded and smiled and gaped and said an appreciative 'By George!' over harnesses, carriages, fancy cattle, horses, hens, stranger fowl, ingenious contrivances for saving labor, but whenever I put my appreciation into words I made a sad break and exposed my ignorance before his men. Today it rains and I pleaded a cold when he suggested that I drive with him to his farmer's house and there 'gain some idea of modern farming.' He was put out by my refusal, offered me a mackintosh and rubber boots, and at last he said: 'Well, old man, we'll do it tomorrow, and we'll make a day of it. We'll take our luncheon with us.' I shall leave this place late in the afternoon or tonight. My cold is much worse, and I think it prudent to consult a doctor."

It appears that Mr. Paul Livingston Mottelay married a dressmaker named Van Santey about a year ago. She had obtained a divorce, or at least it was thought she had, but now there is some dispute over this point—a mere detail in these modern impetuous days and nights. Mr. Mottelay and his friends now wish his marriage to be annulled on the ground that he was heavily overcome with wine or strong waters at the wedding and knew not what he did. The wife of the officiating clergyman says that Mr. Mottelay was as sober as the traditional deacon, and Mrs. Mottelay is sure that her husband's high-born kinsmen are making the fuss because she, forsooth, was once a dressmaker and of inferior station. But she is as good as they are. Do they bring forward a de Peyster? She proudly trots out her cousin, the governor of the Dutch East Indies. Do they pronounce Van Rensselaer with a smack of the lips? She herself is a Van Santey. It's a pretty row, and as she is said to be very handsome, our sympathy is naturally for her in spite of the grave objections of Mrs. Ferguson Livingston Cooper. At the same time this dispute shows the need of an authoritative volume which will be to America what Burke's Peerage is to England. It might be entitled: "Who's Whom in America," nor should any name be inserted with favorable comment for any paltry \$5. The chief trouble in editing the volume would be the need of constant revision and addition; for some of our untitled aristocracy leave the country suddenly or disappear for a rest-cure within stone walls, and, on the other hand, there are two or three crops a year of the surprisingly rich. The volume should be handsomely bound, to go with "How to Tell the Birds from the Wild Flowers."

The sanity of Mr. James B. Hammond, the inventor of a typewriter, is in question, and a member of the sheriff's jury asked Dr. Graeme Hammond, an expert, this question: "Doctor, it has been stated that the average number of highballs taken by Mr. Hammond each day amounts to seven. Now I know some men on the sheriff's jury who take double that number, and they don't suffer from insanity, toxic, or any other kind."

Dr. Hammond replied that the fact that Mr. Hammond had taken "comparatively little alcohol" and yet suffered from toxic insanity led him to wonder whether the inventor had not indulged himself in some other poison. The seven highballs contain "comparatively little alcohol." This depends.

There are men who put a small dose in a large glass and then fill to the brim with some gaseous water. There are others who measure by three or four fingers. The number seven is a sacred one. Fourteen seem to us a heroic daily dose, unless a man does not allow his attention to be diverted from drinking by the pressure of business or by harassing domesticity. Then again it all depends on whether a man's stomach is copper bottomed and nickel plated, whether he leaves his kidneys outside the door to be cleaned with his boots. There is no need of any allusion to the glorious three bottle men of England who lived to a sturdy old age. We knew an exiled American who drank daily two bottles of brandy in Geneva, Switzerland. When we saw him his face was as a pasteboard mask, and he died just as he was beginning to increase the amount by half a bottle. There are men, even in Boston, who undoubtedly drink every day a bottle of whiskey and would deny hotly that they were victims of the Demon Rum.

Sept 28 1907

Men and Things

M R. AUGUST LUNGSTRAS of St. Louis was divorced from his wife. It is not for us to pry into the truth of the charges preferred, nor do we care to know who brought the charges. We are now concerned only with a question of etiquette. Let us first describe Mr. Lungstras' behavior some time after the divorce was granted; let us tell the tale as it was told to us.

"To show his divorced wife how much he missed her, August Lungstras posed on all-fours in front of her boarding house, and howled like a dog. Prancing like a gorilla across the lawn in the same position, he struck his head several times against a tree."

And what did Mrs. Lungstras say, or do, when she saw her 'late husband cavorting in the sight of the people and making mock of her? She exclaimed: "How very amusing! I think the policeman would like to see that. Please send for him." A woman of action, rather than of sentiment or of humor. Is it surprising that Mr. Lungstras, free, made joyful manifestations of an acrobatic nature? We regret to add that he was taken before the magistrate, who fined him \$5. The reporter added wisely: "Lungstras is sane." Of course Mr. Lungstras is sane, eminently sane, admirably sane.

Whether gorillas prance is a question that is foreign to our purpose. If we remember correctly the statements of Du Chailu, Winwood Reade and Sir Richard F. Burton, the gorilla walksh majestically toward the traveller, beats his breast with his fists, roars horribly and makes most unpleasant faces. But let this pass. How should a sensible man behave in the presence of a divorced wife? Should he smile knowingly and say, "Ah, there!" or should he look calmly over her head at the sky or the ceiling? If she be affable, should he indulge in reminiscences largely to her discredit, or should he be sentimental with the air of "It might have been otherwise"? If he meet her by chance at a reception or a dinner party should he request the honor of an introduction, or should he poke the hostess in the ribs and say, "Lord bless you, I've known Maud for years?"

Even should his joy over the release be deep and abiding, his outward demeanor should be one of moderate rapture. It must be confessed that Mr. Lungstras was extravagant in his behavior. A simple soul, an elemental nature, he was frank both with his late wife and the world at large. How different the conduct of our friend in New York who admits that he is the largest alimony club in the city. Married happily for the fourth time, he gives a dinner to his wives once a year, and it is indeed a joyful occasion. Mrs. Edith Wharton has written an entertaining story with a motive something like this. It is one of her least snobbish tales. A butler may enter in the course of the narration but only incidentally; he is not aggressively in the foreground in company with a high church bishop.

While there is still talk about the Irish model chosen by St. Gaudens for the head on American coins, it is not impertinent to recall the fact that in the days when silver coins were known chiefly to collectors there was an outcry on the part of purring pruders because the heads that graced certain fractional currency were copied from those of two professional beauties of Washington, women of somewhat emancipated lives. It is not always safe for the easily shocked to inquire particularly into the models that served Raphael for his Madonnas. As long as a woman has a head that will beautify a coin, what matters it whether she be an American or an Armenian, a Norwegian or a Greek? And are there not Armenians, Norwegians and Greeks who are today good Americans? What, pray, is the "true American type"? There are women on the North Shore with foreign names and with faces that set one dreaming of Spain, yet their ancestors spoke for years in the approved, orthodox New England dialect.

A novel, "Contre le Sort," by the indolent brothers who sign their works "J. H. Rosny," was published recently in Paris. A young woman who has

lived in "Burgcois luxury left by the death of a rascally husband with two little girls and no money. She opens a boarding house and endeavors to add to her income by typewriting, newspaper work and the needle. Her male boarders fall in love with her. They are a Bulgarian student, a deformed mulatto, and an unexceptionable but poor young man. She loves the last named and he goes to South America to make a fortune for her. But he has bad luck; she and her daughters fall sick; her little store of money is wasted, and she hesitates between the mulatto, who has come into a small fortune, and a rich doctor, who made eyes at her before her husband's body was cold. Although her intimate friend among women urges her to accept the physician, she at last marries the mulatto.

We sketch the plot of this story to show the different attitude of a civilized nation toward the "color question" as it is euphemistically and foolishly called. Any objection made against the mulatto in the story is on account of his natural deformity, not because he is a mulatto. Mr. Leonard Merrick, who was recently discovered—at a late day—by Mr. Howells, has treated the same subject in a singular novel, entitled "The Quaint Companions." An English woman marries a distinguished negro tenor. They have a son who turns out a poet. A deformed girl writes to him a letter thanking him for his verses. He answers her, and falls in love with her, after she, asked for her photograph, sends him the picture of her sister, who is beautiful. Finally the mulatto and the cripple know the truth and they pass their remaining years in a friendship "that must last longer than their youth, and longer than their passions." The mulatto, says Merrick, will learn of her love "only when there is a fuller charity, and a clearer light—in a World where a hue of the skin cannot ostracise, and a crook of the body cannot ban."

Twenty Baptist churches in Georgia have been cut off from fellowship because they have put pipe organs into their meeting houses. Many years ago in England a Mr. Stephens proposed to the Parliament that any one who should presume to keep an organ in a public house should be fined £20 and made incapable of being an alderman for the future. He also "humbly requested" that the offender should be excommunicated and not be absolved without doing public penance.

Sept 29, 1907

WROTE FOR WORLD, NOT FOR A PARISH

Music of Edvard Grieg—Extravagant Eulogies Called Forth by His Death.

A COMPOSER OF
TRUE INDIVIDUALITY

His Work Not Modelled on
Another's—A Writer of
Little Masterpieces.

BY PHILIP HALE.

When Edvard Grieg died there were some who said that "the greatest of living composers, with the possible exception of Saint-Saens," had joined the majority. It is easy to talk in this way at any time, and death opens the gate to all sorts of verbal extravagancies. There are some who fear that they will not be thought appreciative unless they are wildly eulogistic.

There are musicians of true imagination now living: Richard Strauss, Gabriel Faure, Vincent d'Indy, Claude Debussy, Charles Martin Loeffler, Jean Sibelius, Rimsky-Korsakoff. I name these men without reference to the opera house, as though no one of them had written for the theatre. There is also the singularly versatile Saint-Saens, a master of routine, whose music, even when it is without body, has a peculiar

and pleasing elegance. Was it wise to put Grieg above them all? And are not critical statements based on thoughtless comparison futile, if not foolish?

Grieg's music has, first of all, indisputable individuality. There is no mistaking it. It is not modelled on the music of another. Whether you like or dislike it, you readily acknowledge the man's originality both in thought and in expression. It has been said that his melodies are for the most part Norwegian folk-tunes. The statement is untrue. Look over these folk songs and see how superior to them in haunting beauty are the melodies of Grieg. The song that made him known and popular in this country—"I Love Thee"—is thoroughly German. The much finer song, "The Swan," in no way suggests folk-melody. On the other hand, "Solvejg's Song" has qualities that are thought to be elements of local color. Mr. Weber, for many years music critic of *Le Temps* (Paris), asserted in his most dogmatic and irritating manner that there is no such thing as local color. His essay is entertaining reading. He took the ground that Orientalism, or Norwegianism, exists in music only because foreigners have agreed on certain characteristics that, as they think or suppose, would give the named color, just as to some people the above is inevitably a pastoral instrument.

Mr. Henry T. Finck discusses the question, "How much did Grieg owe to Norwegian folk music?" in his "Songs and Song Writers," and also in his life of Grieg, a book written with infinite gusto, a book that might properly be entitled "The Eulogy of Edvard Grieg." Mr. Finck admits with engaging frankness that he is "quite willing to be called 'uncritical,' for the older I get, he adds, 'the more I become convinced that the alleged critical faculty of our time is a modern disease, a species of phylloxera, threatening the best works of genius.'" He says of Grieg's music: "As a matter of fact, ninety-five hundredths of his music is absolutely and in every detail his own," and in another place he says: "The melodies, though redolent of their native soil, are emphatically his own. . . . and still more unmistakably his own are his bold and fascinating harmonies, for folk music in its primitive state has no harmonies at all, whereas Grieg's music, as I have already remarked, represents the very latest phase in the evolution of harmony." No, Mr. Finck. You should study the works of Messrs. Loeffler, d'Indy, Debussy for "latest" phases.

Yet some admirers of Grieg, and they are among the more hysterical, praise him especially for his dominating "national spirit." They may know Norway only by seeing it on the map or by reading books of travel, but they shake wise heads and breathe deep "Ahs" and say reverentially "How Norwegian! Don't you see the fjords and mountains? Don't you smell the pines?" Auber said of Felicien David, who persisted in being "oriental" in music: "What a pity that he does not get down from his camel!" A German critic lamented that Grieg "stuck in the fjord and never got out of it." As Coleridge said of Hahnemann: "Like most Germans, he is not altogether wrong, and like them also is never altogether right." If there were only the fjord in Grieg's music, he would have shared by this time the fate of Felicien David. Whenever Grieg is deliberately, laboriously national, his strains to foreign ears are as chatter in an unknown dialect. He is then parochial. The gossip of a parish is of little general interest, even though the mid-night sun shines on that parish.

Some look skew-eyed on Grieg because he never wrote long and "serious" works. They would think more highly of him if he had composed an orthodox symphony or two, an oratorio, an opera in five acts. As a matter of fact, Grieg did compose a symphony when he was about 19 years old. He wrote it because Gade told him to, after Gade had asked him if he had anything of his own composition to show. This youthful work was never published as a whole, but the second and third movements appear in an arrangement for the piano (four hands), "Two Symphonic Pieces," op. 14. I believe the symphony was once played in 1884 at a concert led by Lumbye.

Some have apologized for Grieg by saying that the state of his health prevented him from composing works which demanded long and continuous application. Why should an apology be thought necessary? Quality, not quantity, is the main thing; individuality in imaginative thought and expression rather than interminableness. There are some, no doubt, who prefer Armstrong's long winded "poem," entitled "Art of Preserving Health," to William Collins' "Ode to Evening," or consider Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination" loftier than Poe's "Haunted Palace." Poe long ago taught us that the author of an epic poem was not necessarily by virtue of the epic's length or form a great poet, or a poet at all. Unless a composer be a genius, his music is not the more admirable because it is expressed in orthodox symphonic form. There is music that is didactic—at least it passes for music in the catalogue. Would you exchange Wordsworth's verses about Lucy for the whole of his "Excursion"? or Landon's famous quatrain for his "Gebir"?

Nor has Grieg always revealed fully his talent in his own longer compositions. The overture "In Autumn" has not the charm, the fragrance of some of the small piano pieces; the com-

paratively short "Landsighting," for baritone solo, male chorus and orchestra or piano, is more emotional, more dramatic, more highly poetic than "Olaf Trygvason." The piano sonata and the ballad for the same instrument are inferior to the less pretentious piano pieces.

The Grieg who is to be honored stamped his mark on the piano concerto, the string quartet, some of the music to "Peer Gynt," "Landsighting," certain songs and piano pieces. The great public applauds furiously at the end of a performance of the first suite from the "Peer Gynt" music. It is stirred to heel-thumping by the rhythmic monotony and the long crescendo of "In the Hall of the Mountain King." This movement is theatre music, effective in its place; but how far it falls below the preceding "Aase's Death" and "Anitra's Dance," which are masterpieces for the world, not only for Norway, not merely for Christiania and Bergen. Do you say: "But they are such little masterpieces?" They are little as the poem of Catullus on the death of his brother, Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn," the dirge in "Cymbeline" and that in "The Duchess of Malfi," a lyric by Verlaine are little. In each instance there is nothing like it, either in music or in poetry. Nor is it easy to say why these masterpieces are so beautiful.

These two movements in the first "Peer Gynt" suite charm without any association of ideas. When they first worked their spell on the sensitive in this country how many hearers had read Ibsen's play? What to nine-tenths of the hearers today is Aase or Anitra? The hearer is moved by the sheer emotional force of the musical contents, by the strange sadness of the death music, by the voluptuous mystery of the dance.

Or who can analyze the emotional qualities of the piano concerto and of the string quartet? It has been said that the peroration of the first would alone insure success in performance, but there is much more than a superb rhetorical outburst in this concerto, which appeals to the heart at the very beginning. In the string quartet there is a remembrance of Italy.

Grieg's best music is an expression of sentiments and emotions without evident literary suggestion, without deliberate transfiguration. It is true that in the music to "Peer Gynt" Aase dies and Anitra dances—but the death and the dance are without a detailed programme. Were the movements entitled "Dirge" and "Dance" the effect would be as great in the concert hall.

There are some who prefer the Schumann of the songs and the smaller piano pieces to the Schumann of the symphonies and the ambitious choral works; who are more moved by the preludes of Chopin than by the sonatas of Beethoven, by the preludes and fugues of Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord" than by the "Passion According to Matthew," in whom Gabriel Faure's "Clair de Lune" or Loeffler's "To Helen" awakens emotions that are not stirred by the great captains of musical industry. To these hearers some of the music of Grieg makes an irresistible appeal. There are poets who, classed in their own period as "minor" or dismissed as "quaint," are now seen at ease in the main chamber of the Muses' temple. Whether there is enough of the elemental in Grieg's music to give it long life is for Time to answer—and Time has so many questions put to him that Grieg may possibly be forgotten in the rush. It would seem that Grieg's voice is one of such individual tenderness and, at the same time, of such berserker virility that posterity will recognize it, listen and applaud.

MME. CALVE'S RETURN.

The reappearance of Mme. Calve is announced by Manager Mudgett as the first of the grand concert events to be given under his direction the coming season. Mme. Calve arrived back from Europe a few days ago in rare good health. She has consented to appear in a series of 40 concerts during the coming season, and the arrangements have already been concluded for her entire tour which will take her throughout the United States and into the principal cities of Mexico and Cuba.

In speaking of the concerts in which she is to take part, Mme. Calve announced that she would introduce both concert and operatic selections, always including in her programme some aria from "Carmen" and a number of the folk songs, which she sings so well. Mme. Calve will be accompanied by a number of eminent vocal and instrumental soloists making possible a programme of great variety and high character.

Manager Mudgett announces that a popular scale of prices has been arranged for this event, the price of seats

being from \$1 to \$2.50. Subscriptions in advance of the regular sale, accompanied by check or money order, will be received by mail if addressed to Manager Mudgett up to Oct. 11, when the regular box office sale will open at Symphony Hall.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The auction sale of seats for the Symphony concerts will open at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, when the \$18 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold. The usual rules will prevail. Bids will be accepted for seats in regular order only and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought. On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock the \$10 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold at auction. The \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on next Thursday,



Miss Elena Kirmes, a Melrose Girl Who Sang in Italy with Success in July and August. The Portrait Represents Her as Micaela in "Carmen."

beginning at 10 o'clock, and the \$10 seats for the concerts on Friday afternoon.

Dr. Muck sailed from Bremen on the Kronprinz Wilhelm and is due to arrive in New York on next Tuesday. By the middle of this week all the new members of the orchestra who are coming from abroad, will have reached Boston. Mr. Wendling, the new concertmaster, arrived on Wednesday, and is settled at Hemenway Chambers for the winter. The first public rehearsal will be on Friday afternoon, Oct. 11, and the first concert on Saturday evening, Oct. 12.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The programmes of the 50th (jubilee) festival of the Worcester County Musical Association held in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, this week, will be as follows:

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 8 P. M.

First part of "The Dream of Gerontius," Elgar, and "Job," a dramatic poem written for this festival by Frederick S. Converse. Chief singers: Mme. Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Daule Beddoe, Emilio de Gogorza and Frank Croxton.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 2:30 P. M.

"The Stepper".....Noskowski
Concerto in G minor, op. 20, for violin and orchestra.....Bruch
Mme. Maud Powell.
Air from "The Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicola
Miss Mignon Aurelle
"Pathetic" symphony.....Tschalkowsky

THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 8 P. M.

Suite in C major for orchestra.....Bach
"Hora Novissima".....Parker
Mmes. Edith Gould, Adah Hussey and Messrs. Evan Williams and Claude Cunningham.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 2:30 P. M.

Symphony No. 8, F major.....Beethoven
Concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra.....Hinton
Mme. Katharine Gooden.
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun".....Debussy
Air from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Mr. Evan Williams.
"España," Rhapsody.....Chabrier

FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 8 P. M.

The programme will be Wagnerian.
Overture....."The Flying Dutchman"
Overture and Bacchanale....."Tannhaeuser"
Air, "Dieu, teure Halle".....Tannhaeuser
Mrs. Rider-Kelsey.
Air, "O du mein holder Abendstern".....Tannhaeuser
Mr. de Gogorza.

Orchestral excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods."
Waltz from "The Merry Wives of Windsor".....Schumann-Heink.
Prelude and Chorale, "The Master Singers of Nuremberg."
Sachs' monologue.

Mr. Croxton.
Quintet, dance of the Apprentices, entrance of masters, Sachs' Address, Walter's Prize Song, and Finale.
Mmes. Rider-Kelsey, Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Geo. Hamlin, Frank Ormsby and Hamlin Croxton.

Single reserved seats will be sold daily during the week of the festival after 8:30 A. M. at Mechanics' Hall. Tickets may be ordered by telephone, No. 2864. Correspondence with reference to tickets should be addressed to the Worcester County Musical Association, Worcester, Mass.

AS TO APPLES.

They say that this will be a poor apple year. The report will sadden other than confirmed fruitarians. Will the best of the New England apples go in large quantity to England, as in years past? Mr. G. R. Sims, who might be fairly classed as an ultra-conservative of the sturdy, insular, bowwow English school, laments almost monthly over the disappearance from the London markets of the native fruits that were plentiful and delicious when he was young, long before he studied crime and became interested in a hair tonic. Nor is he to be comforted with American apples. The huge, oval, seedless oranges of California command high prices in England, and Californian golden drop plums, which arrived in London as early as August, will be eaten till the close of the year.

Many of the apples that have reached the Boston market are either corky or, fair without, are as the Dead sea fruit in the mouth. Are the apples of the first grade already sold in advance to English importers? And why do American apple-eaters allow the exportation? It seems that there are good apples now to be had in Oregon, the kind known as the Winter Banana, that was sold recently in Portland of that state for \$8 a box—a little over 11 cents apiece. Truly, these are apples of gold, if the boxes are not pictures of silver.

There was a time when the apple barrel stood in every New England household ready for the boy, who was encouraged to eat freely. There were apples, baked, for breakfast; there was a steady and interminable procession of apple pies, apple charlottes, apple fritters; for supper there was apple sauce; and more than one prudent citizen ate one or two raw apples in bed just before blowing out the candle. Who today knows the glory of thin slices of salt pork cooked in cream and with sliced fried apples? The profusion is no more. Apples are fast gaining the insolent demeanor of grape fruit. Enjoyment of the simple, natural fruits of the earth, which should be within reach of the poorest, is more and more the privilege of the rich.

Sept 30 1907

Men and Things

MABELLE GILMAN, known in more public life as Mrs. William E. Corey, is now a heroine of melodrama, though in the great scene laid in New York her part was a dumb one: like that of Fenella in Auber's opera. Mr. Charles H. Gilman, the sturdy, gray-haired Californian and father, was superb in his delivery of the lines: "I want to see my girl. I know she wants to see her old father." Couldock in his best days could not have surpassed him. Mr. Corey was also excellent. His entrance, however, was disappointing. It was not enough that he had his hands in his pockets. Mr. John Drew always has his hands in his pockets, and he is therefore characterized by some as a realistic actor. Mr. Corey should have come in smoking a cigarette, and with a staccato, jarring laugh, after the manner of Mr. Ralph Delmore poisoning grapes on the trellis with a hypodermic and graduated syringe that the child heir might eat them and perish miserably in Mr. Sutton's ingenious play.

Mr. H. M. Flagler's life, which has been recently told at length in his own words, might be justly described by the stage term "tragl-parade." Especially interesting is the account of his years in the village store at Republic, O., where there was a keg of brandy in the cellar, always full, like the widow's cruise, but unlike her oil, not of uniform quality. This brandy was for sale, whereas in many country stores 60 or 70 years ago there stood rum and a dipper handy for any customer who had purchased something. Good old days, when

new England rum was wholesome, cheap and approved by the clergy!

Mr. Flagler, it appears, had no qualms about the sin of selling liquor until he had made some money at Bellevue, O., by having an interest in a distillery. "It was eminently respectable in those days to manufacture and sell liquor." But at last his conscience smote him, Mr. R. E. Morse called on him three times a day, and he put the distillery far from him to join Mr. Rockefeller in the organization of that philanthropic institution known as the Standard Oil Company. "Lives of great men all remind us," etc.

It is to be regretted that the newspapers are not wholly agreed as to Mr. Toselli's name or vocation. Some speak of him as "Tonselli." They might as well call him "Tonsilla," which is Italian for Tonsil. Others say he is a violinist, influenced perhaps by the remembrance of the fact that noble dames of late have followed fiddlers, especially when they were romantically swarthy gipsies, and counted the world well lost. "The days we went a gipsying!" To run away with a pianist has not been fashionable in court circles for some time. Nevertheless Mr. Toselli is a pianist, and he has been in the United States for concert purposes. He is said to have a delicate touch with brilliant moments. He should now return with his bride, the Countess Montignoso, and play in vaudeville shows. The tutor Giron, her former guide, philosopher, friend, being a man of letters, would make an admirable press agent.

Why do not the indignant residents of Brookline, who will not have Houlahan avenue changed to North avenue, compromise on "O'Houlhan" or on "Hooligan"? O'Houlhan was a New York hero, a world hero, according to the once popular song. 'Twas O'Houlhan who held the fuse.

We still mourn the change of Bothnia street to St. Cecilia street, for it was a joy to hear the street car conductors pronounce the former name. "Bothnia" was roared by some, while others invitingly called out the word with the accent on the penult instead of on the second syllable.

Members of the Board of Education in New York are "divided on school spanking." It is to be hoped that they have consulted the authorities, from Rousseau who had pleasurable recollections of punishment administered to him as a boy, to Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," whose advice to mothers and instructors was summed up in three words which might shock the squeamish and genteel if we were to reprint them. Was it not Dr. Busby who said of one of his pupils: "I see genius in that lazy boy and I will flog him till it comes out?" But there are few teachers who are to be trusted with hand, birch, strap, whip, ruler, slipper, and, alas, this may be said of parents. There are those who the moment they begin to punish, see red, like the French murderer. The first stroke maddens them, and then the punishment becomes merely a disgraceful struggle between the strong and the weak.

They assure us now that the man who called himself Sir Vere Gould, the chief figure in the murder at Monte Carlo, which ended in the "trunk mystery," was a man of exquisite manners, of courtly address, fond of children, an accomplished gourmet, versed in the arts, generous to a fault. "And it was a touching little habit of his, when coming home late from the theatre or a game of billiards at his club, to collect stray cats and bring them in to share his supper." This was when he lived at Pinillo and married the court dress-maker.

While we are discoursing on pleasant subjects, let there be room for a story told by "Percival," the Paris correspondent of the Referee (London). The tale was told to him by a dainty little brunette with canary-colored hair, very red lips, and with eyebrows and eyelashes heavy with kohl. She and her friend, a German who called herself an Alsatian—there was a time, we remember well, when all Germans in Paris were Alsatisans—had been waitresses in one of the night cafes "where special attention is paid to 'les consommateurs' and the drinks are charged double in consequence. They are horrible places, these waitress cafes, and I am glad to say that there are few of them left now." About a month ago a crowd of young Germans entered this cafe and, already overtaken with drink, called for more. The canary-colored young lady and Gretchen, her friend, waited on them and were handed about for kisses. Suddenly one of the Germans, whose arm was about Gretchen, stood up, and overturned the table. He drew a revolver and shot her dead. Gretchen was his sister.

There is an excellent description of this sort of a cafe in Mr. Leonard Merrick's novel, "When Love Flies Out of the Window." It was once the custom to lure English singing girls from London to Paris by the promise of a lucrative and artistically honorable engagement. No doubt the custom still exists in spite of the efforts of the authorities to stop it.

Oct 1, 1907

SOFT DRINKS.

The result of the experiments to be made by Dr. Wiley for the purpose of determining the wholesomeness of soft drinks is awaited with breathless interest. Are the drinks that gush forth from soda fountains and pop from gorgeously labelled bottles deleterious? Are root beer and sarsaparilla as the abomination of desolation? Perish the thought! Yet men have been killed by the explosion of a soda fountain, and there is still such a syrup as cru-

sade. Will the squad experiment with Seidlitz powders, taken one after the other into the stomach? Let us hope that Dr. Wiley will not fall to study the nature and effects of Bingo, the summer drink strongly recommended by the late John Phoenix, which was thus prepared: "Three parts of water gruel and two of root beer. Thicken with a little soft squash, and strain through a cane-bottom chair."

TAUGHT LAUGHTER.

A benefactor of the race, who uses the newspapers as levers to raise the standard of general happiness, believes that laughter should be taught to girls. The ideal laugh, it seems, should be characterized by "grace, merriment, simplicity." It should be spontaneous, infectious, uncontrollable. It should not be a giggle, it should not be thin, the leaking of a grimace. If the poet represents laughter as holding both his sides, a woman should not, in her outward expression of inward mirth, beat her sides.

But is laughter desirable? An ancient philosopher defined man as the laughing animal. He was, apparently, not acquainted with the laughing hyena—though why the hyena laughs, as the showman well said, has never been ascertained—or with that singular bird of the kingfisher family (daceo gigantea), known familiarly as the laughing jackass. Other students of sociology and writers on morals have not spoken nobly of laughter. Thus, Baudelaire condemns the practice as unseemly, uncharitable, degrading, fiendish. The man who laughs, according to him, laughs only at misfortunes of others or from a sense of intolerably egoistic superiority to the rest of humanity.

This opinion is shared in great measure by Mr. Willette, the caricaturist, who some time ago took a party of young women and men belonging to a society for the cultivation of arts and sciences to the Salon of the Humorists in Paris and lectured there. He said many things: That one must be either a very simple or a very deep observer to laugh well; that the crowd laughs at the slightest provocation, and its laugh is usually cruel; that the average man laughs at something that is not inherently laughable; that people laugh always at what they do not understand—art, literature, a philanthropic scheme; "the man of the people laughs when he is photographed or when he sees a Chinaman in the street, but he never laughs when he dons an old crush hat to go to a wedding"; that laughter is expensive; that practical persons are suspicious of laughter, fearing that when one laughs it is at their expense; that laughter is a disease, for it is infectious.

There is a laughter of women that is as their idle chatter, the crackling of thorns under a pot. The Preacher, King in Jerusalem, said, with Baudelaire, of laughter: "It is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" But there is a girlish laughter that every man

remembers with delight, the light laugh in the corner, sung by Horace. Womanhood without laughter, gentle, alluring, fascinating, is inconceivable. Yet there is something in the idea that there is an art of laughter, and it should be taught, so that, first of all, it would never be incongruous. Then there should be an examination of teeth and gums before the first lesson. There are plain women whose faces are illuminated by a smile. There are showy women, who, by their merriment, reveal inadequate dentistry. There are women, handsome in repose, whose laugh reminds one of a barkeeper cracking ice. Yes, there is need of instruction in laughter.

Men and Things

M. R. FRANK RICHARDSON, who occasionally contributes a column of a mildly humorous nature to the Pall Mall Gazette, admits the "decadence" of London clubs and gives as one of the reasons of this decadence, the elimination of the crank. According to Mr. Richardson, every self-respecting club in London possessed a few years ago three or four delightful cranks, as the man who would talk for 20 minutes without saying a word that was intelligible; the kindly old gentleman, who constantly warned his fellow-members against the danger of omnibuses, and insisted that no sane man should enter one until he had personally tested the spokes of the wheels. Then there was the man who always mistook Jones for Robinson, whom Jones especially disliked, and there was the member who found out unpleasant details of a fellow-member's hideous past and then asked him questions in corroboration. Mr. Richardson says they are all dead, these entertaining clubmen, and he adds, "Cranks, as a rule, are not long lived"—a statement that we are ready to dispute.

But why should bores and cranks make a club delightful? Why should their death chill gregarious gaiety? Mr. Richardson admits that they were all nuisances, men whom you would not think of inviting to your home; "but the essence of a club lies in its difference from a home; in your own home you could not get away from a crank, but in a club you can enjoy just so much of crankdom as you need, and then dismiss the crank." Can you? There is a crank that sticketh just so than a brother. There is a bore who is really fond of you and will not let you go.

The crank is not always a bore. Indeed, it might be safe to say that a thorough bore, the kind that vies with the teredo, or shipworm, is seldom a crank. Mr. Richardson does not indulge in rough or nice differentiation. He speaks of bores incidentally, as when he says that the young bore is the worst bore of all, nor is there any excuse for him—"his form of boredom is so horribly up to date; he has not even the fund of reminiscences which is a sort of safety valve in the case of the old bore." Without further analysis, Mr. Richardson concludes: "The best club for the young bore is his own home."

As we begin to go down the hill of our allotted years we have less and less inclination to stop at the club. The Phosphory is not what it used to be, and we read sympathetically what Mr. Richardson had to say about the "decadence" of clubs in London. Was it not Bertie in "The Henrietta" who said: "Every fellow down at our club thinks every other fellow is a devil of a fellow—but he isn't."

Go back over the years. Recall the day when you were first admitted to your club. Were you not awestruck at the privilege of meeting socially so many geniuses in law, medicine, the church, science, the arts? How gracious they were to you, a mere cub! How courteously they worded their acceptance of your invitation to "have something" with you! Alas, you long ago found out that some of these geniuses were only geniuses. In those early days you vaunted their ability, keenness, wit. You sent the exact date of your admission to the secretary of your class at college. You wrote letters daily on club paper and took care that your tailor should know of the social honor that had been conferred on his debtor. You were eager to serve the

club, to add to its glory in every way, and you, therefore, smoked and drank more than was good for you, and you invited others to join you at your cost, a cost that your income did not allow you. O splendid days and ambrosial nights! The only bores in the club were some gray-haired men, who kept modestly in the background and looked on you kindly and, as you now know, with a kindness that was not free from compassion.

The years went by, and little by little there were rifts in the lute. You began to find fault with the restaurant, the service, the cigars. When there was talk of raising the price of high-balls, you spoke seriously of resigning. The elections committee was wholly incompetent. Why was that bore, Gutley, admitted? How did that noisy young Yepperson get in? You do not ring the bell so often for the crowd. With your old pals you talk about the impossibility of any private conversation in the club. "Here we are having a quiet, pleasant time by ourselves, as we did 20 years ago, but how long will it last? Two to one some bore will butt in at any moment. I see Maj. Slosser eying us now. Here he comes. Good night, boys; I can't stand this; I might as well be at home."

A club must have fresh blood if it is to live. Does it ever occur to you in the night watches that to the young members you are an old fogey, a fossil, and probably a bore? Would it not be better for you to accept your fate, to sit in a corner removed from the whirl and din of conversation, to sit with a serious revery, not with a flippant cocktail, but judicious and philosophic in the matter of beverage, say a little Hollands with a good deal of water and no ice. Those youngsters over there who are whooping it up in honor of the club and to the detriment of their internal clockwork will some day sit where you now are and will think your thoughts.

Oct 2, 1907

COMING CONCERTS.

The following concerts will be among the most important of the coming season:

Mr. Francis Macmillen, violin recital, Tuesday evening, Oct. 8, when he will be assisted by Mme. Rosina Van Dyck, soprano, in Symphony Hall; concert by Mme. Calve's company, Symphony Hall, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 19; Mme. Samaro, piano recital, Chickering Hall, Monday afternoon, Oct. 23; Rudolph Ganz, piano recital, Chickering Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 4; Mme. Semblich's song recital, Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, Nov. 8; Fritz Kreisler, violin recital, Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 11; concert by Miss Bessie Abbott and her company, Symphony Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 12; Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, and Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, in a joint recital, Chickering Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 25; Vladimir de Pachmann, pianist, recitals, Jordan Hall, afternoons of Dec. 2, 7, 12.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give a song recital in Symphony Hall some time after Jan. 18, and Mmes. Carreno, pianist, Galski, soprano, Collier, violinist, Fletcher, violinist, and Messrs. Bauer, pianist, Anthony, pianist, and Kubelick, violinist, will give concerts, but their dates are not positively fixed.

Mr. Paderewski will give a recital in Symphony Hall Dec. 21, and Sousa's band will be heard in the hall in the course of the season.

ENGLISH WINES.

Some persons are unaware that Newfoundland port is relished by many, just as there are some who would be surprised if they were told that there were vineyards which produced wine in New England long before the revolutionary war. But it is not generally known that the vine is now cultivated in England, and has been for centuries.

The late Marquis of Bute made experiments near Cardiff. A lot sold at Birmingham without any notice of its origin brought £5 15s. a dozen; but now sold as "Lord Bute's claret" it brings only 36s. a dozen—a pleasing commentary on the unerring taste of wine bibbers.

As long ago as the reign of Alfred the Great there were vineyards in

England. Before the Latin terms were given to the months, October was "Wynmonth." The culture constantly spread until the development of trade with Bordeaux—for the Plantagenet kings held south-

western France. This development ruined the English vineyards, just as the music of Handel and later Mendelssohn did incalculable harm to the development of music in England, and made Englishmen forget their great composer, Purcell. The dissolution of monasteries also discouraged the culture of the vine. But in the reign of Elizabeth a chronicler protested that neither the soil nor the climate, but the "slothfulness of the people," made the native wine inferior to the French. It is not surprising, then, that Edward II.'s vineyard was managed wholly by Frenchmen.

Was this English wine fit to drink? Evelyn tells us that it was poor stuff in his day. But there is a fashion in wines, as in coiffures, operas and woman's costume. The imported and the expensive is preferred to that which is native and comparatively cheap, even when the quality is the same. The adventurous Lady Craven made wine at Hammersmith in the early years of the 19th century, and her output was large. She sent bottles to the Royal Society, and wrote: "I make two sorts, one from inferior grapes, which, I confess, I imagined I should have found vinegar, but which is a very palatable light Burgundy, of lighter color than the other, which is as bright in color and as good flavor as French Burgundy. I shall thank you to have it inserted in all newspapers that good Burgundy is made here. The ignorance and obstinacy I have had to overcome from the moment I planted my vines have given so much trouble that I deserve to reap the only reward I wish—that my country should know it."

This last wish might be in the mouths of the grape growers of America. Many drinkers of wine refuse obstinately to believe that good wine can be produced in this country. They will not even make the trial. Yet there are pure and excellent native wines today, much more wholesome than some of the doctored stuff that is imported and impresses only by the dignity of a false label.

Men and Things

GREAT BRITAIN is smitten, they say, with the Limerick craze. Bishops and music hall poets, peers and Punch are eager in the rhyming. "It is estimated that over a million persons are 'limericking' in England every day." We hasten to add that these rhymes might be published without bringing a blush to even the cheek of Mr. Anthony Comstock, who is the one great rival of Shelley's sensitive plant. It is also necessary to add that the majority of these new Limericks which have crossed the Atlantic are dull.

The first and still famous Limericks were not for the ears of youths and maidens; they were distinctively rabelaisian. At the same time they showed an uncommon acquaintance with the names of towns, islands, bays, seas, straits, peninsulas. The poets were able geographers. Harry Bloodgood, the negro minstrel, still lovingly remembered for his scene, "He's Got to Come," was credited with some of the most amusing of the limericks, for amusing they often were, even when they were coarse and vulgar.

And why "limerick"? The term is derived, some say, from a custom at "convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporized 'nonsense verse,' which was followed by a chorus containing the words, 'Will you come up to Limerick?'" We quote from the Oxford English Dictionary, which gives the first known appearance of the word with this meaning in "Cantab," 1898: "Illustrated Limericks." Rhymes now known

as Limericks existed, of course, long before 1898. Dr. Murray says: "A nonsense verse such as was written by Lear is wrongfully so-called." * * * Who applied this name to the indecent nonsense verse first it is hard to say. Strange to relate, there is no note on "Limerick" in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues."

Much has been said about the dining room for women at the Lotos Club in New York, but we have not yet been informed whether women will be allowed to smoke in it. A few months ago it was stated that the Ladies' Park Club in London, "an exclusive rendezvous for society women," was unique among women's clubs in that city, for bridge and smoking were forbidden. But on July 23, when the new clubhouse was opened, lo and behold, there was a tiny smoking room for male guests only. The restrictions above named are supposed to exclude the "bad form smart set"—a hideous combination of hideous terms, by the way—and to attract "genuine gentlewomen." Several members were ejected after they were elected, which shows that there is a firing committee, as there should be in every club; for in any club the members should be called before this committee at least once in six months to give reasons why they should not be ejected. In this Ladies' Park Club, are the "genuine gentlewomen" allowed to take pegs and bracers at their discretion?

Mr. Henry Payne, a shoemaker of New Jersey, was brought before the magistrate, charged with torturing his wife. It appeared that on one occasion he bound her firmly with rope to her bed and then tickled the soles of her feet, so that she at first laughed hysterically, then wept piteously and entreated him to stop, and at last became unconscious.

There have been other husbands who have thus shown fond attention so that their wives have been touched to the quick. We remember the case of Mr. Arthur Edwards of Brooklyn, a street car conductor, who worked till early in the morning and, returning home, was vexed because his wife, "an attractive brunette, with snapping black eyes and a tip-tilted nose," was not at the door with expectant arms. He endeavored "to invoke the welcoming smile" by tickling her feet, and he tickled her more than once into hysterics, so that he, too, was haled before the magistrate, who said to the wife: "Don't you think your husband is simply fooling?" "No, I do not," replied Mrs. Edwards, "he is in dead earnest; he almost tickles me to death."

In 1888 (March 23) a pantomime by Paul Margueritte, with music by Paul Vidal, was produced at the Theatre-Libre, Paris. The part of Pierrot was mimed by the author.

The curtain rises. Pierrot returns from the graveyard where he buried Colombine, who died the night before, for Pierrot, convinced that she was unfaithful to him, killed her by tickling the soles of her feet. Very drunk, he falls asleep in a chair. He dreams a dream, in which he is as a somnambulist, and he mimics his crime, throwing himself on the bed, now playing Colombine, now Pierrot. He closes the bed curtains, destroys the traces of his naughty deed, and rubs his hands in glee. Yet remorse waits on him. He would fain take off his boots and go to bed, but his feet begin to tremble, to shiver, exactly, mechanically, as did the feet of Colombine. To steady these feet he drinks, and his drunkenness enlivens him, raises him to a sublime height, blunts his faculties, at last goads him to frenzy. In his terror, the conjugal bed begins to shake, and the portrait of Colombine turns to life. The red bed curtains are now aflame and still more red. Pierrot staggers toward the portrait, but he falls dead drunk as though struck by a bolt from the sky, and his arms are as the arms of a cross.

Music lovers may be pleased to know that the tune which accompanies the murderous tickling is that of a tarantella.

Oct-31-1907
WORCESTER HEARS
CONVERSE'S "JOB"



Frederick S. Converse,
Author of the Dramatic Poem "Job."

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]
WORCESTER, Oct. 2, 1907. The 50th annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association, the jubilee festival, began this evening in Mechanics' Hall.

The officers of the association are Messrs. Paul B. Morgan, president; J. Vernon Butler, vice-president; Harry R. Sinclair, secretary; George R. Bliss, treasurer, and Luther M. Lovell, librarian.

The programme this evening was composed as follows: First part of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" (Messrs. Daniel Beddoe, tenor, and Emilio de Gogorza, baritone), and Frederick S. Converse's dramatic poem "Job," which, written for this festival and dedicated to Mr. Wallace Goodrich, the conductor, was performed for the first time, with the aid of these solo singers: Mme. Schumann-Heink, a woman of Israel; Mr. Beddoe, Job; Mr. de Gogorza, Job's friend; Mr. Frank Croxton, bass, the Voice of Jehovah.

The Herald published some days ago a description of Mr. Converse's new work. His purpose is best indicated in his letter to The Herald: "This is my first effort in the epic vein. I have tried to give it a directness and largeness of expression suitable to the motive of the poem. There is, naturally, no sentimentalism nor romance in the work, and what I have striven to express is the inscrutability and inevitableness of nature; the importance of man's philosophy and endeavor."

His Theme a Serious One.

"These are high themes, I know, and perhaps not of general interest in our material and amusement-seeking days, but nevertheless full of intense dramatic and emotional interest which appeal strongly to me."

"The chorus has been used throughout to give expression to the impersonal, unavoidable power of nature, and musically I have treated it with a rigorous, Gregorian harmonization; melodies my own, but cast in modal forms. Against this background the more subtle progressions of modern chromatic harmonies seem to have an added significance and freshness."

The man against nature: not perhaps as Gilliat on the rock fighting "the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea," but as Glyn Yeobright facing, in murderous mood, only the imperturbable countenance of Egon Heath, "which, having defied the cataclysmal onset of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man"; man almost terrified, as Whitman, at the earth, "It is that calm and patient."

The Scriptural Suggestion.

The text of "Job" was drawn by the composer from the Vulgate version of the Book of Job and of the Psalms, and it was arranged with the assistance of Prof. John H. Gardner of Harvard University. The Vulgate was used to insure a longer sweep of the musical line, for euphony, and also, possibly, with a view to the performance of the work in foreign countries. An English translation by Mr. John A. Macy, an excellent paraphrase for vocal use of the King James version, accompanies the Latin. Mr. Converse prefers to entitle his work a dramatic poem, not an oratorio, for this word "oratorio" has fallen into disrepute of late.

The characters in this drama are Job, a tenor, whereas Job is associ-

ated in the mind of the average reader with thoughts of venerable years, a pontifical beard and a cavernous bass voice. His friend, a composite figure of Elhadad the Shuhite, Zophar the Naamathite and Eliphaz, the Temanite, a baritone; a Woman of Israel, a mezzo soprano, and Jehovah, his voice, a bass, or a small chorus of basses singing in unison, while the chorus is used in prayer and adoration.

Scenes and passages in the Biblical story that would at once suggest dramatic treatment to the routine composer did not appeal to Mr. Converse. Satan is not referred to, and there is no descriptive, pictorial music for the destructive Sabeans, Chaldeans, fire of God or wind from the wilderness.

There is no attempt at a realistic description in music of Job's sore boils after the manner of Mr. Richard Strauss in his more inspired moments. Job's wife is passed by, though she would give opportunity for a shrill and sour soprano. There is no astronomical dissertation, no zoological procession with the wild ass, unicorn, ostrich, war horse, behemoth and leviathan in prominent positions.

Keynote in the Peroration.

The peroration is the "Benedic, anima mea, Domino," not a triumphant chorus narrating Job's prosperity, the catalogue of his live stock and the rare beauty of his late born daughters, Jemima, Kezia and Keren-Happuch, whose names are as blessing to speak.

Imagine the surprise of an orthodox English organist and Mus. Doc. reading Mr. Converse's text! An oratorio "Job" was composed recently by an Italian composer, not the laborious Perosi. It would be interesting to compare his text and those of Chiviononte, Conti, Perroni, Pavesi, Klein, Otto, Albergati, Ziani, von Weizner, and other musicians of pith, with that of Mr. Converse.

After prayer and adoration by an Israelite woman and the chorus, Job curses the day he was born. His friend relates the awful vision of the night (Job III). The woman and the chorus praise Jehovah and ask "What is man?" Job replies. The chorus describes the fate of the wicked and Job defends himself. The Lord answers him out of the whirlwind. The dialogue after this prepares the way for the "Benedic, anima mea."

An Ambitious Subject.

Mr. Converse was ambitious in his choice of a subject. There are themes which may well stagger the most daring composer, the punishment and the proud defiance of Prometheus, the story of Job, and even Verdi, though often tempted to make King Lear a hero of opera, had not the courage to carry out his purpose.

Here we have a Job, who is not the oriental, bewitched rather than possessed, as the old Dutch divine would have it, not the Job of the legend, but Job representing weak man, as opposed to nature.

Even when we accept Mr. Converse's idea of Job we are forced to see in his hero the dominating figure, for nature is here neither elemental nor awe-inspiring. It might be asked why nature should be typified by Gregorian tones, but this question is hardly worth while. In the first place the music which is brought forward as Gregorian is only such by the use of familiar cadences. In the second place, it is of comparatively little importance. Nature is here decidedly in the background.

Tonight, by force of circumstances, I can give hurriedly only impressions

made by a reading of the piano score and by one performance.

Last Night's Performance.

The performance was one, on the whole, that was well calculated to display fairly the merits of the work.

Mr. Boddoe sang the trying music of Job with a wealth of voice and with marked sincerity of emotional purpose and native dramatic energy. Mr. De Gogorza was in his best vein



Paul B. Morgan,

President of the Worcester County Festival Association.

nd Mme. Schumann-Heink was excellent, except in her treatment of composite time, when the rhythm halted. The chorus had been carefully trained and it sang with unusual discrimination and spirit. Mr. Goodrich did everything in his power to bring success and he conducted as though the task were a labor of personal admiration and affection.

And yet this last work of Mr. Converse, seriously ambitious as it is, is a disappointment, especially to those who recognize his talent and have been pleased by the evidences in recent years of its development.

For the most effective passages are those that are purely lyrical and this lyricism is too often at the expense of the text, being incongruous. It is surprising that a composer who has shown in the past both fancy and imagination should not have recognized this incongruity.

The dramatic passages are seldom impressive either in vocal or orchestral eloquence. Furthermore there is little true characterization of the music. Job's friend, at his best, reminds one of a cultivated baritone who admires Puccini. Job is too often inconsequential in his lamentation and questioning; he is diffuse, his thoughts wander, but he will be talking. Nor is the Jehovah of Mr. Converse the being of awful dignity, who spoke in the whirlwind.

Yet, who could write music that would enlarge the sublimity of Jehovah's speech, or music that would not be petty and unimportant?

It must also be added that the subject is treated, both in the text and in the music, is not one that holds the attention of the hearer, thrills him dramatically or awakens in him a deep devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer.

The first part of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" was performed effectively. With the exception of the finale the music is melodically weak and the effect is that of a choppy sea. With all due respect to Newman, his poem is so medieval in its spirit and his saint, like Charles II. and Tristan of the opera, is so long in dying that he comes dangerously near being a bore. But President Hadley of Yale University stated in the presence of a vast concourse that Sir Edward Elgar is the greatest composer now living, and who would be so rash as to contradict him?

The festival opened brilliantly. The audience filled the hall. In fact many stood, an unusual occurrence here on a first night. There is every prospect of a very large attendance at the concerts of Thursday and Friday. Many musicians and friends of Mr. Converse came from Boston.

The Remainder of the Week.

The programme tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon will be as follows: Noskowski's "Steppe"; Bruch's violin concerto in E minor (Mme. Maud Powell); air from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Miss Dignon Aurella); Tschikowsky's "Pavane" symphony.

Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima" will be performed tomorrow night, and the solo singers will be Mmes. Gould and Hussey and Messrs. Williams and Cunningham. Bach's orchestral suite in C major will be played before the performance of the oratorio.

The afternoon concerts this week begin at 2:30 o'clock, the evening concerts at 8 o'clock.

THE STOKE-HOLE.

Improvements in ocean steamships are constantly announced. We wonder at the luxurious appointments as well as at the fleetness. Everything has been done for the comfort of the passenger. Yet too frequently we also read of a crazed stoker who rushes from the bowels of the ship to throw himself overboard. The story of the madman on the Majestic is unfortunately only one of many. No doubt much has been done for the relief of stokers, whose life was described in its full horror by Daudet in his "Jack," but in the best of ships the lot of the stoker is still a wretched one. It would seem as though ingenuity might alleviate this lot; as though mechanical devices might take the place of human labor.

CONCERT FOYER

De Lussan's Marriage, with Some Reflections on Husbands of Prima Donnas.

WHAT OPERA STARS ARE CONTEMPLATING

BY PHILIP HALE.

SO Miss Zeile de Lussan is married. She waited calmly until she arrived at the age of reflection and discrimination. There were men in love with her years ago, but she would not listen to their suit, long or short. The amorous infatuation of a manager, who died some time ago, is an entertaining romance in the history of opera in this country. This infatuation gave her many opportunities which she was not slow in improving, and she soon had a following this side of the footlights, though she is taken more seriously in England than in the United States.

She undoubtedly had a certain stage talent, but with all her natural vivacity, her vocal acquirements, her enthusiasm, she was always Miss de Lussan impersonating this or that operatic character, and she was at times common in her conception and in her delineation of character. She was common, rather than vulgar, for vulgarity in art may be in a way sublime, but to be common displeases both the gods and men.

Every prima donna should be provided with at least one husband in devoted and active service. He has his uses. Not only is he handy at the railway station as a bearer of burdens, but he starts applause when the ushers are asleep or indifferent, as in a trance. He has thrilling tales, which inform the newspaper men about madam's triumphs in Arope, Irope, Opepe and Europe. He has an endless stock of her photographs with autographic inscriptions. In some instances he bores the manager into giving madam all the fat parts. The tradition that the husband of a prima donna does nothing but watch the box office receipts and smoke huge and expensive cigars until her voice fails and he has lost his taste for her was founded on facts that now seem as pure legends. The modern husband of a prima donna works his passage; he is not borne to Paradise on flowery beds of ease.

Mr. Tom Karl, who has been living for some years in Los Angeles, is now manager of a light opera company, "The Californians." There are capitalists behind him, and there are no doubt also angels for the budding prima donnas. The Portland Oregonian says that Mr. Karl "still retains that glorious tenor voice of his, and has in no wise lost his cunning as an actor." The latter part of this statement is probably true, for Mr. Karl, as an actor, was not distinguished by magnetic quality or by finesse.

Mr. Arthur A. Greene, in an article published in the Oregonian, bursts into reminiscences of "the dear, lamented Bostonians, of blessed memory." "How many romances, homely mayhap, and unadorned by much fine raiment, have been consummated to the uplifting strains of 'O Promise Me,' for which the Bostonians are to be thanked." Yes, yes. Likewise "Yep." There was a time when Miss Flora Finlayson sang "O Promise Me" and at the same time steered a bicycle on the stage to the admiration of all beholders.

The Evening Sun of New York says that Mr. Henry Hadley hopes to return to this country in 1909 to produce his latest works. His tone poem "Salome" will be played next month in London, and it will be played this season in Munich, Casel and Milan. The Sun also states that Dr. Muck will bring out Mr. Hadley's Symphony No. 3 in

Boston this season. It adds: "Mr. Hadley should at least pause to write his memoirs by the way. Mr. Converse is not the only American who would be glad to know how so much actual public producing is done."

Mr. Andre Messager, the new director of the Paris Opera, will improve the scenery of several old operas. Thus the duel in "Faust" will take place in a snow storm. Why? The Paris correspondent of the Referee hopes that the duel will not be a frost, but this is flippant.

Mme. Emma Eames has been talking freely in Paris about her face, her health, her daily habits and practices, and also HER art. She is tickled to death at the thought of singing in Mascagni's "Iris," for the climax is "one of the very best of the Italian type," and it is without "exuberant superfluity." A bit of a critic, too! She will cross the Atlantic "in full confidence of having a most successful season, not only in my new roles, but in my old favorites." In connection with this statement, it is interesting to learn that she will again attempt to impersonate Tosca.

There are sensitive policemen in Cleveland, O. The Plain Dealer tells of George Miller, a youth of 17 years, who was arrested as he was hurrying through an alley with a flute under his arm. He said the flute was his. "We'll see about that," said the policeman, and took George to headquarters. Then Capt. Schmunk, Lieut. Walker and the policeman organized themselves into a music committee. George, too, an old familiar Scottish melody known as "Annie Laurie." "Severely died from the faces of the examiners. A far-away look came in Capt. Schmunk's eyes. 'I believe the boy told us the truth,' cried the detective, jumping to his feet." And now there is one more flute player at large.

Seattle is to have a permanent Symphony Orchestra. The directors swear that, "in point of artistic excellence, the new organization will rank favorably with the best known musical combinations in the United States." A stock company has been formed with a capitalization of \$40,000. The orchestra will number 50 players, and there will be eight concerts a season.

Prof. J. Rosenberg of Chicago recently asked the police to go to his house and kill his wife's cats because the said cats "disturbed him when practising on his musical instruments," filled the house with their cries, "and absorbed all of the domestic affection which is current on the premises." When he was asked why he did not do the job himself, "his pride and gallantry prevented him from answering." At last he was moved to say that Mrs. Rosenberg was so busy administering to the cats that she had not the time to cook his breakfast or make his bed. "For which reasons he intimated his willingness to dispose of the 10 cats for \$1."

Mr. Rosenberg insisted that she kept only five cats. Three of them she kept for a special friend. "You must not pay any attention to what the professor says—he is fanciful sometimes." It is not often that a professor of music has fancy.

Symphony's Leader Announces His Programmes for the First Six Concerts; Had a Splendid Trip.

FRENCH AND RUSSIAN SCHOOL ATTRACTS HIM

Dr. Carl Muck, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Muck, accompanied by C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, have reached Boston and are at their rooms in the Empire Hotel on Commonwealth avenue. Both Dr. and Mrs. Muck express themselves as being very glad to get back again to Boston. The conductor is in the best of health and seems to have keenly enjoyed his trip abroad. For the benefit of Herald readers he chatted pleasantly on a variety of themes.

To the tendencies of modern orchestral composers he has given a good deal of attention, but found it difficult to characterize them with any degree of fullness. "On the one side," said he, "there are composers who try to go even farther than Strauss, while on the other are the reactionaries with a tendency towards the old classical forms. I am very much interested," continued Dr. Muck, "in the French and Russian school, but I don't need to tell The Herald anything on that subject, for The Herald's musical critic has done it excellently himself. As to the younger English composers, nothing has been brought to my attention yet; American compositions we had last year and shall have again in the forthcoming season."

The conductor was then questioned concerning "that far-off, divine event"—an opera house for Boston, but the idea either failed to "enthuse" him, or

he was successful in concealing the feeling it aroused, for he replied in the most matter-of-fact way. "I can't say that as yet I know of anybody who intends to build one in your city."

The suggestion of fewer Symphony concerts in Boston as an improvement upon present conditions "took him somewhat by surprise," and the present arrangement very good as it is," said he. "It enables us to get a good many novelties. It is desirable to have these concerts as a means of giving the utmost opportunity for hearing all classes of music."

"Is there no possibility of your staying another year?" was finally asked. A serious look came into Dr. Muck's face as he answered: "I don't know. That does not depend upon me."

This statement was amplified by Manager Ellis, who said: "Dr. Muck can say nothing now as to whether this will be his last year here, as no plans have been made for beyond this season. As is generally known, Mr. Higginson last winter secured Emperor William's consent to a year's extension of the leave of absence given to Dr. Muck in 1906. Whether this can again be extended or some other arrangement made by which he will stay in Boston, the coming winter will tell."

In the general talk which followed Dr. and Mrs. Muck informed The Herald of how it had gone with them since leaving the United States. When the conductor parted from his Boston friends last May, he proceeded directly to Berlin, where he conducted three times at the opera. Then with Mrs. Muck he went to his summer home in Dobelbad, Styria, where he stayed until the middle of September, going occasionally to Berlin, Dresden and Vienna on business for the orchestra. He was in Berlin only a few days on his way to this country, and did no conducting whatever.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Bremen, Sept. 24, on the Kronprinz Wilhelm, and reached New York late on Tuesday night last, 12 hours behind schedule time. The delay was caused at Cherbourg, where an accident to the special train carrying the Adriatic's passengers delayed the Paris train which had on board the passengers for the Kronprinz Wilhelm. Bad weather prevailed all the way from Bremen to the American coast, but Dr. and Mrs. Muck did not miss a meal, though Mrs. Muck admits that once or twice it demanded all her strength of purpose to sit down to table.

A considerable part of Dr. Muck's vacation was given to reading new scores. In the 15 pieces of luggage that came over with the travellers, was a large packing case filled with new music, the novelties, in fact, of the season. The full list of works from which the novelties will be taken is as follows:

H. Bischoff, symphony.
D'Indy, Wallenstein symphony.
Hadley, symphony.
Reger, variations.
Boschi, Intermezzi Goldoni.
Loeffler, orchestral suite.
Schneider, orchestral suite.
Ertel, symphonie poem.
Ertel, symphonie poem.
Reznicek, suite.
Hugo Kuhn, suite.
Szekles, serenade.
Humperdinck, overture, "Heirat wider Willen."

Cesar Franck, Redemption.
Pfitzner, overture "Christelfein."

Dr. Muck informed The Herald that the new members of the orchestra will be: Carl Wendeling, concertmaster; Czerwinsky, second concertmaster; Ribasch, violin; Rennert, violin; Theodorovich, violin; Scheurer, viola; Kautzenbach, cello; Agnesy and Huber, contra bass; Stumpf, bass clarinet; Hugo Litke, bassoon; Carl Schmid, horn; Kandler, tympani; Lorenz, tuba. The conductor also announced the following programmes for the first six concerts:

I.
Suite in D major.....J. S. Bach
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart
Symphony No. 6 (pastorale).....Beethoven
II.
Wallenstein Symphony.....D'Indy
Concerto for pianoforte in A major.....Liszt
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner
Soloist, Rudolf Ganz.
III.
Overture, "Genoveva".....R. Schumann
Concerto for violin.....Brahms
Symphony in A minor.....Mendelssohn
Soloist, Carl Wendeling.
IV.
Symphony No. 9.....Bruckner
Songs.
Overture, "Leonore No. 1".....Beethoven
Soloist, Mme. Schumann Heink.
V.
Overture, "Christelfein".....Pfitzner
Concerto for pianoforte in D minor.....Rubinstein
Symphony in D major.....Brahms
Soloist, Mr. Paderewski.
VI.
Overture, "Le rol d'Ys".....Lalo
Orchestral suite.....Loeffler
Adagio and Scherzo—Finale.....Reznicek
España.....Chabrier

Men and Things

THE age of chivalry is not gone. In spite of the famous remark of the late Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke.

Readers of The Herald may remember that Mrs. Inez Buss Knowles, a Boston singer, formerly of Worcester, was sued for divorce a few days ago by her husband, and they may also remember that Mr. Leroy Kenfield, a trombone player, was named as correspondent. Mrs. Knowles was to have



Snapshot by The Herald Staff Photographer.

DR. KARL MUCK AND WIFE ON ARRIVAL HERE.

sung at a concert of the Worcester school children, which was the closing feature of the festival orchestral rehearsal last Wednesday afternoon. She cancelled her engagement, but Mr. Kenfield is less sensitive.

The Worcester Telegram of the 1st announced that Mr. Kenfield would "toot his trombone during the three days of the music festival, unhampered and unhindered either by Director Franz Kneisel or by the festival management," and it appears that Mr. Kenfield is tooting, although he registers at a hotel as Mr. L. Sherman. "One woman, who is one of the constant patrons of Worcester music festivals, spoke as follows: 'It is a crying shame that a woman should be made to bear all the blame in this matter, while the man attempts to brazen it out by coming here to play before crowds of Worcester women.' But, dear madam, he has to brazen it out, if he plays the trombone. She adds: 'He should be ashamed of himself. In my opinion, he lacks modesty. He should at least have some sympathy for Mrs. Knowles. . . . Honest citizens can only blush when they read of it. . . . Women get the worst of all deals, and in this instance have been especially ill-treated.'"

Staid citizens of Worcester are equally indignant. One said to a reporter of the Telegram: "She gets all the blame that is coming her way, and the man comes off light. It would be a funny thing to me if the Worcester public did not rise in protest against this injustice." Some insist that the management should have done something, but in this they are vague. Whether it should have been tar and feathers with a ride on a rail to Shrewsbury, or whether Mr. Kenfield should have been obliged to wear a mask on the stage is not clear. But Mr. Paul B. Morgan, president of the association, refused to be the servant of popular indignation. To him Mr. Kenfield is merely a member of a hired orchestra. "Personally, I don't care what the individual members of the orchestra are. . . . They may be gamblers or what not. It would be like a man contracting for railroad work. His labors might be compared to thievs, cut-throats and murderers." Meanwhile Mr. Kenfield's footsteps have been dogged by reporters and he prefers to take the greater part of his outdoor exercise after dark.

To some the trombone is a denigratory instrument; to others it is pontifical and associated with temple scenes. Few recognize today its sentimental qualities, yet there was a time when trombonists blew tenderly Stigelli's "Tear." In Worcester it is now a romantic and seductive instrument.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson will undoubtedly inform us if the outraged public lays violent hands on Mr. Kenfield, binds him to a trolley car track, or blinds and gags him and bears him to the foolish house. For Mr. Johnson, as a student of sociology, went to Worcester to attend the music festival, that he might make notes for the chapter, "Man as a Singing Animal," in his colossal and authoritative work. Mr. Johnson writes: "This is my first visit to a music festival. I am much interested in the prevailing curiosity here concerning the diet, behavior and costumes of the singers, and I am frequently delighted by the answers of the 'artists' to the reporters. I read on Wednesday that Miss Adah Hussey's 'pictures in the programme do not resemble her very strongly, although the features might easily be hers. Her teeth are perhaps her most attractive feature, being large, even and well kept. When she smiles she displays both rows.' I kept on reading about Miss Hussey, thinking I might run into a tooth powder advertisement, but she did not mention her favorite; she only said 'I am simply devoted to my art' and announced the fact that her best concert gown is a 'soft creation.'"

Mr. Johnson also noted Mme. Goodson's gown as described by her. "Oh, about my gown," smiled Mme. Goodson; "it is perfectly lovely of you to be interested. All my gowns are Liberty's and I have 14 new ones for this tour." And I, alas," adds Mr. Johnson, "have only two pairs of trousers, and only five razors for seven days in the week. Mme. Schumann-Helink is described as having 'a physique' that is 'ultra-matronly,' but we are assured that 'the soul of the artist surmounts all the obstacles which accumulate in the course of nature, and reigns supreme.' True, true; the laurel wreath is not always to the woman who reminds you of Pharaoh's lean kine, not always to the 'fausse malgre.'"

"I observe," says Mr. Johnson, "that singers in their praise of a new work are mindful of themselves. Both Mr. Beddoe and Mr. de Gogorza seem to be

of the opinion that Mr. Converse's music in 'Job' could not have been written better for the display of their respective voices. I am sorry I did not hear the work. I had fully intended to be present, but I was not able to withstand the temptation offered by a new 1000-foot picture fresh from Paris."

Mme. Powell Pleases Large Audience with Admirable Performance.

MISS MIGNON AURELLE IS THE OTHER SOLOIST

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Is Led by Kneisel—Parker's "Hora Novissima" Again.

By PHILIP HALE.

WORCESTER, Oct. 3, 1907. The second concert of the 50th festival of the Worcester County Musical Association was given this afternoon in Mechanics' Hall. The programme was as follows: "The Steppe," Noskowski; concerto in G minor, op. 26, for violin, Bruch, Maud Powell; air from Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" Miss Mignon Aurelle; symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," Tchaikowsky. Mr. Kneisel conducted the orchestra, made up of Boston Symphony men, with Mr. Roth as concert master.

The feature of this concert was the masterly performance of Bruch's concerto by Mme. Powell. Last spring her interpretation of the violin concerto by Jean Sibelius, a genius who is also, alas, a slave to alcohol, shone with uncommon lustre in a brilliant Boston season. In that concerto she was called upon to suggest legendary deeds of deranged, to remind one of old myths of a primitive race, to be elementally tragic, fearsome of cruel gods, gay with barbaric joviality. This afternoon she played the concerto by a household-appealing sentiment of a household order, its approved and orthodox bravura; and in this concerto, which appeals at once to an audience of every-day nature, she won the praise and the sincere admiration of the amateur and of the professional musician.

There are few violinists, men or women, I do not include infant phenomena, for they are fortunately in a nomena, for they are fortunately in a class by themselves—who display so beautifully and so authoritatively the most admirable qualities, commanding virility and true tenderness, who play

both from the mind and from the heart, and this with a mechanical proficiency that is so in the hand and in the bow that its security and its ease escape the notice of the seeker after the sensational. Recalled, she played the familiar prelude of Bach without accompaniment.

"A Girlish Little Thing."

Miss Mignon Aurelle—a love of a name—sang for the first time at these concerts. Her real name is Fay Cord and she is a native of Des Moines, Ia. She sang before she was in her teens and then took lessons in singing at Drake University. Afterward she studied in Paris and in Berlin. "In the Iowa capital and in the European capitals, her fame as a prima donna is well known." She is young and pretty and this afternoon she sang modestly an air that was not beyond her ability. O sweet Ann Page! And who would contradict the statement which I have put in quotation marks. She said to a Worcester reporter, "My gown is a simply girlish little thing," and this description of her gown may be applied to her singing.

Noskowski's symphonic poem in the form of an overture, played in last season at a Symphony concert in Boston, was performed here for the first time. The impression made in Boston was here confirmed. The best portion of the overture is the opening section, the delineation in music of the impassive heath, "unchanged, ever calm and beautiful." In the establishment of a mood, in the suggestion of long stretches and elemental monotony, Borodin's "Sketch of the Steppe" is far more imaginative, and there is nothing in music to compare with Thomas Hardy's description of Egdon Heath, the first chapter of "The Return of the Native." The battle music is conventional, and the Cossack business was much better done by Tchaikowsky in his "1812" overture.

Just Routine Music.

The task of the orchestra at these rehearsals and concerts is arduous. To criticize in detail the performance of orchestral works, comparatively new or long familiar, or to censure shortcomings in the performance of the oratorios would be unfair and unnecessary. Mr. Kneisel conducted the accompaniment in Bruch's concerto with the care and the intelligence of a true artist anxious for the success of a colleague.

The concert of this evening began with a performance of Bach's orchestral suite in C major, led by Mr. Kneisel. Afterward came the performance of Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima," led by Mr. Goodrich. The solo singers were Mesdames Edith Gould and Adah Hussey and Messrs. Evan Williams and Claude Cunningham. Mrs. Gould was heard last season in Boston in Pierne's "Children's Crusade," and I believe Mr. Cunningham was with Mme. Adeline Patti when she farewelled Boston for the positively last time and with a considerable display of pumped-up emotion. The suite might well have been omitted, for it is for the most part routine music without distinction, music that must end in each movement before the composer's indication, or be continued in-



definitely without giving pleasure or pain to the hearer. Yet there are some who believe pathetically in the plenary inspiration of Bach, and they are especially fond of his cheerful rumbling.

Praise for "Hora Novissima."

Mr. Parker's oratorio, performed this evening for the fourth time at these concerts, is too well known to call for eulogistic phrases at this late day. Mr. Parker is the composer of "Hora Novissima," "Cahal Mor" and the unaccompanied chorus in "St. Christopher." It is a pity that his pedagogic duties, or an olympian indifference, prevent him from writing other works worthy of his indisputable talent. Possibly his unusual facility has been detrimental to him. It is hard to think of him applying the file, critical for years, nobly discontented and unsatisfied in his search after perfection.

In few oratorios is there such a blend of spiritual exaltation, pure sensuousness and ecclesiastical enthusiasm as in "Hora Novissima." In few is there such spontaneous movement of choral masses, such freedom and elasticity of choral expression, such light-heartedness in contrapuntal treatment. If in the solo numbers there is now and then a breath of modern Italian sentiment, it is refreshing, vivifying. The few reminiscences of other composers are so astonishingly frank and outspoken that they are at once forgotten.



Chorus' Work Excellent.

The performance, as far as the chorus was concerned, reflected great credit on the singers and on Mr. Goodrich. I have seldom heard in any city as impressive a performance from so large a body. It was impressive not only by reason of sonorous power by effects of masses, but also by reason of the finer qualities which we usually associate only with small bands of picked singers. There was, furthermore, an enthusiasm which was not allowed to run riot, which permeated and vitalized the whole performance. The spontaneity was not that which is only superficial and comes as the result of military drill, a spontaneity which after all is of close kin to rigidity, but it was musical and poetic. Mr. Goodrich could ask for no better testimony to his work as a conductor than the performance of this evening.

Of the solo singers, Mrs. Gould was conspicuous by her exquisite interpretation of the soprano solo which, it is true, is comparatively free from the rhythmic difficulties in the solos for the other singers, but it requires a certain buoyancy of expression, a spiritual exaltation, as well as a serenely contemplative mood. Miss Hussey has gained in style and musical authority, and she sang her trying air with dramatic intelligence, but her voice has lost in warmth and her delivery of the climax was marred by a slight dropping from the true pitch. On the whole, her performance was one of much merit.

Mr. Williams, who was welcomed heartily, sang with his old-time fervor, but his voice was veiled. Mr. Cunningham has a voice of excellent quality. He was too much inclined toward the use of open tones in the upper register and he did not solve the rhythmic problems in the middle section of his air.

The audience, though it was smaller than that of Wednesday night, was a large one and it was justly enthusiastic. The programme of the concert tomorrow (Friday) afternoon will be as follows: Symphony No. 8, Beethoven; concerto in D minor for piano, op. 24, Arthur Hinton, first performance in America (Mme. Katharine Goodson, pianist); prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; air, "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" (Mr. Evan Williams); "España," Chabrier. Mr. Kneisel will conduct. The concert will begin at 2:30 P. M.

The final concert, "Artists' Night," will take place Friday evening. The programme will be wholly Wagnerian. The orchestra, led by Mr. Kneisel, will play in the first part the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the Overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser" (Paris version), and Richter's arrangement of scenes from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods." Mrs. Rider-Kelsey will sing "Dich, theure Halle"; Mr. de Gogorza will sing the romance to the evening star, and Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing Waltraute's narrative. The second part of the programme will be devoted to excerpts from "The Mastersingers" and Mr. Goodrich will conduct. The singers will be Mmes. Rider-Kelsey and Schumann-Heink and Messrs. Hamlin, Ormsby and Croxton.

WORCESTER, Oct. 4, 1907. The Wagnerian concert this evening brought the end of the 50th annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association. The programme of the afternoon concert was as follows: Symphony No. 8, Beethoven; concerto in D minor, for piano and orchestra, op. 24, Hinton (first time in America); Mme. Goodson, pianist; prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; air "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" (Mr. Evan Williams); "España," Chabrier. Mr. Kneisel conducted.

To those who have attended this festival for nearly 20 years, nothing shows more clearly the development of the public taste than a study of the programmes of the afternoon concerts. Of late years the conductors and the board of government have recognized the fact that contemporaneous orchestral works should be heard here. While the old masters are not neglected, the door is open to even the ultra-moderns. The names of Chabrier, Chausson, Converse, Debussy, Dukas, Faure, Franck, Loeffler, Richard Strauss, Strube, are now more than mere names in a library catalogue to the festival audience.

(By the way, the official lists of works performed and of artists from the foundation of the association do not include Pierne and Lachaupe, yet Mr. Lachaupe, once called suddenly as a substitute, gave a brilliant performance of one of Pierne's pieces for piano and orchestra.)



Katharine Goodson.

Public Approves Changes.

The conductors and board of government have not been deterred in their course by any lack of appreciation on the part of hearers, or by the adverse criticism that comes either from ignorance or from the mistaken zeal that looks only toward immediate financial success. It is often said that music festivals of this nature are not beneficial to a community or to art; that the lovers of music are provided with too bountiful a feast; that sated at the end of the determined days, they show no interest for the rest of the season in any orchestral or chamber music concerts, or in the recitals given by musicians that are not deliberately sensational in their methods. It is true that hearing this mass of music in a short time—five concerts in two days and a night—is a severe strain on hearers and performers. But is it not better that good music should be heard than remain unknown? The true answer is to be found in the marked attention now paid by very many to the Symphony concerts and to the production on the first night of a new work of a serious nature by an American composer.

The Worcester Daily Telegram said editorially this morning that Worcester should be able in the course of the next half-century "to produce the grand operas and the oratorios that are presented in the music performances of the world here as well as elsewhere. The old countries have provided the most of these for Worcester and for other places in the United States where the highest class music is occasionally presented. There must be a turn in the tide by and by, and Worcester should be one of the foremost cities in bringing out the music that is to entertain the world of the future with the poetry of the life of America. The hundreds in the choruses that sing annually at the festivals are the material from which the productive geniuses may be expected to spring. The soloists are not producers as a rule."

"Music from the Ranks."

My friend and fellow-laborer in the musical vineyard, Mr. Krehbiel, read this last sentence. He shook his head and said: "How about Mme. Schumann-Heink?" For he remembered the picture of her children, the delight of her press agent, though Mr. Krehbiel was lost in the count after he had tapped seven fingers. "It is from the ranks rather than from the top-notchers," adds the Telegram, "that the old world has been given the composers of the most famous music." Yet it might perplex the writer of the editorial article to name the great composers who began their career as singers in a huge chorus.

I quote from the editorial article, to show the enthusiastic spirit that should be of much help to this association, and should make for musical righteousness. "Already holding the lead in original ideas for industries, the city is growing wonderfully in music and art. The waking up of genius is all that is necessary, and then a local pride in the results, with sufficient aid in various ways for the ambitious, will accomplish what is open to Worcester wider than to any other city in the country." While a young composer of genius may be born in Worcester, or perhaps in Shrewsbury, he may not be a singer in the Festival chorus, but the concerts of the association certainly will stimulate and quicken his ambition.

It was much for a musical society of this nature to produce Mr. Converse's "Job." Too many societies, even in Boston, prefer to perform a work that is already known and popular, a work that with the aid of a famous prima donna will supply the box-office with a powerful draught. It was also something for the Worcester County Musical Association to bring out for the first time in this country a concerto, played by a pianist who made her first appearance at these concerts, and written by a musician whose name was unknown to probably nine-tenths of the audience. Mr. Hinton's concerto was first played about two years ago in London, and his wife was then the pianist. For a pianist to play the compositions of her husband is generally a supreme act of devotion.

Greater love than this hath no woman. For there are few Robert Schumanns, even if there be many Claras. Mr. Hinton's concerto is well suited to set forth the most salient characteristics of Mme. Goodson's artistry. To say of the concerto that the scherzo is "piquant," "delicate," "charming," might lead some wise heads to condemn the work at once, for the scherzo is too often the one and only movement in a serious composition that shows any ingenuity, skill or fancy.

This concerto as a whole is brilliant, not emotional, and it is always a virtuosic piece. The physiognomy of the chief themes is rather commonplace, and it is often familiar, especially in the scherzo and in the finale, so that the hearer is tempted to exclaim: "Where have I seen that face before?" The first movement has the most marked character, and in it thought and workmanship are seriously displayed. It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Hinton is a modern, though an Englishman. There is little homage to Mendelssohn, and the illumination of the composer is an electric light rather than the study lamp of the cathedral organist, who has received his degree from the university in reward for a display of orthodoxy.

Mme. Goodson's performance was interesting in its fleetness and brilliance, and she played with agreeable sentiment whenever the music gave an opportunity. She was heartily applauded until she played a solo piece, and the audience also applauded the composer, who came upon the stage with his wife to make acknowledgment.

Williams Most Popular.

But the warmest applause of the festival thus far was that which followed the interpretation of Gounod's pompous air by Mr. Williams, who sang with all his old-time irresistible fervor, with all his old-time magnetic force, if not always with his once golden tones.



Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, Soprano Soloist at Worcester Music Festival.

Mr. Kneisel conducted admirably the orchestral pieces of widely contrasted schools. He was fortunate alike in his reading of the symphony, of the exquisite dream of Debussy, and of the gorgeously brilliant and exciting rhapsody of Chabrier, which is one of the masterpieces of modern orchestral literature.

Wagner Programme.

The evening programme was composed of excerpts from Wagner's operas. The orchestral pieces in the first part were as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; overture and Bacchanale, "Tannhauser" (Paris version), Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock, Morning Dawn, etc. Mrs. Rider-Kelsey sang Elisabeth's Greeting, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Waltraute's Narrative, and Mr. de Gogorza, the "Evening Star" romance. Scenes from "The Mastersingers" formed the second part and the singers were Mmes. Rider-Kelsey, Schumann-Heink, Hamlin, Ormsby, Croxton, Mr. Goodrich conducted.

There was a time when Wagner protested lustily against the performance of excerpts from his operas in the concert hall. His protest was only theoretical. He himself made violent efforts to have his music heard in any form, and he was unwearied in his appeals to friends, conductors, managers. He did not disdain to conduct concerts of this nature. The purist need not, therefore, protest at this late day against "Wagnerian Evenings." The idea that Wagner's music is sacred and that it should be treated with reverential awe, even if it be not heard in consequence, was long ago exploded. Wagner assisted in the explosion.

Audience Large.

There was a very large festival and deeply interested audience this evening, and the performance by chorus, orchestra and solo singers often gave legitimate pleasure. Mrs. Rider-Kelsey's voice has broadened since she was heard in Boston. There her tones seemed small and pale in Symphony Hall and they that had not heard her elsewhere wondered at her reputation as an accomplished lyric singer. Her voice is still characteristically lyrical, not dramatic, yet she sang Elizabeth's greeting

with dramatic fervor and plausible breadth. Whether she be wise in her ambition to be known abroad as an operatic soprano is a question that time will answer. This is at least certain: the concert stage will lose an excellent singer. Let us hope that the opera houses will not have another story to tell of disappointed ambition and an impaired voice.

Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a very impressive reading of Waltraute's Narrative and Mr. de Gogorza's interpretation of the Song to the Evening Star recalled Walt Whitman's "baritone singing his sweet romance." It would not now be possible to speak of the concert in detail, even if the majority of the singers were not well known in Boston. The name of Mr. Elward Werrenrath should be added to those named above, for Mr. Croxton found that parts of Hans Sachs' address were too high for his voice.

Mr. Goodrich resigned his position of conductor of the Worcester County Musical Association on account of the pressure of his professional duties in Boston. His resignation is deeply regretted by the officers, the chorus and the general public.

This evening he thanked the chorus which has aided him valiantly in his endeavor to make these festivals of national importance. Mr. Arthur Mees of New York was introduced as his successor.

The receipts of this festival are unusually large, and may equal or surpass those of 1899, when, with Mme. Zembrich as the star, they amounted to \$12,500.

Mr. Karl Keller, the leader of the double basses of the Boston Symphony orchestra, broke a finger of his right hand yesterday. It is feared that he will not be able to play for many weeks.

0ct-5-1907
WAGNER NIGHT
WORCESTER

Men and Things

WE knew that Mr. Johnson would not fail us. It is true that he sends no critical notes concerning the performances of the works on the programmes of the Worcester Festival—we doubt if he has heard a concert—but here is a contribution to the discussion of chivalry excited by the romance of the slide trombonist:

“I was much interested this morning (Oct. 4) in a letter signed ‘A Festival Supporter’ and published in the Daily Telegram. ‘A woman,’ says the deep thinker, ‘engaged in the high calling of using her voice for God’s service on Sunday in one of New England’s most historic churches, a wife and mother, certainly should be above allowing the unworthy to triumph. But having yielded to a moment of weakness, her next best step is to make peace with her conscience and her God. Singing at the festival is an external fact, and has nothing to do with the restoration of conscience. On the other hand, the festival represents the highest in music and morals. Immorality in orchestra or singer has no place in the rendition of such music as ‘Job,’ the ‘Hera Novissima’ or the beautiful ‘Dream of Gerontius.’ We all love Mme. Schumann-Heink, first because she is a woman, a good mother, and last, an obliging, courteous artist of the highest type.’”

“I remember that about 20 years ago the head of a church music committee in Boston determined that there should be no scandal in his choir loft. After he had heard an army of soprano and alto applicants sing, he put to each one the question: ‘And, now, how about your morals?’ This question was addressed to both wives and young maidens. Some of the applicants blushed and left the room; some were indignant and uttered the ‘Sir!’ of the stage; there were a few who giggled; only one had the nerve to say, ‘My morals are all right, thank you. How are yours?’ Probably in future at Worcester candidates for engagements will be required to send with notices of their previous work, photographs, repertoires, certified statements, clean bills of moral health.”

“How admirable is the conduct of the first trombonist of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Hampel! He walks the streets fearlessly. If a reporter steps up to him, he does not turn another way. He told a Worcester reporter that Mr. Converse’s ‘Job’ is the greatest of American compositions and that it is wonderful to see how the American people are taking to music. ‘The American public is gradually becoming educated in a musical sense.’ Here is a man not to be diverted from his art.”

“I have gained much valuable information for my treatise from the newspapers of this city. Thus I learned to-day that the Festival is ‘one of the few occasions on which the people not in the swim get a chance to see who is who and what is what in the real social life of Worcester and vicinity.’ The people not in the swim stand at the street door of Mechanics Hall. They that are in the swim go into the hall. Therefore the aristocracy of Worcester numbers many more than 400. And the method of positive determination and identification is so simple. That is, if the weather be propitious. If this theory were adopted in Boston, there would be less heartburning, climbers would know exactly what to do, and there would be a precise graduation of the social scale. I saw Mrs. Gollightly entering Symphony Hall last night. I told Jane that Mrs. Gollightly was in society, but she wouldn’t believe me. I wouldn’t have Jane’s disposition for the world.”

“I am told that Mr. Converse used all modern instruments in his score of ‘Job.’ My informant was mistaken. Looking over the list of instruments printed in the programme book of the festival I find no mention of an ‘Immensaphone,’ which gave great pleasure in Denver last month. Nor did the pianist use the piano invented by the Rev. James O. Early and patented in September. ‘It is capable of whistling the most difficult notes.’ What a boon this instrument would be to many pianists!”

E. W. F. writes: “Was not Spurgeon a great smoker, and did he not once defend in a public speech the practice? Please answer, to settle a bet.”

We regret that any one should bet on such a solemn subject, but our constant endeavor is to satisfy curiosity and slake the thirst of those seeking miscellaneous and useless information. Mr. Spurgeon smoked. We do not know whether he defended himself in a public speech or in a sermon, but, censured for the habit, he wrote in 1874 as follows: “I demur altogether and most positively to the statement that to smoke tobacco is wrong. There is growing up in society a pharisaic system which adds to the precepts of God the commandments of men. To that system I will not yield for one hour. The preservation of my liberty may bring upon me the upbraidings of many of the good and the sneers of the self-righteous, but I shall endure both with serenity so long as I feel clear in my conscience. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed and calm and refreshing sleep obtained by smoking a cigar, I have felt grateful to God.”

Oct 6 1897

“Christ in the Wilderness” the Chief Novelty of Gloucester Festival.

ORCHESTRAL WORKS PERFORMED IN ENGLAND

Gloucester (Eng.) had its music festival last month. “Elijah,” which, as far as popularity is concerned, might be compared to “The Bohemian Girl” in opera, Elgar’s “Apostles” and “The Kingdom” were performed, as were “The Messiah,” “The Hymn of Praise” and Verdi’s “Requiem.” Sir Hubert Parry’s sinfonia sacra, “The Love that Casteth Out Fear,” produced three years ago at Gloucester, was also heard.

One American composer figured at this festival, Mr. Horatio Parker, who was represented by his organ concerto (Mr. G. R. Sinclair, organist). The Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 13 said of it: “It is not a work of great musical interest, and one could not help feeling that the modern chromatic style of writing is really foreign to the character of the organ. Or, at any rate, the composer has not convinced us that the form is a great success. Perhaps had he worked more on the old principle of alternating the solo instrument with the orchestra a better impression would have been made. As it is, the organ is employed a solo deal, sometimes accompanying a solo violin or small groups of instruments, and there is a suggestion of monotony in the general color.”

The chief novelty at the Gloucester festival was Mr. Granville Bantock’s “Christ in the Wilderness,” an episode from “The Life of Christ,” for two solo voices, chorus and orchestra. It is described as a very elaborate composition, with masterly orchestration and with broad and massive choral parts mostly for double chorus. The soloists, soprano (Miss Agnes Nicholls) and baritone (Mr. J. Francon Davies) had little to do. “The idea of the work is one of growth in intensity from a rather sombre and mystic opening, illustrating the wilderness and our Lord’s prayer to a jubilant finale. One may reasonably object to some of the realistic effects obtained in a work of this kind; the eastern coloring of the soprano solo is clever, but just a bit too obtrusive, and nowhere did one feel an exaltation which the character of the work seemed to demand. But Mr. Bantock’s music is impressive in its own way, even if a close analysis reveals the source to be that of an intellectual grip of the subject rather than emotional.”

Let us now note certain new orchestral works that have been performed recently in England, mostly at the prominent concerts led by Mr. Wood. The quotations of comment are taken from the Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Arthur Hinton, it will be remembered, is the husband of Mme. Goodson, who played his piano concerto last week Friday at the Worcester festival. His “Three Orchestral Scenes from Endymion,” though the composition bears the date August, 1896, were played for the first time Sept. 5. “Had it been a work of elaborate design, complexity of writing, and obscurity of thought, this might have been understood, but it is not; on the other hand, it is pleasantly definite both in general construction and in melodic outline, and it was not surprising that it made so ready an appeal to the audience. Each movement has a quotation from Keats’ poem to explain its poetic basis. No. 1 is ‘Sunrise,’ No. 2 ‘Shepherd’s Song,’ and No. 3 ‘Dance of Youths and Maidens.’ Of these, the first struck us as being the best, the music very happily illustrates the mood of the three lines of the poem chosen, and the suggestion of the rising glory of the sun is effectively pictured in warmly colored strains. The pastoral character of the second movement and the dance rhythm of the last are in full evidence, but the thematic material did not give us quite the same feeling of conviction. Through-

Portrait of Mme. Emma Calve, from her latest photograph. This celebrated singer will give a concert in Symphony Hall Saturday Afternoon, the 19th.



out the orchestration is very sonorous and well balanced, and the celesta in the dance is very cleverly employed.”

A new symphony in E flat by Mr. Marshall-Hall of Melbourne, of whom Mr. Ruciman thought highly, was performed Aug. 20. “It was soon evident that the music of this symphony had many faults on the constructive side, so that it is more than probable that the composer is writing beyond his powers, as at present developed. Musically, the work is distinctly interesting, the themes have great animation, and, if not always highly original, have a melodious turn that cannot fail to arrest the attention. Yet each of the three movements falls as a whole because the composer has not discovered how to lay out his subjects to the best advantage, nor how to develop them in a sufficiently interesting way. As soon as a theme has been played there is almost a certainty of the music becoming dull and the thread being lost. This is a great pity, and one hopes that Mr. Hall will endeavor to obtain more freedom in this direction, because he has plenty of ideas, and they ought not to be attenuated by lack of skilful enough treatment. Often enough one comes across cleverness in technique without ideas, here it is rather the reverse, and it is easier to remedy than the former case. The writing for the orchestra was too restless in general, though there were some good effects obtained, among which were some elaborate passages for the horns.”

Mr. Wood produced Sept. 10 a suite by Garnet Wolseley Cox, “a young composer whose premature death a year or more ago was the more to be regretted on account of the very promising nature of his talents. Promising is certainly the word that one would apply to this composition, for while one can praise most highly its workmanship, the want of originality in the thematic material shows that the composer had not yet found himself. The music was inspired by one of Aubrey Beardsley’s pictures, and evidently there was meant some illustration of the headings affixed to each movement. Pictorially, perhaps, the music is not very good, but for crisp, neat, and well-balanced orchestration little better has been heard of late at the Queen’s Hall. There is a certain atmosphere in ‘Nightfall,’ and the dance of ‘Rose-Fairies’ has character. Less individual are the ‘Entrance of Elves, Fairies and Satyrs’ and the ‘Dance of Bacchantes.’ Still, the suite was well worth playing, and it certainly

made one feel that it was the work of a composer of real musical ability and unusual gifts, who, had he lived, would have helped on the cause of English music.”

There is much and warm dispute over the music of Mr. Cyril Scott. His overture to “Princess Maleine” was performed Aug. 22. “The music was not written, so the analytical notes told us, to illustrate Mactertlinck’s play scene by scene, nor are any of the themes to be regarded as leit motifs identified with this or that character, but rather to reproduce the tragic atmosphere of the text. A difficulty arises at once by this intention, and that is to create what one calls ‘atmosphere,’ and yet keep within the necessary bounds of ‘constructive’ form by which only can lasting effects be made; form, not only in the building up of the movement section by section, but in the lesser degree of the modelling of each section. Mr. Scott has, we think, been sorely careful enough in definiteness of writing. He takes definite enough subjects, but does not treat them with sufficient variety, as if fearing to break his mood and upset the atmosphere that is being created. The result is monotony, a succession of sections, often of charming sound, in melody and color, but so similar that the interest begins to fall just when the moment has arrived for climax. The music representing the storm, the most descriptive part of the overture, certainly brought in a fresh feeling, but it was not of the most musical value. Altogether Mr. Scott has written a succession of charming passages, and has skilfully scored them, but they do not somehow make up a piece of sustained interest, the more to be regretted, considering their intrinsic value.”

Other new works produced at the Promenade concerts, London: Walford Davies, suite in seven movements, “Holiday Tunes,” was praised, with a few exceptions, as “refreshing and new.” Elgar’s “Pomp and Circumstance,” No. 4, in G, Aug. 24, “one feels that the music is either too good for the form or that the form is not good enough for the music.” A violin concerto by F. C. Barker (Sept. 3), a Welshman by descent, who studied at the Royal College, is a mediocre work. Granville Bantock’s “Lalla Rookh,” an orchestral poem in six sections (Sept. 19), is so colored that it becomes at

times monotonous. In lighter moments the treatment is happy, "but when something of a warmer and more passionate nature is required the music does not rise quite to the occasion, and is stiff and rather pretentious." Mr. Bantock writes for instruments "with an unerring sense of their capabilities, individually and in combination."

A "cleverly written and scored" Scherzo Fantastique, "Caliban," by W. H. Reed, an orchestral player, was produced at the Gloucester festival.

CALVE'S CONCERT.

One of the most interesting announcements of the season is that of the appearance here of Mme. Emma Calve in Symphony Hall on Oct. 19. Accompanying here are Miss Renee Chemet, a young violinist, and Mr. Camille Decres, the pianist who played with her here two seasons ago. Mail orders for the concert are now being received by Mr. L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall. The regular sale of seats will open on Friday, the 11th, at 8:30 A. M.

MR. MACMILLEN'S RECITAL.

Mr. Francis MacMillen, the American violinist, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, when he will play these pieces: Allegro from Bach's concerto in E major; Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor; Beethoven's Romance in F major; Mozart's Minuet; Debussy's Barcarole, Wieniawski's Romance, A. Randerger's Bohemian dance and Paganini's "Moses." Fantasia on the G string.

Mme. Rosina Van Dyke, a Dutch soprano, will sing an air from "Figaro," the familiar air from "The Pearl of Brazil," and the mad scene from "Hamlet." Mr. Richard Hageman will be the pianist.

MUSIC NOTES.

The programme of the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dr. Muck conductor, will be as follows: Bach's suite in D major, Mozart's symphony in G minor, Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

A mass meeting will be held in Symphony Hall the evening of next Sunday to give further publicity to the objects of the People's Choral Union. There will be addresses and illustrations of the methods employed in the Union Singing Classes.

OCT 7, 1907

Men and Things

WHAT does the Rev. A. C. Dixon mean by his furious attack in Chicago on President Roosevelt? He portrayed in a manner that the earlier Huysmans might have envied the President "sipping at a tipping glass" and then gulping down the champagne "at one swallow." Think of the baleful influence this act had on the 7,000,000 drunkards of this nation.

Did the President first sip and then gulp? "Gulp" is not a pretty word, although it is echoic and may be likened to the Dutch "guppen," to swallow, guzzle. It should be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt is of Dutch descent, and that he is also a man of action. Compare, too, the middle Swedish "glup" throat, "glupsk" voracious, and "glapa," which in Swedish dialect means "to gulp down," a favorite Swedish movement.

Yet the gentle and refined Cowper did not hesitate to write "inflated and astut with self-conceit. He gulps the windy diet," lines that might today be applied to candidates anxious for office, authors with press agents, estimable and leading citizens and other men of parts. "At one gulp" was translated into old French "tout de gob," a beautiful phrase.

Champagne should be sipped and beer should not be sipped. But perhaps the champagne was American and Mr. Roosevelt wished to show his hearty and patriotic appreciation of wine of the country. Or perhaps it was too sweet to his taste and he was in a hurry to make the best of a bad job. The Rev. Mr. Dixon adds that after the President had put down the stuff at one swallow, he "turned to his friends, showed his teeth, and remarked 'Delighted,' from which we infer that the brand was approved by him. Still Dr. Dixon is right. Mr. Roosevelt should have sipped the wine and should not have given encouragement to the practice of the "opener."

But does Dr. Dixon really think that a glass of champagne sipped or gulped in St. Louis will exert a "baleful influence" over any drunkard? Does he think that the stern abstinence of Mrs. R. B. Hayes turned thousands from the error of their liquid ways? Confirmed drunkenness is a disease, a dreadful and destroying one. We doubt, however, whether this one glass at St.

Louis will drive thousands to potations pottle deep. There is such a thing as intemperance in speech.

This reminds us of the row in Oberlin, O., where the president of the college, his wife and divinity professors of the faculty are accused of drinking cider. Mr. Samuel Munson, one of three brothers, fellow-restaurant keepers, declares, ungallantly it must be confessed, that "the ladies of the faculty often drank more than one glass." He also says that the cider was not hard. But sweet cider may work much harm. Witness the wretched ending of King John of England, who was laid low by a fever contracted at the Abbey of Swineshead, where he indulged himself immoderately in new cider and stewed peaches. Witness also the collywobblers of unfortunate travellers who are tempted in Normandy to partake freely of cider and shrimps.

The ancients were well acquainted with cider, but though the old Arab leeches spoke unfavorably of apples, they did not inveigh against the drink that comes from the fruit. Robert Burton would not commend it, sweet or hard; "cider and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected," by those of a melancholy disposition. We learn from Bishop Alcock of the 15th century that "Saynt John Baptist, which ete neuer flesshe, drank no wyne nor cydre," but we like to think of the men in Fielding's novels smoking their pipes in country inns "over some cider—and."

Perhaps at Oberlin, Phillips' poem, "Cyder," is read in the class of English literature. There are stately lines in it:

The pippin, burnished o'er with gold,
Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair perfume,
Temper'd like comeldest nymph, with white and red.

Let every tree in every garden own,
The red streak as supreme, whose pulpy fruit,
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines.
Hail hereof native plant; that dost disdain
All other fields.

Then there is the more domestic cider song in "The Chimes of Normandy," and the old ditty, "A little more cider, too. A little more cider for Miss Dinah, And a little more cider, too."

But all cider is not like that of Herefordshire, which was so exquisite that when the Earl of Manchester was ambassador in France, he passed this beverage at feasts to the nobility as a delicious wine. Hard cider, though associated with the memorable campaign of the first Harrison, makes village drunkards in New England, and the face of the cider drunkard is not to be mistaken.

How changed is Oberlin since the days when Artemus Ward visited and thus described it! "Oberlin is a grate place. The College opens with a prayer and then the New York Tribune is read. A kolleckschun is then taken up to buy overcoats with red horn buttons onto them for the indignant cultured people of Kanady. * * * At the Boardin House the cultured peple sit at the first table. What they leeve is maid into hash for the white peple. * * * Fish bones hav maid their appearance all over my body, and pertater peelins air a spring-in up through my hair."

Men and Things

MR. MACMILLEN, who will fiddle in Symphony Hall tonight, made an experiment some time ago in London, no doubt for the purpose of concentrating the attention of the audience. He played in the afternoon, but the daylight was excluded from the hall. Electric lights were turned off during the performance, except those on the platform.

This experiment was not original with Mr. Macmillen. For several years the advocates of concert reform in Germany have urged a dim hall, but they have also insisted that the singer or player should not be garishly displayed. In Mr. Macmillen's arrangement of lights everything was calculated to bring him into prominence. Thus he followed the example of Mr. Paderewski, who was also lighted carefully in a darkened hall. An electric light fell on his spectacular and lucrative hair. We remember that on one occasion he delayed his appearance for a long time, because the light was refractory and did not seem to appreciate the honor.

The Worcester newspapers said that Mr. Keller, the leader of the double basses in the Boston Symphony orchestra, broke accidentally a finger of his right hand, by reaching out to save himself from a fall. The Herald, supposing this statement was correct—for there was plausible exactness in the narration of detail—published it last Saturday. Mr. Keller, however, sprained a finger of his left hand. Therefore the inference that he may be incapacitated for some weeks is the more reasonable.

Mr. Roosevelt is after the bears. Now that he has had experience with interesting varieties of the beast in the far West and in Louisiana, he should surely be competent to pass judgment on a book that was one of the delights of our boyhood: "Bruin: or the Grand Bear Hunt." Is Capt. Mayne Reid to be numbered among "nature fakers"? We observe, by the way, that some persons insist on spelling this last word with an "l." "Faker" and "fakir" are not at all the same word. The origin of "fakir" is obscure; it is of course derived from "fake," which may be a variant of "feak" or "feague," which in turn may come from the German "fegen," to furbish up, clean; but this German word means in colloquial use "to clear out, plunder; as a chest, a purse." "Fakir" is an Arabic word, and it means "poor, poor man." Col. Yule defines it: "Properly an indigent person, but specially applied to a Mahomedan religious mendicant, and then loosely, and inaccurately, to Hindoo devotees and naked ascetics."

This reminds us of a letter of inquiry addressed to The Herald by C. S. B.: "Some nights ago you referred in Men and Things to the widow's cruse. The word 'cruse' was then spelled 'cruise.' Was this a typographical error? In the Old Testament (King James' version) the spelling is cruse. Is there any authority for 'cruise'?"

The word "cruse"—a small earthen vessel for liquids; a pot, jar, bottle; also a drinking vessel—is now archaic. It has been spelled in English literature as follows: Cruse (the preferred spelling), crouse, crowse, crewse, cryce, cruce, crouse, cruys, also cruyse, crewyse, cruze, cruize, creuse, cruise. Thus Collins in an eclogue (1742) wrote: "One cruise of water on his back he bore." Dr. Johnson in his dictionary (seventh edition, 1785) prefers "cruise" to "cruse," and he quotes the former as occurring in I. Kings xvii., 12. The literal reprint in the Tudor Translations of "The Holy Bible" (1611) gives cruse, not cruise.

So Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes is dead. She, Ann S. Stephens and Emma D. E. Nevitte Southworth were for years the favorite novelists of thousands. Mrs. Southworth's first story, "Retribution," was published in book form in 1849. Mrs. Stephens' first romance, "Fashion and Famine," and Mrs. Holmes' first, "Tempest and Sunshine," were published in 1854. Readers followed the stories by these women with bated breath as they appeared in serial form, and looked forward to an announcement of a new romance by any one of the three as others anticipated a new novel by Dickens or Thackeray. Mrs. Henry Wood, with her "East Lynne" (1861), appeared as a formidable rival, but as she improved in construction, character drawing and style—witness the excellent stories signed "Johnny Ludlow"—she lost many readers and gained a few. Probably the most popular novel written by any one of the three was "The Hidden Hand." It even rivalled in this respect "The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

The American newspapers reported the death of Heinrich Glessen, a German singer of repute, by his own hand, and there were hints of a most unsavory scandal. They did not, however, mention the fact that he was a great-grandson of Charlotte Buff, for whom Werther sighed, and pined, and ogled, and then blew out his brains.

Charlotte, having seen his body borne before her on a shutter, like a well conducted person, Went on cutting bread and butter.

A foreign journal reporting Glessen's death adds: "The suicide of this far-off descendant of hers would scarcely have made her less well conducted; but it is a rather striking coincidence that just about when the despairful Glessen must have pulled the trigger the curtain was rising on the first performance of 'Werther' at the Berlin Opera."

Comic Opera Bill at the Castle Square

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Beggar Student," Millocker's comic opera in three acts. The cast:

Symon Symonovitch.....	J. K. Murray
Janitsky.....	Mary Davies
Gen. Ollendorf.....	George Shields
Jailor.....	Jack Henderson
Puffke.....	H. Ramsden
Inkeeper.....	George White
Burgomaster.....	Frederick Harris
Capt. Schwientz.....	Miss Maude Risinger
Maj. Heinrich.....	W. H. Pringle
Lieut. Poppenburg.....	Miss Florence Radcliffe
Countess Palmatica.....	Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Laura.....	Miss Clara Lane
Bronislava.....	Miss Louise LeBaron
Onophrie.....	George Ogilvie
Bougmil.....	W. S. Griffin
Eva.....	Miss Lois Hall

Last evening's performance, while it gave manifest pleasure and aroused a good deal of hilarity throughout the theatre, was not up to the standard of this company. The chief defect was that few were sure of their parts, and there were so many hitches in lines, song and action that nervous hearers were hard put to it to remember that "ce n'est que pour rire."

The quick wit and natural ability of such actors as Mr. Murray and Mr. Shields more than once saved a difficult situation, and at other times the dash and animation of the score made shift to cover up the insecurity of the ensemble. The big choruses were inclined to be noisy, and were a severe tax upon the solo voices; but it should be added that the performance of such numbers was generally smooth, and that the concerted action was good.

The sing of the singers should, perhaps, be visited upon the orchestra—in part at least—for that organization had little consideration for the solo voices and was inexorable in the matter of tempo.

Miss Lane's voice shows somewhat the strain to which it has been subjected during the summer season, but her personality and her action are as girlish as always.

Mr. Murray was gallant and authoritative, even in his own moments of weakness. And how good it is to see a baritone cock of the walk in opera! Miss LeBaron looked charming as a Polish blonde. Possibly this unusual make-up caused her to feel thoroughly disguised, and filled her with the spirit of adventure; at all events, she was more the soubrette than usual, and romped astonishingly. Miss Ladd looked well, and her long solo in the second act was encored several times.

The opera next week will be Bellini's "La Sonnambula."

OCT 9, 1907

GREEN GRAVES.

There was a sentimental ditty once dear to negro minstrel tenors and their hearers:

"There's one little wish that I have, love; See that my grave's kept green."

The advocates of cremation dwell on the neglect of graves, as though ashes might not also be neglected even in a pompous and ornate urn. In Vienna, where they have schools for cabmen and window dressers, where there is an elaborate system of servant-insurance, the municipality, a truly paternal government, has introduced a system of burial insurance, which covers the cost of the funeral, and of the grave, and also, if it be desired, the erection of a fitting monument. There is now the Emperor Francis Joseph Jubilee Life Insurance Company. But the insurance of funerals and graves is divided into ten classes, with monthly premiums, which range from 8 cents to about \$1.85. The insured must be in good health, and between the ages of 18 and 50. They must not be employed in any dangerous occupation. If the insured die within six months from the date of insurance the policy will be void and the premiums will be returned. Separate insurances must be taken out for monuments, and the premiums on these range from 20 cents to \$3.30 a month. Nor is this all. The company agrees to keep graves in order, and to decorate and illuminate them on All Souls' day in every year, as long as the cemetery will be in existence, if the insured pay a capital sum. No doubt the illumination will be by electricity, and the effect will surpass that of Marguerite's flower garden when in modern productions of the opera Mephistopheles is supposed, with the aid of a friendly stage manager, to turn the button. A looker-on in Vienna has now many sights to see.

ENCORES ASKED OF MR. MACMILLEN

Early Recital by Violinist Was
Given Last Evening at
Symphony Hall. K.L.

Francis Macmillen, violinist, assisted by Mme. Rosina Van Dyke, soprano, and Richard Hageman, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Symphony Hall.

Mr. Macmillen played the allegro from Bach's concerto in E major, Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor, Romances by Beethoven and Wieniawski, Mozart's Minuet, Debussy's Barcarolle, A. Randegger's "Bohemian Dance," and Paganini's Fantasia for G strings alone.

Mme. Van Dyke sang an air from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," David's "Chanson du Myosotis," and Thomas' mad-scene from Hamlet.

There was an audience of fair size, although it is early in the season for recitals, vocal or instrumental. The music season begins practically with the Symphony concerts, and before that time there is but little sign of a musical public.

Last evening, however, cannot have been a wholly ungrateful occasion for the violinist, as he was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm, and was recalled after each group so imperatively that he was obliged to add to the already long programme.

His performance was generally one of much merit. He has apparently overcome to a large degree his former tendency to slur, and his intonation has markedly improved. In the adagio of Vieuxtemps' concerto he displayed passages of beautiful tone, but his performance of the following allegro was less good in this respect, and was inclined to be uneven.

It may be said in general that his work last evening was characterized by much delicacy, but was not always authoritative.

The programme itself gave the player little opportunity to show whether he could differentiate in the matter of sentiment, for there was not much variety, and by the time the evening was half over the hearer longed for a border ballad or a tarantelle. The Bohemian dance, such as it was, was a blessing relief.

Mme. Van Dyke's part of the programme did not vary the general monotony. Her voice is of light quality and very high, but not pleasing in its highest register. Her intonation was generally true, but she would have given more pleasure in works more suited to her voice and style. She, too, was encoored.

Men and Things

TRAVELLERS tell strange tales," and we would not read their narrations if they wrote otherwise. Three hundred and sixty-five years ago James Howell, the author of the "Familiar Letters" and many other books, published his "Instructions for Foreign Travel," a guide book to the art of travelling rather than one to the countries which it was then the fashion to visit. Some years before the appearance of this little book Bacon wrote an essay in which he noted the things to be seen and observed by Englishmen on the continent, and in the course of his essay he remarked: "It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it: as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation."

Mr. Don C. Seitz has written a little book of 69 pages that would have pleased both Howell and Bacon. It is entitled "Discoveries in Every-Day Europe: Vagrant Notes of a Rapid Journey." Unpretentious, often humorous, this book abounds in evidences of the shrewd observation of an accomplished journalist of long experience, who is curious as to the manners and customs of men and women wherever they may happen to live. The sociologist, the political economist, the amateur of the singular will alike find entertainment in Mr. Seitz's notes and comments. Humorous as the author is, he is not constantly, deliberately and laboriously "funny."

If in Paris he observed that "the ladies lift up their skirts at crossings with no consideration other than to insure keeping them off the pavement," he also noted the fact that in Germany laborers go to work at 6 A. M. and work until 6 P. M. "This strikes the

observer as having something to do with German prosperity when contrasted with the slow, idling Englishmen, with their limitations on output and lack of German mechanical skill. It may have more to do with beating Britain in the world's market than the tariff."

If there are "at least six places in New York where macaroni is better cooked than at the best hotels in Venice, Naples, Rome or Milan," on the other hand, "individual rights, outside of some things more or less intangible politically, are much better protected than in the United States; the public is better cared for." If it is true that "an American chorus girl can make more stir in London than a duchess," on the other hand Mr. Seitz saw in a thousand miles of Europe only one rubbish heap. "The foul, vacant lots and dirty dumps that abound in and about American towns are not to be found anywhere."

And on every page there are lines that not only give the reader entertainment; they set him to thinking.

The Bull Hotel at Rochester, Eng., at which Mr. Pickwick and his friends put up and where they met with all sorts of extraordinary adventures, has been sold. The sale has called forth sentimental articles in which there is sighing for the days of the "typical English inns," with their "substantial comfort" and "generous cheer."

It is true that Dickens and Dumas often make their readers hungry and thirsty by the gusto with which they describe the eating and drinking at taverns; but were these English inns worthy of the praise given by Dickens and hinted at long before him by Shenstone in memorable verses? Even 50 years ago there were protests in England against the inns of the kind described in the "Pickwick Papers." Albert Smith wrote a pamphlet, "The Great Hotel Nuisance," with a plan of reform. (There was a second edition of this pamphlet in 1858.)

If there was ever a man who was qualified to discuss the inns of all countries it was George Augustus Sala. He wrote about them more than once, authoritatively, delightfully. See, for example, his "Great Hotel Question," which, suggested by Dickens, was first published in Household Words and afterwards reprinted in "Looking at Life." But in "London up to Date" Sala summed up a few of the characteristics of the English inns lauded by Dickens. There were fourpost beds, horribly stuffy in summer; rarely an easy chair, never a writing table; no public room for women travellers; if your wife accompanied you, a private room was allotted you, and the first charge was three-and-six for a pair of wax candles in battered candlesticks; only in hotels of the very first rank was there real silver on the table; you paid 11 shillings for a bottle of claret, "a mysterious vintage heavily laden with loaded hermitage," the champagne was either gooseberry or rhubarb at from 12 to 15 shillings a bottle; for dinner you had vile gravy or mock-turtle soup, boiled salmon or fried soles, a joint or badly roasted fowl, vegetables swimming in water, strong tasting cheese, celery, apple tart or cabinet pudding; no entrees except haricot-mutton, Irish stew, veal cutlets and bacon, and lamb's fry; for breakfast you were served with bloaters, eggs and bacon, sausages, or cold meat; there were protests if you smoked in your private room, and you were obliged to fee waiters, chambermaids, hoots and ostlers.

A man went into a book shop here a few days ago. He wished to buy Mrs. Glyn's "Three Weeks," but he had forgotten the title, so he said to a young woman waiting on customers: "I'd like 'Something Glyn.'" "I suppose you refer to Mrs. Glyn, the novelist," answered the young woman distantly; "she has written two or three books I believe." The man remembered: "O yes, 'Three Weeks'—that's the book I want." "We don't have that book, and we don't wish to sell it," said the young woman, after the manner of the village maid who rejects the advances of the wicked baronet. She tossed her head and went to another part of the shop.

OCT 10 1907 CONCERT FOYER

Astonishing Rise of a Former
Dry Goods Seller—Early
Years of Singers.

MUSICAL GOSSIP: FACTS AND RUMOR

BY PHILIP HALE.

LOOKING over a copy of the Omaha Daily News, I saw these head lines: "From Clerk to Grand Opera. Astonishing Rise of Thomas Conkey, former Dry Goods Seller." The story came from Cleveland, O. "From dry goods clerk to grand opera principal in two months, such is the evolution of Thomas Conkey, 8615 Wade Park avenue." It seems that Mr. Conkey two months ago was proprietor of a little shop in Euclid avenue. Although he managed his affairs with appropriately geometrical precision, he made no money. What was he to do? "Joseph Sheehan came to town to give a season of grand opera. Conkey had an inspiration: 'I'll go on the stage.'" Whether he said to himself: "If Sheehan can do it, why shouldn't I?" is not reported. Mr. Conkey had sung in a church and he was a member of a vocal society. He saw Mr. Sheehan and joined the chorus. "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl" and other old-timers were performed and there was Mr. Conkey "working hard in the chorus. He drew attention." At last a baritone was needed for the part of Wagner in "Faust." We all know Wagner in the opera. He's the gentleman with the queer cap who is never allowed to finish his song, and is then dropped overboard like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." But there must always be a Wagner, or Mephistopheles would lose an effective scene and have no opportunity to sing "Calf of Gold." "Take Conkey," said Sheehan. Thus Napoleon chose a marshal.

An entertaining book might be written, "The Early Years of Famous Singers," not the early years of their stage life, but the years before they were discovered. Mr. Conkey may or may not rise to greatness. He may even now be great. His portrait is that of a good-looking, strong-featured, intelligent young man, and he wears an impressive collar—a turnover. I am happy to say, for a corded neck may ruin the future of even a baritone.

There was a time when it was the fashion for coachmen and cabdrivers to go on the operatic stage. This was due, perhaps, to the success of Adam's delightful opera, "The Postillion of Lonjumeau." Watchet and Boetel cracked their whips with professional skill. Kraus, the bulky and prominent Wagnerian tenor, who once made a row at a hotel in Boston because he could not smoke in the chief dining room, was a waiter in a Munich restaurant. A leading American tenor worked in a coal mine; another was an elevator boy. Campani was a blacksmith. A London favorite a century and more ago was a running footman; hence, probably, the secret of his wind. Here are only a few instances out of a thousand, and I use the numeral soberly. Ninety-nine out of 100 distinguished singers began life humbly, in the face of discouragement without any advantages whatever. The women singers who have excelled in impersonations that demanded refinement and elegance or a portrayal of the finest and noblest sentiments have been, as a rule, those whose early surroundings were disagreeable, or low, or squalid. Often in their private life the qualities that enchanted while they were on the stage were missing. Diderot's "Paradox of the Comedian" is an entertaining book, whether the idea was his own or borrowed. "The Paradox of the Singer" is a title for a book that would be still more entertaining.

Some of The Herald readers may remember Miss Millicent Brennan, a soprano, Canadian by birth, who sang here a few years ago in concert, and afterward visited the city as a member of Mr. Savage's grand opera company. She now lives in Columbus, O., where, according to the journals of that city, she is highly esteemed, as a singer and by reason of her face and figure.

Mr. E. L. Fulton of Oklahoma City has been elected to Congress. "He possesses considerable vocal talent and at one time was on the stage in grand opera. He is of a large stature and commanding appearance." Did he recall when on the stump? We all recall the Kentucky Governor who fiddled. A still more striking character is the Hon. Thomas Bent, premier of Victoria, Australia, known in his own land as "the singing premier," for it is his habit to sing a comic song in the middle of his political speeches. Perhaps the Hon. H. C. Lodge might come nearer the people if he would thus supply a vocal intermezzo, if he were to interject some ballad of the heart and home into a stand-pat speech.

Miss Manhattan of the Morning Telegram notes the return of the tenor D'Auigny (Dabney): "I have heard interesting things about his work abroad, and irreconcilable stories about his career. One day some one tells me that he has turned baritone and is singing

Esamille and the prologue to 'Pagliacci'; another morning I hear that he has married a German baroness; another that one of the Rothschilds has adopted him, and it was even whispered that he had succeeded Gorgoza as art adviser to Emma Eames."

Audina Patti gave a concert recently for the Swansea Hospital, and the net receipts were \$678.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, the pianist, has completed a violin concerto at Sandwich, his summer home.

Mr. Francis Fisher Powers, teacher of singing in New York—he is also known in Boston—has filed a petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities \$24,685. The nominal assets are \$345 due him from 90 pupils for instruction.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, a pianist of much talent, who has won fame in European cities and is well known in Boston, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 12.

Mr. Richard Buhlig, a pianist who has been highly praised abroad, will give a series of recitals in Steinert Hall next month. Born of German parents in Chicago in 1880, he studied with Leschetitzki and afterward in Berlin, where he made his first public appearance in 1901. As a virtuoso he has been applauded in London, Paris, the French provinces, and in Germany. Sailing the 23d for this country, he will give his first concerts in America. Mr. Buhlig has been characterized in many ingenious ways. At present he is described as the "young new giant of the keyboard."

A pianola recital will be given by the M. Steinert & Sons Co. in Steinert Hall, next Wednesday evening, when Mr. Claude Fisher will be the violinist and Mr. Homer E. Williams will play the pianola.

The Kniesel quartet will give concerts in Chelkering Hall Tuesday evenings, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, Jan. 14, Feb. 18, March 17. Subscribers to last season's concerts may secure the same seats by applying to the Boston Music Company on or before the 19th. New subscriptions will be received after the 21st. The programmes include works by Beethoven, Boellmann, Brahms, Gabriel Faure, Franck, Loeffler, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schumann, Smetana, R. Strauss, The pianists, Mmes. Goodson, and Samiroff, and Messrs. Bauer, Ganz, Gebhardt and others will assist.

Miss Edith Martin, "the harpist from Florence, Italy, who appears but three times while in America," will play at North Reading tomorrow night. She will be assisted by the Raymond male quartet and others. "Reception at the parsonage in honor of Miss Martin's birthday, from 7 to 8 P. M."

OCT 11 1907
A FEW weeks ago The Herald commented on the statement of Miss Elizabeth A. C. White to the effect that women in the cut of their dress should consider lines, not curves; "the respectable figure has been introduced to counteract the crime wave; at present woman's form is too suggestive."

We thought at the time that some woman would raise a not uncertain voice in protest. There have been feeble pipples, ineffective splutterings; but now a woman far out West speaks for herself and many of her sisters in clear, bell like tones, clangorous rather than faintly pealing. The tones come from the mouth of Miss Elsie Fay, who, in spite of her name, is sumptuously upholstered in her portrait published in the Denver Post be lifelike.

Miss Fay is known among stage folk as "The Belle of Avenue A." Let us listen to her, as we would hearken unto any earnest and inspired soul, without thought of rhetoric, not disturbed by solecisms. It will be observed that Miss Fay does not disdain slang terms, the "footpads and loafers" of speech.

"I have always loosened my purse strings for my wardrobe and have gone down the line on styles. Of course, a few times on the stage I have jarred the fashion plates a little. For instance, I have made 'The Belle of Avenue A' a waistless, hipless, curvless creature, but when I am off the stage or working 'straight,' it's me for the curves. There is always some reason for changing styles, but I cannot see it in this case. Maybe I am a little bit prejudiced. They make some kind of a morality talk that is all bosh. My curves and myself have been together for the last untimely years, and there has been no harm done. Let them go as far as they like on changing 'figures,' but if I have to look like a birds-eye view of an ice wagon, I will let the style go hang. And let me be put on record as saying that the majority of women who can cast a shadow in the bright sunlight without having to move on will go on a strike with me."

This reminds us that the new and ideal corset is said to develop a natural and perfectly proportioned figure which does not compress the body in one direction, but allows it to bulge out in another. The Pal Mail Gazette, greatly daring, describes the n. and p. p. figure. The waist measurement should be 30 inches; the bust 10 inches larger than the waist; "the hips 12 inches larger." Larger than the waist, or the bust? Let us not bust in ignorance. This is no subject for jesting.

It seems that this ideal corset was invented by an American woman who had studied the graceful carriage and perfect form of the North American Indian and the native of the Samoan Islands. The woman of these islands is bound as to her body from earliest infancy with hickory or coconut fibre just above the pelvis, and thus the whole structure is supported. The corset gives the result of the binding with vegetable fibres.

We regret to say that the Pall Mall Gazette in its rhapsodic praise of the ideal corset revives the sad, sad story of the medical students who in the course of dissection were asked to account for several deep indentations in the liver of a girl. "They had been caused by the pressure of the ribs of this victim of tight lacing." And one drop of nicotine put on the tongue of a cat will kill poor puss. And lobsters and milk slay thousands. This is, indeed, a world of wonders.

Vienna is a microcosm of this mighty, wondrous world. There they teach the art of window dressing, have night schools to impart courtesy to cabmen, insure the care of your grave, reform the system of tipping, etc., etc. There has been a crusade against street noises, and the street car conductors have been ordered to stop using the whistle as a signal for starting cars. A small trumpet is substituted, but this is only for a short time. There is experimentation with an optical signal, which will in all probability be adopted. "The signal is in the form of a small electric lamp placed just in front of the motor-man." When the conductor wishes to signal the driver he presses a button, which lights the lamp. The car is then started immediately.

"It only remains for the public to exercise ordinary vigilance when crossing the streets, and the tramcar drivers will not find it necessary to ring the alarm gong, thereby lessening still further the noise of street traffic." But would a free and independent American community exercise even ordinary vigilance in crossing a street?

Men and Things

MEN are often proud of slight accomplishments. Thus one ancient monarch vaunted his skill as a mole-catcher, another his success in making rat-traps. We know a man, feeble in many respects, who boasts of his wood-fires. A fire that he lays and kindles is never sullen; it never smokes; it bursts at once into joyous recognition of the hand of the master and maintains a steady blaze. This man is not content with domestic glory. He bores you in your own home, at the club, in the street car. Though the subject of conversation may be Mr. Taft in the orient or the cause of poor wine in the Midl, he brings it around to the proper manner of building a fire on the hearth. "Crumple your paper and use much of it. You should have a good bed of ashes, to start with. Don't forget a backlog of hard wood. Much depends on how you place the kindling." This man is not only a bore; he is a hoodoo. You think yourself no slouch in this very matter of fires. Your wife has often commended your skill, and thus lured you on to early morning exercise. But when Mr. Blivens visits you the fire has a grouch: it spits and smoulders and will not be poked or blown into life. And Blivens sits and looks at it, and now and then he says: "It isn't every one who can build a fire."

Mr. Heinrich Conried must also be added to the list of intrepid discoverers. He is already in the front rank with Mr. William D. Howells. While Mr. Conried was in Europe this summer, striving to recover from the shock caused by Mr. Caruso's most imprudent and lamentable conduct, he heard an American tenor, Mr. Riccardo Martin, who soothed his perturbed spirit. "I have also engaged a young tenor for this season in whose future I have the greatest faith. He is now in Vienna studying * * * and I hear glowing reports of his work."

But Mr. Martin has already sung here in opera. Last season he was a member of Mr. Russell's "San Carlo" company and before he appeared in grand opera he was heard here in operetta. Nevertheless, a discoverer, though belated, may still be intrepid.

Mr. Wybert Rousby died last month. The announcement of this fact has little significance to the younger genera-

tion of readers, yet there was a time when Mr. Rousby was a man of some importance, for he happened to be the husband of Mrs. Rousby, who was famed far and wide for her beauty, if not for her histrionic talent, though certain professional critics and managers, dazzled perhaps, insisted that they saw in her a great stage light. To be the husband of either a professional or an amateur beauty is not an unmixed blessing, yet we have been informed that Mr. Rousby bore his honors modestly and was not so obstreperous a person as the husband of Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

Whether it is more disquieting to be the husband of a renowned beauty or to be the wife of a professional lady-killer is a subject that is not easily answered by a male, however well suited it may be for purposes of academic discussion. The soothsayer Tiresias, who had in turn been man and woman, decided on a famous occasion and in reply to a very pointed and personal question propounded by a goddess disputing with a god, that the woman's lot was more enviable than that of the man. It seems to us that in this question wherein beauty enters, the husband of the handsome woman has the advantage, for the lady-killer is in nine instances out of ten a poor thing and intolerable at home.

Mr. Daniel Lyons, a watchman in New York, died suddenly. The autopsy disclosed the fact that his brain weighed only 24 ounces, "the smallest brain in point of weight ever taken from an adult human being of normal intellect." There was a time when the weight of brain was supposed to determine the degree of intellectual force, and there has been surprise expressed at the brain weight of certain celebrated murderers, as though men of intellect had never slain their fellow-men! The theory is now generally accepted that the weight of the brain has no more than the size of the hat to do with determining a man's intellectual capacity. The Journal of the Biometrical Society (June, 1905) gave the results of an analysis of 3134 brains, which belonged to five races, Swedish, Bavarian, Hessian, Bohemian and English. The English had the smallest mean brain weight. Nor is the brain the seat of the mind, the soul; it is only, as Dr. Thomson asserts, the instrument of a personality.

Sergt. James Hogan of Kansas City, commanding officer of the crossing squad, has issued an order that his men must not chew gum, unless there be an "exceptionally good" excuse. "Chewing gum," says Mr. Hogan, "is too effeminate for a policeman. The idea of seeing a great six-footer with a mustache and a family tripping into a drug store and lipping to the clerk to 'Please give me a package of gum,' just as if his first name was Reginald instead of BH!"

But man in his natural state is a rummating animal. If gum, pepsin, Yucatan, or any brand whatever, be eschewed, some succedaneum will be chewed. Man will chew. It may be tobacco, betel, slippery elm, gum, flag-root, toothpick, lovage, hemp, he will chew. We recommend flagroot to these Kansas City policemen. It will sweeten their breath when they smile on the ladies escorted by them across the perilous street.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BELOW STANDARD

First Programme of 27th Season Made up of Familiar Compositions.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first concert of the 27th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Suite in D major, No. 3, for orchestra.... Bach
Symphony in G minor..... Mozart
"Pastoral" symphony, No. 6..... Beethoven

Dr. Muck was welcomed heartily and there was liberal applause after various movements of the three familiar compositions. It may also be said that the applause was at times generous, for the performance as a whole was below the standard of the orchestra in the matter of euphony and also of precision.

It is not necessary at this time to inquire too anxiously into the causes of the falling off in quality of tone, in decision of attack and in finesse of en-

semble. There are several new players, the former members have been scattered through the summer; there has been little time for rigorous rehearsal. The compositions by Bach and Mozart are admirably suited to the purpose of exhibiting as in white light any shortcomings in essentials of perfect ensemble.

That there was too often an absence of precision might perhaps have been expected in view of the circumstances, but that there should have been so often a lack of the delightful tonal quality, the euphony that has made this orchestra distinguished above other orchestras, was indeed a surprise. It is enough to repeat that the concert was the first of the season, and that there had not been sufficient rehearsal.

New Members Men of Pith.

For, however desirous Dr. Muck may be to obtain dramatic contrasts, however zealous he may be in his striving after forcible accentuation, he has shown in the past his care for quality and proportion of tone. The new members of the orchestra are said to be men of pith, and as soon as all the players are accustomed to each other and earnest individualities are blended in ensemble, there will be no doubt a full display of the qualities that have long set this orchestra apart from others and won for it the highest praise.

The works chosen for performance are familiar to all. A certain rigidity in the singing of the Bach aria arose probably from fear of falling into the slough of sentimentalism. The feature of Mozart's symphony last night was Dr. Muck's interpretation of the minuet, which was unusually effective, as was in a little less degree his reading of the andante. His conception of the "Pastoral" was sane and fresh, but in all the works performed, as I have said, the orchestra was not heard in its old-time tonal beauty or splendor.

The programme of the concert this week will be as follows: "Wallenstein," trilogy, after the dramatic poem of Schiller, Vincent d'Indy; Liszt's concerto in A major for pianoforte (Mr. Rudolph Ganz, pianist); Wagner's "Emperor's" march. The trilogy of d'Indy is one of the early works of this distinguished composer. It was begun in 1878 and completed about 1881. One of the movements was played in Paris as early as 1874, but the trilogy as a whole was not performed till 1885. The three movements are entitled: "Wallenstein's Camp"; "Max and Thakia"; "The Death of Wallenstein." Mr. Seidl brought out the trilogy in New York in 1888.

NEW MUSIC AT ENGLISH FESTIVALS

Let us add to the list of new works produced recently in England which was published last Sunday. At the Cardiff Musical Festival Sept. 25, Hamilton Harty's music to Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," and Arthur Herve's "Summer," a tone-poem for orchestra, were performed for the first time. Mr. Harty visited the United States as the pianist for Miss Hall, and he then proved himself an accomplished accompanist. His new ode is for soprano (or tenor) voice and orchestra. The singer was Agnes Nichols, the wife of the composer. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Mr. Harty has been extraordinarily successful in reflecting the beautiful atmosphere of the poem, and his music at times rises to unusual heights of lyrical charm and tender expression. Signs of immaturity in style are apparent now and then, particularly in the use of sequences of rather an obvious pattern; but the evident sincerity of the whole and the way in which the reflective spirit of the words has been illustrated rather than the employment of a purely descriptive method make one feel confident in expecting valuable work in the future from the composer. The orchestration is excellent."

Mr. Herve's "Summer" illustrates a summer day, a passing storm, "and the reappearance of the sun with a greater glow and beauty over the harvest landscape." It appears that the melodic material is not always significant, but the symphonic poem is scored "with a master hand," and the music has "undeniable strength and picturesqueness."

Grandville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," part II., was also produced at Cardiff, Sept. 25. The first part was produced at the Birmingham festival last October. It dealt with the next 54 stanzas. Part II. includes the next 27, and part III. will take in the remaining stanzas. In part II. there is necessarily little romantic element, and the interest is chiefly philosophical. The Poet, Beloved and Philosopher were represented by John Coates, Mr. Pfrangon Davies and Mme. Kirkby Lunn. Mr. Davies was undoubtedly the Philosopher. The strings are divided into two separate and complete bands. "There is a certain spaciousness about all Mr. Bantock's music; he never seems to fail to produce exactly the effect that he wants, especially in the orchestration, where a knowledge of the capabilities of each instrument is combined with an accurate sense of balance of tone-color, in whatever fashion they are employed together, while overhauling his music is the feeling that it is the result of highly concentrated thought. It must be confessed, though, that on examining this new work closely disappointment is felt at the emotional



Marie Herites, Violinist.

Marie Herites, born in Bohemia, pupil of Sevcik, will visit the United States this season. Since 1902, when she first won fame at Prague, she has given concerts in Germany, France, England and Russia.

quality of much of the material employed. The composer seems to be much more intent on achieving a pictorial representation of the idea to be expressed. The net result so often is that one says, "How picturesque!" rather than "how beautiful!" From this point of view the work improves toward the end. The solo, "The Moving Finger Writes," the trio, "What! Out of Senseless Nothing," and the last stanzas make distinctly the strongest emotional appeal. The writing for the chorus is the least interesting, technically and otherwise; there can be no doubt that the composer's greatest talent lies in his orchestration, which throughout is extremely powerful, and when at its loudest never noisy. Mr. Bantock's use of the brass is especially to be praised."

On Sept. 26, Sir Hubert Parry's symphonic poem "A Vision of Life," for soprano, bass, chorus and orchestra, was performed for the first time. The text is by the composer. It illustrates the ceaseless procession of humanity, from the aimless wandering of past ages, through the period of a self-sufficing joy in living, and with its consequent strife for power, to a time when the way shall be won—as the text has it—To fellowship boundless and frank as the sea. To all good will—To all the light of day, and hearts that beat high in a world of the free! The idea is a fine one and eminently suitable for that peculiarly reflective style of musical composition which is one of Sir Hubert Parry's strong points. The text is full of finely expressed phrases in a very free rhythm of language, which naturally makes for a corresponding freedom in the musical setting. What may be called the characters of the poem are the Dreamer, bass, "The Spirit of the Vision," soprano, and "The Dream Voices," chorus. It is the Dreamer who asks the meaning of living, the Spirit gives the answer, while the Voices act much like the chorus in a Greek play, emphasizing and developing each fresh idea as it is presented. To this text Sir Hubert Parry has written some very fine music. The choruses especially are remarkable for their variety, freedom of treatment, and breadth of expression. * * * The work may be accepted, in fact, as one of the most powerful that have yet come from the composer's pen. A point worth mentioning is the splendid way in which the music grows in intensity of feeling as the idea of the text is developed.

It is a pleasure to find the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette speaking discriminatively of Sullivan's "Golden Legend." He characterizes it as "an unequal work, its technique is so vastly better than its thematic material, much of which is sentimental to a degree, and much else dull."

Two "new" operas were performed at London for the first time (Sept. 6) by the Moody-Manners company. The story of "Sarenga," text by Avon Marsh, music by Hermann Loehr, is one of a father's vengeance on his daughter's betrayer. The text is dramatic and the music contains "all the elements of immediate popularity." It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine how this music sounds, especially as we learn that there are jovial choruses for the villagers and a spirited soldier's song for the tenor. "Greysteel"—has it not already been performed in England?—is founded on the Icelandic Saga "Gisli the Soursop." The text is by R. Gatty and the music by Nicholas Gatty. "The story is a striking one, but some of the language in which it is told is crude in the extreme, and the repeated references to the sword as 'my sturdy chopper' at last provoked a rather audible titter. Mr. Nicholas Gatty's score is exceedingly

modern in spirit. When we say that it was listened to with the deepest interest by the audience from beginning to end without once being interrupted with applause, we have sufficiently indicated the composer's brave disdain of conventional forms. The singers have difficult music to cope with, but it is always apposite as well as expressive; while the work for the orchestra is a constant delight, crowded with delicious moments. Miss Crichon as Ingibjorga, Mr. Charles Carter as Gisl, and Mr. Frederick Earle as one Kol, a thrall, all sang and acted well; and after the fall of the curtain the composer was the object of another enthusiastic demonstration, being twice recalled.

The singers in "Sareena" were Kate Anderson, Miss Hardinge, Messrs. O'Mara, Lewis James and Charles Magrath.

English orchestral music by members of the younger school is very little known in this country, or, in fact, anywhere, except in England. Dr. McK. frankly said that this music has not yet been brought to his attention. This shows the modesty of the composers and the still more incredible modesty of the

publishers. Yet these Englishmen who express their thoughts in orchestral music are not idle, the number of composers is steadily increasing, and there seems to be an audience willing to listen to them. As the Daily Telegraph puts it: "It is no longer the custom to rush off to the refreshment bars when a new work by a British composer is brought forward."

Mr. Henry J. Wood has already produced new orchestral works by British composers at the Promenade concerts, and the more important have been noticed in The Herald. Others announced for performance are Felix H. White's "Shylock" overture, Edward Isaacs' concerto in C-sharp minor, Frank H. Bridge's symphonic poem, "Isabella"; comedy-overture by Hamilton Harty; rhapsody for orchestra by Frederic Austin, the baritone vocalist; piano concerto in C minor by Fritz Dellus, and a new concert piece in D minor for violin and orchestra by Miss Ethel Barns, who will introduce her own work. Havergal Brian is also to contribute an overture, "For Valor."

Is it not possible that one of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's fantastical symphonic poems might please a Boston Symphony audience?

It is a good thing to know what other cities of this country are to hear this season. The Philadelphia orchestra will give 22 afternoon and 23 evening performances. Mr. Carl Pohlig, the new conductor, will bring out some "novelties." "Among those composers whom I will show you for the first time is Noren of Berlin, whose work from obscurity recently broke like a storm upon Germany. The work of this good friend of mine has never been played in America. Then there will be Richard Strauss and Max Reger. Which is the greater of these two towering musical forces of Germany? Strauss, in my mind." So Richard Strauss and Reger are unfamiliar names in this country? Mr. Pohlig is a great reader of Shakespeare—"for all the arts are identical, you know"—and he learned the game of tennis at Bayreuth. He may have "a calm face, a majestic forehead, dominant brows"—to quote from the Public Ledger; but he has much to learn about the acquaintance of American audiences with modern music. Mr. Pohlig, by the way, will introduce his own "Hero's Death and Apotheosis." The variations by Noren, it is understood, are to be played here at a Boston Symphony concert.

The soloists at the Philadelphia concerts will be Mmes. Carreno, Gadske, Ziesler, Samaroff, de Moss, Schumann-Heink, de Cisneros, Goodson, Messrs. de Pachmann, Hofmann, Buhlig, de Gogorza, Rich, Leppson, Hutcheson, Kreisler, Hambourg, Bauer, Britt, Elman and others.

It is a pity that Mr. Jean Gerardy, a most distinguished cellist, will apparently not be heard in Boston with the Symphony orchestra this season.

Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Society will have a 20 weeks' season in Carnegie Hall. D'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain" (three symphonic pictures), Mahler's No. 7, and Chadwick's No. 3, will be among the symphonies, and Tchaikowsky's opera "Eugen Onegin" will be given in concert form, with Mr. de Gogorza as the hero. Among the soloists announced are Mmes. Carreno, Fames, Schumann-Heink, Ziesler, and Messrs. Bauer, Hofmann, Kreisler.

The Russian Symphony Society will give symphonies by Arenski, Sibelius (No. III.), Rachmaninoff (No. II.), Tameleff (No. 2), Scriabine and Vasilenko, and many unfamiliar pieces, as Liadoff's suite "To Maeterlinck," Sachnovsky's No. 1 Spencliaroff's "Crimean Sketches," Tcherapnin's "In Armida's Bower."

The Baltimore Oratorio Society will perform Hamerik's "Life, Death and Immortality," a short work by Saint-Saens, and one by Wolf-Ferrari. All these works have been composed for the society. Mr. Humperdinck declared that unless he were assured \$1250 from the first performance it would not be worth while to write a work.

Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, who sang at the Worcester festival, was the originator, it is said, of the trial divorce. I quote from the Milwaukee Journal: "She had been married quite some time when she and her husband contemplated divorce. But Mrs. Rider-Kelsey was not quite certain whether or not she wanted a separation. She decided on a trial divorce, just to see how it went. The two separated, and did not see or hear of each other for months. It was a trial divorce that the beautiful singer said would, if practised widely, save innumerable heartaches."

Mme. Nordica was deeply moved by the death of Grieg. This is the way in which she expressed her emotion, if the report be trustworthy. "She said softly: 'I am so sorry. He has often been in my thoughts of late. Only this morning I was practising some of his music.'"

KNEISEL CONCERTS.

The Kniesel Quartet—Messrs. Franz Kniesel, Julius Roentgen, Louis Sveenski and Willem Willeke—will give the concerts of its 23d season in Boston in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, Jan. 14, Feb. 18, March 17. The programme will include these pieces: Beethoven, quartet in F, op. 38, in F, op. 59, in C-sharp minor, op. 131, in B flat major, op. 97; Boellmann, quartet in F minor, op. 10; Brahms, quintet in G major, trio in C minor; Faure, piano quintet; Franck, quartet in D major; Loeffler, quintet for three violins, viola and cello; Mendelssohn, quartet in D major, op. 44, No. 1; Mosart, quartet in D minor; Schumann, quartet in A minor, op. 41; Smetana, quartet in E minor. The assistants will be these pianists: Mmes. Goodson and Samaroff, Messrs. Bauer, Ganz, Gebhardt and others.

Subscribers to last season's concerts will have the privilege of securing the same seats if they will apply to the Boston Music Company, 23 West street, on or before Oct. 19. General subscriptions may be secured on and after Oct. 21. Sale of single tickets at the Boston Music Company two weeks before each concert.

MR. DEBUCHY'S CONCERT.

Mr. Albert Debuchy, formerly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announces a concert of French theatrical and romantic music by an orchestra of 63 professional players of Boston and New York, including leading wind instrument players, cello and harp from the New York Symphony Orchestra with Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone. The concert will be given in Jordan Hall Monday evening, the 25th. The programme will include orchestral pieces from operas by Bruneau, Gounod, LaLo, Bizet, Massenet, Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Godard. Mr. Gilbert will sing airs from "Lakme," "Damnation of Faust" and the Drum Major's air from Thomas' "Le Caid." Mr. Debuchy will conduct.

Mr. Debuchy has compiled a handsomely printed and illustrated programme book of 154 pages with interesting accounts of the composers represented, of the operas from which the selections will be made, etc. Further particulars will be given next Sunday.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its usual number of six concerts in Sanders Theatre at Harvard University during the coming winter. The dates for them are Thursday evenings, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, March 12 and April 23. The period for renewals of last year's subscribers will expire on Wednesday, Oct. 16, and the public sale for new subscribers will open at Seaver's Book Store in Harvard Square. Among the soloists who will appear during the season are Mrs. Helen Hight, contralto; Mme. Samaroff, pianist; Mr. Carl Wendling, violinist, and Mr. Louis Bachner, pianist.

Mr. John Orth of Boston gave a successful piano recital at Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J., Oct. 11.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. 4.

Mme. Samaroff will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall, Monday afternoon, the 28th. The sale of seats will begin at Symphony Hall next Friday.

The Hoffmann quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland and Barth) will give three concerts this, its 16th, season in Potter Hall. It will be assisted by Mmes. Beach and Downer Eaton, Mr. Louis Bachner and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Works by Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, Debussy, Foote and others will be performed as well as a piano quintet (ms) by Hadley and a new piano quintet (ms) by Mrs. Beach. Seats will be on sale at Symphony Hall after Oct. 20.

MUSICAL MASS MEETING.

Addresses This Afternoon by Frank Damrosch and President Eliot.

With a view to affording a more general acquaintance with the objects and methods of the People's Choral Union of Boston a mass meeting in its interest is announced at Symphony Hall for this afternoon at 2 o'clock. President Henry G. Pickering presiding, to which all who are interested in choral music are cordially invited.

President Eliot of Harvard College has accepted an invitation to attend and deliver an address and a number of other distinguished friends of musical education will be present. Mr. Frank Damrosch, who has for many years directed the choral unions of New York city, is coming to give his advice and explain the workings of the New York union.

There will be a large chorus made up from members of the union in former years, and with the assistance of Miss Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto; Mr. George J. Parker, tenor, and Mr. Charles Delmont, bass, portions of Handel's "Samson" will be sung during the meeting.

Under the direction of Mr. Damrosch, there will be an opportunity given the audience to show the result of local teaching in sight singing.

The primary object of the People's Choral Union, as stated in its constitution, is "to promote the love and culture of music among working men and women by means of sight singing classes and choral singing and by popularizing good music of all kinds."

Men and Things

THIS is to be a season of gorgeous cravats. We learn this from no ordinary designer, promoter, or seller of "neckwear." We have not read the statement in an editorial column of the Sun. Our esteemed contemporary and sartorial adviser, the Providence Journal, is mute. Mr. John Wanamaker, the distinguished philanthropist, is our authority, and he is both great and good. He purposes to make "the most comprehensive showing of men's scarfs yet presented."

Some of the most distinctive—he says "the most distinctive," but we recognize rivals in taste—patterns of these wondrous goods, "wonderfully rich weaves," are in the "Game Plumage effects—like the breast of a pheasant—rich greens, browns, tans and reds in handsome combinations." But what we wish to know definitely, is there correlation of ornaments in distantly allied groups of cravats?

Why should Mr. Wanamaker liken his cravats to the crests of certain pheasants? There is for example, the golden pheasant (Chrysolophus or Thaumalea pictus), an inhabitant of Tibet and China. He has an occipital crest of golden yellow plumes and also a hood or cowl, reaching from the nape to the shanaders, of orange red barred with black—a sweet pattern for an afternoon tea. There is Amherst's pheasant, with a blood red crest, and with white cowl encircled by bars of metallic bluish black—perhaps a more chaste effect, well suited to widowers with hopes.

Why should there be no reference to tails and wings, to gorgets and beards? Look at the wing feathers of the Argus pheasant (Argusianus giganteus) with secondary quills, each of them ornamented with a remarkably shaded row of ocelli on the outer web, and also superbly striped with rows of smaller spots. And why should Mr. Wanamaker confine himself to pheasants when there are still more resplendent birds?

Men of quiet tastes will choose "the dignified, but often striking, foliage designs." One will flourish like a green bay tree, another will remind the beholder of varnished autumn leaves; still another may incite thoughts of the sumac in October. There will be a wide choice of "sexual adornments," as ornithologists name the rich colorings of male birds. And we are pleased to see the male asserting his rights. Is not man nobler than the bird? And in the kingdom of birds the male is far more resplendent than his mate.

"Hamlet" has been burlesqued again, not by some rising young American tragedian, but in a deliberately farcical spirit. Mr. Pellissier of London has written "Hamlet: a Musical Tragedy." The new Hamlet drinks the spirit of his lamented father. Polonius wears kilts and speaks in Scotch. Ophelia sings at her own graveside. The duel is a wrestling match; the play scene is a variety show. The last burlesque of "Hamlet," we remember, was that of George L. Fox, in which that admirable comedian and clown parodied so irresistibly the impersonation of Edwin Booth that Booth himself was roused from melancholy and laughed heartily as a spectator.

Mme. Nordica is home again, eager to see the rise of the walls of her American-Girl-Saving-Institution-on-the-Hudson. Meanwhile envious Europeans and desperate villains, baffled at seeing their prey—sopranos and altos—escape them, say through the foreign newspapers that the Hudson is chock-full of malaria and is the breeding place of mosquitoes. "All the really influential people in Europe are with me," Tolstol and King Edward, the Pope and the Kaiser are straining every nerve to help her. Whom, then, should she fear?

Some of our readers may remember the sad case of Mr. Robert K. Hill of Chicago. He was praised right out in a W. C. T. U. meeting by Miss Mary Kennedy for being a model husband. When Mrs. Hill is belated by long meetings and much verbal endeavor, Mr. Hill does not fret and fume at the window, fear accidents, wonder where she is, or leave the house with a slamming of the door, and a fierce though suddenly acquired thirst. "We have

found Mr. Hill," said Miss Kennedy, "in the kitchen with the dinner in preparation. The potatoes were boiling on the stove; the corn was nicely husked."

Mr. Hill has at last been heard. He admits that he has a happy home and a "splendid wife"; he regrets the "notoriety" thrust upon him, but he will not deny that he is a master hand at preparing a dinner of corned beef and cabbage; that he can mash potatoes like a professional; and at last he cries out, "I am proud to be considered a model husband."

His theory is this: "If all husbands did as much to make home life pleasant as I try to do, the reform organizations of women would have little to reform. I believe it is my duty to attend to my share of the work." But Mr. Hill has established a dangerous precedent, and there are some who will say that he should be sent to the foolish house.

Mr. Charles M. Dyer of Cloverdale also has theories about the "scientific improvement of the human race by advanced methods," which, by the way, have brought him into conflict with the postoffice authorities, but the "guiding stars" of his life are "Free Labor," "Free Love" and "Free Thought." Why not "Free Beer"? Is not that a guiding star of the first magnitude?

Mr. Arthur Albert Steer, an Englishman, was buried last April, and the funeral was properly conducted. To the amazement of the coroner who sat upon him he appeared before him a fortnight ago in a new blue serge suit, tan colored boots and a pair of gold rimmed eyeglasses. He had not been buried, he said; was not even dead. It appears that his relations, who had identified a body found in the river, remembered that Mr. Steer was shy as to one eye, and they were willing to go one eye on the identification, but they overlooked the fact that while Mr. Steer had no right eye, the corpse was lacking the left. Now if Mr. Steer had sported a glass eye, the mistake might have been excusable, for when a man has a glass eye, it is ten to one that his nearest friend could not swear positively whether it were the right or left. He would feel the baleful glare, but he could not particularize.

Anna Held Greeted in "The Parisian Model"

Colonial Theatre Crowded to the Doors with Audience of First-Nighters.

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Parisian Model," musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, music by Max Hoffmann, performed in Boston for the first time. The cast was as follows:

Callot.....Eugene Redding
Violette.....Edith Decker
Hercule.....F. Stanton Heck
Julien de Marsay.....Heard Leon
Silas Goldmunch.....Otis Harlan
Anna.....Anna Held
Carver Stone.....George Wharlock
Celeste.....Roma Snyder
Mrs. Silas Goldmunch.....Mabella Baker

When Richard Strauss' "Salome" was removed from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House on account of the virtuous indignation of directors and a daughter or maiden aunt, there was this cry of protest: "And yet 'The Parisian Model' crowds the theatre and nothing is said against it." Naturally there was lively anticipation here to see Anna Held and her young stage sisters, nor was this anticipation dampened when it was learned that Mr. Otis Harlan would be the leading comedian. The gilded youth rushed eagerly to the box office and old men dreamed dreams and saw visions.

For had it not been rumored that this play outstripped all stage performances since Bathylus in the pantomime of Leda and dancing the cordax aroused the savage ire of the Roman satirist, or since Theodora gave on the Byzantine stage the memorable performance described by Procopius and referred to with a snicker by Gibbon in a footnote and in the obscurity of the original Greek?

The theatre, then, was crowded last night with an expectant audience. It must be confessed that many were disappointed; the fond hopes of many were dashed. As a matter of fact, there was little in the play to arouse the attention of the young amorist or to entertain experienced explorers in the stage borderland of impropriety. Whenever there was anything that might be condemned by the prudently prudish, it was coarse rather than lubricious, and dull instead of being exciting.

The scenes that were applauded with the most zest and those that will make the performance popular were innocuous. There was one scene that gave scandalous promise, the one where the artists' models were apparently to be revealed undraped, but this scene was skillfully managed. The chorus of girls with bells

on their toes would shock only those who sympathize with the traditional Queen of Spain.

The piece itself, stripped of its fictitious reputation, is merely a vehicle for the exhibition of the personality and costumes of Miss Held, of many exceedingly active young women, some of whom are shapely and some of whom are pretty, of effective dressing and lighting, and of indefatigable stage management. The story itself is of the slightest consequence. It is only just to say that the topical song, "In Washington," which fell to the lot of Mr. Harlan, is the dearest example of this form of lyricism that we have heard in long and laborious years. The musical numbers that rise above animated jingle are "A Lesson in Kissing," the songs sung by Mr. Leon in the second act, and the duet, "It's Delightful to Be Married," pretty in itself, and sung with true charm by Miss Held and Mr. Leon.

It is too late in the day to inquire into the popularity of Miss Held. You either like her or you do not like her, and those who do like her are in a great majority. Let us bow to the will of the people. They fondly believe she is a typical Parisienne, and they would insist strenuously that she is "chic," not knowing that this word is now highly respectable and admitted by grave Academicians into the French dictionary. Her personality, which gives so many pleasure, was fully revealed last evening and, as ever, she was warmly applauded. Of the others in the company there is little to be said. Mr. Harlan as a comedian shrinks into insignificance in the presence of the conductor, Mr. Maurice Levi. "The Parisian Model" is, indeed, personally conducted.

The production is, on the whole, a sumptuous one. The theatre will undoubtedly be crowded during the engagement, for the performance has the elements of immediate popularity, from the exhibition of Miss Held's dresses at the beginning to the skating rink in the last scene, from the "undresses" of the more conspicuous in the chorus to the incredible rush and fury of the choric evolutions. There were a few tunes that were at once caught up by the crowd, whistled in the theatre and also after the fall of the curtain. One of the pleasantest recollections of the performance is the manly, straightforward and effective singing of Mr. Leon. The chief attraction to the great mass of theatre-goers will be the "ever womanly," and this will draw them to the box office. But the piece itself is rubbish.

"La Sonnambula," the Castle Square Bill

Bellini's Grand Opera Was Given Last Night---Mr. Tallman Returns to Company. K.L.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"La Sonnambula," Bellini's grand opera in our acts. The cast:

Count Rudolph.....J. K. Murray
heresa.....Miss Louise Le Baron
mina.....Miss Alice Kraft Benson
isa.....Miss Lois Hall
vino.....George Tallman
Notary.....George White
lexis.....George Shields
The Herald said last week in its review of "The Beggar Student," at this theatre, that the work itself possessed certain qualities which lent a fictitious nimation, even when the performance was ragged or insecure. This is not true of Bellini's opera. It requires a smooth and finished, not to say an exquisite, performance, and there are pages that, under any other circumstances, are inufferably dull. The performance last evening limped badly, and there were moments when it had not a leg to stand n. Singers as well as hearers fell victims to the recitatives, and the insecurity natural on a first night was more marked than usual, chiefly in the business of the chorus. The singing of the utter was reckless, and that portion of most inclined to sing out of tune was so often the loudest. Certain flaws were badly condoned in a first performance, even of a revival, especially when the company has the difficult task of learning a different work each week, but it does not seem unfair to judge last evening's performance by other performances of the same company—and it has one smooth and admirable work under milar circumstances.

Mr. Tallman was welcomed heartily in onor of his return to the company. He ung and acted with animation, but his rformance was marred by certain annerisms.

Miss Benson gave pleasure by her nging, and there were repetitions. Mr. urray was not familiar with his part, iss Le Baron did well in a small part. The orchestra was often inconsiderate. The opera next week will be Auber's Fra Diavolo."

Men and Things

MR. W. J. NICOL, or Nicoll, for, we regret to say, the cablegrams differ in this matter of spelling, an English schoolmaster who is only o eager to prove that the true author Shakespeare's plays and poems was t Bacon, Marlowe, Ignatius Donnelly, even Mr. Hall Caine, but the third at of Southampton, who in his spare me threw off the dramas and poems tributed to Christopher Marlowe. It seems to us that we read something

like this some years ago.

Mr. Nicoll says that Shakespeare was "a plebeian with a plebeian mind." This statement may persuade Mr. Barrett Wendell into the acceptance of the Nicollian Southamptonian theory, for Mr. Wendell believes firmly that a genius, a real true genius, must first of all be a gentleman—and Mr. Wendell has his own definition of the term "gentleman." Shakespeare being a plebeian is necessarily thrown on Mr. Wendell's dust heap to join Poe, Whitman and other rude persons who had the effrontery to write.

It is a pleasure to know that Mme. Calve appreciates the apples of Maine, and that she purposes to take a barrel of them with her on her concert tour. They are better than prunes, Mme. Calve has probably read the declaration of her distinguished compatriot, Prof. Trouessart, to the effect that there is a well defined connection between prunes and baldness. By the way, is there any connection between hirsuteness and the coconut? No one has yet accounted for the hair on the outside of the seed of the coconut.

With all the talk at present about affinities, it is singular that no one has recalled the adventure of Artemus Ward at Berlin Heights, O., at the beginning of the civil war. "A perfectly orful lookin' female" appeared at the door of his tent. "Her gownd was skanderlously short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

"She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin' back she sed, in a wild voice:

"'Ah, can it be?"

"'Which?' said I.

"'Yes, 'tis trod, O, 'tis trod!"

"'15 cents, marm, I ansered.

"She clung to me and sed:

"'You air my Affinerty!"

"'What upon arth is that?' I shout-

ed. "Dost thou not know?"

"'No, I dosent!"

"'Listen, man, and I'll tell ye!' sed the strange female; 'for years I have yearned for thee, I know'd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho' I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O, 'tis too mutch! too mutch!' and she sobbed agin."

"'Yes,' I ansered, 'I think it is a darn site too mutch!'"

An Englishman who said that he had never done voluntarily an hour's work in his life slept calmly in the dock of a London suburban criminal court while the justice was considering what he should do with him. Dr. Wilson examined the accused and diagnosed his disease as "ergophobia," fear of work. This disease, by no means uncommon, is known in this country as spring fever.

The word "ergophobia," though it would seem coined by Dr. Wilson, is not brand new. A London medical journal discussed the disease thus named early in 1905, and a London counsel for an employer who sought to terminate an award made under the workman's compensation act, said in court: "Ergophobia: from 'ergon' and 'phobos.' It means a hatred or terror of work." But when he added that the disease was new and that it was becoming prevalent, the judge called him down and said: "Why, it is a common disease. I have been familiar with it all my life." He might have said that the disease is endemic. We all suffer from it at times. Fortunately for many of us, we are not subjected to an ergometer.

A young New Jersey lawyer who began his career as a messenger boy wedded a countess' sister a few days ago, and there was exclamatory comment on his rise from a humble beginning to a proud eminence. There was a time when the average railway president began life as a water boy in the train. He afterward sold "sponge and jelly cake," "pop-corn," "chewing gum," which he called out in compelling tones. Then he became a brakeman, conductor of a freight train, and rose higher and still higher. Today railway presidents are made of a different timber.

It is said that a blue sapphire found recently in Ceylon is the largest in the world, for, cut and polished, it weighs 466 carats. Fortunately, the beneficence of the sapphire to the wearer does not depend on the weight. That the stone is the mother of the carbuncle may be a fable. This is known: that it lighteneth the wearer's body and keepeth and saveth his limbs whole and sound. It tends toward peacefulness; it abates the heat of parching fevers; it comforts the heart, and if you put a spider in a box and hold a sapphire at the mouth of this box, the spider "is overcome and dieth, as it were suddenly." For the professional or amateur necromancer the stone is invaluable. "This stone bringeth men out of prison bonds and undoeth gates and bonds that it toucheth." (This is possibly the secret of Mr. Houdini.) The sapphire also puts away all thought of envy and fear, but it will serve only him that is a Galahad.

A HIGH OFFICE.

In this age of irreverence it is a pleasure to find that the office of sheriff is taken seriously in London. A few days ago, when Mr. Sheriff-elect Wakefield was presented with his badge and chain of office, a diamond muff chain was given to Mrs. Wakefield as a memento of the occasion, and Alderman Alliston made a speech. The chain of office was of eighteen-carat gold. The speech was far above rubies.

For Alderman Alliston mourned the present tendency to lower and to belittle the sacred office of sheriff. There were persons, he said, who crack rather low and coarse jokes with regard to sheriffs and the hangman's rope. People thought it right to raise a laugh at the association, but it gave him pain. He hoped that, with "the inception of the New Bailey, they would have a higher code of manners." He felt that "any gentleman responsible for the carrying out of the law, especially that awful and ghastly ceremony of the last dread penalty, must shudder at the thought of the performance, and that he should be spared a laugh concerning it. There were cries of "Hear! Hear!"

There was a time in New England county towns when the sheriff was a figure of awful majesty. He was the incarnation of the dignity of the law. With a gold button on a high hat he preceded the judge into the court room. When he hung his emblematic hat on the pole near his allotted seat the most irrepressible youngster playing hooky was conscious of the presence of Justice. The judge himself addressed the sheriff as a person to be considered, to be consulted. This dignity marked the sheriff in his daily walks abroad. Yet it was whispered that at heart he was a kindly soul, and at his table in the jail—for he occasionally entertained there persons other than those for whom the state paid board—he had been known to indulge in light and airy conversation. But in public, in the street, at town meeting, as in court, he was robed in the terror of the law. Even a murderer on his way to the gallows declared the approaching action to be wholly impersonal. He saw not a mere man with trousers and whisks, but the solemn avenger of society, the impassive instrument of justice. And in those days there was no thought of graft. A look from the sheriff would have frozen the base suspicion before it could have found utterance.

Men and Things

A FEW days ago a "menu card," which, being interpreted, means a bill of fare, was printed for a Guildhall banquet in London, and a sketch of a female figure on the bill of fare, or bill of lading, as cheap humorists call it, was suggested, a note said, "by one of the late Sir John Tenniel's drawings." As a matter of fact Tenniel is alive and in good health at the age of 88. Punch misses him every week, and yet it would not be surprising if Sir John were better known to thousands-to come by his illustrations to the Alice books rather than by his political cartoons. And to think that an American illustrator had the nerve to draw fresh pictures for the immortal Alice and her strange companions!

A man or woman, famous for years, quits the loathed stage of activity and meditates, and invites the soul. After 12 months the once admired is dead to the bustling world, dead and properly buried. At the recent Worcester music festival there was a serious dispute as to whether Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who as conductor did so much for music in his day and for more than one generation, were still above the sod, and some who

would fain have paid him honor could not swear on either side. There is talk today in New York of a benefit to Rose Fytinge. How many theatregoers in Boston would have said positively that she were alive? A famous play actress, one of the few women whose ambition to impersonate Shakespeare's Cleopatra was not palpably absurd.

Mr. "Opeste"—or, possibly Oreste—Vessella, a passionate Vesuvian conductor, "the musical idol" of women at Atlantic City, sued for breach of promise, pleaded voluntary insolvency. He swore that all his worldly possessions consisted of two band uniforms, a "Tuxedo" suit, a pair of cuff buttons, two trunks full of music and a watch. No underclothes, no stockings—and winter will soon be here. The band uniform may disguise the absence of alinen or soft shirt, but of what use is the "Tuxedo"?

There is only one spittoon for the Legislature of Michigan. The Detroit Free Press informs us, not by way of a joke, but in the dignity of a special dispatch from Lansing, that Gov. Warner, "through an oversight, failed to insert in his proclamation convening the Legislature in special session, an injunction to the members to bring back their cuspidors, and it is feared the carpets will suffer, as the board of state auditors is averse to issuing new cuspidors to the members." Let us hope that many of the legislators, if they use the abhorred weed in statesmanlike rumination, are self-consumers. Yet no state house, however stately its architecture may be, would appear sumptuously equipped unless each official were provided with a receptacle, chaste or Corinthian. The American would have expected to find "cuspidors" in the halls of the Montezumas and in the tombs of the Capulets.

Many men found pleasure in an article "How to Tell When Plants Require Watering." In the absence of the mistress of the house, one of the penalties of the husband's temporary freedom is the eternal vigilance he must exercise in this same matter of watering. Of course, he forgets the exact letter of his wife's instructions. There are the ferns, for instance. Should they be watered daily or three times a week? He consults his female friends and he finds they are not in full agreement. Should he flood the pot, or should he pour in a little every morning? He has read somewhere that the India rubber plant is carnivorous; that if you bury in its soil a favorite kitten or canary bird the plant will eagerly absorb the corpse. But how about water? Reasoning from analogy, the plant should shed water. On the other hand, if no moisture be supplied, why will not the plant crack?

Mr. David Bispham is singing again. His programme in New York last Sunday included "O Ruddier Than the Cherry," which has pleased battalions of hearers for many, many years. The critic of the Morning Telegraph referred gracefully to the "dear, sweet, dilapidated old" ditty, "long since the delight of the provincial English back drawing room, but which to us eager and sophisticated New Yorkers can only be productive of murky tedium and heavy resentment. Mr. Bispham's turbid and confused enunciation charitably saved us much of its spurious and schoolboyish ecstasy."

CONCERT FOYER

Protuberances in Choir Lofts and Wondrous Musical Fads and Fancies.

THAT BERLIN OPERA HOUSE COMMOTION

BY PHILIP HALE.

THAT the noses of German singers at the Berlin Royal Opera House are out of joint is not surprising. The singers are distressed by the American invasion, by the enthusiasm aroused by singers who were not made in Germany.

The audiences of this opera house have been long-suffering for many years. While distinguished dramatic singers have occasionally been engaged by the various intendants, the singers as a rule have been vocally intolerable to strangers attending the

performances. During the two years I lived in Berlin it was rare to find any one of the leading singers faithful to the true pitch, and their manner of producing tones was generally barbarous; they gargled and gurgled; they howled or shrieked; they indulged themselves in all sorts of curious jugulation. If a singer could not sing an aria in an opera, it was calmly omitted. Thus Nlemann as Radames in 1882-84 did not even attempt to sing "Celeste Aida." As far as the performance of the opera was concerned, there was no such aria.

Miss Farrar's triumph in "Mme. Butterfly" fanned the fuse that had been smoldering. Hence the explosion. Mr. Putnam Griswold, an excellent bass, had been accepted. But that Mr. MacLennan, whom we all remember pleasantly here as a member of Mr. Savage's company, should be applauded on the royal stage, and that, too, when he sang in English, was lese-majeste, if not high treason. No one, by the way, is more enthusiastic over Miss Farrar than Mr. Spanuth, who, formerly the critic of the Staats-Zeitung of New York, now lives in Berlin and is the editor of the Signale, a well known music journal of Leipzig. His eulogy must distress those of his colleagues in New York who slated in bitter words Miss Farrar singing at the Metropolitan.

Miss Katharine Foote and Miss Lilla Ormond will give a song recital in Chickering Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 6. The programme will include duets by Foote, and songs by Brahms, Bradlee, Boelman, Colbourne, Gabriel Paure, Franz Foote, Grieg, Debussy, Max Heinrich, D'Indy, Schumann, Schliedre, Widor.

Mr. David Bispham's manager does not inform us concerning the diet and underwear of the baritone. He merely says: "In the history of American music no native male singer has won so firm a place in the affections of music lovers as Bispham," and lets it go at that.

The German journals tell of a pathetic concert which took place recently at Hamburg. It was given by a sister (soprano) and two brothers (pianist and cellist)—all blind. The sister's voice and skill were praised. The pianist holds the position of organist in a small town. Another brother, who is also blind, is studying composition in Berlin and works by him have been played with success.

"L. S." writes to The Herald: "I know a little plaid kitten who has a most extraordinary way of beating time with his tail. Sometimes he prefers 5-4. Do you think it possible that in some previous state of existence he could have heard Tchaikowsky's 'Pathetic' symphony? I have written to Mrs. Besant, but as yet I have not heard from her."

The Milan Opera company in San Francisco has a ballet attachment, but the Call of that city called it down on Oct. 4: "Nothing could have been worse than the ballet, which should not be dragged out again. The dancers had neither grace nor fairness and were as diverting as a corps of undertakers. It was unfair, but nearly the entire audience fell into hysterics over the performance of the befrilled dames, who were surely old enough to know better."

Managers in the West have their troubles, even with hired musicians. Dr. Richard Ray, owner of the Olympia Theatre, Kansas City, thus explained a badly bruised face and two scalp wounds: "My new piano player came down 15 minutes late this morning, so I fired her. Then her husband came down and broke his cane over my head."

The St. Louis Republic puts Mr. Joseph Sheehan as an operatic tenor above Bonci, Constantino, Dippel and Burgstaller. "There are those who hold that Mr. Sheehan is in many ways the equal, in some ways the superior, of Sig. Caruso. To this sentiment we cannot wholly subscribe." It appears that "the Italians have a low

tone in transposition that others do not touch. Indeed, superior musicians hold that it is an untrue note and that even the Italians abandon it when they have sung in other countries." Of course, Mr. Sheehan has not this "low tone in transposition," but he may have "a bit more of the virile touch."

Mr. Paderewski is devoted to hens. Not on the table, but in the coop and in the yard. It may be remembered by some that Mr. Emil Paur, when, as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, he lived in Jamaica Plain, was justly proud of his hens and would even leave a score of his beloved Richard Strauss to care for them tenderly.

Here is an extract from a recent and successful novel: "She played first some of Grieg's gayer pieces, then little bits from Schumann which laughed, and after that some tuneful melodies which had a sound of love and of mirth in them, and then a duetto, which was like the voices of a man and a woman speaking to each other."

Miss Emma Berri, a niece of Frank Flanner, the undertaker of Indianapolis, is a violinist who spent last summer at Mineral Wells, Tex. She is only 23, and she has dark eyes and "midnight" hair. She pleased the Texans; they rose at her; quarters, halves, dollars and bills rained upon the platform. The Indianapolis Star prints a portrait of her mounted on a burro, and she, Miss Berri, appears, indeed, eminently desirable. She is now debating whether to accept an offer to do the vaudeville circuits with the "Yassar Girls," so Boston may yet be favored.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown of Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa., have their own orchestra, after the manner of the

dukes and princes of the 18th century. They have nine daughters, who are "just natural musicians and play because they can't help playing." They have taken only a few lessons, but they are mistresses of violin, guitar, banjo, mandolin, cornet, flute, drum, piano and "several other instruments"—among them, no doubt, the sackbut, psaltery and high-sounding cymbals. This reminds me that at a meeting held in England there was an attempt made by a Scot to prove that the sackbut of the Bible was really the bagpipe. It also reminds me that Mr. Debuchy has imported a pair of cymbals with truly brilliant resonance for his concert of French music in Jordan Hall, the 28th, and that Dr. Muck brought with him a new pair of cymbals and a blood-curdling tam-tam for this Symphony season.

The choir director and solo bass of the Eastern Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., has resigned his position because the music committee of the church refused to enlarge the choir loft. Mr. Stanley, the director, weighs about 300 pounds. The niche where the director stands gave him a little room for the full expression of his vocally religious fervor. The Post thus explains his predicament: "When Mr. Stanley took charge of the three sopranos and single bass which constituted the chorus of the church a few weeks ago he decided to even up the balance and supply the alto and tenor of the middle voices. This he could easily accomplish with his own voluminous organ, if all the stops were let out and full power put on. The pedal notes of Mr. Stanley's register are said to be of that resounding, reverberating vibration which will carry along an anthem to its destination and completely obliterate any little defect such as the omission of the tenor and contralto portions annotated in the score. It was evident from the first to the musically inclined members of the congregation that Mr. Stanley is a devotee of the Shakespeare method of breathing, or, perhaps, some equally effective science of inhalation. There could have been no doubt that he has thoroughly imbibed all the theories of expansion, and it is understood that he never had any difficulty in breathing before he sang at the Eastern Presbyterian Church." The choir rail has a protuberance, and so has Mr. Stanley. Abdominal breathing was impossible for him. No wonder he resigned, for there was room for only one protuberance. Even Archimedes demanded a place to stand when he announced to his fellow-citizens that, if this were granted, he could move the world.

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Men and Things

No wonder that Mr. Brutus Jackson and other gentlemen of Louisiana, accustomed to hardships and violent exercise, are amazed at the activity and endurance of Mr. Roosevelt. They have learned from the magazines and the Sunday edition of the New York Times that the strongest man should eat for breakfast only fruit, or an egg with a little dry toast, or a small saucer of some morning blooming cereal; that if he eat meat, even in its most seductive form, as little sausages with buckwheat cakes on the same plate and plenty of maple sirup, he will be afflicted with rheumatism, gout, lumbago, diabetes and the disease that has preserved the name of one Bright; that eczema will crawl like a glacier from his neck to a hip; that he will have dim vision, an inclination to murder, and possibly lethargy. But President Roosevelt, deriding all magazine stories except those contributed by himself—and these are wrung from him only through his burning indignation against all woodsmen and hunters who have seen stranger sights than he has seen—ate heartily of cold meat and bread which he had put with statesmanlike precaution in his saddle pockets. To this he may have added a pickle or two taken from his waistcoat or from a holster.

O breakfast, what nonsense is written in thy name! The hearty and conservative Englishman exclaims: "Sir, the man who cannot eat a good breakfast must be living in the commission of habitual sin." Another says that the British breakfast is a national fetish. A foreigner insists that it is the device of woman to be rid of man, "and leave herself with a free hand til eventide." But "W. F. W." gives "the real reason why the Britisher loads up his digestive apparatus when it is least prepared for duty." It is "because it is a time-honored and most respectable and truly British thing to do. And he finds another name for dyspepsia."

Mr. George R. Sims, who as "Dagonet" is always telling the British public how hard he works, thinks that a man "whose time is his money should breakfast on a roll and coffee—or tea—in his bedroom while he is dressing. Just after his bath? Or while he is brushing his teeth? This does away with the sitting-down-to-breakfast function and gives an extra hour to the business

man." For luncheon this busy being should take fish "of the cheap and easily digested variety," bread and butter, a little fruit, and no liquid. For dinner a little fish, no soup, a little well-cooked meat, two well-cooked vegetables, one of them green, and stewed fruit. Mr. Sims writes 14 hours a day and his brain is always sizzling and bubbling. He has a basin of corn flour and two slices of bread and butter on his writing table at 10 P. M.: "So that I do not have to leave off work." We like to think of him spooning it with one hand and dashing off burning thoughts with the other. He eats his meat only at the "middle-day meal," but at 5 P. M. he takes a cup of "China tea" and two slices of bread and butter. For breakfast he has cocoa and a roll. He admits frankly that he lives in this way only because he is a hard working man; because he works 14 hours a day. "I don't by any means suggest that I am going to remain such a simple farer any longer than I can help."

The man that is always telling you about his work, how it weighs on him, how he has no time for himself, how it is surely killing him, after all excites little sympathy. In the first place, you suspect him of exaggeration. In the second place, you have no opportunity, such is his volubility, of telling him that you, too, work occasionally. Therefore you class him among the bores. The Goncourt brothers are tiresome in their journal when they inform us that their search after human documents and the one inevitable phrase of literary expression was crushing labor. Jules died, but Edmond kept up the whining. Flaubert himself wrote too much in his letters about the hours spent over a paragraph, a line. How jauntily the elder Dumas performed gigantic tasks! And it is not at all unlikely that Time will seat the elder Dumas far above the Goncourts and a little above Flaubert. For perfection of style is by no means the final test. It is only just to say that neither Flaubert nor either of the De Goncourts approached Dumas in the ease, elasticity, sparkle and naturalness of his dialogue when he was at his best.

Mr. Willy Hess, the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who is now in Europe, was fond of describing his terrible routine. "Just think of it! I had an orchestra rehearsal this morning, then I gave four lessons. I have just had a quartet rehearsal, now I give two more lessons, and then I must go to Fitchburg to play at a concert. O I am so tired! Mr. Smithers, I assure you this work is killing me!" Yet he seemed in sound health, and his natural amiability was not impaired.

A few days ago a clergyman advocated in all seriousness a return to old-time treatment of free-thinkers, infidels and heretics; though whether he preferred the rack to the strappado, or sawing asunder to something with boiling oil in it is not quite clear. He would sympathize with the action of the pastor of a negro church at Mt. Vernon, Ill. A peripatetic negro evangelist contended in the presence of a large street crowd that the prodigal went home, not because he wished to see his "dad," not because he was tired of husks and longed for veal, but because he wanted to see his "ma." The settled minister argued against this higher criticism. The teacher of the negro school backed the peripatetic. The settled minister then called the "professor" a liar and began to chew his ear. He had chewed off one-half of it when the discussion was interrupted by the police. It is said that the more thoughtful members of the congregation are against the higher criticism.

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SHOULD A CRITIC LAUGH?

A play, "Joujou Tragique," was performed twice at the Gymnase, Paris. It was literally laughed off the stage. We are not now concerned with the merits or faults of the drama as described in the Paris journals, or with the justice of the popular verdict. But it seems that the critics, the invited guests of the house, laughed as loudly as the "grande dame" or the "faneur." Had they in their judicial capacity any right to laugh?

If this drama had been a comedy, the manager might have complained of the critics because they sat as though depressed, sad, gloomy. There is all the difference in the world between laughing with and laughing against. But this drama was tragic,

to all intents and purposes. Was the laughter of a critic, then, ill-bred, unjudicial, unprofessional? Though all about him were roaring at incongruities and absurdities on the stage, should he have sat impassive, expressionless?

There are some managers who argue that, since a critic is invited to the theatre, he should no more find fault with the entertainment provided than he should criticise adversely the dinner of a host. Or they compare the theatre to a shop, and insist that it is not a critic's business to point out to the public the inferiority of any article offered for sale. But as long as criticism exists, and it has lived ever since Aristophanes jeered at the plays of Euripides, does not the critic owe a duty to the portion of the public that reads what he writes? Should he be only a passionate press agent?

The manager expects an article in return for a courtesy extended. He naturally hopes that the article will be favorable. We doubt whether any critic was ever pursued indignantly by a manager because the newspaper article was enthusiastic, although the manager may privately have wondered at the expressed opinion. It must be said, in all fairness, that few managers in this country resent an unfavorable criticism if the objections are reasonably taken, clearly expressed, without a too evident desire to be flippant and smart, and without personal malice. The manager, however, has a right to expect that any critic in his house should behave decently, that he should not voice loudly his dislike of play or performance, in his seat or in the lobby; that he should not show symptoms of extreme distress; that he should not fall asleep; that he should not join in any popular demonstration against the drama or the actors.

But laughter is contagious, and the critic is, after all, a human being, who is supposed to have a lively sense of humor. What is the poor wretch to do, if a serious play be, in fact, ridiculous, if an actor be incongruously grotesque? It is not given to every one to control his features, even at a funeral.

We have sometimes thought that it would be a good thing to confine the professional critics in a box with lattice work, that they might see and not be seen. It has been suggested that they might sit in their accustomed seats, but with masks. Few masks are wholly expressionless, and even if one were worn for comedy, another for tragedy, the critic's opinion of the stage work might be misunderstood by his neighbors.

THE New York Sun, reviewing a recently published book, began as follows: "A rattling sea story may always be expected from Mr. James Brendan Connolly—we regret to see the initial expanded." Others feel this regret.

There was a time when the American was known as a man of initials. Mr. Z. B. Pike, Mr. L. Q. Dickinson, Mr. G. W. Graves, were honest citizens, stalwart patriots. The bone and sinew of the republic parted neither hair nor name in the middle. George William Curtis and Charles Astor Bristed were considered by some effeminate for spelling out their names in full, or if they were not judged effeminate, unmanly, they were accused of putting on airs.

Then came a time when Mr. Z. S. Ferguson wrote his name Z. Swift Ferguson, and afterward he dropped the Zephaniah. A few years later Mrs. Ferguson, who had climbed successful—her thick skin and heavy purse were of great aid to her—inserted a hyphen between Swift and Ferguson. The youngest Swift-Ferguson girl was married recently to Percival Maynard-Smythe. What will the harvest be? Will there be a little John Ferguson-Maynard Smythe? Let us here say that Mr. Bradley Martin's name should not be written with a hyphen. His Christia

name is Bradley and he was the son of H. H. Martin of Albany, N. Y., a man of simple life and shrewd.

Now it is the fashion to spread the whole name over a visiting card, on a programme, on office paper. Little Laura Jones from Hockanum Ferry gives a concert. "Miss Laura Lorena Jones announces," etc. Joe Bigsby writes a sensational novel; the portrait of Mr. Joseph Manchester Bigsby appears forthwith in the Publisher's Corner. The French are sadly behind the times. They often have three or four names apiece, but as a rule they are modest and use only a Christian name with the name of the family. A young squirt may present his card: Mr. Schuyler Livingston Van Rensselaer Peck—he is still a little squirt.

To W. I. F.: Yes, children have been hanged in England. The youngest was a boy of 8 years named Dean, who was condemned for having, "with malice, revenge and cunning," burned two barns.

Mr. George Grayson of Washington, D. C., refused to pay for a glass of beer because there was not enough foam on it. The barkeeper swore that beer without a collar was better than beer with foam. Mr. Grayson argued that there should be enough froth to show that the beer is not dead. Judge Kimball decided against him and fined him \$5.

Judge Kimball is not deeply versed in beer. He should read the voluminous opinion of Chancellor Walworth of New York state in which the history of beer is traced with loving detail and engrossing digressions from the time the early Egyptians brewed. A man is entitled to froth, to a generous collar, but the collar should be fairly above the line of just measurement. There should be a half pint, or pint, or quart, as the case may be, of the substantial fluid, but there should be a crown of foam, as evidence that the beer is fresh. They manage these things better in Germany, where beer is taken seriously.

English blackberry jam bought at the grocer's is made, as a rule, from blackberries imported into England from Brittany. Last year 400 tons were carried by the London and Southwestern Railway Company, and the total number of tons carried by the same railway in 1903-'06 amounted to 2050. There are usually tons of blackberries grown in England, but there is no one to pick them. The laziness of the cottager is unintelligible, unless, as an English journal says, "It be a fact that blackberries which come all the way from the remote corners of Brittany can be brought to London more cheaply than those which grow within a few miles of the factories where they are converted into jams and jellies."

Mr. Thomas Wilson was found dead in bed at Altoona, Pa. He had almost swallowed a quid of tobacco while he was asleep, almost, but the quid stuck in his throat and choked him. This manner of going out of the world may seem to some vulgarly tragic, to others heroic. The old saw about the ruling passion strong in death will escape the barrier of many teeth. It is an open question whether the passion for strong drink or for chewing tobacco (plug, fine cut, or natural leaf sun-dried and undoctored) be the fiercer. There are men who have conquered their appetite for rum—we say rum, because we like the sound of the word, it is so reverberating, mouth-filling, sonorous; the word itself smells of rum. There are men who have stopped smoking and are not to be tempted. But confirmed, hardened chewers have a mightier struggle.

There are inveterate chewers of plug who make no outward sign. They do not look about anxiously for a Japanese vase in the parlor; they do not embroider exposed shirt fronts after the manner of the southern statesman of the good old days. Mr. Dickens would never have been moved by them to indignation. Yet they are sometimes caught unawares, and then it is a question of presence of mind. Almost any practised, well graced chewer can drink gayly and at the same time retain his quid, and we have known a man who could eat his dinner without inconvenience from the weed. The world was once more tolerant. We remember a clergyman of commanding stature, formidable weight, and indisputable parts, a Boanerges in a town of western Massachusetts in the 60's. When he would soar in lofty eloquence from the pulpit, he would take out a quid and put it carefully by the side

of the huge Bible with its ornate book-mark, worked anxiously by a spinster in the congregation. No one thought the less of the reverend gentleman. We remember, too, a southerner in college, who every morning at about 6 o'clock, would awake, take a quid and drink from a flask of gin, then sleep peacefully till the bell for prayers. But he died young.

DIARY OF CHOPIN^{act} WRITTEN IN POLISH

1907
Much About Poor "Rebecca,"
with Her English Violets
and Foot of Lead.

IS IT A RECORD OR
A CLEVER ROMANCE?

The Latest English Concert
Works—Programme for
Debuchy's Concert.

BY PHILIP HALE.

It seems that a diary written in Polish by Chopin has come to light, but how and where are questions not answered by Mr. Gaston Knosp, who quoted freely from the diary in a recent number of the Guide Musical. Of course, there are allusions to George Sand, and Mr. Knosp has something to say about them, as though enough had not been said already about the Sand-Chopin affair. Mr. Knosp insists that certain entries in this journal contradict some statements that have been regarded as authoritative, and if he says that Karasowski, one of Chopin's biographers, lied when he threw all the blame of the rupture between the lovers on Mme. Sand, he also believes that George himself did not wholly confine herself to the truth in her story of her life, "which was not written solely for her heirs."

Chopin's description of his meeting Mme. Sand is in this diary (Oct. 10, 1837). Bored at home, he at last put off his house coat. After a "perfumed bath" he arrayed himself in fine linen and coat of ceremony. Then his blood began to circulate gayly; soft melodies tinkled in his ears; he breathed the odor of sweet violets, and this odor accompanied him up the staircase that led to the parlor of the Countess Czarnowska. "A shadow crossed my path. I turned, disturbed. No, there was only a statue of Venus against the wall. My good angel led me on. I have seen her three times since that night, but it seems only a day since I first saw her. She looked deeply into my eyes while I played. 'Twas fairy music, caressing and sweet—a little sad—legends of the Danube. My heart danced in company with them. And her eyes looked into mine. Sombre, strange eyes. What do they say? She leaned on the piano and her glances, embracing, flooded me. My soul had found its haven. Her strange eyes smiled. Her face was masculine, with large, almost coarse features; but those sad and singular eyes! I languished after them and yet I withdrew in confusion. She left. Later we talked over things in general. Liszt, who had seen me sitting alone, conducted me to her. There were flowers about us. My heart was captured. She praised my playing. She understood me. But this coarse face, so severe and sad. . . . She loves me. Aurora! What a charming name."

Ten years later he wrote in his diary: "All is over. Life is at an end! Some years more or less remain, but not true life. I do not write these words; they hammer my skull. She spoke so harshly to me, and my soul is sick! I did not think she could be so hard. If she had waited I should not have been too slow. Aurora! Did you look forward—wearied with the burden—the care of a disagreeable sick man? Money? I have only to work—wait, which the public loves and for which it pays. Mazurkas, with a broken heart! I ought to work—but only a little—20,000 francs to be free. I wish to die out of debt."

For a dozen who can give dates and the opinions of contemporaries in the Sand episode of Chopin's life, there is only one who remembers the name of Stirling, Jane Stirling, who would have given her heart's blood for Chopin, her master. Madly in love with him, she was not outwardly jealous of Mme. Sand; all she asked was to be somewhere near him if only in the same town; if only to hear him speak and play. Her name was Jane, yet Chopin in this diary refers to her invariably as

"Rebecca." Was he afraid of hurting her good name? Did he fear lest Mme. Sand might look over the diary? But she did not read Polish, to the best of our information.

Living in Paris in 1837, Chopin on a rainy day was alone and nothing interrupted "the monotonous trapp, trapp, trapp" of his heartbeats. Yet there had been a slight interruption. The gardener's boy brought violets to Chopin, one of those huge bouquets of English violets, violets of Rebecca Stirling. "Heavens!" wrote Chopin in his diary. "What a woman! I think I must resemble her when I see myself in the looking glass. Thinking of her, I resemble her. That great eagle's beak, that sly look, that big mouth. That mouth! Her smile makes me mad. O, Rebecca, why do you persecute me so night and day with your violets and your adoration—and your nose? Women should charm us by their distinction."

The year after this George Sand and Chopin were at Majorca. "Our two souls are alone on this sea isle. At night I go to bed to hear the noise of the waves on the pebbles. Rebecca Stirling came to visit us. She brought violets, great English violets. Their perfume chills me in this damp monastery cell. The convent is cold and sombre, the wind enters at the cracks, so that the doors creak all night. It is freezing. When I cough I feel it to the bottom of my heart. I worship light, which sings gentle melodies in my ear. I do not wish to die. The shadow pursues me. But life is strong. Rebecca's violets on my tomb! I do not wish to die."

At Nohant, in 1847, Chopin declared that his life was ended, but that in order to end it with a graceful flourish he would fain have £20,000. This was on June 1. On June 10 of that year he was in Paris, and he noted in his diary: "Singular good luck, yet it bores me! I have the £20,000. They are in my hand! I look at them. The kindness of Rebecca Stirling visited me in my melancholy. She wishes nothing else than to give. Singular woman with your heart of gold, your face of iron, your foot of lead! Your francs are heavy in my hand. She calls me 'master.' She wishes only to give. But women should seduce by their distinction; they should make me tremble and vibrate by their soft, sombre eyes. The day is ending. I can die free."

In the summer of the year before his death, Chopin was at Castle Stirling in Scotland. He was feeble, weary and in pain. The night was a misty one. The black fog penetrated through the window. "It's the soul of Rebecca," wrote Chopin, "soft as wool, but sticky! My heart is ice. Ingratitude and ice. She sat all day by my side. We talked about music. Strange conversation, ranging from commonplaces to mute adoration—charged and illuminated by the flame of love that burns for me—gently, discreetly. She has only one thought, one desire—to see me contented! And in my soul the fire is burning that makes its way even to the tomb. I shall not have long to wait. The eyes of Rebecca watch over death. My slightest wish is to her a law. Will she wrest from the city the treasures of my parlor? The wash basin of Chopin for 10 sous. Take it, Madam! My pictures, leather trunks, each carpet, each chair all that has been precious to me, the grand piano with its dear voice breathing out love! She wishes to save everything, the dear woman! Cruel one! My soul curses and repels you! Aurora, your kisses burn me as glowing kisses!"

It may be asked again where is this diary of Chopin? Why is not the whole,

of it published? Did Chopin keep a diary, or has Mr. Knosp imagined, not a vain thing, but a pleasant romance based on familiar facts?

Let us add once more to the list of new works produced recently in England. Dr. Herbert Brewer's ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," was performed at the Cardiff Festival Sept. 27. It is for baritone, chorus and orchestra. The solo singer (who at Cardiff was Mr. Ffrangcon Davies) impersonates the hero, and the chorus is the narrator. "The music proves to be the work of a clever, well trained musician, who knows his business thoroughly. It 'came off,' as the saying is, from start to finish, and the thematic material is clear and well defined. Further in its favor can hardly be said, as the note of individuality has not convinced us that the ballad appealed to his imagination at all strongly." On the same day, Dr. Cowen's music to Mrs. Browning's "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" was performed. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, from whom I have already quoted, describes Cowen's music as melodious and straightforward, but too sentimental and without "ultimate musical value." Two orchestral rhapsodies founded on Norfolk folk tunes, by Vaughan Williams, were played on the same day. These rhapsodies are Nos. 2 and 3 of a series of three.

On Sept. 28, at this Cardiff festival, a new cantata, "The Coming of Arthur," by David Evans, for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, was performed. The composer was born in South Wales in 1874, and he is now lecturer in music at the University of Cardiff. He was condemned for the desire to be original at any cost, for "over-composing" for abrupt and unconvincing modulations. "Mr. Evans has yet to learn how to make his ideas intelligible." The text is based on the legend that Arthur and his knights are sleeping in a cave, awaiting the day of universal liberty and peace. The Hague congress has not aroused them.

At the Promenade concerts, London, these new pieces were played: Sept. 28, an overture, "Shylock," by Felix Harold White, who was born in London in 1884. He has composed a cello sonata,



Miss Myrtle Elvyn,

A Pianist Born in Texas and Educated in Chicago and Berlin, Made Her Debut in the Latter City Three Years Ago and Since Then Has Won Fame in Cities of Holland and Great Britain. She Will Give Concerts in America This Season.

a trio for strings, and about 50 songs. This overture, written two years ago, is the first work by him that has been performed in public. He does not attempt to illustrate any character or scene in the play, but he uses quotations from Shylock's lines as mottoes for themes, and there is also a "Mercy" motive. "The overture is penned with considerable freedom of style and plenty of holdness. Evidently a keen admirer of the methods of Richard Strauss," he is accused of carrying "orchestral hurly-burly to undue lengths."

At a promenade concert Oct. 2 Edward Isaacs' piano concerto was played in London for the first time. The composer, who is 26 years old, played the solo part. The critics see in him a man who has something to say, also much to learn. This is a safe and conservative judgment. At the concert Oct. 3 a new symphonic poem by Frank Bridge, inspired by the story of "Isabella," dear to Bocaccio and Keats, was decreed to be melodious, elaborately developed, sometimes too elaborately. The scoring is at times too thick, and "on the whole Mr. Bridge seems to have been a little too self-conscious in his writing," but the Times critic is not as a rule a safe guide in the land of novelties.

MR. DEBUCHY'S CONCERT.

As The Herald has already announced Mr. Albert Debuchy, formerly the first bassoon player of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will give a concert of French theatrical and romantic music with an

orchestra of 63 professional players from Boston and New York in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, the 28th. Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone, a great favorite here, will sing the stanzas from "Lakme," the Serenade from "The Damnation of Faust," and the Drum Major's air from Thomas' "Caid." Mr. Debuchy will conduct.

The orchestral pieces will be as follows: Entr'acte from Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis"; prelude and lied from Bruneau's "Attaque du Moulin"; overture to Lalo's "Rol d'Ys"; Rakoczy march from the suites drawn from Bizet's music to "L'Arlésienne"; Moonlight Scene from Massenet's "Werther"; Dance of Dagon's Priestesses from "Samson and Delilah" and the Ball Scene from Godard's "Joselyn." The chief wind instrument players and the cellist and the harpist are members of the New York Symphony orchestra. Some of the excerpts from the operas will be played here for the first time. We again call attention to Mr. Debuchy's elaborate and valuable programme book.

MUSIC NOTES.

The dates of the Hoffmann quartet concerts in Potter Hall will be Nov. 21, Jan. 2 and Feb. 27.

Mme. Sembrich will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Nov. 8.

Advance subscriptions for Miss Besie Abbott's concert will be received by Mr. Mudgett at Symphony Hall until Nov. 4.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler will give a violin recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. 11. Mr. Mudgett will take orders for seats until Nov. 1.

Mr. Richard Buhlig will give three piano recitals in Steinert Hall Nov. 14, 21 and Dec. 5.

Mr. Leiland Hale will give piano recitals in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, the 29th, and on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 6. A native of Malden and a pupil of Mr. Bauer, he wrote the music for the Hasty Pudding show, "Machiavelli."

Mr. Homer Humphrey will give an organ recital in Jordan Hall Wednesday evening.

SYMPHONY PLAYS D'INDY WORK WELL

"Wallenstein's Camp," an Early Trilogy, in Orchestra's Best Manner.

BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall was as follows:

"Wallenstein's Camp," D'Indy
Concerto in A major for piano, Liszt
The Emperor's March, Wagner

D'Indy's "Wallenstein" was played for the first time in this city, yet it is one of the composer's earliest compositions, and Mr. Seidl brought out the whole trilogy in New York nearly 20 years ago.

When d'Indy began to compose his tribute to Schiller—this was in 1873—he was under the influence of German masters. When his overture to "The Piccolomini" now in a greatly revised form, the second movement of the trilogy, was first played in Paris, it was thought to be too Schumannesque, and it may interest some to know that in 1873 d'Indy became acquainted with Brahms. "German Requiem," which impressed him so deeply that he made a pilgrimage and finally found Brahms who happened to be in a churlish mood, as though "No Frenchmen need apply" were his vacation motto. (Later Brahms was a warm admirer of Bizet.)

D'Indy was then, perhaps, Germanized rather than d'Indyized. He was an eager reader of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, E. T. A. Hoffman, but especially of Schiller, whose "Song of the Bell" tempted him to the composition that took the prize offered by the city of Paris. He felt the quality in Schiller that Coleridge described as "heartiness." And in the "Wallenstein" dramas he saw at once the material for three symphonic poems. "Wallenstein's Camp" naturally suggested descriptive music, which might serve as a contrast to the love music of Max and Thekla and to the death and the apotheosis of the hero.

"The Camp" Most Popular.

"Wallenstein's Camp" is the movement that has evidently been the most popular of the three, but in poetic and dramatic matter and also in the form of expression it is inferior to the other two movements. It is plausibly animated, there are sharply contrasted episodes, but the themes themselves are not salient. The development is generally conventional and the pages are not always firmly knit together. The Caucassin's Sermon is only solemnly humorous, humorous in answer to expectation. Yet there are interesting moments in the movement, and there are instances of ingenious and brilliant instrumentation.

The music for Max and Thekla might be music for any lovers whose passion is cooled by death. If the chief themes be, as some say, typical of the two characters, it would seem as though d'Indy had been more fortunate in his portraiture of Thekla, though her theme is still more effectively used in the final movement, where the "thought of Thekla" is the episode in which emotion rises to its height, as far as this composition is concerned. D'Indy is almost never sensuous, and even in his comparatively youthful music there is meditative devotion rather than sensuous rhapsody. The close of this movement is beautiful in its simplicity, in its tragic reserve.

The opening of "The Death of Wallenstein" may or may not have the astrological import that Imbert attributed to it—"strange chords characterize the influence of the stars on human destiny." We all know that Wallenstein was a devout astrologer, but whether these chords are astrological or not, does not matter; they are wondrously impressive and they prepare the hearer for the tragic ending. Let each reader of Schiller's tragedy find what he can in d'Indy's music, which is without a programme: as absolute music, the movement would be equally eloquent. As I have said, the reappearance of Thekla's theme is finely imagined. The apotheosis is unusually stirring, and the ending is dignified, heroic, without vulgar pomp and ceremony.

Performance Creditable.

It is a pleasure to add that the performance was generally worthy of the orchestra in its best estate, in matters of technical detail, in euphony, in rhetorical spirit. The music was evidently appreciated and enjoyed. The applause was hearty after each movement, and at the end Dr. Muck was recalled.

Dr. Muck is to be thanked for making us acquainted with the chief work of d'Indy's earlier period. The trilogy does not reveal the great master who wrote the superb second symphony or the dazzling "Istar" variations, though

there are occasional hints at his coming, but it is a serious composition that shows the purity and nobility of his artistic aim, an aim from which he has never swerved either in concert hall or opera house. It is to be hoped that Dr. Muck will soon let us hear d'Indy's latest works, "The Summer Day on the Mountain" and "Souvenirs."

The other feature of the concert was the excellent performance of Liszt's concerto, the second one, which was long a stumbling block, both to pianists and hearers. But that which in Liszt's lifetime was to his contemporaries foolishness is now accepted as a corner-stone and many have built on it. The performance of Mr. Ganz was fleet and brilliant. His force was sufficient and sound did not degenerate into noise. The one phrase that is often sentimentalized was played with true sentiment. The whole performance was that of a virtuoso-musician.

The programme of the concert this week will be as follows: Schumann's overture to "Genève"; Brahms's violin concerto; Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor; "Scottish" by Mr. Carl Wendling, the new concert master of the orchestra, will make his first appearance as a soloist in the United States.

CROWD APPLAUDS CALVE.

"Mademoiselle" Sang Selections from Gounod and French Folk Songs.

Miss Emma Calvo, assisted by Mme. Chemet, violinist, and Mr. Decreux, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was crowded to overflowing. Many stood; many were seated on the platform.

Miss Calvo, for she is announced as "Mlle." this season, sang Marguerite's Romance in the fourth part of "The Damnation of Faust," Gounod's "Serenade," the well known air from "The Pearl of Brazil" (with violin, not flute obbligato), Gounod's "Spring," and other songs, some of them French folk songs of her province, and also "Comin' Thro' the Rye" in English, but with comparative sobriety in her coquetry. Is it possible that the laurels of Mme. Patti will not let Miss Calvo sleep? She may yet go about the length and breadth of the land with a fearful interpretation of "Home, Sweet Home."

It was a great pleasure to hear again this admirable singer, who, alas, is associated in the minds of the great majority only with "Carmen." Her Carmen, when she is wholly in the vein, is indeed a thrilling, enchanting, memorable impersonation, but Emma Calvo is much more than a woman of one part. Her very popularity as Carmen has been detrimental to her fame in this country. Managers, knowing her box office draught in Bizet's opera, listen impatiently to her wish to appear in other operas. Furthermore, the singer's dramatic passion leads some to forget the ease, elasticity and finish, in a word, the finer qualities of her vocal art.

She has her little mannerisms. Her trick of taking high notes, as though she were a violinist delighting in harmonics, might soon grow wearisome, if there were not so much in her interpretation to wonder at and praise. First of all there is the warm, caressing voice, a voice that throbs with womanhood and is never lush, never cheaply sensuous. Then there is the exquisitely conceived and rounded melodic line with the graceful attack and the quiet release; there is the rhetorical phrase that is eloquent; there is the fine sense of proportion; there is the authoritative individuality that has no need of extravagant appeal to touch the hearer's heart. Yesterday she wove her spell as of old, and delighted both in sustained song and in fleet bravura.

Her associates also gave pleasure. Mme. Chemet played several pieces, compositions by Lalo, Gabriel Faure, Brahms and others, and Mr. Decreux, who was here with Miss Calvo two years ago, played in a musical manner and with fluent technique Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Waves" and other pieces. He accompanied with taste. The audience was most enthusiastic and there were many recalls, and there were additions to the programme as announced.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mme. Olga Samaroff will give her only piano recital in Boston this season in Chickering Hall, Monday, the 23th. Tickets are now on sale at the box office of Symphony Hall.

The programme of the first Boston Symphony concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, next Thursday night, will be as follows: Overture from Bach's suite in D; Mozart's symphony in G minor; Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

A QUESTION OF REALISM.

Mr. Jasper Smith of Atlanta, Ga., who is characterized as "an eccentric capitalist," declined to pay for a portrait of himself "on the ground that the artist, without consulting him, had painted in a necktie; a thing that during his long life he had never worn. The artist sued, but Mr. Smith proved he had never worn a necktie. He won."

The fastidious may shudder at the thought of any one wearing a "necktie"; they may insist that the term is as objectionable as "neckwear"; but the fact remains that there are human beings who wear "neckties," also "pants." Something in our heart tells us that if Mr. Smith had worn anything about his collar, or fastened anything to his collar button, it

would have been a "necktie," possibly a "string-tie," not a cravat. This point, however, is immaterial.

The question is: Should there be absolute realism in portraiture and in sculpture? Should a man of today be represented on canvas, or on pedestal, exactly as he appears to his fellow-men? In old times, a statesman was painted with a roll of manuscript in one hand; the other arm was stretched out horizontally and passionately, or it was pointed skyward. There was a purple curtain with a tassel and in the distance a thunder storm was rising. We doubt whether any statesman was ever caught in precisely this attitude and with this stage setting.

Did Gen. Washington ever sit on the "poach" of Mt. Vernon, or on the lawn of his estate, draped in a toga? Yet in art the toga seems to have been an indispensable and favorite article of his wardrobe. Was Gen. Sherman ever pursued by a lady, as in the statue of St. Gaudens? When Rodin imagined his much-discussed statue of Balzac, he was realistic in his choice of a thick dressing gown for a costume. When the statue of Garibaldi was unveiled last July in Paris, the effigy was described as life-like, but a critic found fault with the trousers as being too much in evidence, "and that garment does not lend itself readily to the sculptor's chisel." Put trousers on the Apollo Relyidere and the effect would be grotesque, even though the trousers were a triumph of the tailor's art and not merely the outcome of empiricism. On the other hand (or rather on the other leg), a modern hero, statesman or philanthropist, might seem ill-at-ease in corridor or public square, if he were represented in bronze or marble, without trappings, disguise, or the ordinary protection from the weather, undraped; nude, antique possibly, but not noble.

Oct 21 1907

Men and Things

TWO brothers who had not seen each other for 10 years met a few days ago at the Grand Central station, New York. As soon as one saw the other coming down the platform he rushed toward him and fell on his neck. They hugged each other, these honest German blacksmiths; they kissed each other, they jumped about and shouted and laughed wildly in their joy. An observing crowd impeded the movements of passengers, and the brothers, arrested for disturbing the peace, were thrown into a cell, where they could exchange reminiscences and vent their happiness without jarring the less sentimental.

An eminent Bostonian was away from the city for a dozen years. Returning, he visited his club, and he thus described his visit: "There were the same men in the same seats. They were drinking the drinks they used to order when I left. They were talking about the same things. One of them looked up when I went into the room, nodded, and said: 'Hallo, Wigglespoon! How are you? Haven't seen you lately,' and then he turned to the crowd: 'As I was saying, the park system would be still better if—'"

Mrs. Anna M. Hodge of Pittsburg appeared in court praying for a divorce. Mr. Hodge, she sobbed, would give her nothing but sausages and rice pudding for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. He seemed to thrive on the fare. Her proud spirit rebelled. But could she not cook something for herself on the sly? Or, after the manner of southern matrons, did he carry the keys and dole out the provisions for each meal? We are aware of the fact that there are some who cock noses at the mere mention of rice pudding. A young woman of this city once surveyed us through her lorgnette and, speaking of a household across the street, said: "You would not care for them. You know, they are people who eat rice pudding." Yet what better pudding is there when it is properly made with raisins galore? We prefer it cold,

but we accept it gladly when it is hot. There is a restaurant in New York where they charge you five cents more for the pudding if they dig deep down to the raisin stratum. It was much better for Mrs. Hodge to eat rice pudding than nesselrode, Delmonico, Royal Diplomatic, Topsy, Danish, Cabinet, English plum, strawberry cottage, Swiss, Harvard, or St. James. Indian pudding is not to be despised, neither is apple tapioca, with or without custard, but for a steady, that cools the brain and soothes the alimentary canal, give us rice.

Sausages may soon become monotonous. Mr. Hodge might have allowed his wife to eat buckwheat cakes with them at least twice a week. But was not the remedy in her own hands? Mr. Quill ironically suggested that unexpected guests might like something light and palatable, a cool and refreshing lobster. Could not Mrs. Hodge forage outside her home? She was not in a remote village. She was in a city of delicatessen shops, groceries, fruit stands.

Mr. Edward German, the composer of "Tom Jones," is in this country to assist Mr. Savage in the production of that operetta. Mr. German is a Welshman and his real name is Jones. He remembers gratefully the late Richard Mansfield, who asked him to write music for "Richard III." when the actor produced the play in London. Mr. German wrote delightful music for "The Princess of Kensington," which met with no success in Boston, possibly because there was an excellent libretto and a true comedian instead of an acrobatic individual with gags and wheezes. Will "Tom Jones" meet with favor here? We hasten to add for the benefit of the sensitive and the genteel that Lady Bellaston in the operetta is by no means unblushingly forward and that Mrs. Waters and the immortal Molly are not prominent characters.

"Give your servants good books to read." Why, certainly. When Lady Grandison as a bride was examining Sir Charles' mansion, she was delighted to find in the housekeeper's room a "Servants' library in three classes: one of books of divinity and morality; another for housewifery; a third of history, true adventures, voyages and innocent amusement." These books were bound in buff for strength, and a small fine was laid on any servant who did not put a book back in its proper place. The gardener has his library in a little house in the garden. We fear the modern servants would not be contented with Sir Charles' classification. They would be more likely to demand quick sellers. "Esther Waters" would seem disagreeable, nor would Flaubert's "Simple Heart" and De Goncourt's "Germinie" appeal to them, although the three books treat of a domestic life. "Moll Flanders" is too full of moral reflections. How would "Three Weeks" be for a starter? Some might give notice at the end of that time.

Music at meals did not always give pleasure even in the houses of princes nearly a century ago. We read in the second volume of Mme. de Boigne's reminiscences—the English version of it has just been published—that the Prince Regent, George, the first gentleman of Europe, made every effort to consult the tastes and pleasure of his guests, but that a band of "horns and other noisy instruments" gave "a maddening performance in the vestibule during the dinner," nor could Mme. de Boigne quite forgive the prince when he "joined in, beating time on the dinner gong."

A Paris journal published a few days ago this advertisement: "To Collectors: A gentleman is anxious to exchange picture postcards, horses and actresses." This led the Paris correspondent of the Referee to remark: "The address followed, but I refuse to give it to you. Watteau! as Marie Antoinette is said to have observed. This is evidently a good thing, and I am going to keep it to myself. I don't take any particular stock in picture postcards or in horses, but I have written to the advertiser telling him that if he has anything first class in the actress line for exchange he can send samples along."

Fra Diavolo, the Bill at Castle Square

Charming Opera is Greeted As
An Old Friend and Enjoyed
Thoroughly By All.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Fra Diavolo," Auber's opera, in three acts. The cast:

Fra Diavolo.....J. K. Murray
Lord Alcazar.....Jack Henderson
Lorenzo.....Harry Davies
Matteo.....W. S. Griffin
Beppo.....W. H. Pringle
Geacomo.....George Shields
Francesco Verona.....Miss Lois Hall
Zerlina.....Miss Clara Lane
Lady Alcazar.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Roberta.....Miss Maud Rissinger
Ricardo.....Miss Florence Radcliffe

Auber's opera is charming, and was greeted last evening as an old friend. It was evident at the outset that the large audience was thoroughly in the vein; and the singers soon manifested the same spirit. As soon as the performance was fairly under way it moved glibly and with much animation, to the credit of soloists, chorus and orchestra. It may be said here that the orchestral performance was much improved over that of the two preceding weeks, and was quite the support it should be in the occasional rough moments of a first night.

Miss Lane was hailed with more than customary enthusiasm after her week's absence from the cast, and her performance was one of unusual zest, even for so versatile and valuable a member of the company.

She was hand in glove with her role, and gave it many charming touches. Her superstitious and very feminine terror of the bandits in the first act was admirably assumed, and not overdone, and the bedroom scene, which may well be trying, was carried through with delicacy and dash.

Mr. Murray was picturesque in make-up, and although not jetter-perfect with his lines, sang and acted with an aplomb that gave an impression of security. The two bandits, Messrs. Shields and Pringle, evoked a good deal of laughter, and Mr. Davies was applauded in the comparatively little singing that he had to do.

During the week Forrest Huff will alternate with Mr. Murray, Mr. Tallman with Mr. Davies, and Miss Blanche Edwards with Miss Lane. The opera next week will be Wagner's "Lohengrin."

as follows: "Have the great kindness to stand a 'leette' aside, and just let us see one or two more rounds between the men. That little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and felling him, too, every now and then!" And nearly every Englishman at the time echoed Thackeray's apostrophe to Morality: "Do, for goodness' sake, my dear madam, keep your true, and pure, and womanly, and gentle remarks for another day." Parliament adjourned to see the sport.

Thackeray said that Heenan was 6 feet 2 inches in height. Let us now quote Charles Reade's description of the fight in his entertaining plea for ambidexterity: first, because "The Coming Man" is now little known; then, too, because the gusto displayed by Reade recalls Hazlitt's superb essay, "The Fight." "Heenan knocked Sayers down 13 times with the left, and once with the right. Sayers lost the full use of his right early in the fight, and never struck a genuine blow with it. He fought with his left only, and, in the course of the fight, administered many keen hits, and two or three blows, so tremendous—owing to the dead resistance offered by the weight and gallantry of his heroic opponent—that the very sound of them is described as sickening. This lightweight, though he was knocked down 14 times, one arm disabled, his face cut all to pieces, and his blood running away without intermission through the whole fight, did, nevertheless, with his left alone, raise a bump on Heenan's head as large as a man's fist, open his cheek in places, and close both his eyes so effectively, that, toward the close of the fight, he sparred first at the referee and then at one of the seconds, taking them for Sayers, and, after the fight, my informant, who went home with him, had to take his leg with both hands and guide his foot to the step of the carriage. This was left-handed work, and a small man against a big one, as brave as he was big."

Nobody ever disputed Heenan's courage. Did he not marry Adah Isaacs Menken?

Thomas Nest, who went to England to sketch the fight for the New York Illustrated News, wrote: "They talk about British 'fair play,' but I fail to see much of it here. Sayers is at Newmarket, and left alone. Poor Heenan is hounded constantly, and has a hard time to train at all." Nest and other Americans present declared that it was Heenan's fight from beginning to end. A belt was given to each pugilist. Nest's pictures, engraved by A. V. S. Anthony on shipboard as he returned to New York, made a sensation, and the Illustrated News defended its course by saying that pugilism had assumed the first place in public importance, not only in America, but in the whole civilized world. "We must not only be up to the mark, but put all competition under our feet by the superiority of our record."

Yet there were dissenting voices, for when a famous mill took place by Lake Erie soon after, Vanity Fair published a poem by Fitz James O'Brien, who was by no means a niminy-priminy person. These lines may still be of interest: Round about is a bestial crowd, Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed; Concave faces, trampled in As if with the iron hoof of sin; Blasphemers dripping from off their lips, Pistols bulging behind their hips; Hands accustomed to deal the cards, Or strike with the cowardly knuckle guards.

Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say, That talnt the breath of this autumn day? These are "The Fancy," gentle sir.

But we have changed all this. Prize fights are now only friendly exhibitions of skill. College professors and other deep thinkers sit in the front seats.

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Bate influence, and judge the prize. In the old days, the defeated one was laid up, sometimes for weeks. Now he does not show a scratch, and he explains glibly to reporters the reason of his fall or chats amiably with the conqueror over several "bottles of wine."

MISS DUDLEY IN RECITAL.

Contralto Draws Crowd to Court Hall.

Bertha Putney-Dudley, contralto, assisted by Samuel L. Gorodetzky, violinist, and Miss Jessie Marshall, accompanist, gave a recital last evening in Court Hall. Miss Dudley sang Chad-

wick's "He Loves Me" and "The Danza," wick's "He Loves Me" and "The Danza," Henschel's "Morning Hymn," Lajo's "The Bondmaid," Saint-Saens' "Amour! Viens! Alder," Tschalkowsky's "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt," Rubinstein's "Es Blüht der Thau," and songs by Flinden, Wagner, Mozart, Eskert and Schumann. Mr. Gorodetzky played Vieuxtemps' Ballade and Polonaise, Thome's Andante Religioso and Dvorak's "Humoreske."

There was a very large audience, and even the corridors were crowded. Miss Putney has a voice of agreeable quality, and gave much pleasure in her varied and interesting programme. The programme was so short that the last numbers were as keenly enjoyed as the first, and the singer was enthusiastically greeted and recalled. Mr. Gorodetzky displayed beautiful tone, and was particularly happy in certain sustained melodic passages. He, too, was warmly applauded.

Men and Things

M R. F. A. CLARK of Charlestown wished to be divorced from his wife because, as he alleged, she was "ahead of the band wagon." Judge DeCourcy understood this phrase, but when Mr. Clark said that his wife as early as 1903 "began to kick up didoes," the judge asked for information concerning the precise nature of "didoes," and for this term Mr. Clark gave "ructions" as a synonym. Mr. Clark also stated that these "articular 'didoes'" consisted of coming home very late one night, sighing in a bored manner and producing a package of cigarettes.

The phrase "kick up didoes"—for the plural is formed either with or without the "e"—is allowable. It occurs, for example in Quiller Couch's "Delectable Duchy," but the more common form is "to cut," or "to cut up didoes." The word is a dictionary one. Dr. Murray says that it is "United States slang"; he defines it as a prank, a caper, a disturbance, row, shindy; he quotes, as the earliest use in English literature, this sentence from "Sam Slick in England" (1843-4): "Them Italian slingers recitin' their jabber * * * and cuttin' didoes at a private concert." He says that the origin of the word is uncertain.

But Haliburton used the term in "The Clockmaker" in 1835, and Prof. Joseph Wright in his "English Dialect Dictionary" says that the term is known in Ireland, Kent, Isle of Wight, Cornwall, and also in the United States. Haliburton used it with reference to a Nova Scotian: "I met a man this mornin' from Halifax, a real conceited lookin' critter * * * all shines and didoes." Prof. Wright gives as the first definition: a disturbance, noise, fuss, as in the speech heard on the Isle of Wight: "He kicked up a middlen dido about it"; then, plural—tricks, antics, eccentric feats—as in Kent: "Dreckly ye be backturned, there he be, a-cutting' all manners o' didoes"; and lastly, a plaything; also used as a term to denote articles which do not give satisfaction to the owner; as trimming on a dress or bonnet.

Yet the learned Prof. Wright does not venture to explain the derivation of the word, he does not suggest a possible derivation. Did the term come from the fuss made by Queen Dido after the pious Aeneas left her? An obsolete word "dido"—a thrice-told tale, may have been originally "a tale of Dido." Tait in his "Quaterlions" speaks of a Didonian curve, with reference to the story of Dido, who bargained for as much land as could be covered with a hide, and then cut the hide into a long and narrow strip. Why not say glibly that "to cut up didoes" is to cut up as Dido did? Let us honor the name of that noble dame in every way.

As to whether sighing and looking bored and producing a package of cigarettes may justly be described as "kicking up didoes," let Judge DeCourcy decide. The actions are certainly not "ructions," for a ruction is an uproar, a row, a riot, a quarrel, an insurrection, also in certain English provinces a disturbance of the stomach, which, indeed, might be superinduced by cigarettes and lead the sufferer to sighs and facial expression of boredom.

President Roosevelt says that bear liver is the finest bit of meat food he has ever tasted. H-m-m! He probably has not partaken of elephant's foot. But let us confine ourselves to the bear. Let us also consult the wisdom of the ancients.

They knew a lot about bears, even about the bears of Misia, "which being eagerly hunted, do send forth such a breath that it putrifeth immediately the flesh of the dogs, and whatsoever other

beast cometh within the savor thereof." What did Mr. Edward Topsell, a very learned man of the 17th century, who helped himself freely from the works of Bartholomew and others, what did this Mr. Topsell say?

"The flesh of bears is unfit for meat, yet some used to eat it, after it hath been twice sod; other eat it baked in pasties; but, the truth is, it is better for medicine than for food. Theophrastus likewise affirmeth that at the time when bears lie secret, their dead flesh increaseth which is kept in houses, but bears' forefeet are held for a very delicate and well tasted food, full of sweetness, and much used by the German princes." It should be remembered, as Bartholomew says, that the bear "licketh and sucketh his own feet and hath liking in the juice thereof." The bear also "licketh not drink, as beasts do with sawy teeth, but, as it were, even biting at it."

What if President Roosevelt had eaten the brain of a bear? For this brain was considered by wise men as venomous, "and therefore when they be slain, their heads be burnt in open places, for men should not taste of the brain and fall into the madness of bears." The Spaniards were particularly careful to dispose of bears' brains in this manner.

We have searched diligently the voluminous treatises of the ancients. Nowhere do we find the praise of bear's liver as a table dish. Yet this liver is not merely of use to the one born with it. "The liver of a sow, a lamb, and a bear put together and trod to powder under one's shoes easeth and defendeth cripples from inflammation." And so the right eye of a bear, dried to powder and hung in a bag about a child's neck, drives away the terror of dreams. And so the gall of a bear is a sure remedy against hydrophobia palsy, scrofula, epilepsy, a hacking cough, inflammation of the eyes, running of the ears, weakness of the back and sundry other ailments.

As for bear's grease for the cure of baldness. Pliny, Samonicus, Marcellus, Empericus and other men of pith and authority praised it highly. But we stop, fearing lest, by reason of our doubt concerning the supreme relish of bear's liver, we be pilloried with other "nature fakers."

Oct. 24, 1907

CONCERT FOYER

Mr. Max Zach Portrayed by a
St. Louis Artist; Mme. Gadske
in Valhalla Gorges

GOSSIP OF THINGS IN
THE MUSICAL WORLD

By PHILIP HALE.

M R. MAX ZACH, the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, has made a "pleasing impression personally" in his new dwelling place. We are informed by a journal of St. Louis that Mr. Zach is "pervaded with a quiet good humor, is very much interested in what you have to say, but has little to say himself." The reporter, warming to his subject, adds these delightful touches: "With the exception of a slight amiable blase (sic), he has none of the stiffness of the Bostonian. In repose, however, he exhibits a dignity that sits well upon his portly form. He has the German physique, a cleanly cropped head and a Van Dyck beard, his whole appearance being extremely neat."

When did Mr. Zach acquire this "slight amiable blase"? And just what is a blase? And is it really true that Bostonians are stiff in their daily intercourse? We had thought that our manners were easy, that we fell ready victims to foreign lions with mangy manes, wandering mahatmas, dealers in assorted gold bricks, turners of sea waves into chunks of gold, gowls with cold hands and other birds and beasts of prey.

They appreciate Mme. Gadske in Oakland, Cal. Mr. Walter B. Anthony heard her, and he wrote a piece about her for the San Francisco Call. Here is his "opening load," to quote from the old-time terminology of the negro minstrel stage.

"Artistically? Who shall measure Mme. Gadske's art or analyze its potency? She sings and the thought of the poet, the subtle beauty past words of the composer's tribute, become plain as revelation. You understand the languorous longing of Schubert's immortal serenade; the impetuous desire of Strauss' 'Ständchen'; you catch your breath in the presence of the mother's love as she sings, a

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urning passion of Heloise, faithfully passionate until death cooled her, was no more possible than an opera by Mendelssohn, which should treat of Kizzo and Mary Stuart, who haunted Hollywood when the composer visited the palace, and found there, according to his own account, the beginning of the "Scotch" symphony.

The Playing of the Overture.

There have been more stirring performances of Schumann's overture than that of last night. The reading was characterized by fineness of detail and care for proportion rather than by sweep of excitement and passionate agitation. The horns in the famous measures were wanting in quality and in true vigor. On the other hand the introductory section of the overture was read and played impressively.

The symphony has aged much more than the overture. This was to have been expected, for Schumann was the more poetic soul, and at the same time more daring in his rhythmic and harmonic experiments. Some of the mannerisms of Mendelssohn, those that gave him distinction in his day and were applauded, now seem intolerable. How sick the hearer grows, for example, of the motive in E minor in the first movement, and yet what motive could be more characteristically Mendelssohnian? How formal, how cut-and-dried is the apotheosis, even though the horns are urged to their utmost and beyond! Yet here and there are delightful passages. The very opening measures still have mood. They put the hearer in an alien land with its own atmosphere, a land of leaden skies and mists and legends.

The scherzo is still a tour de force. It is music of a kind in which Mendelssohn shone to his full advantage, and here there is a racial character that puts it apart from his other scherzos, whether for orchestra or piano. The performance of the symphony, which was played, according to the composer's wishes, without waltz between the movements, gave much pleasure.

Mr. Wendling Appears as Soloist.

Mr. Wendling, the new concert master, played for the first time in the United States as a solo performer. He chose an eminently serious work, the concerto by Johannes Brahms, and thus made his appeal to confirmed Brahmsites rather than to the general public. Nor was he disturbed by the fate of Miss Maud MacCarthy, who became so addicted to this concerto that she played it here at a symphony concert for two successive seasons, and in consequence she now proposes to devote the rest of her life to theosophic study and contemplation.

The last violinist to perform the concerto at a symphony concert was Mr. Hugo Heermann, who played it two seasons ago, not one season ago as was stated in the programme book. His performance was like the reading of the eminent tragedian in "Great Expectations": it was "massive and concrete."

Mr. Andreas Moser, who wrote a fulsome eulogy of Joachim and had much to do with the latter's treatise on violin playing, thinks poorly of the modern Franco-Belgian school of violinists, because, forsooth, as he insists, they have wholly lost the art of singing a melody. Thus does Mr. Moser erase the name of Ysaye from the list of the truly distinguished. I mention this because Ysaye said that he had studied Brahms' concerto with the utmost attention, but, finding only few passages that are singable, he did not add it to his repertory. I mention it also because if Moser's statement is prejudiced and absurd, that of Ysaye is by far too sweeping, for this concerto is not wholly without song passages for the solo violin.

Any violinist choosing Brahms' concerto cannot hope to captivate an audience by generous or even by any deeply emotional appeal. A well-grounded virtuoso who is not by nature an emotional person might well be tempted to play the concerto in the hope that his substantial qualities of mechanism and his skill in disguising the inherently rebellious attitude of the music toward the instrument, might win respectful recognition.

Then there is the singular belief in some quarters that the music of Brahms makes strong demands on the intellectual equipment of the interpreter and hearer, so that there are some who listen eagerly to the more abstruse compositions of this master and plume themselves upon their enjoyment. They look down on the more "popular" of Brahms' works, as the second and third symphonies, the songs and some of the chamber music, and palpitate over that which is cryptic, a word that in this instance, is synonymous with dull. And this some of them do when they are not wholly sure whether there should or should not be an apostrophe before the "s" in the composer's name.

Mr. Wendling is not a violinist of such commanding qualities or of such compelling magnetism as to make his performance of the concerto engrossing. Such a performance, it is true, might be magnificent, but it would not be Brahms. Mr. Wendling, however, gave a thoughtful, clear musical interpretation, one that was calculated to set forth the work itself rather than the interpreter, and thus he played in the spirit of the music itself. Other qualities of the violinist's art may be displayed by him on some more markedly virtuosic occasion. It is enough to say that he played as a musician and as an experienced and sound violinist. He was warmly welcomed and heartily applauded.

SZUMOWSKA IN LONDON.

Mme. Szumowska gave a piano recital in London the 15th with much success. "The Standard" said that since her last appearance in that city she had acquired breadth and preserved her delicacy of touch and her

tasteful expression. It declared her to be a pianist of finish and feeling. The Morning Post spoke of her as worthily upholding the traditions of her country in the matter of piano playing. "Her execution is beautifully smooth, she has a velvety touch and there is a real charm in her playing." The Post was especially pleased by her performance of pieces by Chopin, Ravel and Chaminade.

Oct. 28, 1907

Men and Things

THE French were described in an old geography as gay, courteous and volatile. As a matter of fact they are hidebound conservatives in certain ways. For example, on the 15th of October closed carriages appear in the streets of Paris, and on April 15 open victorias are brought out after hibernation. It makes no difference whether October be hot or April cold and raw. Furthermore, the heating apparatus, the "calorifere," is busy for exactly six months. There may be a week or two of freezing weather immediately after the fire is extinguished, but the landlord would not re-light for the world, nor would the native tenant be so unreasonable, so unpatriotic as to ask for heat.

There are many in every country who regulate their lives by the calendar. We do not refer now to the weak minded who don and doff a straw hat on appointed days, but there are men who change weights of underclothes on certain days. We knew a father in Albany, N. Y., who not only put on heavy flannel shirt and drawers on Nov. 1 and put them aside April 1 without regard to the weather, but compelled his children to follow his example, and, it was rumored, his fair wife was in like manner prudently obedient. Consider the enormity of any sculptural and adorned woman cased in heavy, cumbersome flannels, nor would the color red mitigate the offense! This man, a Scot, was pre-eminently a man of system. When his son came to his majority, the father showed him a journal in which he had entered all the expenses of rearing the boy, clothes, food, physicians' bills, tuition, books, etc. Before the young man had recovered from the shock, the father said: "I expect you to repay me this amount some day—and with interest."

When Mr. George Savage, a plumber, of Jersey City, died some years ago, he willed a horse to his sisters, and provided that the horse should have the exclusive use of two pasture lots as long as he lived. Thus he showed that a plumber is not necessarily heartless. His sisters carried out the trust and did not yield to the tempter in the shape of a real estate agent. And now the horse is dead, at the age of 34 years.

Property has been left by will and testament directly to an animal. Cats and dogs have been the most common legatees, but about 1781 a peasant near Toulouse made this will: "I declare that I appoint my horse with red hair my heir, and I wish that he should belong to X., my nephew." The will was attacked; not by the horse on the grounds that if he were the heir he should be free and unhampered. The case went into the courts. Claude Serres, professor of French law at Montpellier, gave as his opinion that the will was valid; that the property should go to the nephew named as the owner of the horse, for the simple faith of the villager should be rewarded by justice, and as he had named his nephew X., that nephew should be the heir.

Foreigners in Montclair, N. J., have bought goats in view of a milk famine, and we read a few days ago of a plan to substitute goat's milk for cow's in New England from fear of tuberculosis. Nothing has been said as yet about the use of sheep's milk, nor do we wonder at this, for we were once compelled to use sheep's milk for a month or go wholly without it. The island of Heligoland 23 years ago knew but one cow, and no cow's milk was brought from Hamburg in return for lobsters. Twenty-three years ago! And the taste of sheep's milk is still in the mouth! The learned Mr. Topsell, who, about the middle of the 17th century, was unreasonably fond of sheep, did not shy at their milk: "Evermore the milk of an ewe is best that is newest and thickest, and that which cometh from a black sheep is preferred before that which is milked from a white, and generally there is no beast where-

of we eat, but the milk thereof is good and nourishable; therefore, the milk of sheep is preferred in the second place, and there is no cause that it is put in the second place but for the fatness thereof, otherwise it deserved the first, for as the fatness maketh it less pleasant to the palate and stomach of man, yet is it more precious for making of cheese."

The ancients differed one from another in the matter of milk. Galen put that of the cow as the thickest and fattest; that of the camel as the most liquid and least fat, and after it that of the mare and then of the ass. Haly Abbas, a name never to be mentioned without outward symptoms of respect, put the milk of sheep between that of goats and camels, while Averrhoes called the milk of asses and of goats the best.

We read a painful story the other day of a corn-cutter who in his treatment of a "very pretty" young woman violated the Hippocratic oath by insisting on pulling off her stocking, rubbing her cheek and nose and other regions beyond the "afflicted area." He was very properly required to give a bond of \$300 to keep the peace for six months. If we cannot trust our corn-cutter, in whom can we put confidence? How gentle the modern expert is in comparison with the ancients! There was Albucasis, the Moorish physician, who died at Cordova about 1106. He had a large general practice, and he wrote a voluminous work, "Al-Tacrif." He had paid much attention to corns, and he had two favorite remedies, the gentler of which was as follows: "Apply a funnel of copper or iron or else the quill of a vulture to the corn and then fill with boiling water." The other remedy was to heat red hot an iron proportionate to the size of the corn and then burn until suppuration was occasioned.

"Corn-cutter" is the good old word. It goes back in literature to 1593 when Nashe wrote of "broom boys and corn-cutters (or whatsoever trade is more contemptible)." "Chiropodist" was a word invented by the more genteel about 1785, when it was laughed at: "Classic lore has now reached Davies street, the residence of our Lucretian 'chiropodist' (anglice, corn-cutter). But whilst we point out the absurdity and needless affectation of learning, the coining of new-fangled derivatives on every occasion, we should be sorry," etc., said the European Magazine of that year. By the way, to what did Whyte-Melville refer when he spoke of "the cunning chiropodist, who did so much for Louis Napoleon"? Was Napoleon III. thus cursed above all other men? George Augusta Sala boasted of his corns in an article in Temple Bar, and he then declared that he defied "the most recalcitrant efforts of pedicure," but "pedicure" did not come into English until 1842.

We asked Mr. Herkimer Johnson to send us his notes on the corn-cutter considered sociologically, but by some mistake we received a singular essay on "The Glass Eater as a Family Man."

Oct 29, 1907

MR. DEBUCHY A NEW

Mme. Samaroff Gives First Recital in Chickering Hall—
New Paderewski Date.

Mr. Albert Debuchy, formerly a bassoonist of the Opera Comique, Paris, and of the Boston Symphony orchestra conducted his concert of "French Theatrical and Romantic Music" in Jordan Hall last evening, and he conducted for the first time. The orchestra of 64 was composed of Boston and New York musicians. Mr. Charles Gilbert sang the stanzas from "Lakme," Mephistopheles' Serenade from "The Damnation of Faust" and the drum major's air from Thomas' "Cadi."

The orchestral pieces were as follows: Entr'acte, "Phlemon and Baucis," Grunodi; prelude and Lied, "The Attack on the Mill," Bruneau; overture to "The King of Is," Lalo; Rakoczy march, Berlioz; pastoral, intermezzo, minuet, Adagio, Farandole, from "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; "Moonlight," from Massenet's "Werther"; Dance of Dagon's Priestesses, from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah"; Ball Scene from Godard's "Jocelyn."

Mr. Debuchy has the praiseworthy ambition to conduct an orchestra, and not merely from love of exerting authority, not for the sake of his own glory, but to spread the fame of his talented countrymen and to make excerpts from their less familiar operas known to frequenters of concert halls. For some years after he left the Paris Conservatory, he was a member of the celebrated orchestra of the Opera Co-

mique, and he played there under distinguished conductors.

It is often said that a conductor is born, not made; yet, though he were born with a baton in his hand, he only becomes a master of men and a skilled interpreter through experience. There must be a beginning, and it may be said that Mr. Debuchy's first attempt was in certain ways creditable to him. He has enthusiasm; he feels the music; he has ideas of his own concerning the proper reading, the rhetorical expression. It will no doubt be some time before he will be so intimate with his scores that he can pay constant attention to his men. Until that time comes he will have to rely chiefly on rehearsals and on the memory of the players in the matter of instruction.

Possibly through nervousness, possibly through the wish to correct the sluggishness of tempi chosen by other conductors, he at times was extravagant in speed, while, on the other hand, he started the intermezzo from "L'Arlesienne" at so slow a pace that the melodic figure was sustained with difficulty.

Two or three of the pieces were played here for the first time. I do not remember hearing the music from Bruneau's opera, or from "Werther" in any public concert in Boston. These compositions were deliberately designed for the opera house, and they suffer in a measure by transference to the concert hall, yet the sentimental melody of Massenet pleased and the Lied of Bruneau has decided character.

The familiar pieces were read, as I have said, with an enthusiasm which was at times uncontrolled; it bordered on frenzy. The effect of the Rakoczy March was discounted by the fever that was continuous from the very start; Bizet's Farandole was at the end almost a jumble of noises; and Lalo's overture has more dignity and more tragic force than were last night apparent. But the concert on the whole gave genuine pleasure to an audience that was appreciative if not numerically large.

The orchestra played with spirit and often with happy results. The art of Mr. Barrere, the flutist, was warmly recognized, and there were other instrumental solos that deserved recognition.

Mr. Gilbert sang with his accustomed skill and dramatic intelligency. His delivery of the good old tune from Thomas' "Cadi"—would that Thomas had written frequently in this light vein!—was especially delightful.

There was much applause for conductor, singer and orchestra, and Mr. Debuchy received a wreath.

MME. SAMAROFF'S RECITAL

Mme. Olga Samaroff gave her first piano recital this season yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Her programme was as follows: Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, Schumann's sonata in G minor, Mendelssohn's Song Without Words in E major; Schubert, German Dances; Brahms' variations on a theme of Paganini (Book II.); Chopin's Fantasia in F minor, Mazurka in A flat major, etude in E minor; Liszt's "Carillon"; Impromptu by Faure; Liszt's Polonaise in E major.

Mme. Samaroff, who had hardly recovered from a stormy voyage and had no idea that she was to begin her tour so early in the season, was warmly welcomed. Her programme was not, on the whole, one of marked interest. The Fantasia by Mozart and the "German Dances" of Schubert, especially the latter, might well be allowed to rest on the shelf, though, hearing the "German Dances," the hearer is sustained by the thought that the "Bavarian Broom Waltz," or the tune of "Augustine" may be introduced.

Some of the variations by Brahms are valuable, for they show how ugly Brahms could make music sound when he gave his whole attention to the task. Liszt's "Carillon" is music of a picturesque nature that excites surprise rather than admiration. On the other hand, it was a great pleasure to hear an etude of Chopin which is seldom played and is inherently of such rare worth, and Gabriel Faure's Impromptu, as it was played by Mme. Samaroff, was one of the chief features if not the chief feature of the concert.

Mme. Samaroff is by no means contented with the laurels which she won so early in her career. She is nobly ambitious, and her life is one of serious toil in the pursuit of her art. She has gained in repose, in the calmness of her speech, which is therefore the more authoritative. Yesterday she did not yield to the temptation to force tone, as she has sometimes done in the past, in order, as she thought, to be sure of effect, and she now sings a melody in a more continuous line and with more sustained and sensuous tone. Her playing is broader, but it has not lost in womanly quality, in a certain delicacy, crispness, fragrance.

Her performance of the sonata was carefully thought out; it was well played in many ways; yet the strange and intimate appeal that Schumann makes as though in confidential mood was not always felt. And in like manner, the Fantasia of Chopin might have been more heroically emotional.

Mme. Samaroff has gained in depth of technique; for instance, her runs were yesterday fuller and less superficial than they were before, her chords now have greater distinction and a force that is not alloyed with the suspicion of brute strength. She might now inquire with advantage into the secret of emotional expression. For, after all, piano music that is worthy the name is first of all emotional.

She need not fear that she will ever fall into sentimentalism, that she will ever be mawkish. She should, however, reveal her own thoughts, moods, feelings through the music which she happens to play. No doubt she feels deeply. She has yet to learn the art of acquainting the hearer with her inmost thoughts so that he, too, is as one that hears voices and dreams dreams.

The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

PADEREWSKI'S RECITAL.

The date of Mr. Paderewski's piano recital in Symphony Hall, which had

been announced as Saturday afternoon, Dec. 21, has been changed at his request to Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 5. The public sale of tickets will open at Symphony Hall, this week, Friday morning. In the mean time orders made out to Mr. C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, will be filled in the order of receipt. Mr. Paderewski began his tour last night at Bridgeport, Ct.

CONCERT NOTES.

Mr. Leland Hall will give his first piano recital in Boston this evening at Stelner Hall. He will play pieces by Bach, Schumann, Brahms, Debussy, Faure, Strauss-Tausig.

Mr. Rudolphi Ganz's piano recital, announced for Monday afternoon, Nov. 4, has been postponed till a date which will be given later.

Miss Bessie Abbott's concert, announced for Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, has been postponed to a date not yet decided upon.

MUSIC IN UNIVERSITIES.

A concert of "standard literature, or voice and pianoforte" will be given tonight in the Lecture Hall of the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge. Only officers and students of Harvard University will be admitted and here will be no charge for admission. We are informed that this is the first of a series arranged by a number of persons interested in musical education "who feel that American universities do not afford sufficient opportunities for developing the musical taste of those of their members who are not especially devoted to musical studies."

Much has been said in favor of the teaching of music as a profession at universities; of teaching theory and composition, and even the use of the voice and other musical instruments, so that there may be graduate composers and virtuosos. We do not believe that it is the mission of any university thus to attempt teaching an art which can be taught more thoroughly, and studied with unserved attention, in a school devoted solely to instruction in music. The art is a jealous mistress and allows no distraction.

A naturally talented musician acquiring liberal education may be benefited as a social, gregarious being. It is doubtful whether a university education will add wings to his aspiration. The composer, after all, is born, not made. He may be shaped by skilled and sympathetic teachers; he is created only at birth.

But this plan of developing the musical taste of undergraduates and members of faculties "who are not especially devoted to musical studies" will undoubtedly make for general culture. It is the fashion now for nearly every one who pretends to culture to be "fond of music," and his fondness leads to discussion in which those most ignorant of the growth and development of music are sometimes the most dogmatic. A man of authority in sociology, geology, astronomy, may be taken seriously by those of smaller calibre when he reasons about music, and thus he may do much harm. Here is, indeed, room for missionary work, and it is a good thing to bring music into the professional abiding places of such persons. They will then learn that music is not necessarily made in Germany; that there were composers for the church who rose to supreme heights of devotional expression long before the prodigiously fertile Handel and the genteel Mendelssohn; that there was exquisite music for the keyed instruments of the eighteenth century; that there were mighty masters of opera before Wagner evolved and borrowed his theories. They may also learn to differentiate between virtuosos; to distinguish clearly gradations in mechanical proficiency; to speak intel-

ligently about the essential elements of fine phrasing and admirable style.

THE WORST TOWN.

Sociologists have noted the fact that certain people take a curious pride in proclaiming the surpassing wickedness of the town in which they live. Every now and then a clergyman denounces his own city and likens it to the Cities of the Plain. This is to be expected, for lovers of sensation are found in pulpits, and when they are sensational, they outvie the concoctors of "penny dreadfuls." But staid and respectable townsmen will say to a stranger within the gates: "Do you know, sir, that for its size this little town is probably the wickedest in the United States?"

There are towns that have a world-wide reputation for open and shameless wickedness, and chief among them has been Port Said. Both Mr. Kipling and Mr. Guy Boothby have had much to do with strengthening the belief that Port Said is the sink of humanity, but now comes "Traveller," who informs the Pall Mall Gazette that this same town has been wantonly abused—or flattered. The coal heavers, who have been described as unspeakable Arabs, are now described as strong, healthy, temperate men, who bathe regularly after their grimy work. They do not chew the betel nut; they eschew alcohol. They never go stark naked, and their only dissipation is the native and mild cigarette. There is no gambling hell in Port Said, and the inhabitants are given to sleep, not to sitting up. "There is no ulcer—very little vice or sin." Furthermore, the beach is remarkably clean for a seaport, and the climate is excellent for eight months of the year. Evidently a desirable seaside resort, with quick communication with Europe!

Ichabod, Ichabod! There is now need of new comparisons. Perhaps we shall have to fall back on Paris, in spite of the fact that Mr. Marcel Prevost asserts loudly that the French are the most moral of European nations, notwithstanding the character of their export literature. It is a pity about Port Said. The name is a striking one; the town is far off; and it was easy to imagine vice stalking in its loathsome streets—for vice, we believe, is in the habit of "stalking."

Men and Things

MISS SARA DOWELL, a school teacher of Des Moines, where they experiment in sound municipal government, thinking possibly that she should do her share, told her children on the 23d—an inauspicious date—that they must no longer blow their noses in the schoolroom, neither will they be allowed to sniff. This statement fluttered some of the parents, and the father of little Sophie wrote to the teacher saying that his daughter had a cold: "The child has to do something." He suggested three things that Sophie might do, but one of these things is not to be mentioned among the polite, although stress is laid on avoiding the practice in 16th century books of etiquette, and the habit has by no means grown obsolete.

Miss Dowell evidently believes with pious Moslems that to spit or blow the nose in good society is vulgar. Moham-med liked sneezing: "If a man sneeze or eructate and say 'Alhamdulillah' he averts 70 diseases, of which the least is leprosy," but he disliked yawning, for, as is well known today from Morocco to Bagdad, a devil jumps into the mouth of a yawner. Miss Dowell should educate her children still further. Let her read and ponder "the story of the Broom-Back Schoolmaster," though it be not among the authentic tales of the "Thousand Nights and a Night." This schoolmaster, as he told "the King of the Age," taught his boys to read and in-

cultured due discipline and ready esteem. "Nay, I held them with so tight a rein that whenever the boys heard me sneeze they were expected to lay down their writing tablets and stand up with their arms crossed and exclaim, 'Allah have ruth upon thee, O our lord' where to I would make reply: 'Allah deign pardon us and you!' And if any of the lads failed or delayed to join in this prayer, I was wont to bash him with a severe bashing."

Mr. Henry Hutt and Mr. Harrison Fisher are engaged in a friendly and pleasing dispute. Mr. Hutt says that his wife is the most beautiful woman in the world. Mr. Fisher insists that his model, Miss Catherine Clemens, should wear the crown for beauty. Mr. Hutt denies that his judgment is merely uxorious. Mrs. Hutt is "truly perfect, according to the classical conception of beauty, which is above reproach and the one standard of perfection which outlasts every so-called type."

Yes, indeed, but what are the characteristics of this "classical conception of beauty?"

Helen of Troy was confessedly the most beautiful woman among the ancients. Nor are we wholly without a catalogue of the details of her perfection. Constantine Manasses assures us that her beauty was wholly natural; that she used no face wash, and her complexion had a noble lustre. He and others corroborate him, adds that she had a little mouth, a long neck, very large eyes, well made legs and breasts so exquisitely shapely that Helen dedicated a cup of electrum modelled after one of them in a temple of Minerva at Lindos.

Others tell us in triumphant chorus that Helen was eminent for 30 points of beauty: "Three things white, three black and three red; three long and three short; three thick and three slender; three narrow, three wide and three small." John Nevizan gave the list and swore that Helen was not found wanting in any one, and Brantome repeated the list in verse. How about Mrs. Hutt and Miss Clemens with reference to these 30 physical virtues?

The gallant Mr. Hutt says that his spouse inspires his best artistic work. "She is the stimulus," nevertheless he employs sometimes six different models on one drawing. He does not confine himself to an ideal type. He chooses a model to express his mood. "Dark women express doubt and despair; fair women, joyousness and frivolity; and the red-haired women"—here Mr. Hutt paused, but he afterward supplied this gloss: "The artist will always worship at the shrine of the 'storm centre.'" Mr. Hutt is of the opinion that his wife is not unlike the Venus of Milo: "Her outlines are of the same statuesque purity." (Mrs. Hutt, by the way, is five feet seven inches, and her hair is curly chestnut, with gold and red lights.)

The choir will now sing: "He never cares to wander from his own fire-side."

After all, Kansas City is the place to live in. The brewers of St. Louis may advance the price of beer \$1 a barrel, but the brewers of Kansas City have mercy on their fellow-citizens, and, as the Kansas City Journal puts it, "the local line in front of the mahogany has put its foot back on the rail reassured." Yet there are suspicious souls, doubting Thomases, who look forward gloomily to an increase in the height of the collar.

Some may remember Dean Hole of Rochester, who once visited Boston, and also remember his love of roses. His letters have been edited with a memoir and they form a stately volume. One of his keenest regrets when he had passed his 90th year was that he could not ride in the Grand National at Liverpool. "I have also given up all idea of Epsom, being several ounces over the Derby weight." He loved all sorts of manly sports almost as much as he loved roses. He shared in the pathetic belief of Englishmen that cricket is the game of games, and he once told the mechanics of Nottingham that it should be auxiliary to the "noblest and most sacred purpose of life, to morality and to religion, helpful to temperance, manliness, self-command, obedience, endurance and unity." He said nothing about patience. When he was 75 years old he wrote to his wife: "We English are the only nation which exults in perilous games and sports, and we are in consequence the greatest." There you have the true-born Englishman, also a fine example of the church militant.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

"Faust." Gounod's grand opera in five acts. The cast:

Faust.....George Tallmar
Mephistopheles.....Francis J. Boyle
Valentine.....J. K. Murray
Wagner.....W. H. Pringle
Marguerite.....Mme. Helene Noldi
Siebel.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Martha.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd

There was a large audience, in spite of the fact that "Faust" has already been given at this theatre twice within a few months. The popularity of Gounod's opera is imperishable, and the audience showed familiarity with the music as it was presented last evening. There were cuts, and the entire cathedral scene was omitted. This was no doubt a wise arrangement, if only for the reason that the performance was much prolonged by encores. It was difficult to deny so friendly and insistent an audience, that showed its delight not only at each of the familiar solos, but even at the appearance of rejuvenated Faust in fine clothes.

The chief features of the performance were the newcomers, Mme. Noldi and Mr. Boyle, who were received with gratifying enthusiasm and were generously applauded throughout the evening. Mme. Noldi made an ingeniously attractive Marguerite, and her high, light voice gave evident pleasure. Mr. Boyle has a voice of agreeable quality, and he used it lavishly, so that it became occasionally a trifle veiled, although it was thoroughly effective in certain scenes. Mr. Murray as Valentine, and Miss Le Baron as Siebel were pillars of the performance, and Miss Ladd lent her accustomed vivacity to her share of the garden scene. Mr. Tallman's Faust is familiar and called forth much applause.

During the week Mr. Davies will alternate with Mr. Tallman, Mr. Shields with Mr. Boyle, Mr. Hutt with Mr. Murray, and Miss Lane with Mme. Noldi. The opera next week will be Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Oct-30-1907

G. F. S. writes to The Herald with reference to the remarks on men of regular habits which were published in this column on Monday night: "Should not there be regularity in business and diversion, at home and the office? What would become of the universe if it were governed by caprice? When the stars fought against Siseria, did they not fight in their courses? Is there not routine in a newspaper office? Are there not appointed hours for receiving copy and going to press?"

You misunderstood us, gentle Sir. We were protesting against the regulation of food and clothing by the calendar. We were describing slaves of extreme, ill-considered, unreasonable exactness. Did not the inexorable regularity of Tristram Shandy's father in the simple manner of winding the large house clock on the first Sunday night of every month work grievous injury?

And, first of all, "regular habits" may well bear definition. Ferguson's regular habits shock Mr. Blivens, to whom he appears as a man of irregular conduct. Ferguson is at his desk on the stroke of nine in the morning. Blivens, though he would prefer 8:30 A. M., praises his exactness. Ferguson has made it a practice for some years to take daily his first cocktail at the Porphyry at 5 P. M. Blivens shudders at the thought. Yet the one habit is as regular as the other. Fitz Hugh Ludlow once wrote a story—we believe it was published originally in Harper's—an amusing story about a merchant who advertised for a tutor, "a man of regular habits." He found his prize, but the exactness of the tutor was to the staid employer as wild and vicious irregularity. Would Mrs. Zenos Graves, who abhors the smell of tobacco smoke, look pleasantly on her nephew Marcellus, puffing in the parlor, even if he were to assure her that it is his regular habit to smoke at least two weeds after dinner?

Let us go back to our original proposition: Any man who dons heavy underclothes on Nov. 1 and doffs them on April 1 merely because these dates arrive, is a fit candidate for the foolish house.

We read that a society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of gregarious enjoyment; that all members are required to trim their beards to a point and wear pointed mustaches—it is a pity that the old spelling "mustachio" went out of fashion. It is not easy to see how this form of beard will contribute to the general hilarity, but the members of the club are known as the "Sphenogones." This word, dear Willy, was applied by the Greeks to those who wore wedge-shaped or peaked beards, after the manner of the old men in the ancient comedies. Our old and esteemed friends, Messrs. Liddell and Scott, say that Mercury was thus represented, and the epithet "sphenopocn" was applied to him. But the Mer-

cury we have met in ancient art was beardless; he wore a petasus, or winged cap; talaria, or wings to his feet; he bore a caduceus, a wand with two serpents, but he was free from whiskers. Neither in the text, nor in the plates of the Rev. Joseph Spence's "Polymetis" is there a suspicion of beard, mustache or "siders" connected with Mercury. He was as beardless as Adam, who, according to the deep thinker, Van Helmont, was created without a beard, but "because of the sinful propensities which he derived from the fruit of the forbidden tree, a beard was made part of his punishment and disgrace, bringing him thus into nearer resemblance with the beasts towards whom he had made his nature approximate."

It is a pity that John Taylor, the water poet, could not have mentioned this society by name when he wrote of the strange and variable cut of men's beards:

Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mowed like stubble,
Some like a bare,
Some sharp stiletto fashion, dagger like,
That may with whispering a man's eyes
out pike;

Some with the hammer cut or Roman T,
Their beards extravagant reformed must be.

And Taylor mentioned other cuts, circular, oval, quadrate, triangle, etc. Pity, too, that the ingenious author of "Pogonologie, ou Histoire Philosophique de la Barbe" lived in the 18th century.

Pogonology, what a superb word for the cutting of the beard. It's a wonder that the modern barber, instead of assuming the title of professor, does not advertise himself as a pogonologist. Then there is pogonotrophy, the cultivation of the beard. The beard of the Bearded Lady is pogoniasis, which also means an excessive growth of beard.

Bearded or close shaven, will these men of Paris really enjoy themselves when they deliberately and with malice aforethought set about it? We doubt it. Let even two or three start out in quest of merriment, and in nine instances out of ten they will have a boresome time. The joviality at established dining clubs is due largely to the spur of alcohol in one or more of its disguises. The professional humorist when viewed among his kind is a dull dog. A New York physician once gave a dinner and invited eight men distinguished for their wit, humor and powers of mimicry. To his amazement, they reminded him at table of Wordsworth's party in a parlor. Some sipping punch, some sipping tea, But, as you by their faces see, All silent and all damned.

He afterward asked an explanation of the mummess. "Well, no one dared to say anything. If any one had sprung anything a day old, he would have been called down. If he had said anything good and original, the others would have said it as of their invention, or printed it as their own within 24 hours."

MR. HALL'S RECITAL.

Mr. Leland Hall, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. His programme included Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Schumann's "Des Abends," "Aufschwung," "Warum," "Grillen," "In Der Nacht"; two caprices by Brahms, Debussy's "La Soiree Dans Grenade," "Jardins Sous La Pluie," "Clair de Lune"; Faure's Impromptu in F minor and Tansig's arrangement of Strauss' waltz, "Man Lebt Nur Einmal." As this was Mr. Hall's first recital in Boston, and as he is to play again on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 6, detailed comment upon his performance will be deferred until his second recital. The programme was admirably chosen, for it was not too conventional, although it began with Bach and ended with Strauss-Tansig. It was interesting and well contrasted. It was interesting and well contrasted. It was interesting and well contrasted.

It may be said here briefly that Mr. Hall showed more sympathy last evening with pieces of a fanciful or tempestuous nature than with his programme. He played Schumann's "Grillen," and "In Der Nacht" with convincing sincerity, and was particularly happy in the spirit of frank restlessness with which he infused the latter work. A certain nervousness hampered him, at first considerably, but it apparently wore away somewhat as the programme proceeded, and the pianist did himself justice in later numbers. He played the pieces by Debussy with keen sympathy. There was a fair-sized audience that showed more of a merely friendly enthusiasm, and Mr. Hall was warmly recalled.

GLORY IN CRIME.

There are in Paris, as many know, organized bands of ruffians who have terrorized and still are dangerous to the citizens. They are known as "Apaches." It is said that the term was coined by Le Petit Parisien which exclaimed a few years ago, after a peculiarly brutal murder of a peaceable man: "This is not the work of Frenchmen, but of Apaches."

A reformed Apache—he is now a pork butcher's assistant—said recently to a reporter: "Crime doesn't pay, and few of us would stick to it, if it were not for you. It is the journalists who have given the Apaches the only thing that makes their life worth living, and that is 'la gloriole,' the halo of notoriety. Every Frenchman loves a title, and to be called a 'triste invidu,' an 'Apache,' pleases his vanity."

One of this gentry who calls himself "Robert of Montparnasse" was brought before the magistrate. Was he cowed? He insisted on reading his lyrics, in which he sang of "Shadowy outlines creeping along the wall" and warned "ye bourgeois" to "shudder now within your flats."

Is it not probable that this vanity is fed by plays and romances now much in vogue in Paris, with the hero a daring criminal who "steeps himself in gore" and laughs a light "Ha, ha"? Stories of this nature were a half century ago read chiefly by the concierge and the more ignorant of the "cheaply respectable class." We now find a reputable writer like Felix Duquesnel, the brothers Rosny, who are novelists of high standing, signing stories in which the chief interest is centred in the commission of daring crimes. Even "Daniel Lesueur" makes her hero, the Marquis de Valcour, impersonate another to obtain a great fortune. Meanwhile "Raffles" crowds the theatre Regane, and a recent hero of the day was a rich Englishman who defrauded many merely from the sport of being a successful worker of the confidence game.

CONCERT FOYER

Note on the Tardiness of the Audiences at Symphony; Concerts to Come

HAVE JAILBIRDS A VESTED RIGHT TO SING?

BY PHILIP HALE

THERE has been complaint of late concerning the behavior of the audience at the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra, of the tardiness of many at the public rehearsals and at the Saturday night concerts, and of the hats worn by certain women, young, old and middle-aged, or, as Artemus Ward put it, "between 30 years of age."

The hat question is one between the managers of the concerts and the wearers of hats. The programme books publish regularly the revised regulation of the city of Boston relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement. If a man be disturbed by an obscuring hat, all he has to do is to call the attention of an usher to the obstruction, and it is then the usher's painful duty to speak to the wearer of the hat. For a man to don his own plug or slouch or derby in a wild spirit of revenge would only make himself conspicuous and annoy those behind him.

The unpunctuality of audiences is an old complaint, both in concert halls and in theatres. Mr. Gericks regulated his movements with military precision. When he conducted, the Symphony rehearsal began at 2:30 and the concert at 8 o'clock; the intermission was exactly 10 minutes in length. When Dr. Muck came here he was evidently much annoyed by

late comers who straggled in after the overture, and the first movement of the Symphony, according to the arrangement of the programme. It was not long before he began the concert five minutes after the appointed time, probably in the hope that the late might then be in their seats. There have been concerts and public rehearsals which did not begin till 10 minutes after the appointed hour. The intermission has often been prolonged within the last year.

This tardiness is by no means confined to Symphony Hall. It is now to be observed in recitals. The pianist or singer is late in coming on the stage—Mme. Samaroft, for example, was 10 minutes late last Monday. The tardiness of the performer is deliberate as a rule, and it almost always arises from the desire to play the first piece or to sing the first songs to an audience at rest and not in motion.

If the Symphony concert were to begin at 8:15 P. M. there would still be late-comers. There are men and women who find a strange delight in going down an aisle after the great majority of the audience is seated. It is not a matter of a blocked street car, a punctured tire, a horse in a fit, or some domestic difference that causes sulks and takes time for settlement. The late-comers may be conscious of their evening dress, or they may plume themselves on their gait or their arrangement of hair. Whatever the motive, they rejoice in being late.

As for the alleged ill-behavior of certain persons at the Public Rehearsals. The audience at these rehearsals has long been famous—notorious is perhaps the more fitting word—for its restlessness. The wonder is that since so many women wish to see rather than hear, they should wear such large hats. There should be comity in this respect. When the rehearsal begins late, and the intermission is prolonged unduly, no wonder many who live in the suburbs are obliged to leave before the concert is over.

There seems to be a difference of opinion concerning the desirability of singers displaying the full vigor of their art in jail. Mr. Glorio Patia, a baritone and member of the Lombardi Opera Company, was "jugged" in San Francisco last August for a breach of the peace that was not vocal. In prison he was made chief cook, yet he still served on the chain gang and was "gloomy and morose," until a few nights ago, "when an unusual lightness moved his heart and then his voice." As the Chronicle informs us, "with a setting that could not have been more appropriate he sang with a stirring passion a part of the prison scene from 'Faust'; possibly Marguerite's snatches of tunes on the straw, but transposed, or his own part in the trio. Fellow prisoners and policemen applauded, and this led to 'further selections.'"

But in Fargo, N. D., there is question whether a man imprisoned has a constitutional right to sing. Mr. William Davis, a negro, "while away the long monotonous hours of his captivity by singing southern plantation songs in a strong baritone voice." The city treasurer, Mr. Mitchell, has an office directly above Mr. Davis' cell, and Mr. Mitchell, who apparently is not fond of music, objects to the quantity, if not the quality, of Mr. Davis' outpourings. Chief Wade says he has not right to gag Mr. Davis. Mr. Mitchell insists that imprisonment invalidates certain constitutional prerogatives. The city attorney pronounces the opinion that Mr. Davis has a right to sing unless he becomes a public nuisance. Meanwhile, Mr. Davis sings on. "His repertoire is far from being exhausted. His voice is still fresh and strong."

In Des Moines "18 drunks 'Sundled' in the city jail." Let us quote without comment from the Register and Leader: "All afternoon Sunday they made the welkin ring with sacred songs. The officers had not the heart to turn the hose on them, which would certainly have taken place had not the songs been of a sacred character."

We are tempted to speak of Miss Helen Mullen of Cleveland, who at the age of 12 "has a reputation in her neighborhood as the 'child' piano player," but let us pass on to Miss Vilma Schaeffer, or Schaefer, for both spellings occur. She is, indeed, a wonder. We learn from the Milwaukee Journal that she "burst upon the musical world through the medium of a \$5000 slander suit," and that "her vocal range is five octaves." She is only 19 years old and can go the Adeline Patti of glorious nights eight notes better. Yet "her life story is one of suffering," for at the age of 13 she was compelled to sing songs in her father's saloon in Oshkosh. This she did not like, though she was also allowed to play the piano and was "sometimes flattered by the applause of the men" and pleased by coins handed to her. She has also been in charge of the Children's Home Society and in a sanatorium. Enemies arose to slander her character. "It is said that Wauwatosa church circles, have been stirred up to a high pitch by the charges." If the portrait published in the Journal is life-like, she should escape calumny. And now in all probability Vilma has sung to Mme. Calve, who is described by the Milwaukee Sentinel as "The French contralto."

The sale of tickets for Mr. Paderewski's recital in Symphony Hall on next

Tuesday afternoon will open at the box office of the hall tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. It is said that he is playing brilliantly, and is in excellent physical condition. His programme will be as follows: Paderewski's Variations and Fugue, op. 23 (first time here); Schubert's Sonata op. 27, No. 1, E flat; Schubert's songs, "Barcarolle" and "Erlking," transcribed by Liszt, and "Soiree de Vienne," A major Schubert-Liszt; Chopin's Nocture, F sharp major op. 15; Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 10, 5; Valse in A flat, op. 34; Scherzo, B flat minor; Stojowsky's "Chant d'Amour" and Liszt's

13th Hungarian Rhapsody. Mr. Paderewski will play with the Symphony orchestra Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, Nov. 15th and 16th.

The sale of tickets for Mme. Sembrich's song recital in Symphony Hall, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 8, will begin tomorrow morning at the box office of the hall. As usual, Mme. Sembrich's programme will be divided into three sections. The first, "Old Alms and Songs," will include airs by A. Scarlatti, Spohr, Paradies, Handel, Haydn, and George Monro, a London organist and theatre man of the 18th century. The second section will include songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. The third section will include songs by more modern composers, R. Strauss, Gretschaninoff, Arensky, Weingartner, Raff, J. H. Rogers, H. Parker and Mrs. Beach. The programme contains songs that Mme. Sembrich has made peculiarly her own.

Holders of tickets for the Handel and Haydn season can secure their regular seats for the concert in aid of the Handel and Haydn building fund (Nov. 17, by applying at Symphony Hall on Thursday, Friday or Saturday of next week. The programme will include Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," "Thanks Be to God," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," two orchestral pieces, and airs sung by Miss Harriot Barrows, Mme. Bouton, Messrs. Hamlin and De Gorgorza.

The programme of Mr. Leland Hall's second piano recital in Steinert Hall next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock will include Schumann's "Carnaval," Cesar Franck's "Choral Prelude and Fugue" and pieces by Chopin.

NOV. 1, 1907

Men and Things

WE read in the New York World that Mary Winterbottom left this clause in her will, which was admitted to probate the 28th ult: "I make no provision for my grandson, William Winterbottom, because his course of life has been such as to entitle him to no consideration at my hands."

This reminds us of the opening sentence of a moving tale of the heart and home that was published in newspapers of New England several years ago: "Silas Winterbottom was a cold, stern man."

The lot of these government clerks who have volunteered to drink deeply from the soda water fountain in the interests of science and to the glory of Dr. Wiley may not be so pitiable after all. It all depends on the sirup. Many years ago, when the Danbury News man, the Burlington Hawkeye man, and a few other daily humorists were famous, this wheeze went the rounds:

"'Twas in the gloaming I led her to the drug store. The clerk winked at me and said, 'What sirup will you have?' I said, 'Crusade.' Life seemed beautiful to me at that moment, but my wife said she'd have some, too, and I felt like the silent tomb."

In connection with the experiments, the paragraphs are already referring to the soda water fountain as the "sparkling fount." Whenever we hear this glorified description, the scene in the London tavern comes before us, with the philanthropic woman talking to the landlord and Artemus Ward. The woman addressed Artemus as follows:

"You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!

There is a sparkling fount;

Come, O come, and drink!

No; you will not come and drink."

"Yes he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Jest try him."

"As for you," said the enraged female

to the landlord, "you're a degraded being, too low and vulgar to talk to."

"This is the sparkling fount for me, dear sister," cried the landlord, drawing and drinkin a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf, and relapsed into silence."

"Zeb" of Nashua, N. H., writes to The Herald: "Has the Earnest Student of Sociology anything to say in his 'colossal' work, in ten volumes, on 'ox driving'? I have a faint idea that the Earnest Student is a Vermonter. This I have come to believe by his style of writing and his way of putting an argu-

ment I should like to know when, where and how the expression "wohliche," used by ox drivers, and usually uttered while in the act of administering the lash to the oxen, originated. I became interested in this term while summering in Vermont this last season, as I heard it spoken by all men and boys whom I saw driving the bovine.

Yes, Vermont is a great and good state. During the civil war it paid its debts in gold. Its sons are a sturdy, bold-eyed independent race and leave the state at an early age, so that they can get together in after years in hotel dining rooms and praise it in oratory and song. It is a state of beautiful scenery and moral maple sugar. It is the one state in which we should gladly live, if we could afford to be idle. Even now we remember wistfully the custard pie kept under black wire fly screens in the "depot restaurant" at White River Junction. We first saw that pie about 1893. Passing through White River Junction a year ago, we observed that the screens and much of the pie were still there. But we wander, and to wander is the miller's, not the deep thinker's joy.

You ask a hard question, O Mr. "Zeb," one that the Queen of Sheba, the superb Balkis from whom King Menelik boasts descent, might well have put to Solomon in all his glory. We do not know why the sturdy Vermontor shouts "wohliche" to his oxen. In Scotland "whoick" is a call to dogs. Is "wohliche" merely an unmeaning elongation of "whoa"? But "whoa!" means "stop!" "Stand still!" Unfortunately, the dictionary on which we rely—it is a tower of strength—is published only as far as "Ree-Reign" in the course of the alphabet. When it gets through "W" you will find us a mine of information.

Who knows the origin of the word, "Gee"? which has many meanings, according to the century and the locality? The two words of the driver used to be "gee" and "ree." Prof. Wright in his "Dialect Dictionary" gives nearly a page to the word; and pray, note these meanings: "A call to horses to turn to the right or off side"; "A call to horses to turn to the left side"; "A call to horses to start or move faster, an expression of encouragement"; "A call to horses to come toward the driver." Do you know what "gee-ho ploughing" is? Why "gee up"? "Holy gee!" And yet "Gee" as an exclamation of surprise is very modern. Burns wrote in "Vision": "And, feel the door gaed to the wa'." There is inextricable confusion in these terms. As one English rider on dialect puts it: "To make our taught horses go we call indifferently 'e-ho' or 'ge-wo'." This is sad confusion and we ought to know better; for 'e-ho,' being interpreted, means 'go on,' and 'ge-wo' is 'go go.' But who could he so bold as to swear confidently to the origin of "gee" or "ge"? We knew a man who, to soothe his life, would say in a muton-tallow voice: "So, boss!" as though he were speaking a refractory cow. "So" is one properly spelled "soo" or "soo-oo" "sooe." For some reason or other, a wife was not wholly pleased by this form of endearment.

Nov. 2, 1907

Men and Things

MR. JAMES GAFFAREL argued that if the figure of a scorpion represented on a stone, finds in the place where it is any nutriment agreeable to the nature of a living scorpion, it little by little acquires perfection, and having a length drawn forth that is proper for a scorpion, becomes last alive and moving. Mr. Gaffarel argued in like manner concerning serpents and toads. He was a wise man; he was librarian to Cardinal Richelieu; he wrote a book, "Unheard-of Curiosities," which was censured by the Sorbonne. We speak of him at this late date, wishing to know whether President Roosevelt would class him among the literature-fakers.

We regret, by the way, to see Mr. W. Howells in his "Recollections of an Atlantic Editorship," published in the thirtieth Anniversary Number of the Atlantic, spelling fakes with an "i" in the phrase "human-nature fakirs" (p. 600). The Herald pointed out some time ago, "fakes" is one who fakes, and, in a more modern meaning of the word, fake is to tamper with, for the purpose of deception—hence to "cook" news, reports, etc., for the press; "fakir" properly an indigent person, but specially applied to a Mohammedan religious mendicant, and then loosely, and inaccurately, to Hindu devotees and ascetics. The two words have nothing in common.

There are singular omissions in these columns of the Atlantic. Pleasant paragraphs might have been written about the reception by the Atlantic's conservative and prudish public of Thomas

Hardy's extraordinarily fine story, "Two on a Tower." Nor is there any allusion to the fact that Walt Whitman's "Elemental Drifts" was published in the Atlantic of April, 1890, under the title "Eardic Symbols." Mr. Howells as editor was disappointed because Charles Reade's contributions did not bring prosperity to the Atlantic; yet it was something for any magazine to publish "Griffith Gaunt," and many no doubt remember the commotion made by the superb tale. There is a reference to Fitz James O'Brien's remarkable story "The Diamond Lens," but the equally strange tale, "The Wondersmiths," published in 1859, is ignored.

They think in Chicago that they have solved the tipping problem. A frequenter of the best restaurants, who has risen above his fellow citizens in that he does not drink "claret wine" with ice and sugar, asserts that when a waiter serves hot champagne and cold soup or falls to provide you with "enough cutlery"—knives, scissors, etc., but how about spoons and forks?—or brings you a dirty finger bowl, or spills coffee "over your cigarette case," you should with "much formality and great elaboration of ceremony extract 1 cent from the pocket in which you have hidden it for the emergency, and hand it to him, and at the same time remark with suavity and yet with decision, 'I am paying you the amount that your service has been worth.'" There have been brave men since Agamemnon and they are now living in Chicago. How many Bostonians would thus dare treat a waiter even though he had brought them a Boston stew, which has been described as a box stew with the waiter's thumb in it.

Mr. Atavio Xanthopeus, a waiter at the Athletic Club, Chicago, has been arrested for raising a check 15 cents and pocketing the raise for a tip. This reminds us of the Vergilian line: "I fear the Greeks even when they bring highballs."

Mr. Mellish, an honest farmer in Wisconsin, saw a comet at an unreasonable hour—two hours before daylight—the early farmer catches the comet—and we are now told that it is headed for the earth at a furious rate. Let no one be disturbed by the thought that this visitant presages hard times, plague, famine, earthquake shock, or the assassination of a leading citizen. If there is any one thus worried, let him read Mr. Bayle's "Divers Thoughts Concerning the Comet which Appeared in December 1680," in which Mr. Bayle proves conclusively with great subtlety of reasoning to the extent of 799 pages (four small volumes with an index) that an ordinarily prudent man may pursue his business without trepidation even though a comet blaze at high noon.

We have received letters—one from New York—protesting against the change of "Old Road" in Dorchester to "Fitzgerald" street. The objections are made, not so much against the perpetuation of the mayor's name, as against the abandonment of something old and significant.

Nov. 3, 1907

ARTEMUS AGAIN.

In the 50th anniversary number of the Atlantic Monthly there are one or two allusions to Artemus Ward. Mr. Arthur Gilman goes so far, in a spirit of fine condescension, as to say: "It is remarkable how well Artemus Ward is remembered." But there is no reference in this anniversary number to Artemus Ward's visit at the office of the Atlantic, as described in his letter from Boston. The description was headed "Literatooor," and it was as follows:

"The Atlantic Monthly, Betsy, is a regular visitor to our western home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with pirats and honist young men into 'em, making the pirats splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the pirats to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatooor. The chaps that write for the Atlantic, Betsy, understand their bisness. They can sling ink,

they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin."

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT AN EVENT

Fine Interpretation Given of
Bruckner's Colossal
Symphony.

BY PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 9.....Bruckner
"Young Nun".....Schubert
"Death and the Maiden".....Schubert
Overture, "Leonore, No. 1".....Beethoven

Both the admirers of Bruckner and those that dislike his music lay stress on the fact that he was a born peasant and was essentially a peasant to the day of his death, although the Rector Magnificus of the University of Vienna bowed before him when he presented him with the honorary degree of doctor. The admirers find in Bruckner's peasanthood his strongest characteristics as a composer; the foes find in this peasanthood his salient faults. The former say that by reason of the simplicity and purity of his character, Bruckner was as Paul caught up in the body or out of the body, they cannot tell, to the third heaven, caught up into paradise where he heard unspeakable words, which it was not lawful for him to utter, but it was allowed him to hint at them in music. The latter insist that his peasant naïveté dashed with peasant cunning is revealed in his interminable chatter, in his vague wanderings, in his lack of continuity and cohesion in the expression of thought.

The wretched game of politics is still played with Bruckner. Because he worshipped Wagner and because Brahms, or rather Hanslick, who was to Brahms both elephant and thurifer, was opposed to Wagner, the Wagnerites therefore pitted Bruckner against Brahms, and proclaimed the former the great successor to Beethoven in the field of absolute music. As a matter of fact, Brahms was neither bitterly hostile toward Wagner, nor did he sneer at Bruckner. There was room for both Brahms and Bruckner—except in Vienna, and except in the shady breasts of Wagnerites. Hanslick is dead, "the executioner of Bruckner," as William Ritter characterizes him, "the man who derided all the true glories of the music of his time for Brahms' sole benefit," but Hanslick in his life time did not kill Bruckner, who had friendly audiences in Vienna before his death, whose fame has steadily grown. And among those conductors who have been instrumental in spreading Bruckner's glory are Dr. Muck, Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Ferdinand Loewe.

In order to appreciate fully and yet with discrimination the indisputable talent, the irregular, uncontrolled genius of Bruckner, it is not necessary to inquire curiously into Bruckner's peasanthood or into the character of his father and mother. It was the theory of Sainte-Beuve that the superior man is found, at least in part, in his parents, and especially in his mother; but I doubt in this instance whether an intimate acquaintance with Therese, the daughter of the innkeeper and administrator Ferdinand Helm at Neuzeng, would explain the inconsistencies and contradictions in her son's music. She was no doubt a strong, lusty woman, and she bore her husband a dozen children. As for Bruckner being a peasant, poor, now rude in behavior and speech and now almost cringing in his desire to be courteous, shabbily educated, very few of the greatest composers have been born in rooms of purple hangings, very few have been distinguished for the elegance of their manners or the depth and breadth of their general learning.

Bruckner did not live to complete his ninth symphony, which must necessarily be judged as an incomplete work. It was produced here by Mr. Gericke three years ago last April, and, as is, alas, the common rule, it was left severely alone, so that there could be no corroboration or reversal of the first opinion. Works of this importance should be performed at two concerts in immediate succession.

The symphony was conducted last evening by Dr. Muck with firm belief in the composer and with gusto in the accomplishment of a reverential task. In this colossal work are pages of both tender and solemn beauty, of dramatic strength, of wild fancy, of infinite sweep and apocalyptic vision. These pages were read by Dr. Muck with illuminative fervor. Nothing could have been more superb than the establishment of a mood of anticipation until the first and chief theme of the opening movement was thundered out in its full and awful dignity.

Melodic passages were sung, not declaimed; declamatory phrases were read with dramatic intensity. The performance of the scherzo, one of the most remarkable movements in all Bruckner's symphonies, music that is now lightly fantastical and now demoniacal, was one long to be remembered. The reading of the Adagio was highly poetical from

the delivery of the opening and poignant theme to the close of quiet grandeur, which has been aptly characterized as the composer's farewell to the world and its pomp and gauds, its vain ambitions and its gnat-like cares.

And yet, in spite of the presence of these inspired pages, in spite of a performance that must long be memorable, there were stretches of waste, there was plodding through sand and desolation. Grant the purely technical interest in Bruckner's treatment of thematic material, it yet remains a fact that his diffuseness, his lack of continuity, his occasionally childish, inconsequential prattle, are revealed in this symphony as in the preceding ones. Only the scherzo is conceived clearly from beginning to end and firmly knit together. Though the faults be serious and grievous in the other movements, especially in the first, they are forgotten afterward in the remembrance of that which is grandly thought and grandly expressed, in the remembrance of pages of wondrous, unearthly beauty.

These features of the work itself and the splendor of the performance were warmly appreciated by the audience. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang three songs by Schubert, the "Young Nun,"

with the piano accompaniment instrumented by Liszt; "Death and the Maiden," with Mottl's instrumentation, and "Erkling," with Berlioz's instrumentation. These songs at former symphony concerts have been sung with piano accompaniment.

Her singing was distinguished chiefly by her suggestion of widely varying moods; of religious ecstasy, akin to that expressed in Tennyson's exquisite poem that is all white in the exposition of a nun's religious longing; of the impassive yet comforting voice of Death in answer to the fearsome maiden; of the legendary spirit and horror of the Erkling. In all this she succeeded, but she was most effective in "Death and the Maiden," which displayed the richness of her voice and did not force her beyond present vocal limitations.

It is said that when Roger, the great French tenor, sang "Erkling" he came dangerously near ventriloquism in his effort to present distinctly the three characters in the drama, and only his dramatic genius saved him from being ridiculous. Mme. Schumann-Heink avoided this pit into which many and distinguished singers have fallen, yet her interpretation was dramatic, and it was commendably free from exaggeration. Critics for many years have found fault with Schubert's setting. (Mendelssohn, for instance, in his jaunty, genteel way preferred Reichardt's.)

They have accused Schubert of absurd accentuation, of giving to the Erkling incongruously sentimental strains, melodies that would not frighten even the most timid child; of portraying in Italian music an episode of the chilly North. What have they not said? Yet Schubert's song still thrills, for here is the suggestion of night and speed and horror. Loewe's ballad is remarkable, but it is conceived in another manner.

It is all very well to say that the Leonore overture No. 1 is better as a prelude to the opera than No. 3, and that No. 2 is in some respects superior to the most famous of the four overtures. Whenever No. 1, No. 2, or the overture to "Fidelio" is played, the hearer instinctively is reminded of No. 3, and would fain hear it.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18. Some of her songs will be with organ accompaniment.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Mr. Paderewski's piano recital. Paderewski's Variations and Fugue, op. 23 (first time here); Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. 1 E-flat; Schubert-Liszt, Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Soiree de Vienne (A major), Erkling; Chopin, Nocturne, F-sharp major, op. 15, Etudes Nos. 10 and 5, op. 10, Valse, A-flat, op. 34, Scherzo in B-flat minor; Stojowski, Chant d'Amour, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Katharine Foote and Miss Lilla Ormond. Mrs. Charles A. White, accompanist. Duets, Summer Night and Love Has Turned His Face Away, Arthur Foote; Faure's Nell and Les Berceuses; Brahms' Madrigal, Miss Ormond; Schiller's Chanson du Vent, Schumann's Nussbaum, Franz's Im Rhein und Lieben ist da, Brahms' Es hing der Reif und Botschaft, Miss Foote; A. Foote's Requiem (new); Grieg's Morning Dew, S. C. Colburn's Song (MS.), Miss Ormond; Beethoven's Ma bien-aimée, Debussy's Romance, J. Bradlee's Lune Blanche, Widor's Enfant de Catane, Miss Foote; Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Leland Hall's second piano recital. Schumann's Carnaval; C. Franck's Prelude Choral and Fugue; Chopin's Waltz, op. 42, Improvisation, F-sharp major, Etudes, op. 10 No. 10, op. 25 No. 3, Ballade in G minor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Mme. Marcella Sembrich's song recital. Mr. Isidore Luckstone, pianist. A. Scarlatti, Se Flordindo e fedele; Paradies, Rose, wie bist du reiseend; Paradies, Quel ruscelletto; Handel, O Sleep from "Semele"; Monro, My Lovely Cella; Haydn, Scherzo, Schubert.

Gretchen am Spinnrade, Liebe Schwaermut, Wiegenlied, Liehaber in Allen Gestalten; Schumann, Rosenleien, Widmung; Brahms, Wie Melodien zieht es, Botschaft; R. Strauss, Allerseelen, Gretchenhohn, Rose-red the Light; Arensky, But Late in Dance I Embraced Her; Wienigartner, Motten; Raff, Keine Sorg' um den Weg; J. H. Rogers, Love Has Wings; H. Parker, Love in May; Mrs. Beach, Elle et Moi.

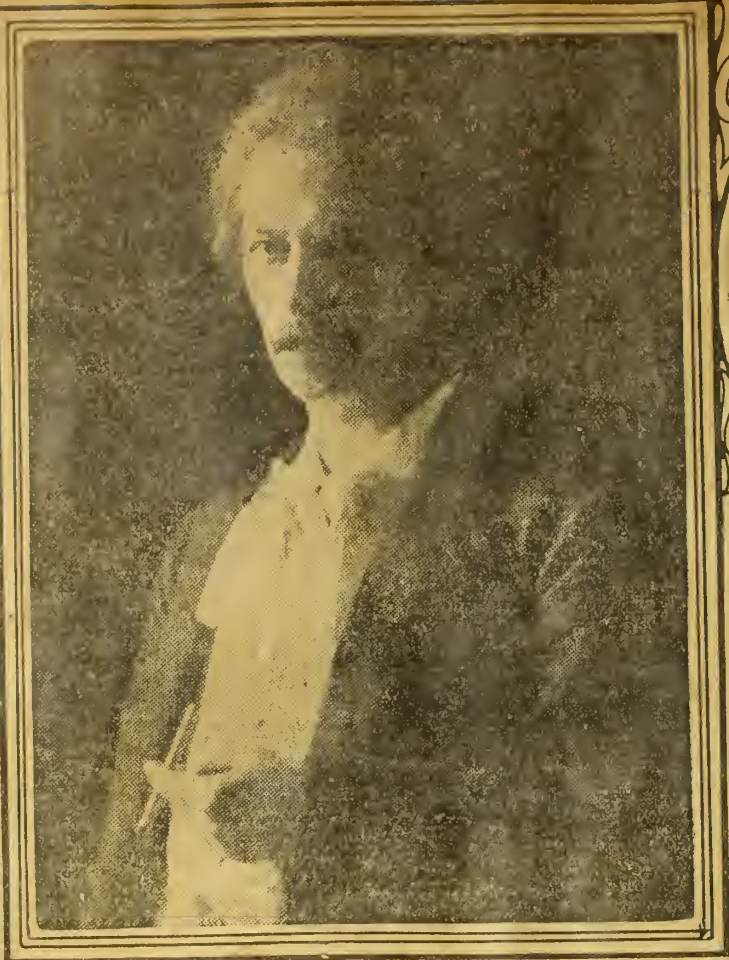


LILLA ORMOND.

MRS. R. J. HALL'S CONCERTS.

Mrs. R. J. Hall, who as president of the Orchestral Club, was the means of acquainting concert goers of Boston with many interesting and unfamiliar modern orchestral works, purposes to give two concerts here this winter. The programs will include compositions by Balakoff, Chausson, Cesar Franck, Glazounoff, Lazzari, Leroux, Rabaud and others. Mrs. Hall will also produce works written expressly for her by Dukas and Mouquet.

The first of these concerts will take place in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21. Mr. Georges Longy will conduct the orchestra. Full particulars will be given later.



(Photo by C. Nitsche.)
PADEREWSKI.



KATAHRINE FOOTE.

her repertoire may be said to hover every near. . . . It were indeed a pity to fling the stray tones of a great voice upon crude walls and cramped quarters; let them rather resound and reverberate, and perchance be preserved by the listening atoms of carved wood and chiselled stone."

"Faust," by the way, "has no overture. It's a fact without a cause that some operas have overtures and some have not." The "essential attributes" of Mephistopheles are "flaming colors and a bass voice." The march from "Faust" is played "by every military band in the country." Mephistopheles' serenade is "more insulting than complimentary." Miss Wagnall's book is not merely anecdotal; it is educational, instructive.

Mme. Calve was simply gowned when Miss Wagnalls met her. "It was the evening after one of these great Carmen performances when a knock at the prima donna's door elicited the Parisian response, 'Entrez.' What do they call out at Havre, Tours, Marseilles? Mme. Calve told Miss Wagnalls that all singers should practise special exercises for the breath. She makes you feel in her presence 'the subtle influence of a large heart and a grand soul.'"

Mme. Nordica's diamond tiara is not forgotten. "There was never a role she could not sing, and never a time she was not ready." She also has "teeth of absolute perfection," and she said to Miss Wagnalls: "Our art is so very legitimate."

Mme. Lehmann had her bed made at 9:30 A. M., when Miss Wagnalls called, "and there was no sign of a late breakfast—no orange peel, egg shells and toast crumbs on the centre table. She wore over a plain serge dress a 'typical little fancy apron.' Yet Mme. Lehmann had not got into bed the night before until 2 A. M."

Mme. Melba as a child hated dolls, and she did not sing, she only hummed, and consider ensemble singing in schools as ruinous to good voices."

Miss Wagnalls pulls out all the stops in her eulogy of Miss Farrar. "Geraldine Farrar's smile is something to drive a poet to sonnets—and a prince to sighs!" and ordinary citizens to drink. Her favorite recreation

is sleep. In literature she "likes 'everything.' It may be remembered that the Hon. John L. Sullivan is also an omnivorous reader. 'I once saw a death—it sounds unfeeling to say it, but I now use the very expression.' I saw then in the finale of 'Bohème' this recalls the final chapter of Edmond de Goncourt's 'La Faustin.' Miss Farrar talked sensibly to Miss Wagnalls, very sensibly. But Miss Wagnalls herself is at her best when she describes Mme. Eames. Then she rises to rhapsodic heights. Would that there were space to quote from her analysis of 'Carmen,' 'Hamlet,' 'Werther,' 'Aida,' 'Pannhaeuser,' 'Orpheus' and other operas. Lieut. Pinkerton in 'Mme. Butterfly' from first to last 'seems blindly unconscious of his villainy. This is distressing morally, but musically one could wish it no different. As the rain-howl-mist arises out of the whirlpool, so the beautiful in art is most often evolved from a maelstrom of sin and tragedy.'"

Miss Gertrude Hall has retold in prose "The Wagnerian Romances." The book is published by John Lane Company, New York. It is a volume of 414 pages closely printed. Miss Hall has not criticised, she has not supplied a commentary. Her endeavor was "to give an idea of the charm and interest of the original text of the Wagner operas." . . . it is presentation, picture, narrative; it offers nothing that is not derived directly and exclusively from the Wagner libretti and scores." While she admits the great difficulty presented to those attempting a "verse-rendering," she does not hesitate to pronounce all the translations included in the libretti "painfully inadequate." As for that, the libretto of "Il Trovatore" has not yet been adequately Englished in verse. But when Miss Hall concludes by saying: "One would not lose more by dropping out of literature the Idylls of the King than the Wagnerian romances," she may justly be suspected of suffering from Wagneritis. Is it really necessary at this late day to add to the already superfluous mass of Wagneriana? Miss Hall has shown herself in various ways as a writer of individual grace and of true poetic feeling. It is a pity that she did not devote the time and energy spent on this book to the expression of her own thought and

HUNTING THE PRIMA DONNA IN HER LAIR

Miss Mabel Wagnalls Has Written a Head, Heart and Soul History of Six Divas, and Miss Farrar Gets Her Portion of Glory.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Several books have been published recently in this country about music and musicians. The one that will undoubtedly interest the great majority of "music lovers" is "Stars of the Opera"—revised and enlarged edition—by Mabel Wagnalls, published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company of New York and London, for it contains much information concerning the personal appearance, the habits and the opinions of Mmes. Calve, Eames, Farrar, Lehmann, Melba and Sembrich.

Miss Wagnalls also tells the stories of sundry operas. She is, by the way, the author of two novels. We learn from the advertisement in the back of this book that her "Miserere" is not based on the celebrated "Tower scene" in "Troisvatore," or suggested by the composition of Gregorio Allegri; it is a "brief but beautiful romance in which the discovery of a rich and powerful voice leads ultimately to a climax as thrilling as the death scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' " As the patriotic Scot roared in the theatre, delighted with Home's "Douglas"; "What's your Willie Shakespeare now?" Miss Wagnalls has also written "Selma, the Soprano," a chapter in the book entitled "One of Those Coincidences": "It is the tragical story of a journalist and his talented sweetheart and wife, who are at first separated, and then reunited by strange fortunes. The story is filled with music and feeling."

Some day—some day—I hope to read these stories. The years glide by; they are crowded with petty cares; there is little time to feed the soul; and I have not yet read "Tribute" or "Three Weeks." The story, however, might be more absorbing if it were concerned with a contralto, a deep breasted "bathos" is the Homeric adjective—deep voiced contralto, who, like Patricia Vye, reminded one of a tropical island, a Bourbon rose, jacinths, ribes, a glimpse of the sun, the sea and the sea, and the Communion Service. But it is wiser not to be too particular. There are desirable sopranos.

Miss Wagnalls was enthralled by a performance of "La Traviata" in the Metropolitan Opera House nine or 10 years ago. "Grand Opera," as she scornfully observes, "is a culmination and combination of the greatest efforts of the greatest minds." In this instance, there was first, the plot, "the masterpiece of Dumas, France's greatest dramatist." Then there was the music, the "finest thoughts of Verdi, Italy's greatest living composer." Her book is just published. Is it possible that the rumor of Verdi's death in 1901 was false? However this may be—and the point is

not of importance—Verdi "patiently put upon paper every note that his years of study and his gifted soul impelled."

Then there was the orchestra. "It may be mentioned here that in all grand operas the orchestra plays continually; it is the wall upon which the picture is hung. There may be pauses in the singing, but the conductor's baton never rests." This recalls the old story of the theatre manager who wished the clarinet player discharged because he saw him idle for a few minutes. "Counting his rests?" he said to the explaining conductor. "I don't pay any man for resting." This remark is attributed to John Stetsie, but the story is to be found in

books published long before Mr. Stetson ever owned a theatre.

According to Miss Wagnalls, the orchestra players all hold "as a creed that a false note is a sin, and a variation in rhythm is a fall from grace." Mr. Mahler, a stern disciplinarian, will breathe freely when he reads this description of the men whom he will soon rule, especially when he learns that the conductor is their "temporary deity," that "his commands are for the time being immutable as the laws of nature." The chorus, "earnest workers, serve grand opera as the stokers do a ship." Hence, the occasional strikes.

There was Mme. Sembrich, whose voice is "as perfect a voice as the world has ever heard." In the last act of "Traviata" the quality of her tones "conveys to the listener surely and truly the approach of death and the hope of heaven. This is great art indeed." This is on page 18. What is there left, you may ask, for Mmes. Calve, Melba and the rest of them? Have no fear. Miss Wagnalls has only begun.

She saw Mme. Sembrich at a hotel in New York. Entering the room, she found the singer, standing near a grand piano, "as unostentatious as your own sister." This comparison at once disarms the reader. Of course his sister is unostentatious, and Mme. Sembrich is, then, just like Maud. If the reader have no sister, yet he thinks of the ideal sister as unostentatious, not cold and haughty, with a carriage as though she were on casters, not flamboyant with a mincing gait. Well, all those who have had the pleasure of talking with Mme. Sembrich know that she is unostentatious, but why make a fuss about this characteristic? Miss Wagnalls was also surprised to learn that the singer is "regular and rigorous in her daily life even yet."

Passing over a long yet vivid description of the opera "Semiramide," the reader calls with Miss Wagnalls on

Mme. Eames, calls at a hotel in New York—I do not mention the name of this inn lest I be suspected of endeavoring to obtain a room there with a perfumed bath at a reduced price. This call is "a veritable 18th century dream." There are powdered footmen in satin knee breeches, who usher you into the great reception room, where you stand, gaping, and alone; for the Hotel X is "very exclusive." Yet there is a pretty, soft-voiced maid "arrayed as were the ladies-in-waiting of the Trionon," who "talks enthusiastically about the great personage," to wit, Emma.

"We all here just love her, she is so gracious and appreciative of everything we do, and so kind to us. She gives us tickets to the opera, and she isn't at all proud or haughty. She often comes in here of an afternoon to have tea. There is her corner, where she always sits—and the maid points quite reverentially to a dainty recess curtained with tapestries and dreamily illumined by a huge pendant red globe." Your rolling eyes see priceless cabinets, trays of antique china and tiny spoons of old silver, "sought and selected," possibly swiped, "from the castles and treasure rooms of Europe." There are clocks of solid gold, and one is jeweled with turquoise and garnets; there are rows of sumptuously bound volumes, with titles which "set one to dreaming of

court intrigues and palace revels." Mr. Anthony Comstock should know about this.

But there is nothing said about the carpet. When Charley Backus—why did he die?—was telling Messrs. Birch, Wambold and his other co-mates about New Year's calls he made in the houses of the rich and famous, after naming distinguished guests who were present—"Everts was there; all the great men were there; I was there"—he spoke of carpets so thick that walking over them was like treading water—"carpets that came up to your knees, like this." Probably the floor of the hotel reception room is one of wondrous mosaic, the work of the Florentine, Baldassare Cerrato, and the richest Persian rug would be an insult.

At last a powdered footman with a stately voice leads you past columns and through curtains until you arrive at an ante-room. Folding doors, which you do not notice, are thrown open by unseen hands, and behold the queen-of grand opera, Mme. Emmureames, as she is called by thousands of her admiring country women.

"A beautiful woman, clad in a fawn colored gown of rich design, and jewelled with chains of pearls and a brooch of diamonds"—rich and rare were the gems she wore—Mme. Eames is discovered sitting on a pale satin divan, displaying a charming smile.

Miss Wagnalls was overcome by the fact that Mme. Eames was born at Shanghai (p. 49). "There's a beginning for you! Enough to crush an ordinary mortal." Why? Shanghai is a populous, busy, famous city.

"Little wonder a prima donna has no time for social gaiety when you consider all the accessories to her art." Mme. Eames dreads having her photograph taken. This is probably the reason why her photographs are seldom seen and not easily obtained. She is happier in her Italian castle with "sullen, gray stone walls six feet thick, its main hall, 60 feet by 25 feet, its 'rich hangings and historical trophies.' In this castle she likes to study 'and the mystic characters of

Miss Hannah Smith's "Founders of Music: Life Sketches for Young Readers," published by G. Schirmer, New York, was published first, if I am not mistaken, a few years ago. The book is that it purports to be. The lives of masters of music are described in simple language, pleasantly and without any reticence at fine writing.

PERSONAL.

Many will regret that Miss Bessie Abbott cancelled her concert engagement in Boston. She has sung here since her college days and nights only at one

Mrs. Hall McAllister's concerts at the concert last season. They all liked her in Atlanta, Ga. The Journal of that city was deeply moved by her performance of the mad scene from "Lucia," and to this: "There is nothing in poetry to which her singing may be compared unless it be the rarest of Shelley's lines, his 'Sky Lark,' or, 'Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory.' With a technique that is all but perfectly fashioned she combines insight and the finest tone-flights to be imagined. In the finale of 'The Mad Scene' or three of her notes seemed falling from some star-world. They might have been heartstring echoes floating down from Israel." "From Israel?" Is Miss Abbott, then, of the gifted race? It has been stated that she belonged to one of the best families near Ogdensburg—or was it Rouse's Point? Is it not possible that the flaming rhapsodist was thinking of Poe's Israel, whose heartstrings are a lute? The representative of the Melbourne Herald had a somewhat stormy opinion at the hands of the Australian prima donna on her return to her native land. He addressed her as 'Melba, whereupon she replied in dry tones, 'I am Mrs. Charles Armstrong, if you please. Who dares to address me as Mme. Melba? I cautioned the ship's officials not to do so. My visit is purely private, and I do not wish to be recognized or addressed as Mme. Melba.'—Fall Mail Gazette. Mrs. Frank Damrosch, O., "referred to as the premier (sic) young pianiste (sic) of the city," discussed recently the question whether a pianist's technique depends at all on the size of the hands. "Three-fourths of piano playing is done with the brain, one-fourth with the fingers." Yet there will be voices saying: "Well, hardly so." But Eva adds: "I well know that is nearer to me in my art than yours."

Mrs. Francis Braun, who as Mme. Ettinger is known to many opera-goers, attempted to kill herself with a revolver last month at South Milton, Ireland. She had suffered from gas, was in a general state of weakness, and was mentally depressed. Caught before the magistrate Sept. 20, she was pronounced temporarily insane the time of her attempt and the case dismissed. Mr. Frank Damrosch puts a hand on Edwin Lockhart on the head saying "The music world has been waiting a long time for a voice like yours. Why limit the world? Why not say 'the universe'?" "was 'told officially' in New York on Oct. 24 that the union of Mr. and Mrs. Josef Hofmann is a 'distinctly happy one.' There are sworn affidavits to this effect. Mrs. Gadsby continues her triumphant career on the Pacific coast. The San Francisco Call says she made a striking picture in a chinchilla jacket and a lace hat and then it moralizes: 'Beautiful when lose their charm, as a rule, when they attempt art. In other words, they deprecate when they step out of their skins. Not so with the fair young German artist for she has the very soul of music, which plays upon the heart strings and brings into life the songs of the great masters.'

R. PADEREWSKI'S CONCERT.

R. Paderewski will give his recital in Symphony Hall on Tuesday afternoon. He changed the date of the recital here and cancelled an engagement in Syracuse on Wednesday night, that he might play the 6th, which is his birthday, without thought of concert giving. He has not played here since the spring of 1905. His performance includes several pieces that he will play for the first time, among them his own Variations and Fugue, which have never been heard in Boston. This work is a piano sonata and among his latest compositions. The variations were performed for the first time in this country by Mr. Stojowski in New York last winter. Mr. Krebbs says that the theme is "something of the sound of an ancient Slavic battle hymn and is pompously announced in almost naked 'clashes.' There are 21 variations, of which the fugue is the best. 'A wide range of the variations—from the serene and ecclesiastical, through graceful dance in a Siciliano, and the wildness of an alla Zingaresse, which, though designated, is made unmistakable by an echo of the tinkling gypsy dulciana up to ferocious assault.' The subject of the fugue is derived from the old theme.

ME. SEMBRICH'S PROGRAMME.

Mrs. Sembrich will give her only concert of the season in Boston, Friday afternoon, the 8th, in Symphony Hall. She will be seen by looking at her programme published in the "Concerts of the Week," she will sing certain songs which are closely associated with her name, as Brahms' "Wie Melodien Ziehn" and Strauss' "Allerseelen," which she first sang here about five years ago. Wagner has written many songs, few of them are known here. Gretchen has been represented in Boston by a chorus or two and by a violin. Born in 1864, he was written an opera, music for plays, a sym-

phony, two string quartets, etc. It has been of late much neglected. His "Kleine Sore" is the 10th in the series "Sanges-Fuehlung," a series of 30 songs composed from 1855 to 1863. On the list of the old composers whose name Mrs. Sembrich will sing is the name of George Monro. He was an English composer and organist, born about the end of the 17th century. He was for a time harpsichord player at Goodman's Fields Theatre, and he died in London in 1794. He wrote an opera, "Temple Beau," and among his more celebrated songs—celebrated at the time—were "Charm of Wine," "Song in Praise of Polly," "Complaining Maid," "Happy Dick" and "Passionate Lover."

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F. E. C. writes to The Herald: "How would it go to give a recital of a comic opera by two performers, one playing the music on a piano, the other playing on a typewriter? Would not this be a novelty in duets?"

"Genuine Russian caviar" is now manufactured at Bellingham, Wash. The eggs of the Washington salmon are "just as good" as those of the Russian sturgeon and salmon and 100,000 pounds of caviar will be turned out at Bellingham this year. Sardines come from Maine, Swiss and French cheeses from New York and New Jersey; why not caviar from Washington? Yet there is a marked difference between the genuine article and the imitations thus far known to us. There are some men to whom Hamlet might refer today, but the taste for the relish has increased in this country even within the last 10 years. There are still some who would say with Bullock in the 17th century: "Strange meat like black soap," or with Moutet and Bennet: "As for caviar, the Italian proverb will ever be true: 'He that eateth of caviar, eateth salt, dung and flies'; or with Wither, would call caviar a bauble.

There was a time in England when caviar was considered an unpatriotic dish. Swift had a crack at it when he represented Gluttony as sending Her priest in wooden shoes From haughty Gaul to make ragoos; Instead of wholesome bread and cheese, To dress their soups and fricassees; And, for our home-bred British cheer, Botargo, catsup, and caveer."

Mr. Champ Clark swears that the whiskers grown in Pike county, Mo., are "the peers of all the whiskers the world has ever known in song or story." Pike county hitherto has been famous chiefly as the home of Joe Bowers and his brother Ike—heroes sung before the Civil War, though the abandonment of Joe by Sal for a red-haired butcher is, we fear, unknown to the singers of sentimental songs in this materialistic age. It seems that Mr. Valentine Tapley of Spencerburg, Mo., has a beard 11 feet 6 inches long and Judge Elijah Gates of Curryville, or Judge Cates of Gurryville, sports a beard 9½ feet long; beards, indeed, in which a fowl of the air might build her nest and rear her brood.

Yet there have been mighty beards in the past. There is now before us a "true portraiture" of Mr. John

Staininger of Brunau, who departed this life in 1567. His forked beard sweeps the ground, and though he was a member of the town council he must have been a sight. The beard of Francisus Alvarez Semedo of the Society of Jesus and procurator of Japan and China, was so long that for convenience sake he used to have it girt about him with a girdle. There was a Spanish woman at Penheranda, one Brizoda, aged 60 years, a most estimable woman. She had a beard from her youth, as grave and reverend chroniclers inform us, which she suffered to grow, so that in her latest years it reached down to the pit of her stomach, but as we are not given the exact distance from the said pit to the crown of her head, to estimate the length of this beard would be childish and vain. In 1902 Mr. Jean Coulon was flourishing at Montlucon, in the department of Allier, France, and so was his beard, which was 10 ft. 10½ in. in length, while his mustache was then over a yard and a half long. On week days he wore this hair in a bag so that he could the more diligently ply his business, but on Sundays he would dress it and receive visitors. Five years have passed. This beard, if the man be still alive, may now surpass that of Judge Gates, but Mr. Valentine Tapley is probably Coulton's superior.

The beard of Domenico d'Arona was "delle barbe la corona," "the crown," or king, "of beards," but we do not know

its length. Does Mr. Tapley hate his beard in sour milk after the manner of the ancient Persians to promote growth? Does Judge Elijah Gates braid his whiskers with threads of gold? Of course neither one wears a cravat; but is the collar button done, imitation gold or be-diamonded?

It is not our purpose to discuss the question whether a man should waste 2730 hours in 50 years of daily shaving—this was Southey's computation—hours enough to learn seven or eight languages; whether he should be like the Elizabethan clergyman, who wore a tremendous, formidable beard "that no act of his life might be unworthy the gravity of his appearance." Much depends on the nature of the hair and the shape of the head. The man whose head runs to a peak and whose chin hair is like unto fine, cut chewing tobacco pasted on casually, might easily be more impressive if they were close shaven.

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MISS FARRAR'S OUTBURST.

"Ah, these prima donnas!" to quote from the forgotten operetta "Poor Jonathan," a title that now has a peculiar significance, for Miss Geraldine Farrar is reported as saying, although she is an American, that "there is no art in the United States." When Miss Farrar said this she was in Berlin. Let her come back at once and redeem us from the foul reproach. Why tarry the wheels of her chariot? Especially since there is money here, as she herself admits.

"Americans are deficient in artistic appreciation. Americans cannot judge music because they are utterly lacking in understanding." This may be true of New York, where critics pointed out to Miss Farrar the error of her vocal ways. But did not Boston, and all Melrose, fall prostrate at her feet?

Miss Farrar is known to some as an omnivorous reader, but few are aware that she has thought deeply on subjects of sociological, political, economical interest. "Art is an impossibility in a land of political corruption." She here restricts the meaning of the word. May not graft be counted among the finest arts?

Last season Miss Farrar was said to have spoken in mocking, bitter tones of the bodily bulk that distinguishes some of her admired stage sisters. She "indignantly denied" the breach of courtesy attributed to her. Miss Farrar has envious rivals in the Berlin Opera

House. Miss Emmy Destinn's nose is out of joint, and there are others. Even while we write, the cable may be sizzling with Miss Farrar's denial. Let us not in any event take the singer, her statement, or her denial too seriously. Earth did not feel the shock. There was no perturbation of nature.

When Ambrose Philips lavished purple phrases on a famous prima donna, Messrs. Pope, Arbuthot and Co. held up hands in wonder that there should be such a fuss over "a poor singing woman."

"The Red Mill,"

Victor Herbert's Music Is More Than Equal to His Other Efforts.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Red Mill," a musical play in two acts; book by Henry Blossom, music by Victor Herbert. First performance in Boston. Cast: "Con" Kidder.....Fred A. Stone "Kid" Conner.....David Montgomery Jan Van Borkem.....Edward Begley Franz.....Charles Cox Willem.....David L. Don Capt. Doris Van Damm.....Stanley Hawkins The Governor of Zealand.....Neal McCay Joshua Pennfeather.....Claude Cooper

Gretchen.....Edna Fawcett Bertha.....Ethel Johnson Tina.....Maxine Verande Countess de la Fere.....Maxine Verande

Here is a musical comedy that is most amusing without being silly or common, with a story which is sufficiently logical and intelligible, with dialogue that is often sprightly and always entertaining, with music that is charming in tunefulness, rhythm and graceful or piquant instrumentation, music that while it does not attempt to be incongruously ambitious, is nevertheless the work of a thoroughly trained musician with a genuine gift of melody, a fine sense of color, an appreciation of the requirements of comic opera and a sense of dramatic effectiveness. Mr. Herbert has long been known as a "cello virtuoso, a conductor of symphony and popular concerts, a composer of serious and light music. He has done much that is admirable, and among the works which show most clearly his indisputable talent is the music to "The Red Mill."

Operettas as well as operas and books have their fate, and excellent music alone cannot be as the breath of life when the libretto is leaden or impossible. Mr. Blossom's book is far above the average. A simple story is simply told. The love passages are neither ridiculous nor mawkish. The persons in the little drama are characters that give the comedians opportunity. The audience is interested at the very beginning and the interest is steadily developed, nor does the action halt or slumber, nor does the interest flag the moment the two leading comedians are off the stage. The performance is excellent in every respect. The comic force, spontaneity of Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, were already known to Boston audiences, and the individuality of the two is not easily disguised by the assumption of new parts; but the display of this quaint individuality is as refreshing as ever. Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, however, are now prominent in a company that abounds in character actors of no mean order of merit.

Do the two amuse as waiter and interpreter, as they imitate, as marvelous, as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson? Do they astonish by wildness in the dance and by a slang that has a classic flavor? There is also the fine impersonation by Mr. McCay of the governor to whom every day is Ladies' day; there is the well drawn character of the stolid Burgomaster by Mr. Begley; there is the admirable work of Mr. Cooper in the small part of the London solicitor; nor should our old friend Mr. Don be forgotten, who is now funny without undue grimaces, whose quietness is often eloquent.

That a comic opera should be a show of pretty women is now taken for granted. Beauty, like the landscape, is chiefly in the eye of the beholder, and to praise publicly a woman in operetta merely because the Lord favored her may provoke the adverse criticism of your neighbor in the orchestra stalls who saw with other eyes; it may be only a shabby compliment to the woman on the stage, an apology for her lack of vivacity, her stupidity in dialogue, her shrieking in song; lastly, it may afterward incite a scene of harassing domesticity.

But in "The Red Mill" the women, principals and subordinates, are a delight to the eye and not injurious to the ear; they are arch and sprightly; they please the women as well as the men in the audience, and this is perhaps the highest compliment; for the woman is quick to see flaws in anatomy and detect hidden stupidity when her male companion is lost in wonder, love and praise. To distinguish between Miss Johnson, Miss Fassett and Miss Crater would be as difficult as it would be invidious, nor should Miss Verande be forgotten in her impersonation of a part that might easily be tiresome.

The chorus girls, for a wonder, do not stab the ear; they are not too conscious exhibitionists; they are not brazenly fresh and disconcertingly forward. The well-balanced chorus and the orchestra are under the control of Mr. Max Hirschfeld, who, pleasantly remembered here, conducts with his customary skill. Too much cannot be said in praise of the unusual taste shown in the mounting of the operetta. The costumes are always harmonious and often of exceeding beauty.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Loengrin," Wagner's grand opera in four acts. The cast was as follows:

Loengrin.....George Tallman Henry I.....Francis J. Boyle Frederick Telramund.....J. K. Murray Elsa.....Miss Clara Lane Trud.....Miss Louise LeBaron The orchestra and chorus were augmented for this production. The stage director was W. H. Fitzgerald, and Frank N. Mandeville conducted. The production last evening repaid in full the pains that have been pent upon it, and the one or two delays which did much to pique the interest of theatregoers, and added an extra test for that reason. The producers have spared no labor to make her performance all that was claimed or it, and the general mounting was more beautiful and elaborate than anything given in this theatre in recent seasons. The costumes were new, appropriate, and many of them were a dream of color. The stage setting and other details were in general conventional, although there were several greivable departures, as in the bridal chamber, where certain stiff, traditional and uncomfortable pieces of upholstery were replaced by furniture which, if not more luxurious, was at least more pleasing to the eye. Miss Lane defied one convention by wearing in the first act a pale violet-colored gown instead of the legendary white, and the effect was gratifying. She sang and acted with a sincerity that carried weight on both sides of the footlights, and her security in lines, pose and action was a potent factor in the coherence of the ensembles. Another notable impersonation was that of Miss LeBaron, who used her greivable voice lavishly and with much dramatic effect. In moments of in-

insult her action lacked poise. But in general it was admirable. It was a pleasure to behold an Ortrud of delicate and desirable mould, a monument to dramatic good taste; instead of the rep- chested Amazon to whom one is accustomed.

During the production of "Iohannin" Mr. Davies will alternate with Mr. Allan. Mr. Huff with Mr. Murray. Miss Edwards with Miss Lane, and Miss Hall with Miss LeBaron. The opera next week will be DeKoven Smith's "Rob Roy."

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

About 40 Will Be Given Free in School Buildings This Winter.

During the winter of 1907-08 about 40 free concerts will be given under the direction of the music department of the city. This unique musical course is now in its 10th season, having started with a series of string quartet concerts in the winter of 1898-99. Two years later the quartet was expanded into an orchestra of nine pieces. This instrumentation has been found so satisfactory that it has been retained up to the present time, with the addition recently of an extra first violin. The musicians are the most skillful that can be secured, and the singers who assist them include accomplished artists. As the object of the course is to educate popular taste, as well as to give pleasure, the programmes are selected from the compositions of the masters, though due allowance is made for certain necessary limitations. A novel feature this season will be an informal discussion by Prof. Louis C. Elson of the music rendered at each concert. The halls used are principally the excellent assembly halls of the high and grammar schools, the use of which is kindly granted by the school committee. About two concerts a week will be given, the series beginning at the Dorchester high school Friday evening, Nov. 8 and closing, it is expected, some time in April. The dates will be announced in the daily papers and by means of window cards displayed in the vicinity of the various halls. Information may also be obtained at all times at the office of the music department, 64 Pemberton square. Regular stations at which tickets may be obtained have been established at the stores of the M. Steinert & Sons Company, 162 Boylston street; the Boston Music Company, 28 West street; C. W. Thompson & Co., No. 4 Park street, and at the office of the music department, 64 Pemberton square.

The programme of the first concert in the Dorchester high school Friday evening will include orchestral pieces by Weber, Gelli, Chaminade, Puccini, Doppler, Mozart. The soloists will be Mr. Flint, bass, who will sing songs by Handel and Flinden, and Mr. Benavente, who will play a saxophone solo by De Lanoye.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK at the Symphony concert last Saturday night sported proudly her orders and decorations. In like manner 17 years ago Mr. Theodor Reichmann was resplendent in Music Hall in the sight of the people, yet the gorgeousness of his adorned coat did not prevent him from singing wofully out of tune. Thus are we reminded from time to time of the remark of Andrew Johnson, somewhat heated by internal applications of alcohol and overcome on the solemn occasion by the decorations displayed by representatives at Washington of foreign courts: "You uns there with the gewgaws on!"

Yet the singer or pianist at a concert of importance should enter with pomp and ceremony. We have often regretted the good old days when pianists, purposely a little late, appeared gloved and spent some time in drawing off the lilac gloves, the yellow gloves, the gloves of neutral tints, while they smiled reassuringly at the audience. Why should not a spectacular pianist be shot up through a trap or be lowered with dignity by unseen wires?

Prof. J. Richmond, in his address on "Pedagogic Righteousness," delivered at a meeting of the St. Louis County Teachers' Association, said that he knew a woman teacher who had played at "kissing games" with the big boys of her school. (Ah, how the recollections of boyish days now flood the mind! Again we are playing copenhaten and postoffice.) This statement aroused discussion rather than indignation. One young teacher saw no harm in kissing boys under 14 years. But some boys are large for their age. It was suggested that the teachers should be divided into classes, "one," as the Republic informs us "to include the younger element of schoolmarm just breaking into the profession, and the others those whom custom and a conservative tradition have always treated as the possessors of eternal youth." This division is for purposes of discussion, not for schoolroom practice. The young woman who was mentioned as a free and kless kisser "handed in her resignation soon after the incident." and intermediate school who was kissed by a

teacher was tormented by his comrades with a fiendish ingenuity worthy of the ancient Persians or the North American Indians. But the teachers, as we remember them, were like Pharaoh's seven other kine, "poor and very ill favored and lean fleshed." If there was a comely and magnetic teacher, she trained her guns on the school committee.

Pumpkin soup is made in its perfection by the French and its glory is not recognized in this country. To our amazement Mr. George R. Sims, who is always talking in the Referee about his slim diet, hurst forth a few days ago with this proposal for a Sunday dinner: Pumpkin soup, roast sirloin of beef and Yorkshire pudding, stewed duck and red cabbage, apple and cranberry tart, shrimps on toast. There's a light meal for you, one admirably calculated to inspire religious meditation and contemplation of divine things! Mr. Sims gives this recipe for the soup: "Cut one pound of very ripe pumpkin into pieces about two inches square; cover with half-pint of boiling salted water; when tender, drain and put through colander. Put the pulp into a saucepan with two ounces of butter. Leave for a few minutes, then add to it slowly a pint of very hot milk. Slice half a French roll, crust and all, into the soup tureen; season the soup with a little salt and a pinch of sugar, and pour over bread."

We consulted Mrs. Herkimer Johnson—the Johnsons are now in town for the winter. Eustacia said: "Yes, pumpkin soup was a favorite dish of my dear uncle." She referred to Old Chimes. "I do not think much of this recipe. There should be a seasoning of onion juice, and the soup should be thickened with flour. Mr. Sala, like a true Englishman, suggested veal stock, so as to make the pumpkin soup a savory one." Mrs. Johnson's knowledge is prodigious.

A glass eater of Spokane had an unfortunate experience in Cocur d'Alene, but with the tragedy itself we are not concerned. In the course of its account of the affair the Spokesman Review says he began by giving a display of his art in a boozing-ken; he ate seven pounds of beef, 25 eggs, and he then consumed a large quantity of glass for dessert; glass on a stone wall. There are some who say that dinner is only an excuse for tobacco. Is the glass eater obliged to lay a meat foundation before he can gratify his taste? Is the true glass eater faithful to glass, or is he like the Australian Emeu?

Old saws and gimbets
Its appetite whets,
Like the world-famous bark of Peru.
And does an experienced glass eater prefer Venetian, Bohemian, exquisitely cut glass, or just plain tumblers?

There have been strange eaters, as Mr. Thomas Gobsill, a lean man, about 26 years, who, being vexed sorely with borborygmi, swallowed in the course of time about 200 round white pebbles. As a result, he could not work except with pain. In bed these pebbles would crawl almost to his heart, and when he would stand upright to gain relief, he could hear them drop. Mr. Boyle in his "Experimental Philosophy" mentions an Englishman, a private soldier, who was famous for eating and digesting stones.

Dr. Bulwer in his "Artificial Change, ling" (1653) knew personally an Italian, Francesco Batalia, who was born with stones in his hand, and as a child he ate stones according to the advice of a physician. "Afterwards nothing else but three or four pebbles in a spoon, once in 24 hours, and a draught of beer after them; and in the interim, now and then a pipe of tobacco." Mr. Batalia could eat and digest half a peck of stones a day.

PADEREWSKI RETURNS.

Hypnotizes Great Audience at Symphony Hall as of Old.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Ignaz Paderewski gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The standing room was filled and many sat on the platform. The programme was as follows: Paderewski, Variations and Fugue, op. 23 (first time here); Beethoven, sonata in E flat major, op. 27, No. 1; Schubert-Liszt, "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," Soiree de Vienne, "Erklings"; Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp major, op. 15, Etudes op. 10 Nos.

10 and 5, Scherzo in B flat minor; Stojowski, "Chant d'Amour"; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

Mr. Paderewski's set of variations, one of his latest compositions, appeals more to the musician interested in technical structure and the modern use of the variation form than to the general public, though the second variation, the seventh in the manner of a Siciliano, the 11th and the 16th have an exterior and obvious beauty that may be quickly appreciated. The mechanical difficulties were surmounted by the composer-pianist with gusto and in the variations mentioned there was ample opportunity for display of color. But Mr. Paderewski did not begin to weave his spell, which no large and high-strung audience can withstand, until he played the sonata, one which is known to every student but is seldom heard in concert halls. It was played delightfully with full understanding of the fact that Beethoven in his own day and generation was an extreme romanticist, an ultra-radical, looked on by the conservative as a dangerous fellow. It was played romantically and in the pianist's most characteristic manner. How beautifully simple was the statement of the opening theme! How exquisitely the song measures that follow were sung! And so throughout there were constant revelations of beauty.

After the pianist had played a few measures of Liszt's transcription of Schubert's barcarole he left the stage abruptly. It seems that some door exposed him to a draught, and he was prepared for water, not wind. The nervous audience found relief in vague applause, and when Mr. Paderewski reappeared there was again applause, probably with reassuring intention. In the group of Liszt's transcriptions the performance of the waltzes gave the most pleasure through unalloyed charm of tone, rhythm, atmosphere. In the "Erklings" tone was forced until there was noise and fury. The études of Chopin were played more effectively than the nocturne. In the latter the runs had not the liquid flow that we associate with Mr. Paderewski's usual treatment of Chopin's ornamentation; nor was the chief melody irresistible and haunting. On the other hand, the interpretation of the scherzo was unusually impressive, an interpretation to be remembered. Mr. Paderewski played Stojowski's bit of pretty sentiment in a manner that glorified the little piece, and then displayed his virtuosity in Liszt's parade rhapsody. After which there were the customary and easily anticipated scenes.

Mr. Paderewski was on the whole decidedly in the vein, more like the great pianist of the early visits than the virtuoso who often perplexed and disappointed in more recent concerts. His onslaughts on the piano were less frequent, less savage than at the recitals within the last eight years. His pedaling, while it was conspicuously effective, was fortunately without the obtrusive heel action that once riveted the attention and annoyed the ear. The great and distinguishing qualities of his artistry, individual and perfectly controlled mechanism, fine sense of rhythm, the ability to sing a melody so that it floats as in the air, infinite gradations of tone, gorgeous coloring, poetic and imaginative interpretation—these are still his. And he still has the indefinable quality, call it magnetism, hypnotic force, what you will, that draws all men and women unto him, that charms them, and persuades them to accept whatever he may have to say and in whatever manner he may choose to say it.

His second recital will be on Saturday, afternoon, Dec. 21.

CONCERT GIVEN BY MISS FOOTE

Miss Katharine Foote, assisted by Miss Lilla Ormond, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Mrs. Charles A. White was the accompanist. There was an appreciative audience of fair size. The concert began with duets, "Summer Night" and "Love Has Turned His Face Away," by Arthur Foote. Miss Foote sang Schumann's "Nussbaum," Franz's "Im Rhein" and "Liebchen ist da," Brahms' "Es hing der Reif" and "Botschaft," Boellmann's "Ma Bien-Aimee," Romance by Debussy, Bradlee's "Lune Blanche," Widor's "Enfant de Catone." Miss Ormond sang Gabriel Faure's "Nell" and "Les Berceaux," d'Indy's "Madrigal," Schlieder's "Chanson du Vent," Foote's "Requiem," Grieg's "Morning Dew," Colburn's "Autumn Within," and Max Heinrich's "Spring Song" (Ms.).

This programme contained some unfamiliar songs. Those that made the strongest impression were Schlieder's "Song of the Wind" and S. C. Colburn's "Autumn Within." The former is admirably expressive of the words and it is varied without being episodic. The latter, which might be called a series of three distinct moods hinted at in an impressionistic manner shows true fancy.

Rhetorical Expression.

The rhetorical expression might be improved in the first two lines, where the sentence "not without but within me" should be one continuous musical phrase, and the different moods might

be suggested in closer connection one with the others; but the music is poetic and unconventional without the thought of a too set purpose or any affectation.

Miss Foote, a daughter of the well known composer, is evidently musical and she sings with an appreciation of both the text and the melodic line. She sang the songs by Franz and that by Schumann with taste, though a slightly faster pace would have been of advantage to the latter. Her voice is a small one and if it is forced at all, the tones easily become shrill. When the singer is mindful of her natural limitations, the simplicity and, to use an old fashioned word that once had much meaning, the gentility of her interpretation give pleasure.

Miss Ormond's voice is rich and full, especially in the lower and middle sections, while her extreme upper tones have body and a certain brilliance. The voice is well suited to both lyric and dramatic expression. She sings easily, with the spontaneity of the born singer and also with the authority that comes only from thorough mastery of text and music. She makes her effects instantly, without disturbing deliberation or effort. Her phrasing yesterday was generally excellent.

Accentuated Some Words.

At times she accentuated words with reference to the strong beat in the measure or the relative position of the note on the staff, not with rhetorical significance. Thus in "Morning Dew" there should be an exultant outburst of the whole phrase "We'd wander in love and in rapture," and not merely a sharp accentuation of "rapture." So in "Autumn Within" in the line "Life is stirring everywhere," "Life" is not the only important word. This meaningless accentuation has not become a mannerism, but it may easily become one. Miss Ormond has rare natural advantages. She should go far.

Mrs. White, a pianist of ability, played accompaniments that were delightful in every respect.

MR. HALL'S RECITAL.

Fair Sized Friendly Audience Attends at Steinert Hall.

Mr. Leland Hall, pianist, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His programme included Schumann's "Carnaval," Cesar Franck's Choral Prelude and Fugue, Chopin's Waltz, op. 42, Impromptu in F sharp major; two Etudes, op. 10, No. 10, and op. 25, No. 3, and Ballade in G minor.

The pianist was not apparently as fully in the vein as at his previous recital, and while he showed the same general qualities that were noticeable on that occasion, his work yesterday afternoon fell somewhat short of the standard which he had set himself at his debut. His programme, which was more conventional, although not less interesting than the first, taxed the player in certain points where he is weak through inexperience. The work by Franck, for example, requires a player not only of technical resources, but of deep emotional susceptibility and wide experience. Mr. Hall's performance showed that he is not lacking in the second quality, for he expressed sympathy with the emotional content of the work, in spite of shortcomings along other lines. The nervousness which beset him at the beginning of the programme hampered him more or less throughout, but he was at his best in the last group, and played the waltz and the Impromptu with fluency and charm. In the Ballade he aroused enthusiasm by the dramatic fervor and dash of his performance, which was exciting because the player for the first time gave himself away in expression. He took the finale at such a pace that the hearer could not help believing the tempo unaccustomed, even to the player, and it was at the cost of coherence and clearness.

There was a fair sized, friendly audience.

CHOP AND TOMATO SAUCE.

Not long ago Sir James Crichton Browne, not haying the fear of vegetarians, fruitarians, and "grainarians" before his eyes, commended the mutton chop, and basing his faith on theories of Liebig, which some say are now untenable, strongly advised the robust and the sickly, the belted earl and the stone-breaker, to eat chops. Now arises Mr. Sampson Morgan, who lifts up his voice in London and asks: "What is a mutton chop?"

Take away its fat, says Mr. Morgan, and what is there left of it? "Much water, some fibrin, and then practically nothing. A mutton chop containing 5 per cent. of fat often contains as much as 75 per cent. of water, and oh! what water it is!" Mr. Morgan regrets that no traveller has taken a snapshot "depicting the expression on the countenance of a man ape when offered a modern mutton chop for his mid-day meal." But did not the chimpanzee who was the "guest of honor" at a Newport (R. I.) dinner, eat manfully of meat? Mr. Morgan might say in reply that the guest was a courteous guest and,

though probably wondering at the food, the conversation, and the antics of his temporary companions, ate politely what was set before him.

Mr. Morgan, fortified by the refusal of the ape at large, shudders at the thought of a chop and "plucks the rich succulent fruits from the bough of the tree." He has an orchard, then, in his back yard. In an ideal world, every man would have an orchard. It is not enough, however, for Mr. Morgan's health to pluck from the bough, as Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons" ate peaches off a tree with his hands in his pockets. Mr. Morgan should exercise his limbs in climbing, in "squirring up" the tree. Then would there be an admirable blend of nutrition, exercise, enjoyment. The complete fruitarian should have the tail which is now in degenerate man only faintly indicated; then could he hang from a branch and pick with both hands.

CONCERT FOYER

Miss Bessie Abbott Changes Her Mind; Notes on Concerts of Next Week

PERSONAL MENTION OF THE MUSICIANS

BY PHILIP HALE.

So Miss Bessie Abbott has again changed her mind, and she will favor us with a song next Tuesday evening, not in Symphony, but in Jordan Hall. The tenor, Castellano, from Milan, will be there, and the harp player, Miss Assoli, will be heard, and there will be a "rich, velvety accompaniment by quintet of superior stringed instruments, as supplement to the piano." Miss Abbott has not sung here in public since her joyous vaudeville days when she and her twin sister Bessie sang to the plunk-plunk, and rattle-tinkle of banjo and mandolin. When they gave pleasure, but Mr. Jean Reszke appeared suddenly as a shengrin and rescued Bessie. He thoughtfully presented his card, so she escaped Elsa's fate. Interested in her voice, he saw to it that she was able to sing at the Paris Opera. Last winter (Dec. 17) she sang at one of Mrs. Hall McAllister's concerts at Somerset. Gilda's air from "Rigoletto" and songs by Vidal, Tschakowsky, and Godard. She was announced as the bored Lady in "Martha," but there was some dispute between her and Mr. Conried, and instead of Miss Bessie we heard Mme. Matfield in a pitiable performance of Flotow's opera.

The Duluth News Tribune assures us that Mr. Conried "declared, in his efforts to get her to return, that she is an artist so unique that her loss would be overwhelming." This reminds us of a statement made only a few days ago in New York: "He (Conried) has a contract with Miss Abbott which he made two years ago and that contract will neither revoke nor amplify. Miss Abbott has, however, approached Mr. Conried and suggested to him that if he would give her a few more parts to sing she might resume operations at the Metropolitan."

Whatever the merits of this quarrel may be—and I am inclined to doubt the truth of the report that Mr. Conried began to waste away and caused his family and the physicians grave anxiety when Miss Abbott refused to sing—Miss Abbott should attract a large audience next Tuesday. She has a voice, she has talent, and as singer and woman she has been much discussed. Of course, Miss Abbott has her press agent, and he informs us that her tones are all "sheen and shimmer," also "soft," and that some of them seem to come from a star world. Miss Abbott's merit is honest and tense.

Many will hear with regret of the debtdness and dissolution of Mr. Joseph Sheehan's opera company. In St. Louis Mr. Sheehan made a speech, and he spoke with feeling. It seems that, suffering from a severe cold, he has been unable to sing for a time, whereupon some charitably disposed person insinuated that he was heavily overcome by strong waters. "This report," said Mr. Sheehan, "was unjust and unfounded. The fact is, I never drank any liquor in my life. I promise my mother on her dying bed that I would never taste intoxicants, and I kept that promise." The speech followed by loud applause.

though there is commotion in St. Louis because the brewers have put up the price of beer.

The virtuosos are upon us. Tomorrow afternoon Mme. Sembrich will give a recital with a programme which contains songs in which she excels. Next week will be a full one. Mr. Kreisler will fiddle on Monday. He is announced as "the world's greatest violinist," which might lead one to infer that Ysaye is dead, that Sarasate is buried in a monastery. Nevertheless Mr. Kreisler is a violinist of the very first rank, and it is always a pleasure to hear him. The reorganized Kreisler quartet will make its first appearance here on Tuesday night. It's a pity the concert is opposed to that of Miss Abbott. Mr. Ganz will present a peculiarly interesting programme at his piano recital on Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday afternoon Mr. Richard Buhlig, an American pianist who has given concerts with uncommon success in Europe and is pictured on postal cards as playing in an admirably fitting coat to pulsating ladies in low-cut bodices, will make his first appearance in Boston. Miss Cotlavy, a pianist of much ability and charm, will give a concert on Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Paderewski will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts, when a new over-

ture by Pätzner and Brahms' Symphony in D major will be performed. Nor should the song recital of Mr. Denghausen on Friday evening be overlooked. Last season at a Dolmetsch concert he sang with singular force and intelligence some old English songs. At his recital he will sing German songs, ancient, classic, and ultra-modern.

At the recent Blackpool Festival one of the choir conductors was asked if he could account for the wonderful progress made in musical knowledge and activity in the north of England during the last decade. He replied: "Then gan up liquor and ta'en to music."—Daily Telegraph (London).

Miss Lindsay of the Paris opera was "unconventional" as Marguerite at Covent Garden, Oct. 7. The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald said: "She wore, for instance, a terra cotta frock, and she sang the jewel song moving about between the act of extracting one after another of the jewels from the box." The Pall Mall Gazette dismissed her by saying: "Her vocal style is without much distinction, nor can we praise her acting at all highly."

Sir Edward Elgar, who was roasted delicately, but effectively, by Truth not long ago for his various and contradictory remarks about music critics, will spend the winter in Rome.

Recently the perpetrator of a musical Linerick was awarded £20, as the result, it seems, of making puns on the names of Bach and Wagner. And they were alluded to respectively as the composers of "Lohengrin" and "Carmen."—Daily Telegraph (London).

The Morning Telegraph of New York, commenting on "The Merry Widow," published this paragraph that will interest many Bostonians: "Arthur Weld, the Harvard Wagner, and earnest student of the most modern schools of music, said: 'Now that serious comic opera has come to stay in New York—it has been here before, by the by, in the shape of "Florodora," the music of which was delicious—there may be a chance for the Weldon style of comic operas, and he pointed affectionately to a masterpiece-looking score.' We still remember Mr. Weld conducting "Florodora." It was a scene for the Historical Painter.

Mr. Ben Davies, who is never so happy as when singing "Waft Her Angels" of "Onaway," is said to display remarkable agility as a Diabolo player.

When Grieg's "Trauermarsch" was played at a promenade concert in London in memory of the composer, the orchestra and the audience stood. When a funeral march was played here at a Symphony concert in memory of Theodore Thomas the audience and orchestra sat, and at the end the audience applauded.

A German music paper announces that Caruso, associated with Prof. Bartcheleny, has written a waltz "Adorable Torments" for voice and orchestra!

An elaborate biography of Bizet is in preparation in Paris. The best at present is the one by Charles Pigot (Paris, 1888), and this is undeviatingly eulogistic rather than discriminatively critical.

Mr. Paur is happy because the Pittsburghers clamor for "down town" orchestral concerts on Saturday nights, concerts with light programmes. "By popular music I do not mean rag-time rot, but classical selections of a popular nature." Softly, softly, Mr. Paur. Rag-time is not necessarily rot. There are little masterpieces in rag-time. Great masters have used the rhythm.

Miss Mary Garden, who purposes to impersonate Salome in Strauss' opera at Brussels next May, says she will have the charger that holds John the Baptist's head made of the lightest aluminum, so that she can hold it in her hand while she sings to the head and gloats over it.

The police board of Kansas City received the following letter: "Will you please have your officers go to each and every church in the city and secure the name of each and every choir singer, who is not a member of the church, and who does not sing for the uplifting of souls, but for the almighty dollar? Such people are doing the hardest kind of manual labor, and should be brought before the grand jury as violators of the Sabbath law."

Men and Things

Mr. Bertram Shapleigh, a composer of music, who formerly lived here and has for some time preferred England to the United States, was portrayed in the Musical Courier last week in the act of "Making wine from the products of his estate." Gooseberries or elderberries? Let him beware the fate of Michael Kelly, who left music to go into the wine trade, which led Theodore Hook to propose this sign for him: "Michael Kelly, composer of wines and Importer of Music."

The house that was once the home of Thomas Paine in New Rochelle will be torn down and used for fire wood. Was it in New Rochelle that rude boys, observing the ebullience of Paine's nose, followed him, and shouted

Tom Paine has come from far, from far. His nose is like a blazing star, to the patriot's annoyance? Never judge a man by the nose he wears. We have known hardened water drinkers who outlived Bardolph. Theirs was the cross without the crown.

Yarmouth on Cape Cod and Yarmouth in England would fain become intimate with each other. The officials of the two towns intend to exchange documents and photographs. Yarmouth on the Cape would pay the greatest compliment if she should make a specialty of Yarmouth bloaters for summer guests and for domestic and foreign use in the cold and cruel winter. The old Yarmouth was a Roman town, Gariannonum, and in the 14th century the inhabitants walled it. That Cordich, the first king of the West Saxons landed there about 507 and did not think it worth while to settle, should not be laid up against it. The glory of Yarmouth is its bloater. Even children cry for bloaters in England. Witness the address of Artemus Ward at the Beef-and-Ham Theatre to a mother whose little boy rubbed the hair on his venerable head with a rather oily mackerel: "This little boy, whose eye is like a eagle a-soaring proudly in the azure sky, will some day be a man, if he don't choke himself to death in childhood's sunny hours with a smelt or a bloater, or some other drefful calamity. How sublime the tho't, my dear madam, that this infant as you fondle on your knee on this night, may grow up into a free and independent citizen, whose vote will be worth from 10 to 15 pounds, according to suffrages may range at that joyous period!"

How many know why a bloater is a bloater? A real Yarmouth bloater is a herring slightly salted and smoked for only a few hours. Any respectable dictionary will tell you this. But why bloater? The word, young ladies and gentlemen, comes from the verb "to bloat," to cure herrings by a process which leaves them soft and only half-dried. In old times the fish were steeped in brine before they were smoked. They are now left in dry salt on the floor for 24 hours, washed in fresh water, spitted, and then smoked over an oak fire "for a period varying from 24 hours to 3 or 4 days, according to the time they are to be kept before being eaten." The dried or red herring is left in dry salt for 10 days and smoked for 14 days; hence the thirst of the eater. The word "bloater" is formed apparently after the manner of "deader," "four-wheeler," "liver."

King Edward goes in for green hats of the Tyrolean brand, and "correct dressers" in Boston will soon sport them. The shade must be neither too light nor too dark, but just green enough, and the bow must be at the back else the wearer will be recognized at once as unfashionable, untravelled, remote, solitary, slow. Whether this sort of hat is to be worn with the pale green soft shirt now preferred by Parisian swells to the white armorplate variety, is not yet known. Probably Edward is thinking the matter over. It is possible that whiskers will be dyed green to give an effect of ensemble.

Would that George Augustus Sala had lived to see this day! There would have been another page in his "Hats of Humanity," which, written for a hatter in Manchester, is even now a textbook for the race. He would shudder at Edward's choice, for he closed his dissertation by saying: "In society, in the streets of crowded cities and in paying visits to those whom we hold in some kind of esteem and respect, I don't think we can do better than to adhere to the hat which for the last century or so years has been in almost universal use among the great body of civilized

nations. That hat is no other than the old Spanish beaver—it is the 'chimney pot' or 'stovepipe' of the best silk velvet nap, modified of course as occasion requires, and as the capricious mutability of fashion demands, as to shape and height of crown, and breadth of brim."

But why does not King Edward invent a hat? George IV. devised a shoe buckle and had some skill in cutting out coats. Did not Victoria's husband plan a hat for army use and was he not responsible for the afternoon coat of ceremony and of noon weddings? Kings and princes may have their uses.

Apropos of the unprofessional bearded woman to whom we referred on Monday. Reading yesterday, Lady Gregory's "Book of Saints and Wonders," we found in the section "Great Wonders of the Olden Time," this description of women in the mountains of Armenia, a warlike race: "They rise from their sleep at midnight, they loose flashes of fire from their mouths; their beards reach to the middle."

MME. SEMBRICH IS HEARD IN BOSTON

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mrs. Charbonnel was the accompanist. The programme was as follows: A. Scarlatti, "Se Florindo e fedele"; Spohr, "Rose, wie bist du reizend"; Paradies, "Quel ruscelletto"; Handel, "O Sleep," from "Semele"; G. Monro, "My Lovely Celia"; Haydn, "The Mermaid's Song"; Schubert, "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Liebe Schwaermt," "Wiegenlied," and "Liebhaber in allen Gestalten"; Schumann, "Roseslein," "Widmung," Brahms, "Wie Melodien zieht Es," "Gotschankel," R. Strauss, "Allerseelen," "Gotschankel," "Rose-Red the Light," Arensky, "But lately in dance I embraced her"; Weingartner, "Motten"; Raff, "Keine Sorg um den Weg"; J. H. Rogers, "Love Has Wings"; H. Parker, "Love in May"; Mrs. Beach, "Elle et moi." A very large audience welcomed Mme. Sembrich, though it was not so large as the audience that greeted Mme. Calve not long ago. There was much in the concert that gave pleasure. At first Mme. Sembrich sang with some effort and her intonation was not always pure, but these flaws have been observed at the beginning of her concerts for some years. Yet there were delightful moments in the song of Spohr with its old-fashioned charm and in the exquisite air of Handel, Monro's "My Lovely Celia" was sung with such vocal art and such beauty of diction that it was irresistible, and Mme. Sembrich was obliged to repeat it.

Would that Monro, an organist, a theatre player in London of the 18th century, by no means a considerable figure even in the local musical world of his day, could have foreseen his triumph long after his death and in a city that was to him as alien as Carthage or Persepolis! How much better those Englishmen of the 18th century wrote for the voice and the heart than do their be-titled successors now living!

In the second group—one of German "classical" lieder—Mme. Sembrich was especially successful in Schubert's "Cradle Song," Schumann's "Roseslein," and Brahms' "Wie Melodien zieht es." Schubert's "Liebe Schwaermt" and "Liebhaber in allen Gestalten" have little inherent worth. Singers inferior to Mme. Sembrich have sung "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" with more poignancy, nor was her performance of "Widmung" of more than ordinary force.

In the last group were two Russian songs, which were sung in the original language. The first, by Gretschaninoff, has little distinction. The second, by Arensky, made a deep impression on the audience. A lover stands by the coffin that holds his beloved, and remembers how she looked at him as they danced together. In his dreams, while the pale moon shines on his pallor, he hears again the waltz, and again he holds his loved one in his arms. In this song Arensky contrasts in the accompaniment a dancetune with music for the dead, while the singer tells the tale. The song is a striking one at first hearing, and Mme. Sembrich sang with much dramatic expression. Weingartner's "Moths" is an excellent example of German laborious lightness in music.

While it would be vain to insist that Mme. Sembrich is the perfect lieder singer of former years, that her control of the melodic line is as firm as it was, that the quality of all her tones has been respected by Time, yet as a singer of "intimate" German songs she is still in this country without a rival. She is more than a mistress of vocal art; she sings as a woman who has known the emotions that round a full life; who has learned both from suffering and joy. At present she is to be preferred in songs that make a quietly emotional appeal, rather than in old airs of now meaningless bravura or in modern songs of archness and coquetry. Enthusiastically applauded, she repeated two or three songs and added others to a programme that, as announced, was sufficiently long.

COMPLETE WORKS.

The late David Masson has been praised for his edition of the complete works of DeQuincey, an edition in fourteen volumes, containing pages omitted even in the first collective edition published in Boston by Ticknor and Fields at a time when De Quincey was better known in this country than in England. Masson's fourteen volumes stand on the shelf, and how much repetition and idle chatter they contain! Nor is this edition really complete, for "uncollected writings" have appeared since Masson finished his task.

Not that we undervalue DeQuincey. He stands with Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne among the few great English rhetoricians, the masters of the flowing, sonorous line, of solemn eloquence, of highest flights of imagination on gorgeous wings. Mr. George Moore gave De Quincey no more than his due when, describing his study of the genius of the English language after a long sojourn in Paris, he found pleasure first in Pater's "Marius," "in the combination of words for silver or gold chime, and unconventional cadence." Afterward the passage to DeQuincey was easy: "He too, was a Latin in manner and in temper of mind; but he was truly English, and through him I passed to the study of the Elizabethan dramatists, the real literature of my race, and washed myself clean."

But how many authors can stand the test of a "complete edition." Not even William Collins, who left only a little volume. Even Poe's poems, few in number, could be cut down to a dozen, and these are not easily matched in any language.

We were reminded of the injury worked against the fame of true geniuses by the zealous plety of discoverers, ransackers of waste baskets, hunters through old cabinets, explorers of dusty shelves, enthusiastic editors and annotators, by the announcement that eleven unknown dances by Beethoven have been found at Leipsic. The people of Vienna and its suburbs have long been, now are, and doubtless will be for generations to come, furious and indefatigable dancers. Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart, described in his memoirs this terpsichorean frenzy, and though he admired the grace of the Viennese women, he thought "waltzing from

ten at night until seven in the morning a continual whilgig most tiresome to the eye and ear, to say nothing of any worse consequences." A century after, Beatty-Kingston, describing the Viennese, put this speech into the mouth of the Austrian paternal government: "Kick up your heels as much as you please—you can't kick them too high, but don't attempt to make any use of your brains, for that is an absurd proceeding in people of your position, and one directly at variance with the Divine decrees."

For these dances in and near Vienna, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel did not disdain to write pot boilers, poor stuff. We already have from forty to fifty dances by Beethoven, and if they were to be blotted out, the world would be the gainers. Beethoven himself was by no means a composer of penury inspiration.

Men and Things

JUST as a piece of music by Tschalkowsky or by Tschereprine would impress more than one by Elihu D. Graves or Josiah Higgins without consideration of the inherent merits, so the gown advocated by Miss Leonie Stacey, "the Egyptian dgihbah, or 'jibber' as it is pronounced," will

seem to many mystic, wonderful by reason of its name. But Lane in his description of Egyptian life spells the word "gibbeh," and spoke of it as a long cloth coat, the ordinary outer robe of a man. The original word is spelled in English "Jubbah" and probably the Italian "giubba" and the French "jupe" come from it. The English variant, in accordance with the pronunciation current in Egypt, is "jibbah." But "dgihbah" is undoubtedly more impressive to the gaping crowd. All the references we have found speak of the garment as a man's.

This reminds us of the pleasure in looking over the latest part of the Oxford English Dictionary (Niche-Nywe). Take the word "nightgown," for example. At first it means only a loose gown for wearing at night in place of the ordinary clothes, a dressing gown. In the 18th century it meant a kind of woman's gown, originally an evening dress. Thus Mrs. Delany wrote to a friend that nightgowns were worn without hoops, and that the queen on a certain occasion "was in a hat and an Italian nightgown of purple lutestring." The third definition is "a light garment worn in bed, now spec. one worn by women and children." Is it possible that all Englishmen wear pyjamas? The first appearance of "nightgown" as thus defined is apparently in Byron's "Don Juan" about 1822. The nursery name "nighty" is admitted and solemnly defined, we are glad to say.

The editor does not shy at slang. We are therefore pained at the absence of "nit," a strong negative, generally with implied irony, sometimes with a suggestion of defiance. "Nope," an admirably expressive negative, is also absent, though "nope," the bullfinch, and "nope," a knock on the head, are thoughtfully considered. And do you know what a "nooser" is? A man who uses a noosed rope especially for catching elephants. "Ninnyhammer," simpleton, is a good old word, but no one knows the precise force of "hammer" in this compound. There are men who when charged with drinking say they took only a nip. Now a "nip" is a small quantity of spirits, "usually less than a glass." A generous soul, this editor, tolerant of toppers, a giver of good measure. "Nip" once meant a half pint of ale.

In this country a man who has bats in his belfry, or a slat loose, one who should be driven to the foolish house, is sometimes described as nutty. In England the slang word "nutty," as a rule, means amorous, fond, enthusiastic: "He was so nutty upon the charms of his fair one," and in the "Dictionary of the Turf" we read that the term is bestowed (1823) by bucks "upon buxom landladies and spruce barmaids." Or as Jerry Juniper sang in Almsworth's "Rookwood":

But my nuttiest blowen one fine day,
Fake away!
To the beaks did her fancy man betray
And thus was I bowled at last,
And into the jug for a lag was cast.
Fake away!

This song begins:

In a box of the stone jug I was born,
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn.
Fake away!

And my father, as I've heard say,
Fake away!

Was a merchant of capers gay,
Who cut his last fling with great applause,
Nix my doll, pals, fake away!

In other words, the father, a dancing master, was hanged, and left a wife who gave birth to a child in a Newgate cell. But what does "nix my doll" mean? The Oxford Dictionary gives "nix my dolly" and says it means "never mind." In Farmer's "Musa Pedestris," Jerry sings "dolly." We have always heard it "Dolly." Unfortunately we have not a copy of "Rookwood" at hand. "Nix," of course, came into English slang from the German. How many know that in this country "nixes" is a term applied to postal matter which, not properly addressed, cannot be forwarded? Did American boys ever shout "nix" as a warning that a policeman was coming, or did any one on the outlook know that he was "keeping nix"?

We miss the word "nut-factory," as in "He ought to go to the nut-factory," yet "nut" as "head," "off one's nut," and "he's dead nuts on" are included. "Nuts to a" person, now a slang phrase, was once highly respectable English, used by Fletcher and Marvell. Then there is the Australian who is thus graphically described: "He is a bully, a low, coarse, blasphemous blackguard—what is termed a regular colonial nut."

Here is a story that should interest all those endeavoring to bring the church and the playhouse into closer relationship. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Roy Barnes were playing a "star engagement" in Paris, Ill. One of the scenes was in the police court; for Mr. Barnes

told the magistrate that as he was seated in the hotel office reading peacefully—possibly Diderot's "Paradox of the Comedian"—his wife came in and requested, not asked, not invited, him to go to church with her. He refused, whereupon she knocked the reading matter out of his hand and jerked his chair from under him, so that he fell heavily on the tiled floor. Mr. Barnes rose to his feet, and punched Mrs. Barnes so that she, too, fell in all her Sunday finery. The magistrate, finding that Mr. Barnes did not appreciate the religious advantages offered by Paris, Ill., fined him \$5.10. The 10 cents should have been put in the contribution box.

NOV. 10 1907

On the 4th of November the New York Times published—"Special Cable to the New York Times"—a dispatch in which Miss Geraldine Farrar was represented as railing bitterly against America for its lack of opera houses, artistic appreciation and artistic understanding. "There is no art in the United States. There's only money there. That is why I came over here." As The Herald predicted editorially the next morning, Miss Farrar denied immediately the statements attributed to her, and then went on to say that America has no permanent operative system, "owing to the quick changes in the American government and Wall street fluctuations." A deep thinker, this Miss Farrar, one versed in the works of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill and Fawcett. She also thought it a pity that Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller are not going about the land establishing and endowing opera houses in Melrose, Pottsville, Manlius and Putney.

There was naturally a feeling of resentment in the breasts of those who take the opinions of prima donnas on art, politics, diet and the conduct of life very seriously. It was rumored that there would be an indignation meeting in Melrose, with addresses from prominent citizens, and with the assistance of the fire department.

Go visit it on a Farrar night.
If thou would'st view fair Melrose aught,
But the sensitive were consoled by the immediate assurance of Mme. Nordica that Americans are keen judges of operatic and other forms of music and were cheered immeasurably by the declaration of Miss Lina Cavalieri, a shrewd observer and stern moralist, who said, the moment her feet touched the pier, that she believed America to be one of the greatest opera-going countries in the world; "they have certainly been appreciative of my work."

The "Special Cable to the New York Times" was dated Berlin, Nov. 3.

The Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger of Oct. 27 publishes the first statement of Miss Farrar, which the Times quoted. A copy of the Berlin journal is now before me. The article is headed: "Berlin as an International Domicile of Art," and it contains statements made by Miss Farrar, Marie Ekeblad, a Swede; Frances Rose, an American, and Messrs. Griswold and MacLennan, all members of the Berlin Royal Opera House company.

Miss Farrar tells why she went to Berlin. (The reporter represents her as born in "Melbourne," Mass.) She studied first in Boston, then in New York, and at last in Paris, where, dissatisfied, she determined to go to Italy, but was persuaded to visit Berlin. There Count Hochberg happened to hear her sing at a private house. Enchanted by her, he urged her to sing at the Berlin Opera House. She said she knew no German. "That doesn't matter. You have 10 whole days to learn Elsa's 'Dream.'" The intendant was afterward good natured enough to allow Miss Farrar to sing in America, so she has had an opportunity of comparing the musical conditions of the two countries. The Lokal-

Anzeiger then gives the remarks made by Miss Farrar which were cabled and caused some commotion. The translation into English was a faithful one, but her remarks seem the more severe—some might say foolish, others might say obnoxious—in German. "Give America a German system of government, and the goal is reached! For the words 'Germany' and 'corruption' are not to be spoken in the same breath!"

Miss Farrar also said, and these words were not published in the "special cable" dispatch—that inasmuch as a career is impossible for a singer in the United States, "where is there a country, a city, where the young singer can study to better advantage, or obtain fairer and riper criticism than in Berlin? The Berlin critic recognizes unvarnished talent and also sees through varnish, which is more important." Paris does not exist on the operative map, at least Miss Farrar says it does not. Yet she sings at the Paris Opera and she has at times seemed delighted at the applause and by the eulogistic criticism of the Parisians, poor fools! Italy? "There's nothing in Italy. It produces nothing." Yet her greatest triumph in Berlin has been in "Mme. Butterfly," by the despised Puccini. "The Italians are by nature born singers. They have noble voices—and that's all. Here is an example: Caruso. He has a God-given voice; one cannot learn to have a voice like that, it is a birthright. But what is there to learn from a man who, as Faust, comes on the stage with white gloves, who sings to the audience something about a 'chaste maiden,' but does not concern himself about this chaste maiden in the least. Now look at Jean de Reszke.

He is 45 years old—the opposite of 'handsome'—Jean will be pleased at this, and today he is at least 55—'fat,' and yet an incomparable Romeo." I say that no one can learn in Italy, no one can honorably be judged in Paris. You can learn and you will be judged fairly in Berlin, where the public feels with you, where criticism is intelligent, where talent stands for itself without 'protection.' And that is the reason why more and more foreigners are drawn hither as by a lodestone."

Miss Ekeblad says that Miss Farrar has opened the eyes of Americans and that foreigners are now convinced that Berlin is the only artistic city. "Here we have 'positive' teachers, if I may use the term."

Yes, and we have all heard "positive" German singers, taught in Berlin, favorites there, scream and bawl and shout and yell and wave their arms frantically as though working danger signals.

Let Miss Farrar rejoice in the rare opportunity of singing with Ernst Kraus and studying his methods; and, by the way, how does Mr. Scotti enjoy Miss Farrar's denunciation of his native land and of Italian vocal art?

Then there is Miss Frances Rose, a Derver girl. She, too, is appreciated in Berlin, without the protection of some officer high in rank, some millionaire, a zealous patron of the opera.

We all remember Messrs. Griswold and MacLennan as members of Mr. Savage's grand opera company. Mr. Griswold told the reporter of the Lokal-Anzeiger that he had in America a glorious career behind him. "But of what use was this to me? What artistic future was there for me? In America? Sousa pleases there much more than

"Parsifal." In America the eye comes first, then the ear and finally the musical understanding. Here in Berlin are true masters, who do not ruin the voice. I have so constituted myself to German art that I shall never leave this place." And he is now so familiar with German that he will not repeat his mistake of entering as the Statue in "Don Giovanni" when he was not expected by conductor, audience, or those on the stage.

Mr. MacLennan is even more delighted with Berlin as the only true temple of operatic art. He has been a member of the Royal Opera Company only for a few months. He, therefore, has the frenetic zeal of a late convert. "I am here," he said, with a voice choked with emotion, "because I love Wagner, and where could I study Wagner better than in his own country? It was not enough for me to sing Wagner's music in America. I wished to sing it in German for Germans, and according to the German method." Well, Francis, "you've got your d'rather."

It is a pleasure to find him magnanimous and not ungrateful. "I have nothing to say against Savage. His forces are good, and he pays very well. No one can better himself financially, when he is with him—but there is no artistic future." Mr. MacLennan then spoke glowing, feverish praise of Berlin and the opera house in which he sings. The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

This is all amusing, men and brethren. Suppose now, that Mr. Corried should make Miss Rose and Messrs. Griswold and MacLennan an offer for their services at the Metropolitan Opera House? Would we hear so much solemn talk about art with a huge "A"? Mr. Griswold is an excellent singer and the people, even the stupid Americans, hear him gladly. Mr. MacLennan is a singer of marked dramatic feeling, who had, in this country, vocal faults that should in time, if they are not corrected, surely endear him to any German audience, especially in Berlin, where for years they have applauded curious and ear-disturbing gargarisms and dangerous straining of the vocal chords.

And as for Miss Farrar! She is said to be an omnivorous reader. Let me commend to her an essay by Maeterlinck on Silence. Let her read it when she is a-travelling; when she takes her morning coffee, the Berlin egg that has

crossed the Alps, the crisp "semmel." Let her read a page in bed before she blows out the candle; let her sleep with the book under her pillow. Her voice was evidently intended for song.

And what a pother about idle words of singing men and singing women, who really come to believe that they are persons of international importance!

The Herald alluded editorially last Tuesday morning to verses written by Ambrose Philips in praise of Francesca Cuzzoni, who was once the rage in London, and at the age of 70, trying to support herself by making silk buttons, died forgotten. These lines are quoted in Arbuthnot and Pope's "Martinus Scriblerus of Sinking in Poetry":

Little syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell!

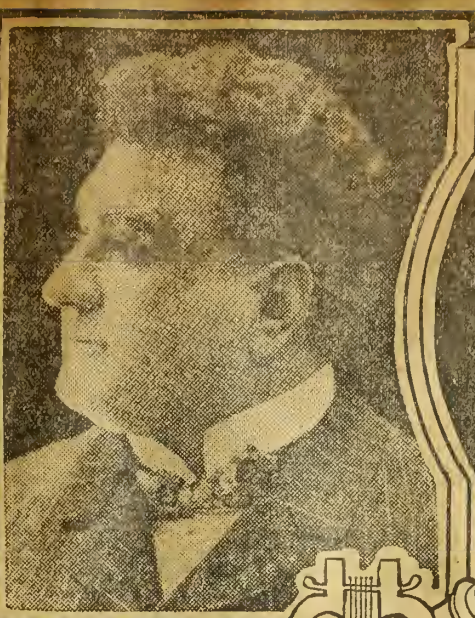
And there is this comment: "Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Mr. Fritz Kreisler. Handel, Sonata, A major; Bach, Sonata, G minor, No. 1 (violin alone); Martini, Andantino, F major; Franzoeur, Siciliano and Rigaudon; Porpora, Minuet; Tartini, variations; Dvorak, Canonetta; Wieniawski, Caprice; Paganini, 24th Caprice.



RICHARD BUHLIG.
PIANIST



E CASTELLANO.
TENOR



AUGUSTA COTTLOW

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Augusta Cottlow's piano recital, Brahms' Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel; Chopin's Berceuse and Barcarole; MacDowell's Sonata Tragic; Debussy's Prelude, A minor, and "Clair de Lune"; Liszt, Tarantelle (Venezia e Napoli).

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Miss Bessie Abbott's concert. She will sing an aria of the Queen of Night, "Magic Flute," the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor"—and with Mr. Castellano, tenor, a duet from "Rigoletto." Mr. Castellano, tenor, "of The Scala," Milan, will sing "Cielo e Mare," from "Gloconda," and "Una furtiva Lagrime," from "L'Elisir d'Amore." Miss Ada Sassoli will play pieces for the harp, and a string quintet and a flute player from the Philharmonic Society of New York will assist.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert here of the reorganized Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svendsen, Willeke). Mozart quartet in D minor, Brahms, trio in C minor, op. 101; Beethoven, quartet in F, op. 59, No. 1. Mr. Rudolph Ganz will be the pianist.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola recital. Pieces by Bartlett, Schuetz, Moszkowski, Gregh, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Bohm, played by Mr. Homer E. Williams. Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto, will sing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah"; Chadwick's "On, Let Night Speak for

Me"; Brahms' "Little Dustman" and Tschalkowsky's "Whether by Day" with pianola accompaniment.

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Rudolph Ganz's piano recital. Liszt, "First Year of Pilgrimage: Switzerland" (seven pieces); Beethoven, Sonata, A flat, op. 26, and Caprice over a lost groschen; Ravel, "Sad Birds" and "Bark on the Sea"; Alkan, "The Railroad"; Chopin-Liszt, Polish song; Liszt-Busoni, Mephisto waltz.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Richard Buhlig, pianist, will play for the first time in Boston, Brahms, variations on a theme of Handel; Schubert,

two impromptus, op. 90; Beethoven, Sonata, F minor, op. 57; Chopin, 12 études, op. 25.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Pfitzner, overture to the Christmas fairy play "Das Christ-Elflein" (first time here); Rubinstein's concerto, D minor, No. 4 (Mr. Paderewski, pianist); Brahms, symphony, D major, No. 2.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mr. A. F. Denghausen's recital of German songs in German. Five songs of the 15th and 16th centuries, Schubert, "Ungehduld" and "Am Meer"; Schumann, "Schoene Wiege

nelner Lelden" and "Mondnacht"; Brahms, "Wie bist du, meine Koenigin," "Vergiliches Steendchen," Sapphische Ode; R. Strauss, "Eln Obdach," "Die sie-chen Siegel," "Ich trage meine Minne," "Kling," H. Wolf, "Gebet," H. Kaun, "Der Sieger"; W. Berger, "Pilgerlied," "Was Klappert im Hause," "Trutzlied."

TURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

here are concerts of unusual interest this week. Mr. Kreisler, who plays Monday afternoon, may or may not be the greatest violinist in the world—programmes say that he is, but this is a question for academic discussion; it is certainly an admirable violinist, it is always a pleasure to hear him. I am so thankful that he does not play Bach's Chaconne early in the season, before we are all prepared fully to virtuoso onslaughts.

Miss Augusta Cottlow will give a piano recital on Tuesday afternoon. An Illinois girl, born in 1878, she appeared as child prodigy. Before she was 14 years of age she had played in nearly all the prominent cities of this country. A pupil of the late Carl Wolfsohn, she conquered her studies with Busoni in Berlin (1895-97) and then played with much success in that city, Leipzig, Warsaw, London. She has given interesting recitals in Boston, but she is remembered chiefly by her poetic and thorough, delightful performance of Grieg's concerto at a Symphony concert March 29,

the reorganized Kneisel quartet will play here for the first time on Tuesday night, when it will have the valuable assistance of Mr. Ganz. There is a natural curiosity to hear the ensemble and there will be inevitable comparisons. The new members are of reputation in Europe, and it

should be remembered that Mr. Kneisel is the leader of his quartet, however his associates be named or whether they come from Holland or Bulgaria.

Unfortunately Miss Abbott's concert will also be on Tuesday night. It will be her first appearance in Boston at a public concert since her vaudeville days, and there should be desire to hear her. She is a woman who has worked and done things for which she has been applauded both in Paris and New York. The tenor, Mr. Castellano, is described as "of rigid training at the famed La Scala, Milan, and of admirable career in South America." Then there is Miss Sassoli, the harpist, who is a favorite here.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz will give a piano recital on Wednesday afternoon and his programme, containing pieces by Liszt that are seldom heard in concert halls, and unfamiliar pieces by Ravel and Alkan, should attract those weary of the conventional order from Bach to Schubert-Tausig.

Mr. Richard Buhlig will give the first of three piano recitals Thursday afternoon. He was born of German parents in Chicago, Dec. 21, 1880. He studied in Chicago, and when he was about 17 he went to Vienna where he took lessons of Leschetitzki for three years. In the fall of 1901 he made his debut at Berlin. Since then he has given many concerts in Germany, and he has played in London and Paris. He has been warmly praised.

Mr. Denghausen, a native of Cincinnati, who has lived for some years in Boston, excited attention last season by his dramatic interpretation of some old English songs at a Dolmetsch concert. He sang them with unusual intelligence and force. On Friday night his programme will contain German songs which will be sung in German.

An overture by Hans Pfitzner to a Christmas fairy play "Das Christ-Elflein" will be performed for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Pfitzner, born in Moscow, now lives in Munich. Two operas by him have provoked discussion. The overture was first played toward the end of last year. Mr. Paderewski will play Rubenstein's concerto in D minor. The symphony will be Brahms' in D major No. 2.

HANDEL AND HAYDN.

The Handel and Haydn will give a concert in Symphony Hall Sunday evening, the 17th, for the benefit of its building fund. The programme will be as follows:

March from Lachner's Suite No. 1, op. 113; Hear My Prayer, Mendelssohn, Miss Harriot Eudora Barrows and chorus; Handel's Waft her Angels, Mr. George Hamlin; aria, "Tajana," from Tschalkowsky's "Eugen Onegin," Mme. Bouton; Andante from string quartet, op. 11, Tschalkowsky; Lusinghe plu care, from Handel's "Alexander." Miss Barrows; recitative and air from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris." Mr. de Gogorza; chorus, Thanks Be to God, from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," Miss Barrows, Mme. Bouton, Messrs. Hamlin, de Gogorza and Hunting. The chorus will be assisted by an enlarged orchestra and the organ. Mr. Mollenhauer will conduct. The building fund, which was started in 1902, amounts already to nearly \$15,000. The sale of tickets for this concert will begin Monday, the 11th, at 8:30, A. M., at Symphony Hall and the store of the Boston Music Company.

CONCERTS TO COME.

Mr. Charles Anthony will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, the 25th, when he will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 101; Glazunoff's Prelude and Fugue, Chopin's Ballade in F minor, Lachau's Valse Courant, Sibelius' Romance, a Hungarian Rhapsody by Goele, and other pieces.

The eighth joint concert of the Glee, Mandolin and Banjo clubs of Harvard and Yale universities will take place in Symphony Hall Friday evening, the 22d, the night before the football game at Cambridge. Orders by mail should be addressed to Mr. F. R. Comee, Symphony Hall.

The Longy Club will give concerts in Potter Hall the evenings of Nov. 18, Dec. 30 and Feb. 10. The programme of the



BESSIE ABBOTT.
SOPRANO

first concert will be as follows: Schreck, nonetto for wind instruments; Alberic Magnard, quintet for piano and wind instruments; Mouquet, suite for wind instruments.

Miss Mary Sherwood, soprano, and Mr. Carl Barth, cellist, will assist Mr. Felix Fox in his first chamber concert in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon, the 25th.

Mr. Raven Havens of Providence, R. I., will soon give a piano recital in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Hoffmann has substituted Dohnanyi's new Serenade for violin and cello (op. 10) in place of Grieg's violin sonata announced for the first Hoffmann quartet concert in Potter Hall. Grieg's quartet will be played "In memoriam" at a later concert.

Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Mr. Frederick Hastings, baritone, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, the 20th. Mrs. Child will sing Gaelic songs, arranged by Mme. Hopekirk, and songs by Miss Lang, Foote, Molloy and others.

Miss Edith Thompson will give a piano recital Monday afternoon, Dec. 9, in Steinert Hall.

NEW WORKS.

Massenet is at work on his opera "Bacchus," and he has composed a little ballet, "Espada," which will be produced at Monte Carlo this winter, with the chief dancer, Miss Trouhanova, who quarrelled with Richard Strauss in Paris because he did not wish her to acknowledge applause for her dance of the seven veils in "Salome." Gabriel Faure has completed one act of his "Penelope," and Xavier Leroux has finished half of his "Pierre le Veridique." It is said that Gustave Charpentier is not able to work on account of his personal interest in Montmartre.

A new cello sonata by Woollett was played for the first time at Paris, Oct. 10. "The conception is original, but it is feebly carried out. Mr. Woollett has ideas, it is a pity he belongs to the school that reflects spontaneity of inspiration."

A "slight, unpretentious, clear" concert piece in D minor for violin and

orchestra by Ethel Barns was performed for the first time Oct. 17. The composer was the violinist.

Marian Arkwright's orchestral suite, "Winds of the World," which won the \$25 prize offered last year by the Gentlewoman for the best musical composition by a woman, was to have been played Oct. 31 at one of Dan Godfrey's Symphony concerts at Bournemouth.

CONKERS.

The Pall Mall Gazette recently called attention to the fact that boys were playing conkers. The average American reader would at once ask: "What is" (or "what are") "conkers?" Did "The Boy's Own Book," an instructive and entertaining volume, contain an account of it? Alas, that book and its successor, "The American Boy's Own Book," disappeared long ago with the copy of Alexander Selkirk's adventures crammed with fascinating wood cuts and splendid in green board covers. The dictionaries that we have consulted are dumb. The only Conker Dr. Murray knows is a variant of "Kunkur"—"a coarse kind of limestone found in India"—which cannot be the same, is not the same.

Dr. Wright, the master of dialects, is our friend. Conker is, first of all a snail-shell and the game may be played with these shells, but in its glory it is played with horse-chestnuts threaded on a string. Two boys sit face to face. One boy lays his chestnut on a log or on a piece of

turf, and the other strikes at it with his chestnut. They go on striking alternately till one chestnut splits the

The unharmed nut is "conqueror of one." A new chestnut is substituted. Whichever nut now becomes victorious is "conqueror of two," and so on. The triumphant chestnut adds to its score all the previous winnings. The nuts are often hardened by putting them up the chimney, or by carrying them in a warm pocket. The nut that smashes the other is "conk." The chestnut itself is known to the boys as a conker, and the tree as a conker tree.

There are variations of the game. One boy standing with a chestnut on a string will try to smash the chestnut of another. Or he will hit till the opponent's string breaks. In some English counties the one who repeats this rhyme has the first stroke:

Cobbly con! My first blow.
Put down your back hat
And let me have first smack.

In Northall's "English Folk-Rhymes" there are other formulas for the game.

Conker is also a cucumber, and a good blow on the conk, boko, smeller, sporter, nozzle, in fact nose. But the conker of conkers is the horse-chestnut.

The word in Cheshire appears in the form "Conqueror." Does this suggest a derivation? And was, or is, the game with horse-chestnuts known

as "conkers" to boys of New England? It surely never could have been as popular as yard-sheep, or duck.

Set Nov. 11, 1907

Men and Things

A ST. LOUIS Journal informs us that clergymen of that city discourage arguments or even conversation about hips and hipless gowns. Thus the Rev. Dr. H. Stiles Bradley said: "The gossip which the departing congregation, the women members especially, are wont to indulge in on the prices of hats, shapes of hips, cooking recipes and the like, as they leave the church, savors too strongly of the frivolous."

It is true that the word "hip" occurs only once in the Bible, and then in the story of Samson, who smote the Philistines "hip and thigh" with a great slaughter. Solomon in the song of songs attributed to him gave a pleasingly minute description of the body of his love, the Sulamite, but for some reason or other he said nothing about her hips. It may be remembered that the jail clergyman in Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" would not drink wine with Mr. Wild: "There is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch—a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted."

The word "hip," by the way, was once applied to a projecting part of female dress that covered the hip, as in the "Tattler": "She carried off the following goods . . . two pair of hips of the newest fashion."

The Philadelphia North American disapproves the idea of female attendants in Mr. Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera House. "No one will be able to tell whether to call them usherines or usherettes."

A city judge in Utica, N. Y., called at a poor wretch, who, brought into court, admitted that he had been drunk at least twice a week for 14 years and had not provided for his family: "You are without doubt the worst specimen of humanity ever brought into this court. You are a mean, miserable, low down apology for a man." The judge then said he should like to be alone with him a few minutes, so that he could break

every bone in his body and end his career. Does such talk from a judge on the bench add to the dignity of the office? Is not such talk too common even in higher courts?

Circuit Judge McCune of Kansas City, Mo., admits that he likes to hear approval of his work. For this reason he was perplexed by a speech of Mr. Smith, a stately man, 93 years old. Mr. Smith spent a whole day in court watching the proceedings. The judge thought he must be pleased by the quickness with which cases were handled, for 30 or 40 criminal cases were put on trial and disposed of in the day. "What do you think about it, Mr. Smith?" asked the judge, prepared for a compliment. And old Mr. Smith answered: "It is the d—t court I ever was in."

A Roman workman and his betrothed visited the grave of the young man's mother. They tended the flowers on the grave, knelt down and prayed, and then the young man kissed his sweetheart. A policeman saw and arrested them. In court the girl defended her lover's right to kiss and her right to be kissed, but caressing in public is forbidden in Italy, and the young man was sentenced to jail for 75 days, so that "the decorum of the burial ground might be maintained" and the dead not disturbed. In many New England villages the cemetery is a favorite courting ground. The very irony of fond oaths of eternal love sworn in a graveyard lends a peculiar charm as well as solemnity to the vow. If, as some orientals think, the buried have consciousness until the day of judgment, some of them must be amused, some are cynical and others weep bitterly. Marvell, urging his coy mistress to make him happy, exclaimed:

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Too little attention was paid to Prof. Kuhnemann's tribute to the extraordinary wisdom of Boston women. It is natural that New York should ignore it and that Indianapolis, the other great literary centre, should pretend not to hear it. "Boston," said Prof. Kuhnemann of Breslau University, "is a centre not only of beans but of brain." Bismarck once said that they who drink beer think beer. They that eat beans not only think beans, they know beans and they point derisive thumbs at Pythagoras. Furthermore, as Dr. Schwazey said to Artemus Ward: "We eat beans now because we ate beans then."

Many remember Mr. Arthur Nikisch, who used to wave a thoughtfully manicured left hand at the Symphony Orchestra. Is there not a street named after him, Nikisch avenue, and does it not run from 333 Beech street to Parkway in ward 23? It does, or books that should help us are as stumbling blocks. Last July a German critic, Mr. Moritz Wirth, who is described by a French music journal as "plutôt bizarre," told the Burgomaster of Leipzig that he should not allow Mr. Nikisch to conduct works by Bach in St. Thomas' Church, because he, Nikisch, is "an unbeliever and an unworthy person." Mr. Wirth, who was sued for defamation of character, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$75 or to sojourn 30 days in jail.

This reminds us that Mr. David Bispham gave a concert a few days ago in New York. The critic of the Morning Telegraph went to hear him. Having heard him—he could not help hearing him, it seems—he wrote about him. He said that Mr. Bispham's dramatic sense is keen. "It tempted him to burst into a wild, ear-piercing, spine-shivering yell. 'Twas all about Edward, a Scotchman. To use the words of the song, 'some lither dule' he had been 'drieing.' In other words, he had rashly and inconsiderately killed his father. Some one then cursed some one else. Then came the wild Bisphamic shriek. 'Twas magnificent, but 'twas not song."

FRITZ KREISLER IS

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The hall was crowded and many sat on the platform. Mr. George Falkenstein was the accompanist. The programme was as follows: Handel, sonata, A major; Bach, sonata, G minor, No. 1 (for violin alone); Martini, Andantino, F major; Francoeur, Siciliano and Idgaudon; L. Couperin, "La Precieuse"; Porpora, minuet; Tartini, variations; Dvorak, Canzonetta; Wieniawski, Caprice; Paganini, 24th Caprice.

A short time ago Mr. Arthur Symons, now the music critic of the Saturday

Review, sat in a London concert hall and heard Mr. Kreisler play. As he listened he cudgelled his brain for purple phrases and fantastical comparisons. For Mr. Symons, not being a musician, having no practical acquaintance with music—unless, perchance, he plays sweetly on the concertina, that instrument dear to Englishmen—is obliged to look at music and on musical performances from a purely literary side. In this instance Mr. Symons dealt chiefly in appreciation. He began boldly by insisting that Mr. Kreisler is "the greatest violinist now living," and he clinched this statement by swearing that Mr. Kreisler is "without excess and default."

He said many other things: that Mr. Kreisler "sways under the music as a strong tree sways tightly under a great wind," which may not please the violinist when he reads the article unless he has a sense of humor. It also appears that a concerto of Mozart played by Mr. Kreisler performed singular tricks: the first movement turned to crystal; the second was gold and honey; the finale was a leaf blown by the wind. Mr. Symons found much wind in this concert, and it entered even into his praise.

Mr. Kreisler is too experienced, too sensible a man, you say, to be injured by such hifalutin. Yet what one of us does not like flattery, and like it thick, as though laid on with a trowel? Such wild praise, especially when it comes from a desire to write fine phrases, when there is a literary orgy without intelligence, well based, discriminative judgment, may well injure the man at whom it is hurled.

There is no greatest violinist in the world, any more than there is any greatest pianist or singer. There are a few that are truly great in every art, and the qualities of their greatness may differ as one star differeth from another star in glory. Not long ago Mr. Symons, before he was chosen, for some grotesque reason, to sit in the seat of the Saturday Review's music critic, discovered Mr. Ysaye, and then Mr. Ysaye was "the greatest." What did Mr. Symons not say then about the Belgian master? In spite of Mr. Symons, Mr. Kreisler is a great violinist; a violinist of unusual talent and acquirements. He is, first of all, a most accomplished virtuoso; he is almost always a thoughtful, true interpreter; he occasionally, when he plays a masterpiece with orchestra, has the rare gift of seeming to recreate the music, so that the hearer is as one present at the re-creation and wonders at the transfiguration of what had long been familiar to him.

The programme yesterday did not call for a display of deep emotion or of elemental qualities. The adagio in Bach's sonata is not so moving as some other slow movements in his violin music, nor does the inherent charm of the slow melodies in Handel's sonata go beneath the skin. It has been Mr. Kreisler's custom of late years to play groups of little pieces distinguished by quaintness, piquancy or graceful sentiment. These pieces, as a rule, are transcriptions in which harmonic modern incongruities enter, in which the melodic thought is "improved" by the transcriber. Some of these arrangements, however pretty they may be, are disarrangements. The original composer is preserved—but in a thick and cloying sirup. It is a pleasure to hear now and then one or two pieces of this nature. To make a specialty of them is hardly worthy of the great violinist.

Mr. Kreisler played admirably, with a full display, as far as the programme would permit, of the qualities that have made him famous and also popular. The audience was enthusiastic. He will give a recital on Tuesday afternoon, the 19th, when he will play pieces by Bach, Corielli, Gluck, Porpora, Paganini, L. Couperin, Lanner, Schubert-Kreisler and Wieniawski.

MUSIC NOTE.

Miss Bessie Abbott is suffering from bronchitis. The concert announced for this evening in Jordan Hall is therefore postponed indefinitely.

JULIE WYMAN'S SUICIDE.

Singer Who Had Delighted Bostonians by Her Concert Work.

Many in Boston who have admired the inimitable art of Mrs. Julie Wyman, whether or not they knew her when she lived here, will be saddened by the news of her death by her own hand in New York last Saturday. For some years she was the supreme interpreter of French songs. Her voice was one of unusual warmth, beauty and splendor. It had the richness of the true contralto; it had the dramatic intensity of the true mezzo-soprano. It was sensuous but not lush. It was brilliant, but it was always glowing, molten, so that her song was "a marvel, made of perfect sound and exceeding passion."

Whatever she sang, whether it were stately aria, song of the church, an intimate lied or a simple melody by Nevin, she vitalized it; she made it a thing of rare beauty. Nor was she ever content with the applause and wreaths as a proof that she had attained the self-appointed goal. She strove constantly after perfection, and no discouragement, no sorrow—and she was a woman of many sorrows—ever swerved her from her purpose.

First Sang Here in 1888.

She first displayed in Boston her rare native talent and acquirements in her fulness at the first Symphony Orchestra concert of the season of 1888-89. Her last appearances of note in this city were in 1903-04, although she dwelt here afterward for a time as a teacher.

The concert hall was her home, yet she had sung in opera and not without



Mrs. Julie Wyman,
Singer Well Known Here Who Killed
Herself in New York.

success. It was at Lyons that she made her debut some time in the season of 1892-93, and in the fall of 1893 she was applauded at Avignon. She was then known in the opera houses as Mme. Mauran.

As a woman she was distinguished by the generosity of her life and aims. She was too generous for her own good, too frank for her own advantage. She had a lively appreciation of the talent which was dormant in a young singer or unrecognized by those who should have been quick to see it, and to her it was a keen pleasure to advance that singer, to see that she had opportunity and reward. Envy and jealousy were foreign to her nature. She rejoiced in the legitimate success of others. Her life was for several years a stormy one; but she was not at first cast down. She was never embittered. She was a loyal friend, a devoted mother.

Her Suicide Deliberate.

Her courage was pronounced, yet at the last she must have lost heart. It is said that she had made threats of committing suicide during the last months of her life in Philadelphia, where she had her home after a sojourn of a year or more in Paris. Her daughter, Miss Caro Wyman, has a flat at 736 Lexington avenue, New York, and while she was visiting at Yonkers her mother went to this flat.

A telephone message was received by an old friend of the family late Saturday night saying that Mrs. Wyman was about to commit suicide and that the key to the hall door would be found in the letter box. No particular attention was paid at the time to the message, but Sunday morning the friend, Mr. P. S. Dean of New York, determined to investigate the matter. Mrs. Wyman was found fully dressed lying on a gas tube, one end of which was attached to an open burner. Other gas jets in the room were open.

Mrs. Wyman left two other daughters, Lorraine and Florence, who are in Europe, and a husband, Walter C. Wyman of Chicago, with whom she has not lived for several years.

Change of "Lohengrin" Cast at Castle Square

Harry Davies in the Title Role and
Blanche Edwards the Elsa of
the Production.

Last evening introduced the second week of "Lohengrin," Wagner's popular opera in four acts, under the same circumstances which attended its opening a week ago, with the exception of a few changes in cast. Harry Davies was the "Lohengrin" last evening; Forest Huff appeared as Telramund, and Miss Blanche Edwards as Elsa. Miss Le Baron repeated her dramatic impersonation of last week in the role of Ortrud.

The performance has gained in quality by its week's run; the concerted action of principals and chorus is smooth, and the ensemble singing has vigor and spontaneity. The general mounting of the opera, as The Herald said in its review of the first performance last week, has many points of beauty, notably in some of the stage settings and in the costumes, which are conspicuous for beautiful color and design. There was a large audience, of which the size and enthusiasm were a tribute to the success of the production and augured well for its continued run.

Men and Things

MR. COBDEN SANDERSON, the celebrated bookbinder of London, was entertained recently in Minneapolis, and we are told that "his eyes are wide open behind." He evidently has what is known as a rolling eye. The Journal also informs us that his glasses are fastened with "a thick black cord," not a delicate gold chain, not a string. But does he carry this cord over an ear?

Mr. Sanderson impressed the leaders in Minneapolis society by the fact that he is binding Ruskin's books for the sum of \$100,000. He has been at work on this job for five years and he will probably be at work on it for five years more.

"His nature is a delicate one," and he carries his creed about with him in a "booklet beautifully bound in red leather." We are informed that Mr. Sanderson believes in many things: in space and eternity, day and night, the seasons, and in the sun and the wonders of the planets. It would be indelicate not to believe in them.

A lover of books with a thin pocket-book resents the art of the accomplished binder. With Lamb, he wishes to clothe his shivering folios. His one comfort is in observing the poor taste often displayed by the rich, who order at the book shops so many feet of library, or order in this fashion: "Send me, say, \$4000 worth of standard books." They then add that they wish so many feet in red binding, and so many feet in blue.

There are authors whose works should be bound in blue, others suggest red or green, and there are some who should be dressed in yellow. There are books bound in human skin. We have heard of a French booklover, a man of taste, who was particular as to the quality of this skin. He found, after many experiments, that of certain African women was the most pleasant to the touch, and kept longest the original color and repelled bookworms. Gabriel Peignot, at the beginning of his essay on the binding of books and the condition of libraries among the ancients, says that however great the talent of modern binders may be—this was written in 1834—their work did not surpass in solidity and beauty the bindings with which the Groliers and the De Thous enriched their shelves in the 16th century.

How fashions in binding change! During the black walnut period in America, men who had made money by contracts for supplying the northern army in the civil war and therefore felt obliged to encourage art and letters had every-thing, encyclopaedias, magazines, essays, poetry and patent office reports, bound in Russian leather. There were some, however, who talked wisely about free-calf and crushed morocco. We know a sensitive soul who was deterred from studying law on account of the hideous uniformity of the sheep covers of text-books, treatises, digests and reports. Some of the old books, attacks and replies, of bitter theologians were bound in pigskin, and so with still greater appropriateness were learned notes by clergymen to Petronius, Juvenal, Martial and Catullus.

The story that Mr. Paderewski has completed a second opera is untrue. He has a friend in Boston that he has made only a few sketches for it.

They have found in Paris an underground passage which, it is believed, connected the old Porte Dauphine and the Tour de Nesle, in which Margaret of Burgundy received her gallants.

And where, I pray you, is the Queen, who would that Buridan should steer a sack of oats down the Seine? But where are the snows of yester-year?

Mr. Hilaire Belloc says, by the way, that Rossetti mistranslated Villon's "D'Antan," which is not yester-year, but "all time past before this year."

"It's a brave night for the Tour de Nesle!" Would that we could see Dumas' famous drama again. When was it last played in Boston? As a matter of fact this Marguerite was a highly respectable old dame who founded the College of Burgundy, from which the Ecole de Medicine is descended, and John Buridan was a distinguished philosopher who is still remembered by the proverb of Buridan's ass. This ass, placed between two pecks of oats, is not determined to begin to eat of the one sooner than of the other. For Buridan wished to prove that if beasts were not determined by some external motive, they have no force to choose between two equal objects. Others say the ass,

hungry and thirsty, stands between a bucket of water and a measure of oats. What will he do? If you say "He will stand still," the answer is, "Then he will die." If you say "He will not be fool enough to die," then the answer is, "He will go toward one or the other, and thus show that he has free will."

The story of a Queen who entertains sumptuously her lovers and then sees to it that they are silenced that night for ever, is an old one and found in many lands. It is in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." There is also the story of Tamara, the heroine of Balakireff's symphonic poem. But who first thus made poor Marguerite a strangely fascinating and sensually tragic character? It is said that the legend was first heard of from a German in Leipzig in 1741.

Nov. 1907

KNEISEL QUARTET

The Kneisel quartet gave last night in Chickering Hall the first concert of its 23d season. The members of the quartet are now Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecanski and Willeke, a Roumanian of German parentage, a Dutchman, a Croatian and again a Dutchman. The programme was as follows: Mozart, Quartet in D minor; Brahms, Trio in C minor, op. 101; Beethoven, Quartet in E, op. 99, No. 1. Rudolph Ganz was the pianist. There was a large audience, which was enthusiastic.

Even when such an admirable and experienced chamber musician as Mr. Kneisel is leader, four men who have played together for only a comparatively short time cannot be reasonably expected to form an ensemble that in perfect sympathy and understanding can vie with a quartet that has lived together in musical unity for several seasons. The new members of the Kneisel Quartet are undoubtedly men of pluck and experience. In many respects the performance last night was excellent, often most excellent. The 'cellist seems to be a fiery soul and in his enthusiasm he occasionally was inclined to dominate. His tone is full and rich, except when under the stress of musical excitement he rasps and forgets the importance of euphony even in sturdy and stirring passages. The second violin has a pure and agreeable tone and he plays in true quartet manner.

Mr. Kneisel will undoubtedly chasten undue ardor and encourage absolute proportion. It should never be forgotten that the Kneisel quartet will be in the very front rank of chamber organizations either here or in Europe as long as Mr. Kneisel is the leader. Nor is it likely that he erred in his choice of men. What is now needed is the general mellowness and the fine consideration one for another that come only with time.

The programme, although the pieces were familiar, gave much pleasure. The quartet by Mozart was beautifully played. The music itself reminds one of Coleridge's remark that the effect of complacency and perfection was the characteristic of Greek art. If ever a musician had unconsciously this innate sympathy with Greek art it was Mozart. He should have been the man to set music to the tragedies of Sophocles. The piano trio by Brahms is one of that master's most delightful compositions.

It is true that the presto has the vague melancholy of an autumnal landscape, that there is the disquieting perfume of fallen leaves, and there is a graveyard on the hillside yonder; yet there is a melancholy beauty, and the melancholy is not displeasing. Only the last movement of this work is unworthy of the better Brahms, not the composer of the variations played yesterday afternoon by Miss Cottlow.

The finale is too broken, too episodic, a series of disconcerting spasms. Mr. Ganz played in ensemble spirit and with a fine quality of touch. It was chiefly in this trio that the 'cellist was unduly enthusiastic.

The next concert will be on Tuesday night, Dec. 10.

MISS COTTLOW'S RECITAL.

Pianist Shows Grace and Poetic Fancy at Steiart Hall.

Miss Augusta Cottlow gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steiart Hall. Her programme was as follows: Handel-Brahms, variations and Fugue; Chopin, Berceuse, Barcarole; MacDowell, Sonata Tragica; Debussy, prelude in A minor and Clair de Lune; Liszt, Tarantella from "Venezia e Napoli."

Over 40 years ago a gushing young woman named Julie Haller heard Brahms play his variations on a theme of Handel. She then described the work as "splendidly long—the stream of ideas flowing inexhaustibly." The composition is indeed long, but is it "splendidly" long? Is not "aggressively" or "dismissally" a more fitting word? The music of Brahms is seldom, if ever, "splendid." It does not shine and radiate. The music usually suggests twilight effects, or it is murky.

One listening to these variations is tempted to address the composer in the words of Hamlet: "Well said, old mole! canst work i' th' ground so fast?" Another Brahmsite admits that the variations demand of the player certain qualities of endurance. And how about the hearer? Must he not, too, have endurance and fortitude? Should he not undergo a rigid course of training and then attend the concert clothed in a sweater and shin-guards?

Miss Cottlow yesterday gave pleasure by her performance of the pieces by Debussy, in which she showed both grace and poetic fancy. Portions of MacDowell's sonata were played broadly and with intensity, but in this sonata she was less successful in the interpretation of the Gaelic sentiment that is peculiarly characteristic of MacDowell in his more tender thoughts and intimate confidences. The pieces by Chopin displayed the pianist in a less favorable light.

The inherent charm of the Berceuse was not disclosed. The performance was restless and labored, and the Barcarole was not a thing of song and spray, of love and passion—it was apparently only a piece that presented mechanical difficulties which the pianist had conquered. There was an audience of fair size.

Men and Things

If all the steamship companies should give up the captain's table, many would rejoice. There are well known social terrors: The infuriate golfer, the hardened genealogist, the owner of a recently acquired steam yacht, the melomaniac—the list is a long one; but beyond doubt and peradventure, the man that always sits at the captain's table is the most maddening. It is not so much what he says to you as how he looks at you that stirs you to thoughts of murder. It is the implied superiority that is aggressive and intolerable. It is not that he boasts, that he repeats long conversations between himself and the captain. He may only let you infer that he always sits at that table, but his face, his bearing, his very gait make you realize that you are an inferior person. And to think that there are some who have struggled after a seat at the captain's table as others have toiled after virtue, who have died without having attained this proud distinction! Nor were they to be comforted by a seat at the purser's or the doctor's.

Mr. Albert Matthews, in an interesting letter to The Herald, says: "I can now, I think, state exactly when the title of 'his excellency' was first used in Massachusetts. It was on Dec. 20, 1686, the very day on which Sir Edmund Andros arrived in Boston as Governor." The date 1849 has been given as that of the earliest example of cigarette smoking in England or the United States. Mr. Matthews is not sure but this date is belated. "However that may be, cigar smoking was not introduced into this country until just after the close of the revolutionary war, my earliest example being dated 1785. It became common in England still later—during the Peninsula campaign of Wellington."

Were certain words used in England ever common in America? "Cigarier," a cigar smoker; "cigared," furnished with a cigar; "cigarified," as in "The Book of Snobs"—"A stupid little cigarified count of dragons." Another word is "cigaresque": "A sonnet with which he, serpentine, tempted the cigaresque Eve (a coquette who dealt in cigars and smiles)."

As The Herald has remarked before this, they are always establishing something in Vienna. Not long ago we mentioned the opening of a school for window dressers. We now call attention to the Co-operative Automobile Club organized by Vienna physicians. Home manufacturers are to build cars especially adapted to doctors' work. The club will then help doctors to become automobile owners. They are to pay a moderate sum down and the rest in monthly payments, which will be less than the present cost of hiring a carriage by the month. The club will have its own central garage and branch garages will be opened as the demand increases.

"The girl who wears a topaz, whether it be her birthstone or not, will always have a contented mind." The topaz has still finer quarries, Laura Jane. This stone follows the course of the moon, and it "helpeth against the passion lunatic." It stanches blood, salms boiling water and also prevents water from boiling; it helpeth against evil thoughts and sudden death. There should always be at least one topaz in the house.

Our informant also says that the turquoise should be worn by bashful girls, for it gives self-possession. It has other properties; it keeps and saves the sight; it moves when the wearer is in any peril; it reconciles man and wife.

This is a poor champagne year, they say, for a heavy and continuous rainfall and scarcity of labor made the vintage a long process, and the quantity, which was originally small, has been much reduced. But this report comes

only from France. The returns from New Jersey are not yet in. The French claret of 1907 will be light, delicate and very smooth. Port will be poor and amateurs of this wine will have to look to Newfoundland.

Mr. Feintuck of Hatton Garden ordered a suit of clothes of a London tailor and then did not deign to go to the shop to be fitted or to send a check for the bill. In court, he said passionately to the judge: "Is it the English law that a man can be compelled to try clothes on at the tailor's shop?" The judge decided that Mr. Feintuck had no valid excuse for refusing payment. Mr. Feintuck had either a pathetic confidence in his tailor or a noble disregard for appearances. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that he went to the tailor's 14 times before the ordered coat fitted him respectably. (A new coat is a very serious matter with Mr. Johnson.) On the 12th visit he lost patience and asked the tailor why he could not fit him. "You must know, Mr. Johnson, that tailoring is largely experimental. No true artist can guarantee a fit. We always hope. We often have our triumphs—by the way, your right shoulder is higher than the left, and you should reduce your paunch—we also have our failures."

MR. GANZ PRESENTS NOVEL PROGRAMME

Mr. Rudolph Ganz gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. His programme was as follows: Liszt, First Year of Pilgrimage—Switzerland, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 6; Beethoven, sonata, A flat major, op. 26; Ravel, Sad Birds and Bark on the Sea; Alkan, The Railroad; Chopin-Liszt, Polish song; Liszt-Busoni, Mephisto waltz.

Liszt sojourned with the Countess d'Agout, of whom surprising stories are told, at Geneva in 1835-36, and his compositions of those years are closely associated with his Alpine wanderings. In 1842 he published three volumes entitled "Album of a Traveller." This edition was long ago out of print. He afterward, at Weimar, remoulded the album, and, retaining certain pieces, published them, changed in some instances, as "First Year of Pilgrimage: Switzerland," nine pieces in all.

Mr. Ganz is Swiss by birth. "A Swiss," wrote Sainte-Beuve, "has an eternal rancor in his heart" and, writing thus, Sainte-Beuve moved his friends in Lausanne to tears. Possibly this explains the reason of Mr. Ganz's choice of these pieces. Patriotism is not always commendable; crimes are often committed in its name. These pieces, as a whole, show Liszt at his worst; his pompous declamation of what is inherently trivial, inane; maudlin sentimentalism; attempts at the grandiose; bathos and bombast. "At the Spring," long familiar to many, is perhaps the best of the series and in the middle section some of the harmonic progressions might have been written by Debussy and his disciples, or rather plagiarists. "The Lake of Wallenstadt" was a favorite of our maiden aunts and it enjoyed a popularity surpassed only by "Moonlight on the Hudson," a sweet piece.

The two extraordinary pieces by Ravel were played here for the first time. They show unmistakably the influence of Debussy, and are far less original than the earlier piano compositions of Ravel. "Sad Birds" has an impressionistic charm, but the most striking harmonic effect is taken bodily from an "Arietta" by Debussy, with whom it was original. "Bark on the Ocean" is merely notes, notes, disarranged without leaving either a photographic or truly fantastical impression. Here Ravel has caught merely Debussy's mannerisms, not his exquisite harmonic weavings and fanciful melodic thought. It is as though Ravel had dreamed this music in a nightmare, having heard that day a superficial performance of one of Debussy's least imaginative pieces. Years ago a "Railroad Galop" was played by bands at concerts with a real bell and whistle. Mr. Ganz might possibly find a copy for a piano transcription. "Chug, chug," I hear it now; also "toot, toot."

Mr. Ganz has many excellent gifts as a pianist. His mechanism is smooth and highly polished. His technical abilities were often tested yesterday, and he responded fully to these tests. At his recitals he seldom plays any music that is truly emotional, and his performance of Beethoven's sonata, while it was delightful in certain respects, was one of surface elegance. He is always plausible, always glib. In fact, an admiring Yankee might justly characterize him as "a slick pianist."

There was an audience of fair size toward the middle of the concert. Small at first, it grew by the arrival of late-comers, who entered hesitatingly, uncertain. By then there was hearty applause throughout the concert.

MUSIC NOTES.

The second symphony concert in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre

this evening. The Andante from Beethoven's seventh symphony will be played in memory of the late Mrs. Louis Agassiz. The other two numbers on the programme will be Schumann's "Genoveva" overture and d'Indy's Symphonic Trilogy "Wallenstein."

Mr. Paderecki will give his second recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 21. Tickets for this recital may be secured at the box office of Symphony Hall on and after Friday, Nov. 15. Mr. Paderecki will play his new sonata and Liszt's sonata in D minor.

The music department of the city of Boston will give a concert this evening in the Girls' high school. The orchestra will be assisted by Mrs. Victoria McNally, contralto, and Mr. Dodge, cellist. A concert will be given tomorrow night at the Roxbury high school, when Mr. Clarence H. Wilson, baritone, and Mr. North, flutist, will be the soloists.

CONCERT FOYER

Pleasures, Disappointments and
Absence of Draughts in
the Box Office.

WHY IS ONE PIANIST IN FAVOR, ONE SLIGHTED

BY PHILIP HALE.

MANY were sorry because Miss Besie Abbott did not sing here last Tuesday night. There were some, suspicious souls, doubting Thomases, who wagged their heads and spoke knowingly of "capricious" opera singers. Others thought it more likely that the backer, the angel, the moneyed man, was suffering from cold feet, a complaint that is often acute and severe; nor are the feet warmed into activity by any hot water supplied by the irate prima donna.

The story of Miss Abbott's concert tour is short, sad and not a new one. Receipts were small in the towns visited. Audiences were apathetic; the reports in the newspapers were complimentary, at times enthusiastic; but the business was bad. At last Miss Abbott, tired out—she was singing six times a week—and naturally disheartened, was taken down with bronchitis, and like a sensible girl went to bed.

It's a pity, for we all should have liked to hear her. I confess I should also have liked to hear the tenor, Mr. Castellano "of the Scala." There are many tenor wanderers from "the Scala," but they are all entertaining in their respective ways. The pictures of Mr. Castellano gave promise of resonant notes from the chest.

Mr. Kreisler is at last in the fashion. He was a boy when he came to Boston with Mr. Rosenthal 19 years ago this month. When he came again in 1900 his reputation was firmly established in Europe, but only a handful of people heard him in Steinert Hall. Little by little he grew popular, and in 1905 he gave five recitals here. He is now fashionable. It is now "the correct thing" to go to his concerts. But Mr. Kreisler is not a man to be disturbed or injured by the approval of society. He will undoubtedly go on playing just as well as he did when he was applauded chiefly by musicians and students.

Why is it that one pianist draws an excited crowd to the concert hall and another does not, when they are players of equal ability? Take the case of Miss Augusta Cottlow. She is not unknown here. She has played with marked success at a Symphony concert. She is no yet 30 years old, and her personality is decidedly interesting. Her eyes are like the fish pools in Heshbon. She plays gracefully, and, unlike some of her sisters, when she is performing a difficult feat, she does not remind you of a hurried hen picking up corn. She has repose without coldness. She does not come on the stage, swinging her arms. She does not bob her head familiarly to the audience, as though she were to say, "Ah, there!" She respects her art and her life. But Miss Cottlow in Boston has no box office laurels. Neither has Mr. Josef Hofmann since he has come to man's estate excited popular interest. Mr. Dohnanyi did not draw. Mr. Reikensauer did not draw. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler, a player of acknowledged talent, did not draw at her last concert. Mr. Ganz does not draw. It should also be said to the shame of Boston that the paying audiences at the Kneisel Quartet concerts are far smaller than they once were. Look at the admirable concert given by the Longy Club. How thin has been the attendance!

Glazounoff's eighth symphony, played for the first time in England at the Leeds festival Oct. 11, made a strong impression. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "The strength and sense of bigness informing the music from beginning to end, the extraordinary brilliance of the orchestration, the powerful rhythms employed are outstanding features. But there is more in the music than mere excellence of technique, the thematic material is of that quality which in development grows into something vital

and moving. Especially is this the case in the slow movement, where there are climaxes of passion, sombre though the music may be." The Times said: "If there is sometimes a lack of obvious melodic beauty of a sensuous kind, the very austerity which some hearers will feel is one of the things that makes for permanence."

New chamber music heard in Paris at the "Autumn Salon": "Clarinet sonata by Vinec and a piano quintet, 'Juvenille and reminiscent,' by Joaquin Turina, a Spaniard."

Frederic Austin, an English baritone, is also a composer. His rhapsody, "Spring," for orchestra, begun in 1902 and recently completed, was produced at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 16. It is said that there are suggestions of Debussy and reminders of the Bird music in "Siegfried" in this rhapsody, but the chief fault is diffuseness. Much of the thematic material is fresh, and the instrumentation is clever. Mr. Austin has written an overture to "Richard II," a symphonic poem, "Lorenzo and Isabella," a festival prelude for strings and organ, and a piano trio.

Unfamiliar songs sung in London by Marie Alton, Oct. 17: Renzo Bossi's Duo Gioie, Madrigale, "Sard"; Junker's Les Cygnes and Tausend Goldne Sterne Claezen, Jeger's "Schneckenliedchen," Erich Wolff's Erhebung, Balakireff's Nuit de Printemps, Armas Jarneff's Fageln, and songs by Rentschitsky, Cecil

Englehardt, Ernest Walker, Cliffe Forrester.

The Pall Mall Gazette said recently that the music of "Carmen" is "dreadfully uneven." It likes the foreword's song, but dislikes Carmen herself. "The character is not one that calls for admiration." O shade of Vernon Blackburn! Art thou amused or vexed?

In Helena they were enthusiastic over Maud Powell. She played there in the Unitarian Church before "a discriminating and crowded audience." The Daily Independent liked the "Grieg Sonatas," and found in them "a feminine quality which, without being effeminate, is so infinitely sad, so poignantly suggestive and so vividly gray that men cannot arrive at its ultimate expression."

The Independent analyzed Mme. Powell's performance: "There is something exhilarating and surpassingly brilliant about the tone products of Maud Powell, and always behind that the lingering, sweet and captivating fragility (sic) of the woman. Her evident passion is for color rather than detail, and in this she is utterly and captivatingly feminine. Her perfect technique is subordinated always to the theme and motive, and instead of being an obstruction it becomes an enhancement in tenderness without regard to the harsh intentions and errors of the 'composer.'"

Miss Powell is not true to authorship in her interpretations of the score, but she goes far to enhance the tender simplicity of lines that would be cavalier to the general without her ingenious aid. * * * No doubt she could play Traumerl backwards, but she did play the old and well tried favorite in a way that has never been excelled here. I noticed that she omitted the allegro phase of the composition, and it is undoubtedly the opinion of many competent musicians that this part of the composition is an anachronism; yet it would have been a fine test of her adaptability if she had played it as Schumann intended. Of course, Mme. Powell can play "Traumerl" backwards, but she does this only in holiday mood, and with one hand tied behind her.

Mr. Samuel S. Sanford of Yale University told a reporter recently that New York has now "quite as excellent an orchestra as the Boston Symphony," and he said at the same time that the "individual liberality" of Maj. H. L. Higginson had "set the highest standard of orchestral performance the world had ever known."

The music department of the city of Boston will give a concert in the girls' high school this evening at 8 o'clock. An orchestra led by Mr. Kanrich will play pieces by Mascagni, Wagner, Grieg, Haydn and Auber. Mrs. Victoria McNally, contralto, will sing Gounod's "More Regal in His Low Estate" and Strelzki's "Happy Days." Mr. Carl W. Dodge, cellist, will play Servais' "Desire."

On Friday evening the concert will be at the Roxbury high school. Orchestral pieces by Wagner, Villaneuva, Offenbach, Plotow, Beethoven, Mozart. Mr. Clarence H. Wilson, baritone, will sing songs by Sargeant and Poniatowski, and Mr. Charles K. North will play flute pieces by Mouquet. Prof. Elson will comment on both programmes.

BUHLIG GIVES FIRST RECITAL IN BOSTON

Mr. Richard Buhlig, pianist, played yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall for the first time in this city. His programme was as follows: Brahms-Handel, Variations and fugue; Schubert, Impromptu op. 90, Nos. 1 and 4; Beethoven, Sonata, F minor, "Appassionata"; Chopin, Twelve Etudes, op. 25. There was a small audience, and there was hearty applause after the performance of the Sonata and after some of the Etudes.

Mr. Buhlig, a young man born in Chicago, studied in that city and for some years with Leschetitzki in Vienna. He has played in the leading cities of Germany and in England, also in Paris, I

understand. When it is announced recently in New York a series of three concerts they were then described by him, or his manager, as "educational." This adjective was omitted here, possibly as a compliment to the city.

The programme chosen for yesterday was a formidable one. To play in the same afternoon the Variations by Brahms on a theme of Handel, Beethoven's Sonata in F minor and 12 Etudes by Chopin argues a lack of humor in the player, or a desire to force admiration by the accomplishment of an indisputable feat without the aid of stimulants or of any mechanical appliance. Mr. Buhlig is evidently a very serious young man.

Before his arrival, postal cards and other pictorial announcements were sent out heralding his approach. He was represented as playing the piano, while grouped about him fair ladies in low-cut gossamer sat more than amiably disposed. The impression thus made was erroneous. Mr. Buhlig is a thoughtful pianist rather than a musical amateur. He does not play gently to the ladies or at the ladies. The picture does him cruel injustice.

He will give two more recitals in Boston. In view of the peculiar nature of the first programme, it might be fairer to speak of his artistry after hearing him again. Yet certain impressions were made yesterday and they should be recorded. Mr. Buhlig has been an industrious student. He has now a mechanism that enables him to play fluently, fleetly, and as a rule clearly. He is musical in that he understands the structure of a composition and is able to phrase intelligently. He has yet to perfect himself in the art of singing a sustained melody. His touch is seldom a caress.

While he recognizes the importance of having gradations of tone at command, he is not yet a colorist of distinction. To say that he is wholly unemotional, would be to say the thing which is not; but however deeply he himself may feel, his sentiment is not contagious. As far as emotion was concerned yesterday, he was a Laodicean, neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm. Nor was there yesterday any display of individuality in conception or performance that would distinguish him from others of like mechanical ability. He had no personal message to deliver. But let us hear him in a more interesting programme.

He will give recitals in Steinert Hall on the afternoons of Thursday, the 21st and Dec. 5.

MR. DE PACHMANN.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann will give piano recitals in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Dec. 2; Saturday afternoon, Dec. 7, and Thursday, Dec. 12. This will be positively his last tour in the United States, and the statement will be received with regret by thousands of his admirers. Orders for one recital or for the series will be received by L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall until next week Friday morning, when the public sale will begin at the box office of Symphony Hall.

MEN and THINGS

MR. CUNNINGHAM sued a widow for damages. He had lodged at her house, but had left her. His employer sent a letter to him at this house. The widow wrote on the outside of the envelope: "Please don't send this man's letters here. Gone away 15 months, thank God." The employer received the letter and forwarded it to Cunningham. Hence the suit. Cunningham's lawyer argued that the words written by the widow implied that his client was a man of bad reputation, a social outcast; that his leaving a respectable house was a matter of rejoicing. The jury, by the way, gave Cunningham damages to the extent of £5—we say pounds, for all this happened in London.

Mr. Cunningham may or may not be a social outcast. The probabilities are that he is a smug and respectable citizen with trying ways. When he lived at Mrs. Jemima Wright's, he no doubt insisted on cleanliness. An accountant by profession, he must be orderly, precise. Perhaps he complained of his morning egg, or wished hotter water than that brought by the slavey, or he smoked uncommonly strong tobacco, or his pal blew a cornet when he called on him. Mrs. Wright perhaps had good reasons for considering Mr. Cunningham a trying person. Who knows? He may have had the courage to reproach her for helping herself to his sugar, tea, and jam.

What one of us has not exclaimed, "Gone, thank God," immediately after the departure of some blameless aunt or cousin? Your aunt was thoughtfulness itself. Her self-effacement was pathetic. But she was in the house; she was there; you knew she was there; you felt her presence; the accustomed routine was changed; married late in life, you still have bachelor habits, and auntie, poor auntie, was in the way. But you would not have expressed your

thankfulness at her departure on the outside of an envelope which would ultimately go to her.

It is a wonder that more women are not sued for libel. Their frankness, not any malicious intent, leads them into danger. Is the milk thin in spite of the high price? Mrs. Blyvens writes on a postal card: "What is the matter with your milk? It is watery, and there is no use in setting it. Please explain at once." What public messages do they not send to the fish monger, the dressmaker, the shopkeeper! Yet how few comparatively get into trouble! The law of libel is terrible in England. No wonder that the newspaper critic is, as a rule, mealy mouthed. We remember a case in which Lottie Collins sued an English newspaper. Its dramatic critic in the course of a review of her performance referred to a scene in the play as vulgar. The newspaper was soaked for about \$1500 damages.

They manage these things better in the United States. There was an amateur performance of "Romeo and Juliet" recently in Athens, Kan., and the newspaper of the town, forgetting that the performance was for some charity, described the woman who impersonated Juliet as "too skinny for the part." Her husband did not sue, neither did she. He called at the newspaper office, withdrew his subscription, and, incidentally, pulled the editor's nose.

But how much should the ideal Juliet weigh? Mme. Sembrich, after she was 40, impersonated Juliet in opera, and she was then no sylph. Mme. Calve regrets that she cannot take the part, but her sense of humor saves her from the attempt. Juliet was about 14 years old—see the nurse's celebrated remarks—and that is about all we know of her. Romeo's earlier love, Rosalind, had bright eyes, a high forehead, scarlet lips, a fine foot, a straight leg, or else Mercutio was a liar, Juliet was inclined toward hysteria. She may have been thin and "passion-pale," to use a favorite term of the Angora poets.

Passionate creatures should not be fat, or say, rather, fat ladies are not graceful in passionate outbursts. George Sand, when she went about the streets of Paris in trousers, made the boys laugh. A man, fat in like manner, would also have made them laugh. She never could have passed as a man for nearly 60 years, as did Catherine Vosbaugh, who died last Monday at Trinidad, Col., and Miss Vosbaugh was only one of many. There are two parts which only a woman of enormous self-confidence would dare to impersonate—Juliet and Lady Godiva.

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DENGAUSEN GIVES 400-YEAR-OLD SONGS

Mr. Alfred F. Denghausen gave a song recital last night in Steinert Hall, which was well filled with a deeply interested and appreciative audience. He sang in German five songs of the 15th and 16th centuries, of which a Minnelied, dated 1460, was the most effective; Schubert's Ungeduld and Am Meer, Schumann's Schoene Wlge Meiner Leiden and Mondnacht, Brahms' Wie bist du Meine Koenigin, Vergeblisches Staendchen and Saphische Ode; Strauss' Ein Obdach, Die Sieben Siegel, Ich trage Meine Minne and Kling; Wolf's Gebet; Kaun's Der Sieger, and W. Berger's Pilgerlied, Was Klappert in Hause and Trutzlied. Mr. Carl Lamson was the accompanist.

The Herald had occasion last February to praise highly Mr. Denghausen's interpretation of two old English songs at one of Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts. Mr. Denghausen then showed unusual dramatic versatility and an impressive individuality. The songs themselves, especially "Desperato's Banquet," called for dramatic treatment; the necessity of finesse in pure singing was secondary.

It would be easy to criticize adversely certain failings as revealed last night; his tendency to accent unduly unimportant words that have no particular significance in the melodic line or in the rhetorical expression. It would be easy to speak of certain vocal mannerisms that he should put aside. In view of the pleasure he often gave it is not necessary to dwell on these points.

Mr. Denghausen, first of all, sang with a full appreciation of both the poets' and composers' intentions. He caught the main thought of each song and brought it clearly before the hearer. Whether the song was ancient as "Waldvogeln's Bitte" or the pathetic "Abschied von Innsbruck," or one of the classic or modern songs, Mr. Denghausen gave not only the spirit of the music and interpreted the poetical sentiment, he also surrounded each song with its own peculiar atmosphere. And so each song

in turn had its own character as interested as far as the singer was concerned.

He was discreet in this; not given to exaggeration. Thus the "Ungeduld" of Schubert was not a wild and agitated rush, nor was "Am Meer" unduly sentimentalized, nor in the familiar "Vergehe dich, Staendchen" and in Berge's "Was Klappert im Hause" was there a disturbing effort to be humorous. Last of all Mr. Denghausen sang with refreshing gusto, as though he believed in the worth of the songs and wished the audience to share in his own enjoyment.

Of the modern songs that were least familiar, Kaun's "Sieger" was ingeniously the most effective. Berger, who, by the way, was born in Boston—his father once sojourned here as a clerk in a music shop—writes amiably and with the intention of saying something, but I have yet to hear any music by him that has marked distinction. Mr. Denghausen was obliged to repeat two or three songs—his interpretation of Schumann's ineffably beautiful "Mendelsohn" merited the burst of applause—and at the end the audience was loath to have him leave the stage. Mr. Lamson played sympathetic, helpful accompaniments.

MEN and THINGS

THE HERALD has received a copy of the Accident Age published in Saginaw, Mich. The publisher says he believes this journal is the only one in the country that is "devoted exclusively to accidents." One is enough. The Accident Age has six pages. On the first there is a fancy sketch of a railway accident with a procession of wounded limping forward to receive insurance money. The most prominent headline on the page runs: "Shrieks and Sighs of Slaughtered." On the sixth page there are pictures of many skulls, and one of a gentleman who has fallen on the 11th story and landed with a splinter on top of him.

The Accident Age publishes editorial paragraphs, pleasant personal appeals. Which could you spare the best, your arms, or legs? It's time to think of safety.

"Do you love your wife? How large a policy are you carrying for her benefit?" "If you were stricken blind today, would you make a living?"

Even in the exercise of piety you are not safe. Less than a year ago Mr. Philip Sprouse of Waugomish, Ok., was kneeling in prayer in his dark bed chamber. Mrs. Sprouse, not seeing him, fell on his feet and broke her neck. Last night Mr. Sprouse sat on his veranda reading his Bible and smoking a pipe. He either tilted the chair back or he fell backward while asleep. He was found on the veranda dead with a broken neck.

The Accident Age publishes editorial articles in display type. They are not nervous persons. "Take the passenger elevator, the trolley car, the automobile, etc., for examples. Who of our forefathers could have imagined a future of these death-dealing inventions, which today are found everywhere? * * * Would you want to see your loved ones thrown upon the mercy of a cold, heartless world?"

Three members of the Baptist Church in Hazelton, Ind., Messrs. Bais, Cunningham, Overton Decker and Salomon Pearson, were arrested on Nov. 9. The Rev. Samuel Bettis filed affidavits charging them with disturbing religious services by chewing gum while seated in the choir. Four female singers also had also chewed were "sternly reprimanded" by the minister. But how could he chew gum while performing religious service, unless there were reckless throwing of cards? Only a few days ago Herkimer Johnson showed us an old eardrum which he had found in his letter box. It invited him to become a member of the association of "lister-gum chewers," and it certified that, if he accepted, he would be entitled to chew, masticate or otherwise enjoy "at any time or place, public or private, as often as he might desire." Probably Messrs. Cunningham, Decker and Pearson do not belong to the association. Members can chew in church, at a symphony concert or even at a Lowell lecture, unless the permission as granted card be declared unconstitutional.

No art in America? Bless your soul, never said any such thing. Not love America? Why, I own a house here. Miss Geraldine Farrar was much loved. Miss Farrar has found out, as does Russell Lowell and other distinguished persons learned, that true words spoken from the chest look strangely unfamiliar when they are put in print. If

a faithful record were to be taken of what you said to old Slothers this morning in the street car and shown to you at noon, you would deny at least one-half of the report. "No, no, I never said it. I never thought it. Why, how absurd it would have been for me to say it!"

Mr. Alexander P. Browne says that the Malays were the first to wear creases in their "pants."

Men may die or thrive on a diet of peanuts or goobers. This is a matter of interest chiefly to the dietist and possibly to his family. But why are goobers so called? The variant "gobbler" gives no explanation. In the South a goober is also a person who can enchant. Why? Did the word come from the West Indies or West Africa?

It is to be observed that all fire worshippers in New York city, as Mrs. Augusta Maier, who, dressed in a white waist, red skirt and blue belt, goes up on the roof to intone hymns in praise of fire, are flat dwellers, dependent on radiators and janitors.

There was a time when the Christian merchants of New England sent cargoes of rum and zealous tracts to the savages of western Africa. We now read that the bark Freeman, sailing from Boston for Sierra Leone, takes pomades, washes, perfumes and toilet waters. Over 60 years ago Capt. Chamier wrote: "I have travelled east, I have travelled west, north and south, ascended mountains, dived in mines, but I never knew and never heard mention of so villainous or iniquitous a place as Sierra Leone. I know not where the Devil's Poste Restante is, but the place surely must be Sierra Leone." Sir Richard Burton gave an amusingly bitter description of Freetown in his "Wanderings in West Africa" early in the sixties. Even then there were exquisites among the natives.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS AT FIFTH SYMPHONY

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "The Little Christ-Elf".....Pfitzner
Concerto in D minor No. 4 for piano.....Rubinstein
Symphony in D major No. 2.....Brahms

Hans Pfitzner wrote this overture and other music for a Christmas fairy drama by Ilse von Sach. The play was produced at Munich, the 11th of last December. The overture was performed about three weeks before that, in Berlin. The drama itself was harshly criticized. It was condemned as foolish, affected, sentimental, silly, ridiculous—these were only a few of the adjectives jauntily employed to voice disapprobation.

A composer is not always to be pitied when he sets music to a weak libretto, or writes incidental music for a stupid play. If his music be good, he shines all the more brilliantly. If it be mediocre or poor, he and his friends can shrug shoulders and say, "How could any one be inspired by such a text? The wonder is that the music is as good as it is."

Inasmuch as the overture has been played three or four times in European concert halls without reference to the drama, it may fairly be judged as absolute music, as any overture without a printed or implied argument. We are told that the play and the music were intended to interest children. Any story that really entertains healthy children will also delight healthy grown persons. Sometimes the older ones find a keener delight than the younger; witness two widely dissimilar books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Gulliver's Travels." But must music be necessarily simple to amuse children? Are they swayed only by marked rhythms and strongly accented tunes?

Whether the themes in Pfitzner's overture are typical of characters or are associated with scenes in the play is immaterial when the music is brought into the concert hall. The opening measures may or may not accompany the final tableau of the drama when angels pray and the Christ child climbs the ladder to heaven. In the concert hall, without an explanatory note of any purpose or wish of the composer, the music is merely music.

Pfitzner, who, now living in Munich, will soon make Strassburg his home, wrote two operas, the later of which "Die Rose vom Liebegartens" (1901), made him a much discussed man. Pages in this opera which are of a deliberately realistic nature provoked the greatest of compliments, a parody. He himself thinks that the world is down on him, that there is a conspiracy to crush him, and when a man thinks this and says this is in a parlous state.

Surely there is nothing in this overture to awaken jealousy or animosity in the breasts of Pfitzner's contemporaries. If his Scherzo, an early work, or his overture to "Katchen von Hell-

bronn" had been performed last night, we might all recognize him today as a person of importance. The overture to "The Little Christ-Elf" may serve in the theatre. As a concert piece it is of little importance. The themes are childish rather than childlike, and while the structure of the work is clean-cut and decided, there is little beauty of decoration or color. Although the orchestra indicated by Pfitzner is a small one, he nevertheless succeeds at times at being muddy in his coloring, and when this coloring is not muddy it is conventional or drab.

Mr. Paderewski was, of course, welcomed enthusiastically, although the concerto he chose was a familiar virtuoso piece with some pages of amiable sentiment. It seems impossible that 40 years ago this composition raised a storm of abuse in London because of its "chaotic and incomprehensible" nature. Mr. Paderewski is fortunate, or unfortunate in this, that it makes little difference to the great majority what he does play. The throng submits willingly to his spell after the first leonine attack, nor at a symphony concert is it willing to let the weaver of spells go after a concerto. He must play other pieces, or at least another piece.

So whenever Paderewski appears at a symphony concert, the sane rule forbidding encores is broken and the balance of the programme is destroyed. It was so when he first played here at a symphony concert 16 years ago, and it will be so, undoubtedly, if he should play at one in 1923. It is true that this rule about encores was broken the season before Mr. Paderewski's first appearance, when Mr. de Pachmann aroused so great enthusiasm that he appeased the applauders only by playing three or four pieces.

But let the pianist be Mr. Paderewski, or the singer the angel Israfil, who sings so wildly well that the stars cease their hymns to listen; even then, is a symphony concert the place for an intermezzo in the nature of a recital? In an ideal symphony concert should not a solo be one incidental or necessary to the general scheme of ensemble? And in fairness to all, if one pianist be allowed to add to the programme, why should not another, or a violinist, or a singer, or even a cellist be permitted to add a group of little pieces in answer to the roaring applause?

Mr. Paderewski played the concerto with a verve that is peculiar to him, but his strength and his more engrossing qualities did not prevent much of the concerto from seeming old fashioned, without the grace and perfume that save, even when the substance is clearly of a generation long past. At times Mr. Paderewski forced one till it lost all quality, but there were noble and tender moments due more to the interpretation than to the music itself. Recalled enthusiastically, he played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor.

After a display of phenomenal personality and after the excitement of anticipation, realization and tribute, any symphony, however great it may be, or however glorious the performance of it, will suffer. This is inevitable. Yet to some, the symphony of Brahms, one of that master's finest and most musical works, as interpreted by Dr. Muck, was the feature of the concert.

MRS. HALL'S CONCERT.

The programme of Mrs. R. J. Hall's concert in Jordan Hall on Tuesday night, Jan. 21, will be as follows: Rhapsody, symphony No. 1, Chausson, "Poem of Love and the Sea"; Mouquet, Rhapsody for saxophone (Mrs. Hall) and orchestra; Balakireff, "En Isolement." The orchestra will consist of 50 symphony men and 32 other players. Mr. Georges Longy will conduct. Mrs. Elizabeth P. Schaup, soprano, will be the singer.

SUNDAY CLOTHES.

We read a few days ago a letter from a clergyman addressed to a London journal in which he asked for cast-off garments, boots and shoes for the "crowds" of his children who are kept away from Sunday school "through want of decent Sunday clothing." "The poorest child likes his Sunday coat, and I honor this feeling and encourage it."

About the same time we read a letter from an American clergyman in which he protested against any clothes especially designed or carefully saved for Sunday use. "Let men, women and children come to church and Sunday school in their every day clothes. Let them not think that the church insists on a special dress for the occasion."

The majority of New Englanders are no doubt less punctilious in the matter of Sunday dress than they used to be. In days that we ourselves remember, the preparations began on Saturday night. There was the weekly bath, without set tubs, often in the kitchen, where hot water was at hand, where splashing would do the least harm. After breakfast on Sunday, the sire shaved with uncommon care, or if he sported a beard he anointed it with perfumed grease, nor did he forget to "slush" his hair. The little girl wore stiffly starched garments and was much be-

ribboned. The boy, to his wild rage, was compelled to don a broad collar that saved his neck, and the tassels of this collar excited the mirth and derision of his rude fellows. The mother prepared herself with the utmost care, and blushed when her husband found time for a gallant speech. The walk to church was a stately procession, a show of bravery in dress. A man who in those days would have worn a checked suit, a flashy cravat, would have been looked on as a pariah, a leper, or as one who having lived abroad had been demoralized by the European Sunday.

Irrespective of the compliment thus paid solemn rites and ceremonies, the custom was a wholesome one. Men, women, and even children respected themselves the more for the temporary inconvenience. The stone mason in his black coat and spotless linen sat near the judge. The lawyer that had been to Congress was neighbor to the yeast man whose horn on week days sounded a terrible approach. Here was democracy in its best clothes, the democracy applauded by De Tocqueville.

The demons themselves paid homage to the observance and, visiting the earth, culled out their best attire. Coleridge, who knew everything except how to live, recognized this fact:

And how then was the devil drest?

O! he was in his Sunday's best;

His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,

And there was a hole where the tail came through.

The taste of this costume was perhaps questionable; but the intention was honorable.

Symphony Orchestra to Play "Pagan Poem After Virgil," by C. M. Loeffler, Who Catches but Is Not Caught by Rhythm of Satanic Goat.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Dr. Muck purposes to produce at the Symphony concerts this week, new and strange music by Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, who has lived for some time in Medfield.

Mr. Loeffler delights in the macabre. His soul is tranquil in the shadows. He though his eyes peer curiously. He watches the sabbat and is cool enough to take notes. He analyses the witch song, remembers it, and at his leisure improves on it, yet he himself is never victim of the spell. He catches the rhythm of the satanic goat, but he is not tempted to fall prostrate before the enthroned beast.

There was a time when the Dies Irae obsessed his mind. In the voices of Nature, whether she smiled or raged, he heard the awful chant. The tragedy of the little boy Tintagles moved him and he found in the viola d'amore the child's supplication and lament. With a peculiar pleasure he illustrated in tones wild poems of Baudelaire and Rollinat. The exquisite fancy and the bitter irony of Verlaine appealed alike to him. The Helen sung by Poe inspired him to strains of wondrous beauty. With Rossetti he felt a sudden light bursting upon him and he, too, recognized the sounds and sights and love known in some period of life lived long ago. The verbal and rhythmical caprices of Gustave Kahn challenged him to an imitation that was a victory.

It would seem that he might have been tempted again to musical endeavor by "Kubla Khan," by "Sister Helen," or by the thought of the Grecian youth, who seeing Pan face to face, or remembering "the breast of the nymphs in the brake," wasted away in his passion for the unattainable; but Mr. Loeffler turned his eyes toward Thes-

Voltaire once said: "It is a singular fact that vampires are found only in Hungary." For years the old world believed that Thessaly was the favorite dwelling place of witches. What adventures did not Lucius Apuleius have in that far off land, that country where the sun was at will restrained by the knowing from his natural race, where the moon was compelled for so long to purpose to purge her skim upon herbs and trees! There dwelt the old women greatly feared who entered a stranger's room in the dark night, cut into his body, thrust in hands and plucking out the heart replaced it with a sponge, so that the wound would open when the wretch drew nigh a river to drink; the sponge would fall into the water; the body would forever after be without life.

Possibly in Libya near the border of Ethiopia there were more mysterious sorceries than those worked by the witches of Thessaly. The brother of Ophelion, who was killed by an embalmers jealous of her sister's love for the guest of a night, believed that Libya was the land to be more dreaded. As he tells his story through the mouth of Marcel Schwob, "It is indeed terrible to think that the incantations of woman can make the moon descend into the box of a looking glass; or plunge when it is full into a bucket of silver, with dripping stars; or fry as a yellow jelly-fish in a stove, while the Thessalian night is black and men who change their skin are free to roam. All this is terrible; but I should fear less these things than to meet again in the blood-hued desert the embalming women of Libya."

Mr. Loeffler calls his latest composition "Pagan Poem After Virgil." His music was suggested by lines in the eighth eclogue from the song sung by Alphesiboeus chanting in rivalry with Damon. The eclogue has been entitled "Pharmaceutria," the Sorcerer. A Thessalian girl works magical spells that she may bring back to her, Daphnis, her errant lover. Virgil here borrowed freely from the second idyll of Theocritus in which the enamored and slighted woman is Smaetha of Syracuse. The passages in Virgil's eclogue that appealed especially to Mr. Loeffler are these as Englished by Mr. F. W. Mackail:

"Fetch water forth, and twine the altars here with the soft fillet, and burn resinous twigs and make frankincense, that I may try by magic rites to turn my lover's sense from sanity; nothing is wanting now but the songs."

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

"Songs have might, even, to draw down the moon from heaven; with songs Circe transformed the crew of Ulysses; by singing, the cold snake is burst asunder in the meadows."

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

"Three-fold first I twine about thee these diverse triple-hued threads, and thrice round these altars I draw thine image; an odd number is the god's delight."

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

"Tie the three-fold colors in three knots, Amaryllis, but tie them; and say, 'I tie Venus' bands.'"

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

"As this clay stiffens and as this wax softens in one and the self-same fire, so let Daphnis do for love of me. Sprinkle barley meal and kindle the brittle bay twigs with bitumen. Cruel Daphnis burns me; I burn this bay at Daphnis."

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

"These herbs and these poisons gathered in Pontus, Moeris himself gave me; in Pontus they grow thickest. By their might I have often seen Moeris become a wolf and plunge into the forest, often seen him call up souls from their deep graves and transplant the harvests to where they were not sown."

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

"Fetch ashes, Amaryllis, out-of-doors, and fling them across thy head into the running brook; and look not back. With these I will assail Daphnis; nothing care he for gods, nothing for songs."

"Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home."

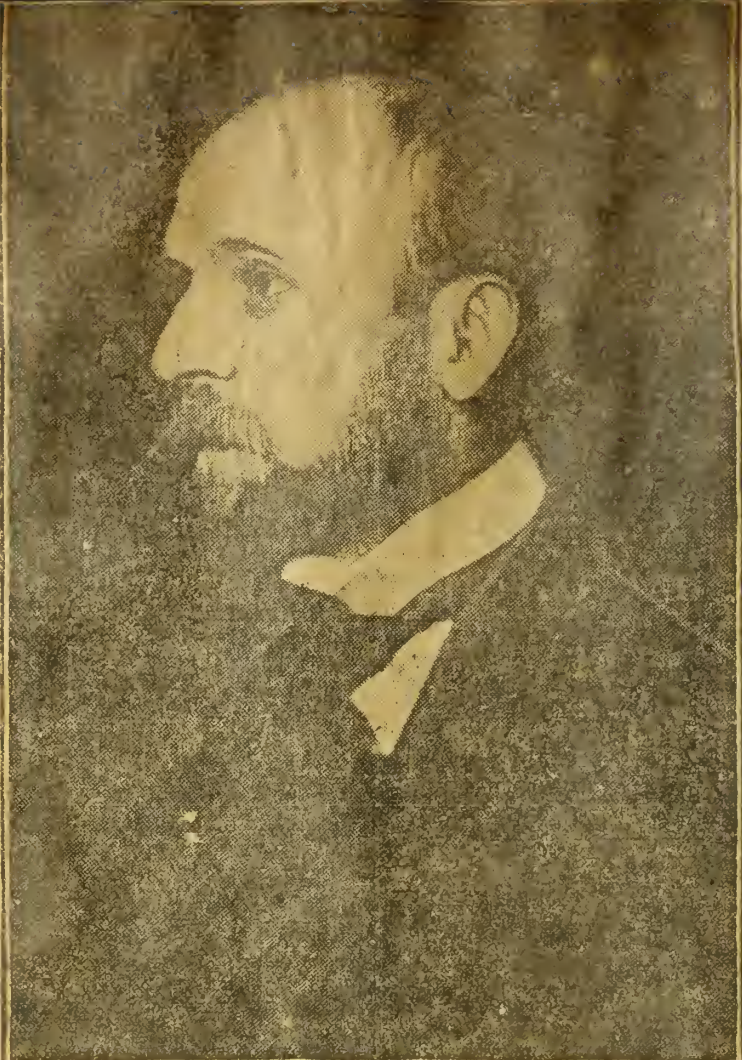
"See! the embers on the altar have caught with a flickering flame, themselves, of their own accord, while I delay to fetch them. Be it for good! Something there is for sure; and Hylax barks in the doorway. May we believe? or do lovers fashion dreams of their own?"

"Forbear: from the city—forebear now, my songs—Daphnis comes."

"As this wax softens . . . so let Daphnis do for love of me." Was this spell ever worked in New England, which was once a land of witchcraft, where strange superstitions still survive in remote villages on sullen hills or by the conning sea?

This spell is a very old one and many have been thought to die of it. The potency of it was believed by the ancient Greeks and Romans; the spell came down through the centuries; it is still worked, they say, even in English provinces. The French name the spell "Envoûtement," and the wax image of the man or woman who was to be brought back to lonely arms or killed by a wasting disease is called "vois" or "voist." An image resembling the victim was fashioned. Sometimes hair or a shred of clothing of the human being ornamented the doll. If the figure were pierced in any place, the man or woman suffered in the same region. If the doll were melted, there was mysterious wasting away.

Read the same and plots Jeremy Col-



CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER,
Whose New and Strange Music Is to Be Played by Symphony Orchestra.

lier's account of Duffus, the 78th King of Scotland. There was a plot against Duffus in the 10th century as a countermeasure of the nobility. "A club of witches at Forres in Murray, did, by wasting his image in wax, so waste and torment him with continual pain and sweating, that he pined daily, and no remedy could be found till the witchcraft was discovered, the image broke and the witches punished."

It was believed that protestant sorcerers, wishing to bring about the death of Charles IX. of France, who, after St. Bartholomew's day, saw bloody crows and other horrid visions, killed him by means of waxen dolls made in his image. In like manner, the Duchess of Gloucester, Roger Bolingbroke and Margery Jourdain were accused of putting a wax image of Henry VI. over a slow fire, and for this the Duchess was imprisoned, the conjurer Bolingbroke hanged, and the witch Jourdain, or as some call her, Gardemain, was burned alive.

Then there was Enguerrand de Marigny of a noble Norman family, prime minister under Philippe-le-Beel and minister under Louis X. His wife Alix de Mons, and his sister, the Dame de Cantelen, were accused of having employed magical means to slay Louis, known as Hain, Charles de Valois and other barons, to effect the escape of Marigny, who had been thrown into prison. The women were charged with seeking the aid of Jacques Dulot, a notorious sorcerer, who, jailed in consequence, killed himself in his cell. Marigny's wife and sister swore that De Marigny had hired Dulot to mould wax images of the King, then to run pins through them while magical incantations were recited. The images were shown to the King, and De Marigny, in 1315, was hanged from a gibbet which he himself, as minister, had erected at Montfaucon.

There are two striking instances of the use of this superstition in modern literature. One is Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poem, "Sister Helen," which begins:

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?
Today is the third since you began,
"The time was long, yet the time ran,"

"O Mother, Mary Mother,"

Three days today, between Hell and Heaven."

The other is the passage in Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native," where Susan Nunsuch, wishing to protect her boy from the evil influence of Eustacia Vye, moulded an image from beeswax, put a red ribbon round the neck of the doll and made with ink the semblance of sandal shoes. "To counteract the malign spell which she imagined poor Eustacia to be working, the boy's mother busied herself with a ghastly invention of superstition, calculated to bring powerlessness, atrophy and annihilation on any human being against whom it was directed. It was a practice well known on Egdon at that date, and one that is not quite extinct at the present day. And after she had fashioned this doll, the old woman pierced it with at least 50 pins "of the old long and yellow sort, whose heads were made to come off at their first usage." She then held in the tongue the image of Eustacia over a glowing turf fire, and while it wasted slowly away repeated the Lord's prayer backward.

Did not King James in his "Daemonology" state: "the devil teaches how to make pictures of wax or clay, that by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted or dried away by continual sickness?" Did not Bishop Jewel, in 1558, preaching before the Queen, speak of the increase of this practice? "Your Grace's subjects pine away, even unto the death, their color fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft." Was not a waxen image, with hair like that of the unfortunate Earl of Derby found in his chamber after his death from an odd disease of constant retching? On the other hand, the wife of Marshal d'Ancre was beheaded for a witch, for she enchanted the Queen to dote upon her husband; "and they say the young King's picture was found in her closet, in virgin wax, with one leg melted away." Let us dismiss the fascinating subject with these lines from a sonnet of old Daniel:

The sile enchanter, when to work his will
And secret wrong on some forsaken wight,
Frames wax, in forme to represent aright
The poore unwitting wretch he means to kill,
And pricks the image, fram'd by magic's skill,
Whereby to vex the partle day and night."

Mr. Loeffler wrote this "Pagan Poem" originally in 1901 for a small combination of instruments and for a chamber concert. He afterward arranged it for two pianos and three trumpets, and in this version it was performed at a private house in Boston. He afterward (in 1905-6) remodelled it, making it much more symphonic in form, for orchestra, with piano, English horn and three trumpets obligati. He also made a transcription of this version for two pianos and three trumpets. In this form the "Pagan Poem" was played on the 29th of last month at a private house in East Walpole.

It was not the intention of the composer to undertake the necessarily vain task of supplying a literal, interlinear translation of Virgil's verses into tones. The refrain is given to trumpets behind the scenes until the spell brings Daphnis to the door when they give forth on the stage an exultant but wildly conceived fanfare. The first chief theme may be called the theme of evocation, but the other themes are not intended to be typical. They have only musical significance and form material for musical development. Yet the imaginative may find certain pages descriptive of the hunt suggested by the mention of Moeris the lycanthrope, and also passages at the end that may refer to Hylax barking in the doorway. This extraordinary composition, extraordinary both in imaginative force and in complexity of workmanship, is not merely descriptive, pictorial music. It is a sustained flight of rare fantasy evoked by the thought of Virgil's lines.

The "Pagan Poem," in memory of Gustave Schirmer, is scored for three flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, a set of three kettle drums, antique cymbals, tam-tam, harp, piano and strings. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard will be the pianist.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel and Haydn Society concert in aid of its building fund. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor; Mr. H. G. Tucker, organist. The chorus will be assisted by an enlarged orchestra and the organ. Lachner, march from suite No. 1, op. 113; Mendelssohn, Hear My Prayer (solo by Miss Harriot Barrows); Handel, Deeper and Deeper, and What Flies Angels (Mr. George Hamilton); Tchaikovsky, aria from "Eugen Onegin" (Mme. Bousquet); Tchaikovsky, andante from string quartet, op. 11; Handel, Lusingia piu Care from "Alexander"; Gluck, recitative and aria from "Iphigenie en Aulide" (Mr. de Gogorza); Mendelssohn, Thanks be to God from "Elijah"; Mendelssohn, "The First Walpurgis Night" (solo by Miss Barrows, Mme. Bontou, Messrs. Hamilton, de Gogorza and Huntington).

MONDAY—Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Louzy Club (eighth season). Messrs. D. Maquarre and Brooke, flutes; Longy and Lemon, oboes; Grisez and Minart, clarinets; Hahn and Lorbeer, horns; Sadony and Helleberg, bassoons; De Voto, piano; Gustav Schreck, No. 40, for two flutes, oboe, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons; Albert Magnard, quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, piano; Jules Mouquet, suite for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons. The three pieces will be played for the first time in Boston.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mrs. Fritz Kreisler's second violin recital. Bach, suite, E minor, and Allegretto, Corrente, double from B minor, sonata for violin alone; Corelli, "La Folia," set of variations; Gluck, melody; Porpora, allegretto; Pugnani, prelude and allegro; L. Couperin, Chanson Louis XIII. and Pavane; Lanner, two old Vienna waltzes; Schubert-Kreisler, Moment musical; Wienawski, Altes Russes.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert by Mrs. Ruby Cutter Savage, soprano, and Mr. Theodore Van York, tenor. Mrs. Savage will sing songs by Mozart, Carlissini, Bishop, Schubert, Franz, Schumann, R. Strauss, Hildach, Lalo, Foote, Borch and an aria from Maucellini's "Ero e Leandro." Mr. Van York will sing an aria from "Mignon," the Spring Song from "Die Walkure," and songs by Cornelius, R. Strauss, Cowen and Halle.

Steinert Hall, 8:15. Concert by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Mr. Frederick Hastings, bass. Mrs. Child will sing Gaelic songs arranged recently by Mme. Hopkirk, and songs by Miss Lang, Foote, Molloy and others. Mr. Hastings will sing the prologue to "Pagliacci," German songs by Wein-gartner, Schubert and Rahn, and English songs by Handel, Huss and Elgar.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club's first concert. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Foote, Bedouin Love Song; Kromser, Old Flemish Song; Rutenber, Is John Smith Within? Pache, Autumn Dream; Lund, The March to Battle (soprano solo by Miss Josephine Knight, baritone solo by Mr. Donchausen); A. W. Thayer, Trevelyan; Dregert, quintet, How Lovely, How Fair; Folk song, Here Comes a Birdie Singing; Gounod, Gloria in Excelsis. Miss Knight will sing the Polonaise from "Mignon"; Bullard's "Lass of Norwichtown," Brahms, "Little Dutchman," and A. L.'s "Come Sweet Morning." The club will be assisted by the Boston Festival Orchestra, an orchestra and a pianist.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Richard Bullig's second piano recital. Haydn, Andante with Variations, P. minor; Schumann, Fantasia in F; Reger, Humoresque, op. 29, No. 4; Zanello, Tempo di Minuetto; Chopin, 24 preludes, op. 28, Polonaise, A flat, op. 23.

Potter Hall, 8:15. First concert of the Hoffman Quartet—Messrs. Hoffman, Bak, Rissland, Barth—(sixth season). Beethoven, Quartet, op. 18, No. 6, Dolmancy, serenade, op. 10, for violin, viola and cello (new); Haydn, piano quintet (MS., new, first performance), Mrs. Feltz-Downer-Eaton, pianist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," after Virgil (solo by Robert the Devil); and Scherzo Fink (from Suite in E minor (first time here); Chabrier's "Espansa."

South Boston High School, 8 P. M. City concert. The orchestra will play the overture to "John of Paris," Herbert's Canzonetta for strings, Strauss' New Vienna Waltz, a selection from "Robert the Devil," Andante and Variations from Beethoven's Serenade (for flute, violin and viola) and the Wedding March from Nessler's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Miss Marguerite Gallagher, soprano, will sing songs by Manney and Roneid, and Mr. E. C. Gately, clarinetist, will play a fantasia for airs from "La Sonnambula."

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

Miss Clara Clemens, singer, the daughter of Mark Twain, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, will give a concert in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, the 26th.

The Cecilia Society will perform Franck's "Beatitudes" in Symphony Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 17 (Miss Holt, Mrs. Bailey, Messrs. E. Johnson, Cartwright and Osborne, solo singers); Converse's "Job" and Dvorak's "Patriotic Hymn," Tuesday, Feb. 11 (Mrs. Child, Messrs. Beddoe and de Gogorza); and on March 30 and 31 Faure's "Birth of Venus" and Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens." Mr. Wallace Goodrich will conduct, and there will be a full orchestra of Boston Symphony men.

Mr. Vladimir De Pachmann will give piano recitals in Jordan Hall the afternoons of Monday, Dec. 2, Saturday, Dec. 7, and Thursday, Dec. 12.

Mr. Felix Fox at the first of his chamber concerts in Steinert Hall, Monday afternoon, the 25th, will play with Mr. Carl Barth, cellist, Emile Bernard's violoncello sonata and solo piano pieces by Weber, Balakireff, Saint Saens and Forquet. Miss Mary Sherwood, soprano, will sing songs by Bizet, Schubert, MacDowell, Ganz, Fox, Paderewski, Cyril Scott.

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, assisted by Messrs. Wendling, violinist, and Warnke, cellist, will give three concerts in Steinert Hall. The first will be on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18.

The programme of the second Kneisel quartet concert, Tuesday evening, Dec.

19, will include quartets by Bach and Smetana and Gabriel Faure's piano quintet (first time) with Mr. Gebhard as the pianist.

Mr. H. Huntington Woodman, organist of New York, will give a recital as the guest of the New England chapter of the American Guild of Organists in the First Church, Newbury street, Friday evening, the 29th.

The sale of seats for Paderewski's second recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 21, is now in progress at the box office of Symphony Hall. So many requests and orders for seats are coming in thus early that Mr. Ellis, Mr. Paderewski's manager, decided to put the tickets on sale at once.

SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA CO.

On Dec. 9 the San Carlo grand opera company will begin a two-weeks' engagement at the Majestic Theatre. The opening bill will be Ponchielli's "Gloconda." The company numbers 200 artists, including orchestra of 55 and chorus of 50. The repertoire for the two weeks includes "Lohengrin" in German, "Faust" and "Carmen" in French, and "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Aida," "Rigolette" and "Lucia" in Italian.

The orchestra, chorus and ballet, and a number of the principals will arrive direct from Italy on Nov. 23.

Many of the artists so favorably known to Boston through last year's engagement of the company at the Park Theatre will be heard again this year at the Majestic. Notably among these is Mr. Florencio Constantino, the celebrated Spanish tenor; Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano, and Mr. Anacleto Condi, the conductor. Mr. Russell announces the extraordinary engagement of Victor Maurel, the eminent baritone. This will be Maurel's farewell tour. Among the other artists of the company may be mentioned Jane Noria, dramatic soprano, formerly of the Grand Opera at Paris; Tina Desana, lyric soprano; Rosa Oltzka, contralto; Maria Claessens, formerly of La Scala, Milan, and Buenos Ayres Grand Opera; Carlo Dani, lyric tenor, who first sang at the Metropolitan Opera House under Mr. Grau's management; D'Aubigne, tenor; Giuseppe Oppezzo, dramatic tenor, who first appeared in Bologna and Turin; Ramon Blanchert, baritone of the Theatre Royale, Madrid; Rudolf Fornari, baritone of the La Scala, Milan, and Lovent Garden; Adamo Galperin, baritone; Andrea DeSeguro, bass; Giulio Rossi, bass, and Luigi Tavecchia, bass.

Mr. Russell's purpose in organizing his company last year was to give to the largest American cities productions of grand opera which should be adequately cast and possess perfect unity and ensemble, at popular prices. He has planned this second transatlantic tour upon a larger scale than the first, and intends to present in Boston grand opera upon a grander scale than he did last year at the Park Theatre.

NOV 18 1907 BUILDING FUND IS AIDED BY CONCERT

Handel and Haydn Society
Gives Miscellaneous
Programme.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Schnauser, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall in aid of building fund, which, started in now amounts to nearly \$15,000.

The programme was of a miscellaneous nature. Included Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night" (solos by Miss Harriot Crows, Mme. Bouton, Messrs. George Allen, Emilio de Gogorza and Oscar Uttling); Mendelssohn's "Hear My Voice" (solo by Miss Barrows), and chorus, "Thanks Be to God" from "Jephtha" (Mr. Hamlin); Tati-

air from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," the opera which Mr. Dam- purposes to produce in New York season in concert form with Mr. de Gogorza as Eugene (Mme. Bouton); the air "Lullaby" (Miss Bar-); recitative and air from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" (Mr. de Gogorza); air of Thos sung here by Mr. panari at a Symphony concert in 1905.

The orchestra played the march "Lachner's Suite No. 1, op. 113," the well known Andante from Tchaikovsky's string quartet, op. 11. G. Tucker was the organist.

Soloists Volunteered.

A praiseworthy object of the concert and no doubt the programme it drew an audience of good size. The programme stated that the concert, the organist and the solo singers volunteered their services. In this statement, any criticism of individual singers would be manifestly out of place. It is enough to say that they all in turn gave pleasure to the audience.

The aria from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and its lyricism little distinction. By far the interesting feature of the aria is a treatment of the accompani-

ment by Massenet and the ultra-modern Italian operatic composers. The chorus sang sonorously and with spirit, and also with fine nuances when the music demanded them.

One of the most striking features of the concert was the excellent performance of Tchaikovsky's Andante, which, though it is very familiar, is still a thing of wondrous beauty.

"HICCUP" OR "HICCOUGH"?

The New York Times makes merry with the University Press of Columbia because "hiccup" is hereafter to be spelled "hiccup." It admits, however, that it does not know whether the students will be compelled to spell the word "hiccup," a spelling in "that droll, Matthewsian manner."

As a matter of fact the earlier spelling in English was "hiccup" or with a variant of "cop." The spelling in the sixteenth century when the word first appeared in English literature was "hickop" or "hikup." Burton of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" preferred "hick-hop." This was in 1621, and a few years later Heywood, the dramatist, the "prose Shakespeare," as Lamb called him, used the form "hickup."

Why "hiccup"? Because, to quote from Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary, there was an erroneous impression that the second syllable was "cough." This spelling, however, as Dr. Murray says, has not affected the received pronunciation and should be abandoned as a mere error. The word was derived, through "hicket" and "hickcock" from an echoic stem which appeared earlier in several European languages. The English "hicket," the earliest form in English, corresponded in formation with the French "hoqueteur" and the Walloon "hikete."

The Times says: "There is no harm in this sort of thing, but it seems both uncouth and ill-timed." This statement, in view of the history of "hiccup" is amusing. When Thackeray spoke of those who "hiccup'd Church and State with fervor," was he "uncouth"? "Hiccup" does seem superfluous. No, not to any student of words.

MEN and THINGS

JUDGES of the Iowa supreme court have held that a woman's stocking is not the proper place to carry her money. What's a woman's stocking for? The judges will soon say that the seat of a man's trousers is not the proper place for striking a match.

Charles H. Drew died in New York last Thursday. "Drew? Drew?" asks the younger generation, "was he related to John Drew?" Charles Drew, young ladies and gentlemen, was a tenor, the French would have called him a baritone-tenor, who gave delight to many in the early seventies as a member of Alice Oates' opera company. He was nimble, good natured, reasonably graceful on the stage, and while his voice was not a remarkable one, he sang with considerable taste. His Ange Pitou was an excellent impersonation. He also had a vein of true humor, and was often very amusing, as in "The Princess of Trebizond." Later he was known as Ko Ko and he was connected with various companies. Alice Oates, the vivacious comedian and charming singer, a radiant beauty in her time, died at least 20 years ago. John Howson, an irresistible comedian, is dead. Now Drew has joined his old co-mates. But what became of Jones, the marvellous Jones, never to be forgotten as the spy in "The Daughter of Mme. Angot"?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson brought into the office Saturday a circular in which he was urged to buy a really entertaining history of England. Mr. Johnson read aloud from the persuading prospectus: "What do you know of the private and personal lives of her queens, who as well as being stately sovereigns, were living, palpitating women, with human passions?" We asked Mr. Johnson what he did know about them. "Very little," he answered, "but I was under the impression that Queen Victoria was a well-regulated, orderly woman." Mr. Johnson read again: "On

what plumber's cog poked the blood of a king?" "Did they have plumbers in early days in England?" we asked. "Yes, indeed," said Mr. Johnson, "they are mentioned, and with much respect, in the 14th century. I don't believe there were sanitary plumbers then, but in 1683 Gerbier voiced a complaint that is only too common today. I made a note of it for my work on man as a political and social beast. Here it is—I kept the old spelling: 'Sauder, wherewith an unconscionable Plummer can ingrosse his Bill.' Yes, the office of plumber was recognized by owners of castles in the 15th century and it was called 'plumbership.' But what do you know about 'the fatal trap door of Vidomar,' or why 'the great Elizabeth had to deal secretly with Catherine de Medici's tailors? I know she had red hair, her breath was said to be uncommonly strong even for that period, and I remember her figure was not exactly plumb—but what was the particular out in her architecture?"

"There was nothing the matter with the lady pictured on this circular, Herkimer." She reminds one of Hans Breitmann's mermaid, "vot hadn't got nodings on," and her hair looks like that portrayed in advertisements of quinine tonics and newly invented brushes. "No, Johnson, don't buy the book. The prospectus is too alluring. The author may be 'a protegee of the late Queen Victoria,' but there seems to be a desire to turn the English queens into queans. You might be bitterly disappointed, as Robinson was in 'It's Never Too Late to Mend' when he bought a book sold stealthily in the street and found it to be a tract, 'The Wages of Sin is Death.' Mr. Johnson went away in a contemplative mood. Ten to one he has subscribed by this time.

Mr. Johnson left the circular on our desk. We read this sentence: "Do you know of the dreadful warning that hung over the bed of Isabella of Angouleme?" After all, we hope Mr. Johnson will subscribe to the history. We should like to borrow it, to read about these "living, palpitating women." To be asked questions by a prospectus and not to be able to answer is annoying. Now it is your turn, O publisher. Who was this famous woman? She wore a rouge like roses, the night when first we met. Her lovely mug was smiling o'er mugs of heavy wine. Her red lips had the fullness, her voice the husky tone. That told her drink was of a kind where water is unknown. I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now. With the bloom of borrowed flowers upon her cheek and brow.

Who was this queen? Why was she obliged to conceal her perfumer's bill? What is the precise nature of the beverage described here as "heavy wet"? Who wrote the parody on these lines, the parody ending.

I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now. In the tableau of the last act with the blood upon his brow, and who was the tragedian thus immortalized?

NOV 19 1907 LONGY CLUB GIVES ITS FIRST CONCERT

Three Pieces Played for the First Time in Boston at Potter Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club (Messrs. D. Maquarre, Brooke, Longy, Lenom, Grisez, Mimart, Hahn, Lorbeer, Sadony, Helleberg and De Voto) gave the first concert of its eighth season last night in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows: Nonetto (op. 40) for two flutes, oboe, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, Schreck; quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano, Magnard; suite for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons, Mouquet.

The three pieces were played for the first time in Boston. Gustav Schreck is now 58 years old. A student at the Leipzig Conservatory, he afterward taught theory there, and 15 years ago he was appointed Cantor of the Thomas school. Six years afterward he received his reward, for he was given the title of Professor. He is, no doubt, what the Germans call a "tuechteriger Komponist," and he has written works that become a highly respectable teacher of theory and cantors, viz.: cantatas, an oratorio, chamber music, etc. He is partial toward wind instruments, for he composed a bassoon sonata, an oboe sonata, this nonetto and only last January a Divertimento for wind instruments was produced at a Gewand-

haus chamber concert. The finale of the Nonetto was not played last night, but the three movements on the programme showed the quality of the work.

Respectable Workmanship.

It is enough to say that the music is respectable in workmanship, and it contains nothing imaginative or fantastical that would bring a blush to the cheek of a professor even when he were out of the class room.

Magnard's quintet is music of a far different character. Unfortunately it was not possible to gain a wholly fair idea of its merits, for the work calls for a far more sensitive and emotional pianist than Mr. de Voto proved himself to be last evening. Magnard is a son of the celebrated Francis Magnard of the Figaro, and after study at the Paris Conservatory he became the pupil of Vincent d'Indy, who has a high regard for his ability. I know of his music only a "Funeral Dirge" for orchestra which is a marvel of pompous emptiness, but he has written two operas, three symphonies, a string quartet, a piano quintet and other serious works. He is now 42 years old, and he still persists in publishing his own music.

Labored Rather Than Inspired.

The quintet played last night is in four movements. As it was heard, it seemed on the whole labored rather than inspired. The melodic thought is thin, and it does not flow spontaneously. The movements are diffuse, and there seems to be no central idea in any one of them. On the other hand, there are instances of effective writing, as in the fugued section in the first movement, and there are pages of striking tonal combinations, unusual effects, impressive at the time and haunting afterward. The work, however, seems largely experimental, and the composer has no firm grip, no decided impression of his own impressionism.

Jules Mouquet wrote a pretty suite called "Pan" for flute and piano, which was played here last season. The suite performed last night falls far below it in structure and fancy. There is melody enough, but it is of a cheap and conventional order, and the workmanship is of the factory rather than of the study.

The performance of the wind players was excellent, both in ensemble and in solo. It is a pity that there is not more music of distinction written for such admirable artists. Yet it is a pleasure to hear them, even in forced or commonplace works, and the necessary practice in the preparation of the concerts is of great advantage to the performance and the prestige of the Symphony orchestra,

of which they are valued members. The audience, which numbered many musicians, was enthusiastic in approbation.

MR. BENSAUDE'S CONCERT.

Mr. Mauricio Bensaude, baritone, and Mrs. Julia de Fano Bensaude, dramatic soprano, assisted by Mr. Pietro Vallini, pianist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, the 26th. The programme will include the prologue to "Pagliacci," duets from "Don Pasquale" and "Il Trovatore," the prayer from Verdi's "Forza del Destino" and songs by Quaranta, Tosti, Brahms, Rossini and others, and some Portuguese songs.

Mr. Bensaude is remembered pleasantly by his operatic impersonations here as a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company in 1895 and in 1899 as a member of Mr. Charles A. Ellis' company when he assisted Mme. Melba. He was the Marcello when "La Boheme" was performed here for the first time (Jan. 25, 1899) and he also impersonated that season Valentine, Alfio, Tonio, Figaro, Germont, Amonasro and Escamillo. A Portuguese by birth he studied singing in Italy where he has ever since been well known.

Miss Lois Hall as Ortrud In Castle Square Cast

Second Week of "Lohengrin" Shows a
Marked Improvement in
the Production. K. L.

The third and last week of Wagner's "Lohengrin" began last evening at the Castle Square Theatre, with Mr. Tallman in the title role, Miss Lane as Elsa, Miss Lois Hall as Ortrud, Mr. Murray as Telramund, Mr. Boyle as King Henry, and Mr. Pringle as the Herald.

There was a large audience, proving that popular interest in this opera as presented by the Castle Square company has not abated during the protracted run.

The general performance is, as might be expected, much smoother in song and action, and solo singers, chorus and orchestra have gained in spontaneity. The men's chorus, while still inferior to that of the women, sang last evening with far greater security and volume than is its wont, and the ensemble numbers were greatly improved thereby. The Herald has previously commented upon the performance of all the principals except Miss Hall. The part of Ortrud is more ambitious than anything she has hitherto undertaken at this theatre, and it is a pleasure to say that, if she had last evening occasion to show fully her limitations, she showed also unexpected power, and rose to the taxing passages instead of being worsted by them. Allowing for unevenness, she gave much pleasure by her voice and singing, and was heartily applauded after her dramatic solo in the first scene of act II.

The opera next week will be De Koven's opera, "Rob Roy."

FUTILE LISTS.

Certain tablets in London were designed to bear the names of the most distinguished writers in English literature, and a committee was appointed to decide upon the names worthy the honor. The list has been published and it now excites entertaining comment. What is to be said of a list that ignores Henry Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, but finds place for Carlyle and Macaulay? The list of accepted candidates for our own Hall of Fame, a list extraordinary chiefly by reason of its rejections, is less amusing.

There are men born to serve on committees just as some are born with heads to adorn postage stamps. Solemn and respectable by nature, they serve solemnly and respectably. To them Adam Smith was a more

worthy person than Lamb or Pater, and the literary influence of a Lubbock was more beneficent, at least as far as the middle classes were concerned, than that of a De Quincey or a Hazlitt. But suppose that the committeemen judging a question of aesthetics be persons of taste? Even then they remind one of children eager before a shop window in Christmas week. "I choose that." "I choose this." It is like the amiable dispute between Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. George Moore. "I prefer port." "O, do you? Give me sherry." Every now and then a list of the 100 best books, or the ten best novels is published. To hundreds of men of excellent judgment a library of these best books would be dull reading, and what dozen of discriminative critics would agree as to the ten best novels, especially when the singular prudery still existing in England and America excludes "Tom Jones"? Is there any anthology that does not omit at least a dozen of your favorite poems?

In Symphony Hall there are tablets to be filled some time with the names of the greatest composers for orchestra. Only one name, Beethoven, now appears. It is just as well that the other tablets are blank. What wild dispute, what a shedding of ink would any list provoke!

MEN and THINGS

MR. MAX ZACH, formerly of Boston, pleased the people of St. Louis when he conducted the Symphony Society of that city a week ago tonight. The newspapers of St. Louis voiced this pleasure. The Globe-Democrat described him as "a discerning musician and a man of substantial gift (sic) as a leader." It said: "It was plain that he meant to give his complete attention to the orchestra. . . . an earnest, competent gentleman, with the high mission of putting forward the messages of Von Weber, and Bizet, and Schumann. He is a strikingly trim person, with perfect poise and the reliable power which is not too evident."

The Republic also applauded Mr. Zach, although its eulogy was couched in curious terms. "Mr. Zach evidently leads rather toward delicacy of execution and rare distinctness of musical language than to terrific instrumentalism and imposing orchestral tours de force. Mr. Zach seats his musicians very well. It seemed last night that there was a very forest of violins on the stage. . . . This is not intended to be an acute musical criticism." Yet what could be more searching than the Republic's comment on Mr. Olk's performance of Bach's violin fugue? "The difficulty of playing a fugue upon a violin can be best appreciated when it is said that it requires about six military bands to give a fugue full expression."

While we are talking about Mr. Zach, St. Louis, and music, let us not forget Mr. and Mrs. Kubelik in Chicago. It appears that Mrs. Kubelik is very useful to her husband. She sees that he does not catch cold and that he does not put on an incongruous cravat. "When I married Jan, he wear heels ties not to

correspondent with these clothes. He wear the small, low collar. I stop that." Is the judgment of a woman to be trusted in the all important matter of the cravat? We are inclined to say no, and, to quote Sir Thomas Browne, we speak not in prejudice, nor are averse from that sweet sex. As a chooser of cloth and pattern for a man's clothes, a woman often goes astray, whereas in choosing for herself her taste would be unerring. One of the most pathetic sights in this world is a man of sterling worth and integrity arguing with his wife in a tailor's shop, while the tailor stands by, outwardly saue, inwardly raging. Take Mrs. Kubelik for instance. A cravat should not always go with the suit. There are occasions for daring contrasts, earth-and-heaven-defying clashes of color. Nothing is more intolerable than smug uniformity from head to foot.

Women generally prefer high collars for their males, and they pay little attention to the structure of the neck. As we remember Mr. Kubelik, he should wear a high collar. Dr. Holmes settled this question for New Englanders in his poem delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association 61 years ago. Our free-born race, averse to every check, Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its neck; From the green prairies to the sea-girt town, The whole wide nation turns its collars down.

But, O my friend! my favorite fellow man! If Nature made you on her modern plan, Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare— The fruit of Eden ripening in the air— With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin, Wear standing collars, were they made of tin! And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove! Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

The prohibition of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in Northampton, for the moral advantage of Smith College girls, should promote the sale of the play, which is to be had clearly printed and at a reasonable price. Northampton newspapers, please copy.

To H. G.: Some time ago The Herald stated that a boy of 8 or 9 years was hanged in Merry England for burning two barns, "and it appearing upon examination that he had malice, revenge, craft and cunning, he had judgment to be hanged, and was hanged accordingly." This was in 1629. But as late as 1833 a boy of 9 was sentenced at the Old Bailey to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. And what, pray, had he done? He had put a stick through a London shop window and stolen paint worth twopence halfpenny.

It has been said recently in praise of golf that the game has been for many centuries a favorite recreation with royalty. Kings and queens have played many games and often bloody ones with their subjects. Among the more innocent games that have been in favor with the crowned are polo and chess. The Persian monarchs delighted in polo, chugan as they called it. There is a picture of a game in an old manuscript containing the words of Hafiz, and there is this inscription: Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome! Ride a field and strike the ball!

(Englishmen first played polo at Calcutta, and the first game in England was in July, 1871.) Kings have almost always been inclined toward sports. Domitian caught flies and Augustus played with nuts among children. Severus used partridges and quails. But the game of games for kings, according to all the old authorities, is chess.

A Republican national committeeman wonders why the "cocktail business" has apparently finished Mr. Fairbanks, and why nothing has been said about wine served to guests at luncheons and dinners given by President Roosevelt. It is an example of the force of association. Mr. Fairbanks is expected to drink buttermilk. If he should disappoint the people by even standing by and consenting when a cocktail were served with or without the cherry, there would be an application of the adage, "Falsus in uno," etc. And this "unus" had been Mr. Fairbanks' trade mark. Mr. Roosevelt has at no time been associated with a soft drink.

FRITZ KREISLER'S SECOND RECITAL

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, gave his second recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows: Bach, Suite, E minor, and Allemande, Corrente and Double from B minor sonata for violin alone; Corelli, "La Folia" variations; Gluck, Melodie; Porpora, Allegretto; Pugnani, Prelude and Allegro; L. Couperin, Chanson Louis XIII.; and Pavana; two old Viennese dances, Lanner; Schubert-Kreisler, Moment-Musical; Wieniawski, Airs Russes. Mr. George Falkenstein was the accompanist.

There was a large audience, though it was not so large as that at the first recital. It was also enthusiastic over Mr. Kreisler's playing. The beautiful Suite of Bach and the unaccompanied movements from the unaccompanied Sonata alike found favor, and from then till the end of the concert there was a crescendo of applause. Mr. Kreisler gave an admirable performance of Corelli's variations on the air about which little is known except that it was probably an old Spanish dance, one of those Folies d'Espagne which moved Mme. de Sevigne.

It was danced by one person alone to the flute and castanets, and it is said that Pedro I. of Portugal, a hard featured man, who enjoyed seeing executions while he sat at meat, was given to this dance, which he footed ferociously. Delightful, too, was Mr. Kreisler's performance of the melody by Gluck, the sturdy prelude by Pugnani, and the charming song and pavana by Louis Couperin for whom Louis XIII. created the position of "dessus de viole." Did the monarch Louis ever sing? His reign was full of trouble; his house was one of constant sorrow; he was so bored by Fauchet's "Antiquities," which he was forced to read, that he lost all taste for letters; dying after a long sickness he kept repeating the words of Job, "My soul is weary of my life." Let us hope that Couperin cheered him for a time or made his melancholy not wholly displeasing to him.

To speak of certain characteristics of the programme to which Mr. Kreisler generously added would be to repeat what was said in The Herald last week. Mr. Kreisler is a violinist of the first rank. He has also a magnetic quality that makes him popular, and this way danger lies. It would be a pity if he were finally to be known as a fascinating player of little pieces, some of them transcriptions, some of them changed from their original form, embellished, dandified. We all know how superbly Mr. Kreisler does great deeds on serious occasions. It would be a pity if a man of this talent were at the end to be ranked with Musin rather than with Ysaye and Sarasate.

Mr. Kreisler will play Lalo's "Spanish" symphony at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra next week.

WITH CLAMS GALORE.

Dr. Wiley, "yours for health," believes in sterilized clam chowder, and gives this recipe: "Clam souse is made of clams, milk, cream, flour and sediments; put in some clams and more potatoes and we have clam chowder." No, doctor, you may have it. We respectfully decline a first helping. As Dr. Harrington indignantly answered his colleague: "That may go in Kent county, Ind., but it would make a man weep on Boston bay." Walt Whitman, reading Dr. Wiley's recipe, would never have been moved to sing:

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopt for me; I tuck'd my trouser-ends in my boots, and went and had a good time; You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.

The word "chowder," they say, is derived from the French word "chaudiere," meaning a pot. "Faire la chaudiere," is to furnish a cauldron in which is cooked a mess of fish and biscuits with savory condiments, a hodge-podge contributed by the fishermen themselves. Dr. Murray thinks that the Breton fishermen probably carried the custom to Newfoundland, whence it spread. And how does the Englishman define clam chowder? A chowder made with clams stewed with slices of pork or bacon, onions and biscuit—i. e., crackers. The epicurean Bartlett, stated that there was sometimes an addition of cider or champagne. George Augustus Sala in his cook book, speaking rapturously of certain American dishes, ignores clam chowder, though he gives a recipe for fish chowder, "Boston style."

But how can any one account for the omission of clam chowder from "The Cook Not Mad, or Rational Cookery," a book published at Watertown, N. Y., in 1831, for the "taste, habits and degrees of luxury, prevalent with the American Publick (sic) in town and country," a book designated to furnish "good republican dishes"?

We have not the boldness to give the ideal recipe for clam chowder. That way madness lies. But in the matter of "sterilized clam chowder" we are adamant, as young Mr. Smallweed was in the matter of gravy. To sterilize a chowder of any kind is "to prune it of its most inherent qualities," as the old Vermont politician said of a party platform. The tendency is to sterilize the joy of life. Let us eat clam chowder as our barbarous fathers did before us, without fear and without remorse. The true question is "where is the best clam chowder to be obtained?" As the dish is served in nine-tenths of the hotels and restaurants, it is a thin, watery, tasteless soup, without satisfying substance and with here and there a clam. To sterilize this dish would out-mock mockery.

MEN and THINGS

AGAIN let us dip into Kubelkana. Mrs. Kubelik, or, to speak more respectfully the Countess Marianne Szaky-Czell Kubelik, said to a reporter in Chicago, after she had breathed for a few days the emancipating air of that city: "I do not mind eef all ze ladees kees my husband! He is of all ze wor-ld; a gr-et arteest! It is but a tribute to gee-nius!" She may be fussy in the matter of her husband's cravats; she may look after him anxiously lest he catch cold; but as far as she is concerned he may be a favorite "klseec." Let the women swarm about him.

She has no fear of microbes or of his wandering from his own fireside. An amiable woman, this Countess Marianne—just the wife for a true artist.

On the other hand we learn that Dida, the Human Fish, who arises "twice a day clad in dripping tights from a tank that apparently contains only clear water," is suing for divorce. She was in the habit of sending her husband \$25 a week; "instead of which," as Judge Bormpointer would say, he became known as a good fellow "because of the numerous supper parties he has given at his home for his female friends." She swam for him. His lack of appreciation of her piscatorial affection is pathetic. Yet there is something to be said on his side. He was obliged to think of her as always dripping; as "a dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!" And it should not be forgotten that the love affairs of mermaids with mortals have turned out badly for the mermaid. It is true that Matthew Arnold sang of a forsaken merman, but his wife was a mortal and she periled her soul by staying beneath the water.

While we are talking about love and marriage, let us not forget Mrs. Ella Black, who, divorced from her husband on a Saturday morning, rushed at a Mr. Ferris, but not into his arms, for he has none. The naturally armless have had a strange fascination for many women, and there is a long list of these celebrities, from the time of Thomas Schivelker, whose toes were long, "fit to lay hold of things," to that of Mr. Unthan, who excited admiration in European cities seven years ago by doing all things with his feet. There was an armless German who threw javelins with great dexterity. He developed a passion for robbery and murder, until in spite of his natural infirmity he was broken on the wheel. There was Antonio of Naples, who could drive a nail up to the head with a hammer and then pull it out with pincers. There was the Spaniard described by Pietorius Villinganus who shot with amazing accuracy from a bow. The names of women also born without arms are on the roll of fame as that of Magdalene Rudolph Thunby who nursed her own child and combed her hair, wove, discharged a gun, threw dice and cut paper into artificial figures. This is truly a little world of great wonders. Mr. Ferris of Des Moines is a musician. He probably plays the pedal piano. He also writes music with his feet.

Mme. Suzanne Adams, who once sang a girl in Boston and Cambridge, is said that she is now in vaudeville. "It will be an interesting episode. I am democratic through and through—an Irish-American woman could not be otherwise—and it will be a pleasure to sing before the popular-priced masses." or does she object to being advertised as "a \$7000 wonder." "Not at all. If the managers want to put my name in big letters, I don't mind. The bigger the better." There is the true artistic spirit or you.

It is said that the kilt, which has been described as "a picturesque reversal of ecclottism," is becoming in Scotland "a recognized article of evening dress." The catch is a plous race. Do they not remember the verse of the Psalmist? He (the Lord) takes not pleasure in the legs of a man." Only a superb self-confidence or a brave indulgence in the line of the country could lead a man to on kilt. It is also said—and this news still more harrowing—that "many of the young men of the better-to-do class are learning to play the pipes."

Mr. Berry, who, after having hanged England many condemned criminals some of whom he is sure were innocent—will give "evangelical lectures" in this country. He believes only that he hanged "Jack the Ripper" yet Jack is reported to have died a natural death somewhere out west. Some say he was drowned in the Thames. There were others who insist that he is still living in a adhouse. And there are some who sist that he was a learned man of scinating speech and address, who went mad, escaped from an asylum, did his horrid deeds, recovered for a me, and then died without knowledge his murders. A century from now spute concerning his identity may trival that about the Man of the on Mask. Five centuries from now may the hero of a sun myth.

RS. SAVAGE AND VAN YORX HEARD

Ruby Cutter Savage, soprano, of York, assisted by Theodore Van tenor, of the same city, gave a yesterday afternoon in Jordan Bertram Fox was the accompa- Mrs. Savage sang Mozart's "An e," Scarlatti's "Se Florindo," y's "Pastoral," Franz's "Er ist omen," Schubert's "Gretchen am nade," Strauss' "Gedanken," the "Conchiglia rosea" from Mancini's "Ero e Leandro," Hildach's "Der Lalo's "Chanson de l'Alouette," s "The Hawthorne Wins" and s "Spring Song."

Van Yorx sang the air of Wil- Meister in the last act of anon," the spring song from "Die cuere," Cornelius' "Monotone," uss' "Allerseelen," Cowen's "On- y, Awake, Beloved," and Haile's rnt" and "Schoene Susi." These singers are both known in ton. Mrs. Savage was reared here, she studied singing here before went to Europe. Mr. Van Yorx been heard here in oratorio and concert.

rs. Savage has a brilliant voice, she usually uses with considerable It is a voice that is better suited rs of dash and glitter than to songs an intimate or emotional nature. The tones are not metallic, they not sensuous or moving. She has much to learn in the art of interation.

she sang yesterday, her recital was one of contrasted sentiments. She w the notes, she phrased along the odic line, she displayed at times a shed mechanism and at other times mechanism that halted, but her sing- was too much on the surface. It as though neither the text nor the ic had made a serious appeal to her, here was the thought of the accom- ment of a task rather than of in- retation, true and poetic, or mis- and yet effective by dint of per- intensity. There was, apomh er than individuality. Yet Mrs. Sav- displayed more than once indisputa- ability. Her singing of Carey's storal" gave pleasure, although her ciation might have been clearer. re were also praiseworthy features her performance of Ero's air which sung here eight years ago when ma Eames was a vision of lovel- as she stood without the Temple Venus, as in her tower she lighted torch and awaited in a sculptural at- de the courageous swimmer.

r. Van Yorx sang throughout in an resting manner and at times with ed effect. He showed both intelli- ge and emotion. Especially not- thy was his performance of "Mopo- and Tours" "Mother o' Mine," a d added to the programme. The "On- y," by Cowen, was unfamiliar. It ngular in the attempt to give racial

color to the wooing of the amorous Hiawatha. Savage monotony has a fascination. The songs by Haile, a young composer in whom Mr. Van Yorx sees promise, justify his belief, although "Schoene Susi" disappointed after the singer's prefatory explanation of the text.

The two singers were warmly applauded by an audience of fair size, and each added to the programme. Mr. Bertram Fox accompanied well.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

First of Season Given in Jordan Hall
—Miss Knight Soprano.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its first concert of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Josephine Knight, soprano; Messrs. Grant Drake (pianist) and John A. O'Shea (organist and pianist), and the Boston Festival Orchestral Club, Mr. John W. Crowley leader. The programme included these choruses: Foot's "Bedouin Love Song"; Rutenber's "Is John Smith Within?"; John R. Lund's "March to Battle," with soprano and baritone solos; Arthur Thayer's "Trelawny"; A. Dregert's "How Lovely! How Fair," with soprano obbligato; Gounod's "Gloria in Excelsis," and choruses by Krenser, Pache and von Othegraven. Miss Knight sang the Polonaise from "Mignon" and songs by Bullard, Brahms and "A. L." The orchestra played Rles' "Gondoliera," suite No. 3, and Bulzoni's "Minuet."

Mr. Denghausen sang the baritone solo in Lund's march. The choruses were variously accompanied by orchestra, organ and piano.

There was a large and friendly audience, which showed an enthusiasm that was not merely friendly, but an honest tribute to the quality of the performance. The programme was not altogether as interesting as many of the programmes of this club have been, but it suffered in no wise except by contrast, and gave much pleasure. The gently rhapsodic character of Dregert's piece made due effect, and Mr. Thayer's setting of that rousing ballad of Trelawny, although the beginning is more striking than the end, aroused warm applause, which the composer in the balcony was obliged to acknowledge.

Miss Knight's voice sounded well in the ensemble numbers, especially in the work by Dregert, and her performance of the Polonaise had brilliancy. Her second group of songs was not very interesting, but her performance of them was applauded until she added to the programme.

CONCERT FOYER

Scandal Against Mendelssohn's
"Stilted Elijah" in the
English Capital.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT "THE DISCOVERED"

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing a concert, described Schubert's "An die Musik" as "the most perfect lyric ever written." There is a bravery in the statement that compels admiration. Yet much may be forgiven the Pall Mall Gazette reviewer, for he had the courage to say of "Elijah," performed recently in London: "There can be no doubt that it is beginning to sound very old-fashioned and stilted. The truth is, its style is too sentimental and even in parts commonplace to stand the test of years, as does, for example, most of Handel's oratorio music. Old-fashioned is a term which may be misunderstood, for we do not mean that it is the technique which is necessarily at fault, that the orchestration is thin compared with the writing of the moderns, or that a familiar pattern of the rhythmic melody is used. Observe what has been done with the simplest of means by Mozart, and consider how fresh his music always sounds. In other words, one cannot help the suggestion that a great deal of Mendelssohn's work is insincere, and, were it not so extraordinarily effective, that this would have been felt to a much greater extent long ago."

Leon Cazauran, a young tenor engaged by Mr. Hammerstein, was arrested in the Zoo, and, although he was discharged by the magistrate, his experience was unpleasant, for the accusation brought against him was a scandalous one. Mr. Hammerstein immediately struck a virtuous attitude and said: "A man to whom any suspicion attaches cannot find employment in the Manhattan Opera House." Was Mr. Hammerstein possibly thinking of the Metropolitan and a tenor named Caruso?

Mr. Fritz Kreisler should be much pleased. A critic states that since his last appearance in New York he has "eliminated a certain satanic element that seemed to underlie the most noble of his presentations." Was Mr. Kreisler ever known as "The Demon Fiddler"?

Here is another "only pupil of Paderewski." Her name is Adela Verne, and she has pleased greatly the people of San Francisco. "She has the poetry of her Polish teacher, virility of Rosenthal, the amazonian bigness of Therese Carreno, and plays straight from the soul of Adela Verne—no one else." It was Mr. Walter B. Anthony who said this, and he also said: "I leave my reputation as a critic in her hands. If the East does not rave about Adela Verne and say she is great, I don't know piano playing from a jew-harp." Was not Miss Verne's name originally Wurm, and was she not the daughter or niece of J. E. Wurm, a pianist of Southampton, Eng.? However this may be, she has henceforth the awful responsibility of maintaining both her reputation and that of Mr. Walter E. Anthony.

Fanny Bloomfield-Zeissler says that the American "comes to hear music, comes in a frank and wholesome manner to be amused, to be pleased." This reminds us that Mme. Zeissler, a most accomplished pianist, has no box-office draught in Boston.

Look out for Miss Barbara Coffin, a telephone operator in New York. Only 19, the daughter of "a very old and distinguished New England family once wealthy," she lived on a farm until she was discovered near Massapeque by a "prominent New York clubwoman." Now she is practicing in a tiny hall bedroom, and she is already able to sing "the Bach variations for coloratura soprano voice, one of the most difficult tasks." She is learning Italian and French from the waiters and bell boys of a hotel where she is employed and thus she will be sure of a pure accent. She is "tall, beautiful and dignified."

Mr. Edward German, who wrote the music of "Tom Jones," says: "I make a point of never meeting a critic." This is a fair warning. "My fear is, after having met me if he does like my next work he won't say so." And a bit of a humorist, as Sir Henry Irving said of the misbehaving horse ridden by Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Miss Virginia Wayne had been travelling over the world in search of her long lost brother. Galloping astride of a fiery broncho in "The Girl Rangers" on a Chicago stage, she heard "the sound of the clarinet her brother played 12 years ago at home in Edinburgh": not a bagpipe, but a clarinet. "She turned pale and almost fell off her steed." After the first act she rushed below the stage. There was no need of cranberry mark identification: it was her brother in the flesh and with his best wind. Miss Virginia has a fine ear. Was the clarinet a yellow one?

The West is still hollering for Maud Powell. We are now informed by a western enthusiast that "the critics rank her with the geniuses who have forced tone-saturated Europe to bow the knee," also that her "responsiveness stands firm upon continence and sanity." Yes, yes. There has never been a word against Maud Powell.

Two Americans who sang recently with success in London are Mme. Kaloola Atherton and Miss Alys Lorraine. The former, who sang Nov. 4, from the newspaper notices, might justly be described as a "Kaloola potosa." Miss Lorraine, who sang on Nov. 5, was "discovered" by Tamagno. She studied with Mme. Marchesi, Jean de Reszke, Grieg and Tamagno—a strange assortment of instructors. She is said to have sung many times in opera at Genoa. She, too, was highly praised.

This evening the Hoffman quartet will produce two new works, a serenade by Dohnanyi for violin, viola and cello, and a piano quintet by Arthur Hadley, a Somerville boy, now a conductor at the Mayence Opera House.

The concerts next week will be as follows: Mr. Fox's first chamber concert on Monday afternoon, when Miss Mary J. Sherwood will sing, and Mr. Barth will play with Mr. Fox a cello sonata by Bernard; Mr. Charles Anthony's piano recital on Monday afternoon, when he will play unfamiliar pieces by Glazunoff, Lachmae, Si-bellus and Gaal; violinist, and Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, on Tuesday evening, and a concert by Mr. Maurice Benseude, the Portuguese baritone, and his wife, a dramatic soprano, on the same evening.

At the Symphony concerts this week Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and Reznicek's Adagio and Scherzo Finale from the suite in E minor will be performed for the first time in Boston. Mr. Loeffler's piece will be performed for the first time. The programme will also include Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'ay" and Chabrier's "Espana." The programme of the Symphony concerts next week will include Boche's "Taormina," a tone poem (first time here), Lalo's "Spanish" symphony (Mr. Kreisler, violinist), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2.

Tickets for the piano recitals of Mr. de Pachmann, in Jordan Hall, Dec. 2, 7, 12, are now selling at the box office of Symphony Hall.

Tickets for Mr. Paderewski's recital Dec. 21 are now selling at the box office of Symphony Hall.

Miss Edith Thompson will give a piano recital Monday afternoon, Dec. 2, in Steiner Hall, and Mr. Buhlig will give his third recital in the same hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5.

HOFFMANN QUARTET OPENS ITS SEASON

The Hoffmann quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland, Barth) gave the first concert of its sixth season last night in Potter Hall. The programme follows: Beethoven, quartet op. 18, No. 6, B flat major; Dohnanyi, Serenade op. 10, for violin, viola and cello; Henry Hadley, piano quintet (MS.) The compositions by Dohnanyi and Hadley were played here for the first time. Mrs. Jessie Downer-Eaton was the pianist.

The Hoffmanns are to be thanked for producing two works of genuine worth and interest. Music by Dohnanyi has been heard here before, but none of it, from symphony to piano piece, has given so favorable an impression of the young composer's ability as this serenade. He has thrown off the mantle of Brahms, which, as some of Dohnanyi's Vienna friends assured us became him, whereas it was stifling his own individuality. The Serenade is in five movements. Even the hardened concert-goer, glancing at the programme, might well have turned pale and reached for his hat, when he saw that one of these movements would be a theme with variations.

We are bombarded with variations from the beginning of the season to the end of it. Pianists, a hardy race, inflict the variations by Brahms on a theme of Handel or of Paganini, and this year they seem to have made a solemn compact that no innocent concert-goer shall escape them. Variations spring up constantly in chamber concerts, and we are threatened with them by the Symphony orchestra—variations by Reger!

Variations Interesting.

But these variations by Dohnanyi are few in number and, mirabile dictu!—they are interesting. The other movements are a fantastical march, a romanza, a scherzo, and a finale in rondo form. These movements are admirably written for the three instruments; they are original in thought and expression; above all, they show real fancy. The short march is Biquad without affectation; the Romanza opens with a theme of poetic melancholy, which was sympathetically played by Mr. Rissland, and a contrasting section has genuine passion; the variations, as I have said, are musical as well as ingenious; and if the finale has less distinction, it is not perfunctory.

Mr. Hadley's piano quintet has not yet been published. The dominating characteristic of the music is its refreshing buoyancy. The allegro is charged with spirit, with the joy of life, with the enthusiasm of exulting youth. No young man, said Hazlitt's brother, thinks that he will ever die. Here and there the spirit becomes Meistersingerish in the harmonic thought and in the melodic expression.

The andante is in peaceful mood and there is no passing cloud. There are effects of color that are not common. The sentiment never degenerates into mere prettiness. The scherzo, however, has more decided individuality, and it is rhythmically effective. In the last movement there is a return to the spirit of the opening allegro. This quintet is much more than a work of promise.

Audience Warmly Approved.

These pieces were played intelligently by the Hoffmanns and with more than their customary verve. The piano part of the quintet calls chiefly for a display of brilliancy, and Mrs. Eaton responded to the demand. An audience of good size was deeply interested and warm in approval.

MR. BUHLIG'S RECITAL.

Heard to Better Advantage Than at His Preceding Appearance.

Mr. Richard Buhlig, pianist, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Steiner Hall. The programme was as follows: Haydn, Andante with variations, F minor; Schumann, Fantasia; Reger, Humoresque, op. 20, No. 4; Zanella, Tempo di Minuetto; Chopin, 24 Preludes, op. 28, Polonaise, A-flat, op. 53.

Mr. Buhlig was heard in some respects to better advantage than at his first recital. In the purely lyrical music his tone was warmer and his melodic lines were more flowing and sustained. This was especially true of the quietly emotional pages of Schumann's Fantasia. When he came to heroic passages his strength had not authoritative fullness, and gave little idea of any reserve force. He has yet to master the secrets of tone.

The Humoresque of Reger, as played, does not draw one toward that much discussed composer. And why in the world did Mr. Buhlig insist on playing the 24 preludes of Chopin? As a feat? But this feat has been accomplished by other pianists and in the sight of the people. These entrancing miniatures in music were never intended to be thus displayed.

Mr. Buhlig will give his third recital on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5, when the

programme will be less "formidable"; while it will not give inevitably the impression of a strong man doing a stunt. Yesterday a small audience applauded warmly.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, pianist, will give a concert on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 3.

Mr. David Bispham will give a song recital in Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1, with "popular" prices of admission.

Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital announced for Monday afternoon, Dec. 2, has been postponed till the afternoon of the 9th.

"BIG SHOOTING."

We are told that the German Emperor "did some very remarkable work with his gun the other day at Windsor." It is said that he brought down over 700 pheasants, and it should be remembered that the Emperor shoots with one hand only; without the aid of a spring board or any mechanical appliance, as they used to say in the one-ring circus dear to boys and true philosophers.

If it were not for incurring the penalty of lese majesty, we should be tempted to call this "remarkable work" gross and vulgar butchery. Kings have hunted since crowns were first fashioned. They have taken a pride in their dexterity, bravery, endurance. Darius the Great ordered that his tomb should bear testimony to his prowess as a hunter. A monarch of the old days did not hesitate to contend with a wild boar, lion, tiger, or with a stag at bay, animal against animal. The scars won in an encounter were proudly shown in after years. There was then no hunting made easy. The sport was encouraged by tutors of princes as a preparation for war. Queens and other noble dames, as Margaret, Duchess of Parma, were passionately fond of hunting. Not merely was hawking in fashion, so that portraits of rulers in spirited or graceful attitudes might not seem incongruous; the pursuit of dangerous game was thought a training school for all that wished to rule with dignity. Even Queen Elizabeth killed six deer with her own cross bow, though she was once accused of hunting in a coach.

But in England of the nineteenth century hunting was made an agreeable recreation for royal personages. The battue came into fashion, and a battue has been described as "a contrivance for killing the largest quantity of game in the smallest time, with the least amount of trouble, by a small select party." The ruler would sit at ease, with something light and palatable—say, a cool and refreshing lobster, with a favoring beverage—near at hand. The birds would be driven toward him in such a mass that he could have killed by throwing a stick at them. It is whispered that such sport is not unknown today. Not the difficulty of a shot, but the number of the slaughtered is praised.

Furthermore, there was a snobbish etiquette in the business. The husband of Queen Victoria had a keeper to load his guns. The guns were then handed to a nobleman, his equerry; the equerry handed them to the Prince Consort, who fired and gave back the discharged guns to the nobleman. On no account would the Prince take a gun directly from the loader.

The Emperor William has the reputation of being a brave man in the pursuit of the wild boar. Is it possible that to compliment his host he now revels in reckless slaughter? "Big shooting" is never fine shooting. A monarch might as well go on the field with a machine gun.

MEN and THINGS

THE Philadelphia Press of Nov. 17 described Mr. John P. Morgan as a family man. The writer has evidently summered and wintered with Mr. Morgan and been through him with a dark lantern. This "Iron-willed Zeus of the Wall Street Parnassus"—we wonder how Mr. Morgan likes to be called such names—the writer probably addresses him as "Jack, old boy"—this "Iron-willed Zeus" is, after all, very human. He is wholly informal, a good mixer. "He will sometimes come in and ask if there is any pie or doughnuts, he having maintained his New England boyhood fondness for good pie and for fried cake, which he calls doughnuts." Of course he says "doughnuts." If he should say "fried cakes" he would be guilty of affectation, utterly unworthy of accepting huge responsibilities.

"Spying a good quarter of pie, he does not disdain to take it in his hand, eating with refinement in that way. Then he will chat informally with his associates." Further on we read that Mr. Morgan speaks an "untrimmed English." Not when he is eating pie. Pie would trim the English or even a Hazlitt, the most brilliant of talkers, whereas hash, according to Artemus Ward, is excellent for clearing the throat and giving distinct enunciation.

Mr. Morgan, we are told, takes the pie in his hand. The success of this bold operation depends on the nature of the pie. If it be firm and concrete mince, all right. There is a subject for our distinguished friend, the Historical Painter. But we shudder at the thought of Mr. Morgan, collector of rare brocades, armor, statuary, pictures, carved jades, porcelains and tapestries, standing with a quarter of deep apple pie in his hand; the pie of pies which has no bottom crust. Nor is lemon pie always to be trusted even when it is grasped firmly with both hands.

Mr. Morgan "can change his clothes with remarkable rapidity." Has his time been taken with a stop watch? We remember years ago Mr. William Horace Lingard in his lightning changes. There have been great artists since that day. "Remarkable" is vague. Let us have the number of seconds, before we burst in admiration. Mr. Morgan "at times seems hot-tempered and impatient." There is an explanation of this. "Here is a highly vitalized organism, accomplishing great things and working at high pressure. His is not the arctic indifference of the bloodless poseur. He is marvellously alive and never sinks to the level of assumed nonchalance." This analysis is no doubt subtle, but we wish the writer had timed Mr. Morgan shedding a business suit and appearing as in the twinkling of an eye in the irreproachable and formal dress of evening.

Mr. Morgan is, indeed, a remarkable man. He is obliged to pay the penalties of greatness. One of these penalties is to be the subject of slush in the guise of appreciation.

Miss Mary Ellen Powers, known as Leah May, "the tallest woman in the world," was engaged to be married to Maurice Stapleton, a farmer of Lockport, N. Y., but after consulting her lawyer on the 20th, she suddenly left the city. She is a little over 7 feet in height. Mr. Stapleton is no shrimp. He stands 6 feet 6 inches. It is our belief that if he were only 5 feet 10 inches, or 5 feet 6 inches the wedding would have taken place. There is not enough contrast. A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, as a rule falls in love with a man who reaches only to her shoulder and is built like a gasometer or, like the philosopher of old, is obliged to wear leaden soles to keep him on the ground. Perhaps Miss Powers remembered the conversation about the French ambassador, Cadenet, between Bacon and his King, who asked the wise man what he thought of the ambassador. "He is a tall, proper man." "Ay, but what think you of his headpiece? Is he a proper person for the office of an ambassador?" "Sir," answered Bacon, "tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished."

Tall women, it is true, have their disadvantages, as Ovid noted in his singular remarks about Andromache, whereas short men often make a

marked impression on women by the deep resonance of their voice, or by their activity, which suggests steam as coming out of their shoes. But what had the lawyer to do with the decision of Miss Powers? Was not Nature an authoritative guide?

Nov 23 1907

MEN and THINGS

When did the Common not excite discussion? Artemus Ward, visiting Boston in the sixties, wrote his wife a long letter and in it alluded to the Common; "It is here, as usual; and the low cuss who called it a Vacant Lot and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with suni Bildins, is a onhappy Outcast in Naponisit."

To L. W. We do not know what the pay of a ship's surgeon is. We have been told it is usually \$10 a month. The surgical instruments and medicines are supplied by the company, but the surgeon has to provide his own uniform. We have also been told that the average length of life of a ship's surgeon is three voyages, but that some doctors, who like the sea and have a private income, will stay for 20 years.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, who imports boots for his noble feet, makes it a strict condition that they should squeak. On the other hand, or, rather, foot, the National Federation of Boot and Shoe Retailers' Associations of Great Britain has engaged a university professor and eminent scientist at considerable expense to investigate the causes of squeaking and suggest a sure remedy. Squeaking boots were a familiar article of Sunday dress in our early years in a New England village. Dea. Kingsley, or Mr. Parsons, the farmer, would squeak proudly down the centre aisle. If the boots did not squeak and cry, how would the congregation know that they were new or his Sunday best?

"Paris judges have been unable to find any extenuating circumstances for the young woman who appeared in the Place de l'Odéon in the costume of Eve, but minus even the fig leaf." Probably they saw her only in court. Had she no friend to tell her of Phryne's triumph before the tribunal?

It seems to us that the action of the young woman in Roxbury who, in her mother's absence, lit wax tapers and grouped them on the centre table in the sitting room, because, as she said, it was romantic, was not appreciated either by her mother, the neighbors or the fire department. What if one of the candles was upset and a new carpet ruined in consequence? The young woman's action was a protest against the vulgarity of gas and the sinister glare of electricity. The light of wax taper favors any woman, whether her complexion be naturally mottled, leper-white or bite yellow. But even if the Roxbury maiden had no thought of coquetry, her spirit was admirable. Wax tapers are romantic, and the age is sadly commercial.

Again we read of an effort to bring into fashion a more picturesque evening dress. One of the characters in "L'Eventail," playing at the Gymnase, Paris, wears a dress suit of brown, and when Mr. Bernstein, the playwright, arrived, at the last rehearsal of his "Samson" he was similarly attired. These appearances are pathetic. The average man delights in the conventional evening dress of customary black. He has been told that it gives him a distinguished air. The fact that the male servants in the house, restaurant or hotel are clad in like fashion reassures him.

Not long ago Mr. Louis Parker suggested in London that men should wear "something flowing with color in it," instead of the swallow-tail. How many would dare to don such a dress? We remember the case of a Bostonian who, some years ago, wore at the opera a waistcoat of brocade silk. It was beautiful; it was wonderful. It was in keeping with the pomp and the art of the occasion. Was the man appreciated? Not a bit of it. He was gazed, smug fellow-citizens, with swallow-tails, black cravats and derby hats, stared at him and laughed harsh, grating laughter. They called to men of their kind and pointed at him. You would have thought that the gorgeously waistcoated had forgotten to put on his trousers, such was the stir.

Mme. Suzanne Adams, who is now known as "The \$7000 a week diva," was howled at in the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago. "Ragtime! Give us ragtime!"

A "college boy" started the cry: "You sing too well to monkey with those things. Give us something we can understand!" which was in its way a compliment. Suzanne knew no ragtime tune; she has moved in narrow artistic grooves; but a happy thought struck her, and she struck up an old, familiar ballad of the fireside known as "Home, Sweet Home." She will be singing "Comin' Thro' the Rye" by the time she is due in Boston.

If the recently discovered portrait of Maj. George Washington of the Virginia militia is an authentic one, we shall at last have an opportunity of knowing how he looked before he lost his teeth. The more familiar portraits reveal the imperfect dentistry of the time.

Nov 24 1907

First Performance of Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" by Boston Orchestra.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "The King of Ys".....Lalo
"Pagan Poem" (after Virgil).....Loeffler
Adagio and scherzo finale from suite in E minor.....Reznicek
"Espana".....Chabrier

The concert was one of unusual interest. The passionate and brilliant overture and the dazzling and enchanting rhapsody by Chabrier are well known here, but they are always heard with delight. Both Lalo and Chabrier were composers of striking originality and indisputable talent. The former in face of all sorts of disappointments clung to his ideals. Although Berlioz and Liszt and Wagner had gone before him, he imagined new schemes of orchestration and the gorgeous raiment covered a firm, glowing, palpitating body. It has been said of Chabrier that his "bad taste was exquisite," and this is a clumsy translation of a fine and searching criticism in the original French.

Chabrier was by nature a Pantagruelian. At times in his music he was positively Rabelaisian, as in his "Marche Joyeuse"—Would that Dr. Muck would see fit to perform it here! But in "Gwendoline" he sounded the true note of passion, and in the unfinished "Brisels" he showed again both passionate eloquence and the imagination that reproduces scene and atmosphere with the characters themselves. Some one in New York recently alluded to Chabrier's "Espana" as an elaboration of a waltz by Waldteufel. The remark was absurd. There were the Spanish dance themes, and Chabrier and the waltz-maker used them, each in his own way. The "Espana" of Chabrier is a miracle of color, languor, sensuousness, verve. The workmanship alone shows incredible dexterity.

Although Reznicek's suite was published nearly 25 years ago, the excerpts were played here for the first time. Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" was performed for the first time.

The Herald described at length last Sunday the nature of Mr. Loeffler's latest work. It was suggested by the verses in Virgil's eighth eclogue, the verses in which a woman by magic spells and incantations wins back to her arms her lover. An eclogue moved the Frenchman Rabaud to an orchestral work, but it was the first, and the music is appropriately pastoral.

They that are acquainted with Mr. Loeffler's preceding compositions and know the man himself will readily see how the mystery of the incantation, the twining of triple hued threads, the melting of the wax image, the thought of the moon brought down from heaven, and the cold snake burst asunder by witch-singing, of Moeris, the were-wolf, of the ashes thrown into the brook—how these things would appeal to him irresistibly; how the refrain of the amorous sorceress would tempt him to strains that, once heard, would haunt the hearer forever.

In Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" there is, however, no minutiae of macabre. There is no laborious and futile endeavor to suggest by tones and their combinations each strange act and stranger speech of the enchantress. That there should be a refrain was poetically necessary. This of itself might give unity and cohesion and furnish a dramatic climax. The composer himself has said modestly that in one passage the hearer might be reminded of the chase after Moeris who had turned wolf and plunged into the forest, and he might also in another passage remember the barking of Hylax as Daphnis neared the threshold. But with the exception of one chief theme, that of invocation, and of the refrain, there are no typical motives; the themes have only musical significance and the hearer acquainted with Virgil's verses is left to his own interpretation.

Now is there need of "interpretation." This music does not depend at all on literary contents. It is music that of itself is nobly sensuous, keenly emotional, now dolorous in grief, now irresistible in exultation.

Remarkable Work.

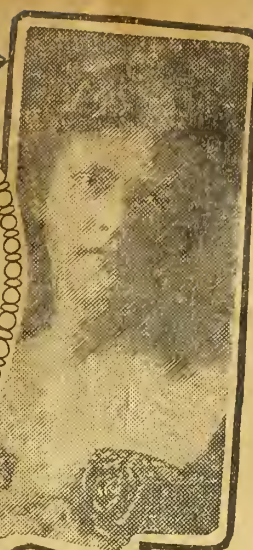
In general conception, in breadth and stability of structure, in the inherent beauty and poignancy of the melodic thought, in harmonic and contrapuntal euphony, in sonorous symphonic treatment of the theme, in original and highly poetic orchestral expression, in an imaginative flight that rises far



MARIE NICHOLS,
VIOLINIST



CLARA CLEMENS,
CONTRALTO



MARY SHERWOOD,
SOPRANO



JULIA BENSAUDE,
SOPRANO



MAURICE BENSAUDE,
BARITONE

Yesteryear Are No Longer All Conquering.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Metropolitan Opera House opened its doors last Monday night, but not with "Faust," which, once thundered against by Dr. Dio Lewis as pernicious, damnable, is now regarded as a safe, family opera. No, the opera was "Adriana Lecouvreur," by Mr. Cilea, an opera not known to the Metropolitan audience, although it has been performed in New Orleans and, I believe, in some western cities.

The opera gave the critics no pleasure, and if the reports published in the newspapers were correct, the audience was bored. Mr. Krebhiel was moved to harsh words. To him the unfortunate woman who took the part of the Princess de Bouillon was in the soup. "If he (Mr. Conried) cannot give the public a singer who can do justice to the music," he ought at least to enlist the services of one who can walk like a lady, pose like a lady, courtesy like a lady and utter words intelligible to people familiar with the language. And then Mr. Krebhiel, having freed his mind—alas, poor Jacoby! the costume of the princess did not reveal your better part!—proceeded to shed hot tears over the decay of the ballet.

The opening opera was not "Faust"; it was not even "The Huguenots" with "an ideal cast" and Mr. Jacques Bars lining out the Rataplan. It was "Adriana Lecouvreur," and it was put on the stage, they say, for the glorification of Miss Lina Cavalieri, a woman of striking, classic beauty, a woman whose face might have served a coiner anxious in old days to flatter a Julia or a Faustine.

Mr. Henderson said of Miss Cavalieri: "She was good to see and bad to hear." Nevertheless, it was Miss Cavalieri's night.

There was Mme. Sembrich of the fine Mozartian line—musical, not corporeal, I hasten to add; there was Mme. Eames, palpitating over "Iris," with her intense interest; just now in Japan and the Japanese; there was the band of German amazons; but Miss Cavalieri was the operatic heroine the opening night.

There has been much talk of late about the power of beauty and the degrees of beauty. The question has been asked whether beauty is not disappearing from the world. Only last week a Chicago newspaper propounded this question of human and contemporaneous interest: "Do Pretty Feet and Ankles Insure a Pretty Face?" On the other hand, Miss

Ethel Grant of Worcester is reported as saying that she left the stage because she lost 23 pounds on it. "Now, I say, don't get slim for art's sake." In order that she may be sleek and fair and have plenty of sleep she is now learning the duties of a trained nurse. When Miss Grant went on the stage—and the company was not an unusually athletic one—not one of the Jolly Jumpers variety—she weighed 103 pounds. When she quit the stage she weighed only 80 pounds. There's an arithmetical problem in this sad story which any bright-eyed girl may work out at her leisure beneath the evening fish-tail burner or close to the chill steam pipe while she is dreaming of her future.

Mr. Marcel Prevost of Paris asserts that beauty in the old classical sense does not count today. Elegance has taken its place. "A woman would not be flattered if you told her she was very beautiful, but dressed badly. She would show you the door if you praised her face, but criticised her dress and hat. It would be the unpardonable sin." According to Mr. Prevost, a "belle femme" now signifies "a rather massive person, difficult to dress. It would be as if one said: 'Madame, your lines are not perfect; you had better think of your figure. Try Banting.'"

Mr. Prevost finds in Paris no radiant, splendid beauties. There are no successors to Mme. Recamier, Mme. de Castiglione, or the lionesses of the stage, court and scandals of the Second Empire. Not even the street boys would now turn to see Mme. Recamier, brilliant in the street. The good old days when dazzling women drove shop clerks to sonnets are gone—"killed by elegance and intelligence." The dressmaker and the hairdresser conspire against all that which is natural and beautiful. "It is no longer beauty unadorned that flutters masculine complacency, but mediocre features decked out in all the gauds of the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera." Furthermore, the Frenchwoman now prefers to cultivate her brains. In society she pleases chiefly by her piquancy—"characteristic of her face as well as her intellectual fortune"—and not because she is a Venus of Milo.

The artists themselves are warring against the classical type. They would fain paint an "interesting" face, and to them the pretty or the handsome face is seldom interesting. "Moreover, the wearing of the fashionable cuirass and other conventions imposed by that stern goddess, La Mode, have so destroyed the perfect contour of the female form that the ordinary model is now-days incapable of expressing that perfect symmetry of line which was so worshipped by the Greeks." (Is this so in Boston? I appeal to my colleague, Mr. Philip L. Hale.)

"The clear, cold classical beauty has been dethroned, and in its place is some usurper clad in Paquin gowns, crowned with towering feathers, perfumed with the subtle aroma of the fashionable scent factory. She is piquant; she is vastly intelligent and able to discuss all subjects; she is emancipated from old-fashioned prejudices, but she is not beautiful."

Marcel Schwob told of young Milesian maidens who, stripping themselves before a pier-glass and seeing themselves therein as they would look when old

and sated with the joy of life, went out and killed themselves. Marcel Prevost looks forward to the day when a woman will break her looking glass because it accuses her of beauty.

Behold Mr. George Edwardes, who has so often, as a producer of musical comedies, put his trust in young women of handsome face and enchanting figure, now protesting against the "picture postal card beauty." "In several towns I could mention, a picture post card beauty will draw £500 a week more to the theatre than a first-class company with a fine play. This is a deplorable state of affairs." Mr. Edwardes speaks as an uplifter of the drama, not as a man, not even as a manager. It is difficult, he says, to find a woman who combines beauty and talent, and the public crowds a theatre to see a beauty who can neither sing, dance, speak nor act. "For the actress to succeed nowadays it is not necessary for her to study acting or to learn how to sing, or even to improve her general education. The principal qualification is a pretty photographic card, the likeness on which more or less resembles the lady in question."

But when has not the public rushed to a theatre to see a beautiful woman? Mr. Edwardes is getting peevish. Mr. Prevost is more human.

If Miss Grant, who left the stage because she was fast becoming thin, had lived in the days of "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn" and the early visiting British burlesque companies, she would have found that the stage encouraged fatness. Even the New England public was then oriental in its ideas

concerning female beauty. No thin and skinny thing would have been tolerated in the grand march of the Amazons. I hear the tune now. "I am Stalacta, ti tum ti tum ti tum." Miss Emily Soldene, a shrewd observer, discussed a year ago this change in taste. "The old style of beauty was plump. 'Physique' was the great thing. Now they like them slender and petite and mincing and chirpy."

In a roundabout way we come back to Miss Cavalieri, who was chosen as the singer to dominate on the opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House, where Richard Strauss' "Salome" was decreed to be an "immoral" work. And thus tribute was paid to resplendent beauty.

Now that the opera houses in New York are wide open, the old protest against the exorbitant prices paid singers is heard again. The theme is an old one, with few variations.

The value of a singer, like that of a picture, is necessarily fictitious. There is no fixed inherent value. A singer is worth what she can get in the market. If for any reason the public is eager to hear her, she naturally raises her price, and the manager, not to be outdone, raises the prices of admission. If the public does not wish to see or hear her, the manager is quickly aware of this, and he refuses to pay Mme. Portamenta the salary she names. The singer then makes an engagement wherever she can and at the highest price she can obtain.

The French minister of fine arts may complain that the high prices paid in America, at Monte Carlo and at London rob Paris of its best singers. His complaint will be unavailing. Any singer will go to the city where she receives the highest salary. I observe that even Miss Geraldine Farrar is again in New York, although there is no art in America and the only true temple of the muse is the Royal Opera House at Berlin.

You may say Mme. Melba or Mr. Caruso does not earn the salary. The question of earning, or rather deserving—for if the singer performs the task he or she is entitled to the stipulated sum—has nothing to do with the question. So many thousand persons are eager to hear Mme. Melba. They are willing to pay a sum that may be considered by the economist extravagant. The public regulates the price of the singer. If the public should keep away from the opera house or the concert hall the singer would be more moderate in her demands. Even if she should refuse to sing, and prefer to spend her remaining years in reading and meditation, there would be no perturbation of nature. The opera is an amusement, and its most amusing feature is that many take it seriously and profess to find in it symbolistic messages for the improvement of life and the elevation of the soul.

Boston in its humble way will soon hear opera, for Mr. Henry Russell with his company will be at the Majestic Theatre with Mme. Jane Noria, once known in Mr. Savage's English opera company as Josephine Ludwig. She made her first appearance at the Paris Opera May 20, 1903, as Juliet, and she was then especially appreciated in dramatic passages by reason of her personal charm. On Sept. 11 of that year she impersonated Nedda in "Pagliacci." Miss Alice Nielsen and Mr. Constantino, who were applauded at the Park Theatre last May, are leading members of Mr. Russell's company. Mr. Conti, an admirable conductor, is again in his place. Mr. Victor Maurel has been engaged as leading baritone. This most accomplished artist was last here in the spring of 1899, when he impersonated Don Giovanni with Lilli Lehmann as Donna Anna and Nevers with Nordica and Jean de Reszke as the lovers. And on March 4 of that year he gave a song recital in Music Hall. There are good reports about other members of the company, some of whom are already known to us, and Mr. Russell promises a thoroughly competent and well-hearsed chorus and orchestra. Mr. Russell also talks about producing Paine's "Azara."

Singers and pianists, not discouraged by small paying audiences, continue to labor in the vineyard. Early this month "Lancelot" of the Referee (London)

MUSIC NOTES.

Miss Mary Fay Sherwood, soprano, assisted by Miss Mary Desmond, contralto, Miss Nathalie Patten, violinist, and Miss Marjorie Patten, cellist, will give a concert at the Chestnut Hill Club House, Friday evening, the 29th. Miss Bertha Wesselschoff Swift, soprano, and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, baritone, will give a concert on Wednesday, Dec. 18.

**Tribute Paid in
Metropolis to
Beauty, but Fe-
male Charms of**

warned "young artists" in London against the error of their way. He gave them "stern facts."

He told them that a recital would cost from \$100 to \$300, and that the public would not pay to listen to any one unknown. "Friends will come, but their good opinion has already been gained, and the only return that can be looked for is favorable press criticisms, which may lead to future engagements. Now, the most influential criticisms will depend upon the state of artistic skill of the performer. * * * He (the critic) has a duty to perform to the public as well as to the artist, and he has his own reputation to maintain. Therefore the most important question for the artist to consider is whether he or she has acquired sufficient command of artistic means to do full justice to the music presented. If there exist a doubt on this point concerning anything to be performed it will be better to change it to something easier, for the critic's opinion is formed not so much on what is attempted as how it is done; and this applies with still greater force to audiences."

"Lancelot" advises these beginners to sing at small and out-of-the-way concerts until assurance is gained. "One thing more is necessary to achieve distinction, and that is personality—an individuality of style that will remain in the listener's memory long after the music has been forgotten. The vitality of distinction will be in proportion as the interpretation is the emphatic expression of the artist's convictions, and he or she must be true to artistic truth, or the distinction, if existent, will merely be ephemeral eccentricity or extravagance."

All this is good advice, and it might be pondered by singers and pianists in Boston. But here and in London the advice will not be heeded. They have ears and they do not hear—not even their own performance. Miss Laura Matilda, who cannot enunciate clearly the English language or speak it correctly, sings jauntily in French, Italian and German. Mr. Bonnerges, the rising young pianist, whose touch reminds one of steel hitting wood, endeavors to be emotional with Chopin.

There was a surprising event recently in our musical history. Mrs. Charles A. White, who played remarkably musical and sympathetic accompaniments for Miss Foote and Miss Ormond, was announced on the programme as an accompanist, and not "at the piano." As Mr. W. J. Henderson said not long ago, many are "at the piano"; very few succeed in playing it, either in solo pieces or in accompaniment.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY: Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Felix Fox's first chamber concert. Mr. Fox will play the first movement of Weber's sonata in A flat, Gabriel Faure's fourth nocturne, Balakireff's Scherzo in B flat minor, Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," Saint Saens' Etude de Rhythme, Fauré's Etude de Concert, and with Mr. Carl Barth, Emilie Bernard's sonata for piano and cello. Miss Mary F. Sherwood, soprano, will sing Bizet's Pastorale and Tarantelle, Debussy's "Volet que le Printemps," Schubert's "Du Rist die Ruh," MacDowell's "Mendel," Ganz's "To Mary," Fox's "Thou art like a flower," and Loder's "Ah! What Tortures."

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Charles Anthony, pianist, will play Beethoven's sonata op. 40, Glazounoff's Prelude and Fugue op. 61, Chopin's Ballade in F minor, Lachmann's Valse Courante, Sibelius' Romance and Gail's Hungarian Rhapsody. The pieces by Glazounoff, Lachmann, Sibelius and Gail are unfamiliar but the piece by Lachmann was performed at the Boston Museum in 1893, and he played in Ysaye's chamber concerts in 1895 and 1898. Married to Mme. Pilar Moran, the accomplished pianist, she deserted her a few years ago.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist. Miss Clemens, a daughter of Mark Twain, sang here for the first time last January.

Miss Clemens will sing songs by Duparc, Delmas, White, Hopckirk, Somervell, Vanuclini and Goring Thomas. Miss Nichols will play pieces by Wieniawski, Bach, Beethoven and with Charles Wark, Grieg's sonata in G minor.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola recital, with Mr. Leon van Vleet, cellist, soloist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bensaude, assisted by Mr. Pietro Vallini, pianist. Mrs. Bensaude, a dramatic soprano, will sing Brahms' "Bonne Nöte," Rossini's "Tir oloso," the Alvarez's "La Partida," Ardu's "Il Bacio" and with her husband duets from "Don Pasquale" and "Il Trovatore."

Mr. Bensaude will sing Quaraia's "Ma Charmante," Tosti's "La Sereatina," the prologue to "Pagliacci," Portuguese songs by Anna da Motta and Neuparth's and Euzzi-Pecchia's "Gloria."

Mr. Bensaude made his first appearance in Boston with the Abbey Schoeffel and Grau Company as Lieutenant in Massenet's "Manon Lescaut," with Sibelius Sanderson as Manon, March 9, 1893. He sang here in Mr. Ellis' company in the first performance here of "La Bohème" with Melba as Mimì, Jan. 25, 1899.

Mme. Bensaude, born Julia de Fano, a daughter of a governor of the Philippine islands, studied singing in Madrid and has sung in opera with her husband.

Panopticon Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces by Massenet, Puccini, Lullini and Herold. Solos by Ray Finel, tenor, and W. F. Dodge, violinist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Coming Concerts.

Season tickets for the Cecilia concerts will go on sale at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Dec. 2.

Mr. de Pachmann will give recitals in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Dec. 3; Saturday afternoon, Dec. 7, and Thursday afternoon, Dec. 12, at 3 o'clock. The programme of his first recital will be as follows: Scarlatti, Sonata, A major; Mozart, Fantasia, C minor; Weber, Perpetuum Mobile; Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Schumann, Romanze, op. 28, No. 2; Schramm, Gavotte, op. 14; Raff-Henselt, La Elleuse, op. 157, No. 2; Moszkowski, En Automne, op. 36, No. 4; Tschalkowsky, Polka, op. 9, No. 2; Chopin, Nocturne in D flat, op. 27, No. 2; Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 19, 16; Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 1, 3; Mazurka, op. 56, No. 2; Valse in A flat, op. 34, No. 1. Tickets for these recitals are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

The programme of Mr. Richard Buhlig's third piano recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5, will include Bach's Prelude and Fugue, B flat minor, from "Well Tempered Clavichord"; Beethoven, Rondo in G major, op. 51, No. 1; Albumblatt fuer Elise, and minuet, B flat major; Brahms, four pieces, op. 119; Chopin, Sonata in B flat minor; Debussy, "La Soiree dans Grenade"; Ravel, "Alborado del Gracioso"; Franck, Prelude, Choral, and Fugue; MacDowell, "The Eagle," and Etude de Concert, op. 36. Rossini's Stabat Mater will be sung at the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4:30 by a chorus of 30, with Miss Knight, soprano; Miss Griggs, contralto; Mr. Daniels, tenor; Mr. Merrill, bass, and Mr. Truette, organist and director.

Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, will play pieces by Sinding, Schumann, Franck, Chopin, Hopckirk, MacDowell and Schulz-Evler in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, Dec. 9.

Mr. Mark Hambourg will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 3.

Mr. Riccardo Lucchesi, formerly of San Francisco and now a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, will give a concert of his own compositions in Jordan Hall tomorrow evening at 8:15 o'clock. He will be assisted by Mrs. Francis Wood, soprano; Miss Anna Wood, contralto; Messrs. Shirley, tenor; Whorisky, baritone; Plancon, baritone; a chorus of mixed voices, the Hoffmann quartet and Mr. Humphrey, organist. Piano quintet in C major op. 47 (Mr. Lucchesi and the Hoffmann quartet), Gloria and Benedictus from Missa Brevis, op. 85, and 15 songs.

Mr. Stephen Townsend will give the first of three vocal recitals in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 11.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch will give a concert of old-fashioned Christmas music in Chickering Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 27.

Miss M. A. Gall, a pianist from Vienna, pupil of Emil Sauer, will give a concert in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 4. She will be assisted by a small orchestra.

Pupils of Mr. Frank Morse will give a vocal concert in Steinert Hall Thursday evening, Dec. 5.

Mr. R. Huntington Woodman of New York will give an organ recital in the First Church, corner Marlboro and Berkeley streets, Friday evening next. This will be the third recital of the New England chapter of the American Guild of Organists. Tickets may be obtained gratis at the Boston Music Company beginning tomorrow morning.

SAN CARLO OPERA CO.

The two weeks of grand opera which Mr. Henry Russell promised Boston last spring will begin Monday evening, Dec. 9, at the Majestic Theatre. The opera will be Ponchelli's "Gloconda." During the fortnight nine grand operas will be given in the following order

Monday, Dec. 9, "La Gloconda," Noria, Blanchart, Constantino and Seguirola; Tuesday, the 10th, "Rigoletto," Nielsen, Dani and Maurel; Wednesday matinee, the 11th, "Gloconda"; Wednesday evening, "Il Trovatore," Desana, Claessens, Oppezzo and Galperin; Thursday, the 12th, "Faust," Nielsen, Dani and Maurel; Friday, the 13th, "Aida," Noria, Constantino, Blanchart and Rossi; Saturday matinee, the 14th, a repetition of "Trovatore"; Saturday evening, "Traviata," Nielsen, Marchi, Dani and Galperin.

The operas of the second week will be as follows:

Monday, the 16th, "Carmen," Claessens, Constantino, Seguirola; Tuesday, the 17th, a repetition of "Aida"; Wednesday matinee, the 18th, a repetition of "Traviata."

Wednesday evening, the 18th, a repetition of "Faust"; Thursday, Dec. 19, "Rigoletto," Nielsen, Constantino, Blanchart and Rossi; Friday, Dec. 19, "Lohengrin," in German, Brannon, Olitzka, d'Aubigne, Galperin and Rossi; Saturday matinee, Dec. 21, a repetition of "Carmen"; farewell performance, Saturday evening, Dec. 21, "Lucia," Nielsen, Marchi, Constantino, Parnali.

Mail orders for tickets may now be sent to the Majestic Theatre, and seats will be reserved as near the desired location as possible. The box office sale will open Tuesday morning, Dec. 3, at 9 o'clock.

FICKLE IN PREJUDICE.

A cotton broker in New York married twelve years ago a sculptural blonde. For some time he was never weary of telling her how beautiful she was, and of his antipathy toward brunettes. A few years ago he went to Paris, and there he saw a great light. On his return he assured his wife that blondes annoyed, irritated him; that brunettes were the only women; then, in a fine burst of confidence, he talked lovingly of four

brunettes whom he preferred to her or any other blonde, and he swore that he adored the four. All this was disclosed in a case brought recently before a magistrate.

The story is a sad one, but it is interesting to the earnest student of sociology and anthropology. The misogynist may invoke a plague on both your houses; he may complain of the blonde as saccharine and despise the brunette as acrid. The naturally uxorious may worship his blonde, or brunette, or drab-complexioned spouse; he draws no color line. The youth that dreams of an ideal brunette is often ensnared for life by a blonde, and is true to her, though she fade, to the impartial eye, like any window curtain. The fact remains that blonde or brunette as the one type of beauty has been through the ages simply a matter of fashion. One type has driven out alternately the other, and been driven out.

The gorgeous blondes painted by the Venetians first painted themselves. They were chemical, peroxide creatures, with dyes and washes; with false hair if the bleaching failed; and they were thus artificers of their own beauty, that they might be sung by poets, immortalized by Titian, enriched by grave and learned, by dashing and adventurous, amateurs. The true blondes, like Lucrezia Borgia, Beatrice d'Este, Jeanne d'Aragon, were few and memorable.

The New York cotton broker should have mastered the literature of the subject before he ventilated his theories in the presence of his wife. He should have known the recipes in favor with noble dames, anxious brunettes who wished, like the ieper, a change of skin. He even now can find them in "Les Femmes Blondes Selon es Peintres de l'Ecole de Venise," by "Deux Venetiens" (Paris, 1865). He should have skimmed the anthology in praise of blondes, from the verses of Homer to those of Verlaine, from those of Milton to those of de Musset. It is true that an anthology of poems inspired by brunettes could be readily arranged. If de Musset sang of blonde Mimi Pinson, he also hymned the swart splendor of the "Andalouse."

The cotton broker might even now read with profit the tale of "The Man of Al-Yaman and His Six Slave Girls," and ponder the dispute therein between the blonde, the shining light, the rising moon of the fourteenth night, and the girl of lamp-black face. The other girls were brown, fat, lean and yellow, respectively. Each in turn praised her own perfection and sneered with oriental freedom of tongue at her co-mates. Yet Mohammed of Bassorah swore to the Commander of the Faithful: "And never have I seen, any when or any where, aught fairer than these six damsels fair." This was the conclusion of a shrewd observer, a philosopher. If the cotton broker had married a brunette, he would at last have fallen before a blonde. Nor has he, fickle in prejudice, the catholicity of your true polygamist.

MEN and THINGS

THE questions that are agitating England are whether the fifth Duke of Portland had a wart or two warts on his nose; whether his nose were merely bulbous, while a Mr. Druce sported the alleged dual warts; or whether the duke and Mr. Druce, two gentlemen in one, had naturally the same nose. Distinguished men have worn nasal warts. The choir will now sing:

I might have lived with her in comfort,
But false to her lover was Rose;
She married a man on the tight-rope,
Who balanced a wart on his nose.

Mr. Alexander McGue, whom "the death angel smote and gave protracted repose," also had a wart on his nose.

Men have boasted and made jests about their red noses. The old English bacchannalian ditties are full of these boasts, as in that fine old song, beginning:

What need we take care for Platonical Rules,
Or the Precepts of Aristotle."

In the second verse of which we find this poetic thought:

We will drink till our Cheeks are as Star'd as the Skies,

Let the pale color'd Student flout us;
Till our Noses like Comets, set Fire on our Eyes,

And we bear the Horizon about us;
but we have never seen or heard verses addressed in eulogy to a wart on a man or woman's nozzle or boko.

One of the most interesting features of this Druce case is the introduction into the evidence of Charles Dickens and his alleged knowledge of the duke's identity with Mr. Druce. How in the world would a woman invent such a story? The surviving relations of the novelist deny, of course, and with a pretty show of indignation, that he ever met her, but relations do not always know the full list of Uncle Amos' acquaintances. Not that there is any rumor of scandal attached to this particular acquaintanceship, but Dickens' relations seem to be conservative in their views of life. They would not contradict a report that he had been on friendly terms with a duke. The fact Dickens' last novel was "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," is, to say the least, singular, for it is not far from Drood to Druce.

The Pall Mall Gazette published a few days ago a paragraph that is not unsuited to local conditions: "It is stated that as many as 140 passengers were packed into one coach on the District railway yesterday morning. Possibly they would like to be reminded of a rhyme which had a considerable vogue in the early history of the line. This is how it ran: Why is it folks sit this way in The trains we miss, While in the train we catch at last We're jammed like this?"

A western beef company insists that a link of sausage made by it is a whole meal in condensed form. We like that old word "link" in this connection, especially as it is not now in favor with the genteel. Skelton, the satirist, and Charles Lamb did not disdain to use it, but the Oxford English Dictionary, defining link as "one of the divisions of a chain of sausages or black puddings," adds "chiefly in plural; now dialect." In dialect, we find "link-hides," sausage-skins, and "link meat." Come to think, in our youth we heard the word chiefly in the plural. Eating dinner with a farmer one day, a stray clergyman played havoc with the sausages, until his host looking at us compassionately, thus addressed him: "I don't want to seem inhospitable, Mr. —, but I do wish to remind you that the children would like some of them 'are links.'"

Miss Julia C. Dunkirk of Chicago, a stenographer, is looking for "a moral job." She complains, with a bitterness that seems unreasonable to the broad-minded, that the men to whom she has applied all made goo-goo eyes at her. "I have lost faith in men," she said on Nov. 21. "I long ago lost faith in women." In the first place, Miss Julia, there are men who cannot help making goo-goo eyes, just as there are some who were born with butter eyes and others who cannot refrain from winking. Call it a physical infirmity, an imperfection, if you will, but do not suspect all males of fiendish purposes. In the second place, is it not possible that you were mistaken; that, unduly self-conscious, you mistook a wandering, vague expression of universal good-will and loving kindness for personal and too-flattering attention?

We like to think of Mabelle Gilman's sisters, one of whom has eloped with a vaudeville manager, while the other is about to marry no less a man than Mr. Charles Hegerdon, familiarly known as the "champion heavyweight barker of the West." Such brothers-in-law may be useful in these days of financial depression and crashes. They should be invited to the Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr 26 1907
FELIX FOX'S FIRST

Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, assisted by Miss Mary Fay Sherwood, soprano, and Mr. Carl Barth, cellist gave the first of four chamber concerts yesterday afternoon in Steinhart Hall. Miss Mary V. Pratt accompanied Miss Sherwood. Mr. Fox played these solo pieces: Weber, 1st movement from the Sonata in A flat; Faure's Nocturne, No. 4; Balakreiff's Scherzo in B flat minor; Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," Saint-Saens' Etude de Rhythme and Philipp's Caprice on Strauss' waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song." He played with Mr. Barth Dohnanyi's Sonata for piano and cello, op. 8. Miss Sherwood sang Bizet's Pastorale, Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," Ganz's "To Mary," Debussy's "Voici que le Printemps," MacDowell's "Menle," Padewski's "Ah! What Tortures," Fox's "Thou'rt Like a Flower," Bizet's Tarantelle.

It is the habit of Mr. Fox to arrange interesting programmes. It is a pleasure to find a pianist who does not stand in awe of a sonata as of a fetish, and is willing to play a movement that appeals to him without the thought that he is thus blaspheming. He played the music by Weber in the right spirit, accepting it for what it is worth, appreciating its old-time elegance, not attempting to swell its true proportions. Interpreting its brilliance as decorative, maintaining the necessary fluency of musical thought. His reading of Faure's charming nocturne of subtle, twilight moods also gave pleasure.

The Scherzo by Balakreiff with measures here and there that suggest an inversion of celebrated measures in Chopin's Scherzo in the same tonality is inherently of less value than the other pieces in the first group. Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land" was unfamiliar. It shows the influence of the French Impressionists in music over the young Englishman, and yet there is no suggestion of direct imitation. The main idea of the piece is well conceived, but there are storm and stress episodes that seem incongruous and give the hearer the idea that life in Lotus Land is not one long languorous dream in spite of what the poet has said.

The cello sonata by Dohnanyi is a much inferior work to the Trio for strings by the same composer that was performed here recently. It is especially inferior in the invention. The only pages that gave musical enjoyment were those of the theme and one or two of the variations which form the finale.

Miss Sherwood sang two groups of songs. She was more impressive in the first group than in the second, partly because the songs of the first group were on the whole of finer quality, partly because she sang them better. Her interpretation of Bizet's Pastorale was delightful in its joyous spirit. That of Schubert's song was one of rare beauty. Seldom have we heard the song sung by any singer, even the most renowned, with such comprehension of text and music. The song by Ganz, the pianist, is of little consequence. The one by Debussy, one of his earlier ones, was sung charmingly, with much finesse.

In MacDowell's "Menle" her rhetoric was more conspicuous than her vocal mechanism, and she has not yet reached the stage of proficiency where she can do full justice to Bizet's "Tarantelle." On the other hand, she sang Mr. Fox's "Thou'rt Like a Flower" with such quiet intensity and poetic feeling that she was obliged to repeat it.

Miss Sherwood's voice is not a large one, but it has beautiful quality and is well adapted for lyric display and for effective coloratura. At present her intellectual and emotional nature does not find full expression. Singers of her natural gifts are rare, for she can be more than a performer of fluent routine who sees on the page only notes and thinks solely of tone production.

Seldom does a singer of Miss Sherwood's age and concert experience show such ability to differentiate in sentiment. Seldom is there a young singer of such pronounced individuality. At present she should perfect her mechanism which is by no means at present mediocre, halting or disturbing.

A rather small audience applauded warmly.

MR. ANTHONY'S RECITAL.
Unconventional Programme Given by
Pianist in Jordan Hall.

Mr. Charles Anthony gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. He played Beethoven's sonata, op. 10, Glazounoff's Prelude and Fugue, op. 61, Chopin's Ballade in F minor, Sibelius' Romance, Alce Lachame's "Valse Courante" and Francois Gaul's Hungarian Rhapsody. The works by Glazounoff, Sibelius, Lachame and Gaul were played for the first time here.

The programme was refreshingly unconventional. It was also pleasantly short. Of the unfamiliar pieces, that of Glazounoff made the strongest impression, and it is, indeed, the best music for the piano by this composer, who has not fulfilled the promise of his youth, that has yet been played here. The fugue especially is admirably constructed. Next to this was the Romance by Sibelius, with its sombre grip and passages of genuine beauty. Lachame's waltz is a graceful, pretty trifle, but the Hungarian rhapsody is poor stuff, unworthy of study or performance.

Mr. Anthony gave on the whole a fine and intelligent interpretation of the sonata. He was less successful in the Ballade of Chopin than in the pieces by Glazounoff, Lachame and Sibelius. Lachame's waltz evidently gave the most immediate pleasure to the audience, for

Mr. Anthony caught the piquant, yet beating, charm of the music, and the bravura passages were fluent and delicate. An audience of moderate size applauded heartily, and Mr. Anthony added to the programme.

MUSIC NOTES.

The demand for another recital by Mr. Fritz Kreisler has been so general that he will give one in Jordan Hall the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 11. The proceeds will be shared with Lincoln House. The occasion of the concert and the magnetism and skill of the violinist should crowd the hall. Tickets may be obtained at the box office of Symphony Hall.

Mr. David Bispham will give a song recital in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, when he will sing songs by Handel, Grieg, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Cornelius, Brahms, R. Strauss, Chadwick and others, also "The Mad Dog," from Lehman's opera "The Vicar of Wakefield." Tickets at popular prices are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

MR. LUCCHESI'S CONCERT.

Interested Audience Applauds Composer, Singers and Players.

Mr. Riccardo Lucchesi, assisted by Mrs. Frances Wood, soprano, Miss Anna Wood, contralto, Messrs. Shirley, tenor, Whorisky, baritone, and C. Pol Plancon, baritone, the Hoffmann String Quartet and Mr. Homer Humphrey, organist, gave a concert of his own compositions last night in Jordan Hall. The programme included "Ritornella," "Duolo" and "Rapture" (Mr. Whorisky); "Soave Melodia," "A te," "The Flight," "The Rose" (Mrs. Wood); piano quintet in C major (Mr. Lucchesi and the Hoffmanns); "Imo," "Serenata," "Unchanged," "The Question" (Mr. Shirley); "Recollection," "Canto d'Autunno," "Foglia Gialla," "Illusion" (Miss Wood); "Gloria" and "Benedictus" from Missa Brevis, op. 85 (Mrs. Wood, Miss Wood, Messrs. Shirley and Plancon and chorus of mixed voices).

Mr. Lucchesi lived formerly in San Francisco where he was highly esteemed as a musician, and as a discriminating, learned music critic who had the gift of literary expression he gained more than a local reputation. After the earthquake and fire he turned his face toward the East, and this fall he became a member of the vocal faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music. His piano quintet, which was composed in 1888 and played in San Francisco a year or two afterward, is frankly Italian.

Unlike some of his countrymen, Mr. Lucchesi is not ashamed of his melodic birthright, which is displayed in full in the songs chosen for performance last night. In these songs, widely differing in sentiment, Mr. Lucchesi was often fortunate in expressing the mood of the poet and in creating an atmosphere in which the melodic thought found life.

The hall was filled with an interested audience, and composers, singers and players were heartily applauded.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Rob Roy."
De Koven's romantic opera in three acts. The cast was as follows:

Rob Roy.....J. K. Murray
Janet.....Miss Clara Lane
Prince Charles.....George Tallman
Flora MacDonald.....Miss Louise LeBaron
Major of Perth.....Jack Henderson
Lechiel.....Francis J. Boyle
Capt. Ralph Sheehan.....Miss Lois Hall
Sandy MacSherry.....Forest Huff
Tammas.....W. H. Pringle
Lieut. Cornwallis.....Miss Marie Mason
Lieut. Clinton.....Miss Antonette Le Gault
James MacAllister.....J. R. Speedy
Jamie MacTavish.....John Pritchard
Jamie MacLeod.....Joseph Guthrie
Nellie.....Miss Florence Radcliffe

At any performance of "Rob Roy" there is the inevitable comparison with the same composer's "Robin Hood," and the tendency to seek after similarities between the two works. Such an attitude is hardly fair to the composer, yet it is natural. No other work by de Koven has had the popularity of "Robin Hood," yet the opera revived last evening is sufficiently picturesque, romantic and tuneful to stand on its own legs and give an evening's pleasure without thought of whether the author has plagiarized from himself or not.

There is plenty of opportunity for legitimate comedy, as in the case of the turncoat mayor and his three "Jannies," and the character of the old town crier is a capital one for the quiet humorist. Such a humorist evidently is Mr. Forrest Huff, and his impersonation of the part last evening was at once the best character sketch and the best comedy acting that has been given at this theatre for many a long day. He was aided by an irresistibly comic make-up, which provoked laughter when the actor was in repose, but in neither make-up nor "business" was there any exaggeration. He was genuinely funny because he was simple and moderate in all his effects, and his methods were the more telling because they were not always direct.

The other impersonations were in a line with the usual work of the respective singers, and although the performance was not a wholly smooth one, it may be said that the principals are generally well cast, and that after a performance or two the production ought to be among the most pleasing and successful of the company's season.

"Rob Roy" will be continued the rest of this week and the first three days of next week, Miss Blanche Edwards alternating with Miss Lane and Mr. Davies with Mr. Tallman. On Thursday evening, Dec. 5, Verdi's "Aida" will begin a new week.

MEN and THINGS

THEODOR Bertram, the baritone who killed himself at Bayreuth, sang here in 1899 as a member of Mr. Grau's company. He made his first appearance here as Telramund, Dec. 6, and in the course of the engagement at the Boston Theatre he impersonated Don Giovanni, the Dutchman, and Wotan. He was an honest, straightforward singer in those days and an actor well schooled in the German operatic traditions. He could sing softly without straying from the true pitch and his voice was not given to wabbling. All in all, he was one of the few satisfactory German singers who have visited us.

It was a short but brilliant season, for Calve sang in Gounod's "Faust" for the first time in Boston and the sky was studded with stars. Ternina was the Senta to Bertram's Dutchman. Sembrich was then in fine, fresh voice. She and Ternina sang in "The Huguenots" in French for the first time, and Ternina, who had been ill, came to grief, for in the duet with Marcel her voice stuck in her throat. The tenors were Alvarez, Saleza, Salignac and Van Dyck. Mr. de Nevers, the secretary of the de Reszkes, was with Edouard, and he said slighting things about the tenors of the company—Jean was in Europe—so that the fiery Mr. Saleza made a bitter reply and there was amusing talk of a duel. De Nevers was afterward married and recently he died. Susan Strong and Zelle de Lussan were also in the company. The former was not thinking then of opening a laundry in London; the latter was not anticipating the joy of touching the popular heart by singing in vaudeville. Salignac, then a second tenor, is now taken very seriously in Paris, and some time ago he impersonated the Saviour in a stage version of Massenet's "Mary Magdelene."

Bertram had had debts and adventures. His first wife, the singer Fanny Moran-Olden, died insane after they had been separated. She was much the older. His second wife went down with the Berlin and it is said that grief for her drove Bertram to self-murder.

Mr. G. S. Layard has written the life of Shirley Brooks of Punch. The New York Tribune says that Americans will probably cherish a grudge against Brooks because he did not approve of Tom Taylor's poem on Lincoln's death, a "noble poem of recantation," after the series of bitter caricatures of Lincoln which Punch had published. "It appears that Brooks did not approve of this poem and expressed his disapproval in words which might better be forgotten."

This is a singular statement. It is true that the poem published in Punch beginning "You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, You, who, with mocking pencil, went to trace Broad for the self-complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face," has been attributed to Tom Taylor. But chroniclers of the deeds of Punch have denied Taylor's authorship and insisted that Shirley Brooks wrote the poem!

Mr. J. W. Toley's verses, "A Gentle Man," are worthy of Thomas Hood. Let there be room for two stanzas, though the six are worth knowing.

On sunny days, though oft he tried,
He could not lock his door inside,
Because when all was bright and fair
It seemed a shame to keep it there;
And oft he let his lamp go out
When it was pleasant all about,
Because he felt it would be sin
If he should always keep it in.

In darkness oft he sits and sings
To keep from making light of things,
He will not build, I know 'tis true,
A grate fire when a small will do,
And he spends many useful hours
In taking pistols from the flowers,
Lest from their little shoots should he
Some quite appalling tragedy.

"French books not all bad." You are right. Some are dull.

Again there is talk about Captain Kidd. "I see him now in his long, low, black, rakish craft." But no information is given as to the origin of the conflict of authorities in the matter of his Christian name. The historians call him William. The old balladist referred to him lovingly as Robert:

My name was Robert Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,

Consult also that delightful and invaluable work, "The Pirates' Own Book," published at Portland, Me., in 1839. On page 162 we find "The Adventures of Robert Kidd," with pictures of him burying the Bible in the sand and also hanging in chains, after he "died hard." Now is there any fresh evidence to prove the statement of Marcel Schwob that Kidd was haunted by the sight and

thought of the bucket with which he killed Moor; that when the hangman put the black hood over his eyes, Kidd exclaimed with an oath: "I knew that he would put his bucket over my head?"

In Schwob's "imaginary life" of the pirate, Moor remonstrated against the cruelty of Kidd in making captured Dutchmen walk the plank: "Captain, why do you kill those men?" But in "The Pirates' Own Book" Kidd offered no violence to a Dutch ship, although his men were eager to attack her. "This dispute was the occasion of an accident * * * for Moor, the gunner, being one day upon the deck, and talking with Kidd about the same Dutch ship, some words arose between them and Moor told Kidd that he had ruined them all; upon which Kidd, calling him a dog, took up a bucket and struck him with it, which, breaking his skull, he died next day."

I murdered William Moor,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

Mr 27 1907
BENSAUDE'S GIVE OPERATIC CONCERT

Baritone, Former Member of
Grau's Company, Sings at
Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. and Mrs. Mauricio Bensaude gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Pietro Vallini was the accompanist. Mrs. Bensaude sang three songs: Brahms's "Buona Notte," Rossini's "Tirolese," Alvarez's "La Partida," Ardit's "Il Bacio" and the Prayer from Verdi's "Forza del Destino." Mr. Bensaude sang Quaranta's "Ma Charmante," Tosti's Serenata, the prologue to "Pagliacci," Vianna da Motta's Cancion Perdida, Newparth's "Porque Foges," Buzzi Peccia's "Gloria," and with Mrs. Bensaude a duet from "Don Pasquale" and one from "Il Trovatore."

Mr. Bensaude some years ago as a member of Mr. Grau's opera company and later of Charles A. Ellis' company was associated with great singers, and as a baritone he bore manfully his part. With Mr. Ellis' company, of which Mme. Melba was the star, he appeared in several operas—as Marcello, for instance, when Puccini's "Boheme" was first performed here—and he then gave pleasure by the sincerity and earnestness of his performance, by his routine experience, and by his manly and sympathetic voice. His intonation was not always pure, but he sang with much attention to dramatic diction and with verve.

Needed Theatre Settings.
Operatic singers are seldom heard at their best on the concert stage unless they confine themselves to operatic airs, and even then vocal mannerisms and failings, which are less conspicuous in the theatre by reason of the dramatic situation and action, are too palpably in evidence. The operatic singer needs the orchestra, the theatrical incentive, the smell of the footlights. On the other hand, concert singers that are dramatic usually make a sorry showing if they venture upon the operatic stage, where they appear wooden and vocally commonplace.

Intonation Not Improved.
Mr. Bensaude's intonation has not improved with the years, and last night his tones often fell below the true pitch. He sang, however, with the gusto that characterized him in opera. He was perhaps heard to his best advantage in the duet from "Don Pasquale" and in the charming Portuguese song by Vianna da Motta, the well known pianist.

Mrs. Julia de Fano Bensaude is, I understand, a daughter of an ex-governor of the Philippines. She sang with surprising aplomb, Brahms' "Buona Notte" turned out to be our old friend "Vergebliches Staendchen." A small audience applauded with southern warmth.

WOMEN GIVE RECITAL.

Miss Clara Clemens, Contralto; Miss Marie Nichols, Violinist.

Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, gave a recital last evening in Chickering Hall. The programme included these songs: Aria from Tschalkowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc," Gabriellowitsch's "Schwellend in Suesser Erinnerung," Debussy's "Mandoline," Italian folk-song, "L'Addio," White's "Canzone," Hopewell's "Mo-Lennav-a-Chree," Somervell's "Where Be Going?" Vannucini's "La Visione," and these violin pieces: Grieg's sonata in G minor for violin and piano, an adagio by Beethoven, allegro from Bach's second concerto, and Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia. Mr. Charles Wark played the accompaniments and the piano part of the sonata.

There was an applauding audience

of fair size.

Miss Nichols has gained greatly in animation and in expression. She played Grieg's sonata with keen sympathy for its romantic character and its national color; she showed tenderness in Beethoven's adagio, and her performance of the movement from Bach's concerto was inspiring, so fluent, fleet and joyous was it, with a spontaneity that vitalized the music and made the hearer recognize its real modernity.

Miss Clemens has an extremely agreeable voice, and she has chosen a programme well suited to its rich and rather sombre lower register. She still suffers from a nervousness that last evening prevented her from doing herself full justice, but she sang with intelligent sympathy, and gave much pleasure by her voice and personality.

The emotional song by the pianist, Gabriel Fauré, the exquisite "Mandoline" of Debussy, and Mme. Hopewell's song were among the chief features of the programme, and Miss Clemens was happy in her performance of the "Canzone."

DANGER SIGNALS.

In this age of young Napoleons of finance, railroading, politics, the pulpit, and the stage, gray hair is considered to be an atrocious crime. Perhaps the Bible has had something to do with this, for "gray-headed" is associated with "old" in the scriptures. There was a time when a man's hair was sprinkled with gray only after middle age, unless he had a severe shock or had sojourned by force in a shabby appointed cell. Today even young men are gray. Whether the hair be turned by impaired health, indigestion, lead poisoning, insomnia, the demon rum, a stovepipe hat, excessive or suppressed respiration, or what the learned Cooley in his invaluable "Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," a book that should be on every writer's desk, calls "excessive indulgence of the passions," is nothing to the present purpose. The fact remains that whenever there is a change of administration, clerks and even the most confidential and apparently necessary employees think seriously of hair dyes.

Clerks are, like the conies, a feeble folk. They should read an essay by Dr. Saleeby "on growing old" and pluck up courage. Furthermore they should see to it that the employers read it. Dr. Saleeby begins by dwelling on the pitiable spectacle of men who concern themselves with crowsfeet and wrinkles, gray hair or baldness, mere cutaneous matters, conspicuous but insignificant. "The senility that is only skin-deep is a very superficial affair and every one knows that it may co-exist with splendid vigor and skill of nerve and mind." And let them listen to this: "As to gray hair, a much better sign of cutaneous senility than baldness, no one but the stupid employer takes that seriously, one would think." A-h-h-h! Many should now breathe more easily, and sit more lightly in office chairs.

The test of efficient age is the condition of the arteries. The old saying, "with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches you can go through the world," should be changed to "with soft arteries, etc." Longevity is a matter of soft arteries, and to keep the arteries soft there should be unswerving obedience to "thou shalt not." Enjoyment of life rests on surrender of the will to do pleasant things. Over-exercise is as bad as over-feeding, but the latter is far more common. We dig our graves with our teeth; man, who would fain eat wisely are perplexed by conflicting statements of physicians, specialists.

Dr. Saleeby, recounting causes that shorten life, is reminded of the American school teacher, who replied when he was asked the shape of the earth: "Wal, some like it round and some like it flat, and I've jinnerey taught it both ways." But old age or even sound middle age and hard arteries do not go together.

HEADS OR TAILS?

It appears that President Roosevelt flipped a coin to please the senators of South Dakota, and also to decide who should be named bank examiner in the state.

Readers of Rabelais will thus be reminded of Judge Bridlegoose, who decided causes and controversies in law by the chance and fortune of the dice; but there is this difference: Judge Bridlegoose had become old, and, as his sight had failed, he was not able so clearly to discern the points and blots of the dice, so that he himself admitted he might mistake a quatre for a cinque, or tre for a deuce. Mr. Roosevelt wears glasses, nevertheless his sight is unerring, and he can make no mistake between heads or tails. Pantagruel excused the judge; he even praised him by saying, that in the whole series of Bridlegoose's juridical decrees "there hath been I know not what of extraordinary savoring of the unspeakable benignity of God, that all those his preceding sentences, awards and judgments have been confirmed and approved of by yourselves."

Some will say, in favor of appointments by flipping a coin when senators disagree among themselves, that a man fit for the office may possibly be chosen. Others will say—something else.

Men and Things.

THE prowess of Mr. Edward P. Weston recalls, naturally, the deeds of pedestrians who now are merely names and traditions. There is a long list of these heroes, but among Englishmen the most famous name is that of Capt. Robert Barclay. How he trained for his feat of going on foot 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours at the rate of a mile in each and every hour for a wager of 1000 guineas, and how he lived during the said hours, is of present interest.

Barclay came of a robust family. His grandfather was once seen throwing a horse over a wall. His father was a noted pedestrian whose ordinary pace was six miles an hour. Barclay himself was an agriculturist, although he served for a time as an officer in the English army. He was 5 feet 11 and uncommonly strong, for with a straight arm he threw a half-hundredweight to the distance of eight yards, and when a fellow-officer weighing 252 pounds stood on his right hand, Barclay, steadied by his left, took him up and set him on the messroom table. He was also a master at quoits.

When he performed his famous feat he was 30 years old. He had been in many walking matches from the age of 17. Thinking that the 1000-mile walk in 1000 hours would be an easy task for him, he did not train; he only went to Brighton for sea baths. He breakfasted at 5 A.M. after returning from his walk—which took place on Newmarket Heath. This meal consisted of a roasted fowl, a pint of strong ale, two cups of tea, with bread and butter. He lunched at 12, one day on beefsteaks, the next on mutton chops. At 6 he dined on roast beef or mutton chops, with the vegetables in season, drinking porter and two or three glasses of wine. He supped on a cold fowl. Each day he took from five to six pounds of animal food. He wore a flannel jacket or a loose coat, according to the weather, but he always wore lamb's wool stockings and strong shoes. Walking, he bent the body forward, and threw its weight on the knees. His step was short, and he lifted his feet only two or three inches from the ground. "By this method his pace was quickened, he walked with more ease to himself and was better able to bear the fatigue of a long journey."

On the 13th day there was pain in the lower extremities; on the 22d a physician was called in who, since Barclay's tender feet could not endure a warm bath, applied flannel soaked in boiling water and wrung till nearly dry. The physician then rubbed in a mixture of oil and camphor. During the last week Barclay could not rise without help, and when lifted up could not stand for some time unless

he was supported; but his appetite never failed. He began the walk at 12 in the night between May 31 and June 1, and completed it on July 12, at 3:37 P.M. (This was in 1809.) After he had accomplished his task, he was given a few minutes in a hot bath, dried with flannel and put to bed. He slept well till 12 o'clock, when he took water gruel and slept till 9 A.M. He arose in perfect health and without pain, but he had lost 32 pounds.

William Cole, in his "Art of Simpling" (1656), says: "If a footman take mugwort and put into his shoes in the morning, he may go 40 miles before noon and not be weary." This experiment is worth trying.

Mr. Reginald de Koven remarked confidentially to a reporter in Washington, D. C.: "I can honestly say that during my 20 years of experience as an opera composer, the occasions upon which I have been benefited by the critical reviews of my works have been few and far between." This has been evident. There was really no need of the assertion.

Arlette Dorgere, a stage woman renowned for her beauty, was in an automobile accident, and she is suing an omnibus company for a sum equivalent to about \$32,000 for personal damages. "These consisted," we learn from a foreign journal, "of a scratch on the face which has disappeared, and a bruise on the leg which is invisible, and so the fair claimant can hardly be described as less charming." Now if it is proved that her chauffeur was at fault, she will have to pay high costs. But a French judge and jury are usually gallant. "It is not the scratch and the bruise that will influence them so much as the beauty which is still, happily, undiminished."

The highwayman also has long been famed for gallantry and elegance of manners. Of late years he has exercised his profession in full and irreproachable evening dress. Burglars, careless for years in these matters, are now more fastidious both in dress and deportment. In Albany, Ga., a burglar who awakened Mrs. Maria Land and her son, proved to be a fascinating conversationalist, although it is true he covered them with a revolver while he coruscated in epigram and revealed a knowledge of the world, science and the arts. "My health is delicate," he said, "and I can't venture out while it is raining." When the rain ceased, he went with \$300 in money, with jewels, and also with this farewell: "I am sorry to have kept you awake, but I dare not get wet." Then there is Mr. Jarvis Carillon, who, professing in turn to be nobleman, author, millionaire and diplomat, was arrested recently at Munich for flat burglary. He had been making about \$75,000 by his Swedish movements. His exquisite manners charmed all women. Perhaps his greatest triumph was at Vienna, where he "inaugurated a new fashion in neckties." Now he looks forward to writing his memoirs.

Nov 28, 1907

A DINNER PROBLEM.

In that great dormitory known as Brooklyn there was a discussion recently concerning dinners, "particularly those dinners where the food is handed around and each guest helps himself." The disputants agreed that a stranger at dinner was almost always embarrassed in his "course of procedure," for no two dinners are alike. They also agreed that the host or hostess should be helped first, so that each guest might get his cue.

It might be said that in Boston no two dinners are unlike. The receiver of a formal invitation can easily jot down at once on the back of the card the courses, substituting grape fruit for oysters if there be any social agitation concerning typhoid fever. But even the most hardened diner-out may be perplexed in the matter of table equipage, especially as to the selection of the proper fork for a dish, since ornate forks for fish and made dishes are often almost identical in form. He may not sit so that he can see host or hostess and observe a fork at play. The hostess, inwardly nervous over the quality of the cookery, may leave a course untasted. Each implement might be

tagged, but a close inspection might be mistaken by a distinguished foreigner, or a more or less mangy lion, domestic or imported, as a curious investigation into the precise value of the silver.

A dinner was once given in Albany, N. Y., at which the host, a pompous man, introduced a huge and elaborate finger-bowl, heavily embossed and gold-lined. At the end of the dinner this was passed with state and ceremony to the guests in turn. There were blank faces. One man timidly inserted a hand and then dried it with his napkin. Another, with an air of "This is an old story to me," applied a dripping hand to his mustache. Some, fearsome souls, shook their heads or pretended not to see the machine. At last it went back to the host. He coughed ostentatiously, and when all eyes were upon him, dipped delicately in the scented water his napkin, which he put to his hands and mouth. Thus were his guests rebuked and shamed. Yet there were Albanians who were not so snobbishly fastidious, as the late Terry Quinn, who, a congressman, sat at a dinner in Washington. Describing it to gaping constituents, he said: "Yes, boys, it was a great feed. We had 17 courses and we never changed a plate."

A formal dinner should be shorn of all its terrors. Even the guest who is conscious of his intellectual superiority over his host and fellow-guests is uncomfortable if he sees, while he is sparkling in epigram or stupefying by a display of scholarly research, that he has misapplied a fork, that he has misused a spoon. It may be, as a scoffer suggests, that in Brooklyn soup is taken through a straw. The stranger would in that case be ill at ease if through force of habit he had lifted the soup with a spoon.

Nov 29, 1907 CONCERT FOYER

Are Deadheads Easily Pleased or Hypercritical.

GIOCONDA, WITH MME. NORIA AS THE HEROINE

BY PHILIP HALE.

Local concert givers are not disturbed, apparently, by the apathy of those who are ironically described as music lovers, although they might better be classed among those who are not afraid of music, even when they are confronted with it suddenly. These lovers go to certain concerts, prima donna concerts, where there will be a crowd; where there will be "something doing." They will not cross the street to hear a new composition. They have not the slightest curiosity to hear a singer or pianist who comes here for the first time, unless they be admitted as dead-heads.

This introduces an entertaining subject for discussion: Are deadheads at concerts easily pleased or hypercritical? I do not refer to the passionate friends of a singer, who go prepared to see dear Maria through. Should the receiver of a free ticket feel under moral obligation to applaud whether the performer be right or wrong, an enchantress or a terror to the nerves?

There are pianists who will not play in a papered hall. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler is one of them. She would prefer to play her best before 30 or 40 persons who thought enough of her performance to pay for the pleasure. Why would it not be a good idea for the manager of any hall to have wax figures with faces of smiling enjoyment ready to put in seats, not aisle seats, but where they could be seen and not be in the way? Electric wires controlled by a keyboard and directed by an intelligent usher might put the dummies' hands in motion at the psychological moment.

There is no more pathetic sight than that of a singer who first coming out sees a few scattered hearers. What thoughts must rush through his head while the accompanist shrugs his shoulders and then begins the prelude! He reckons, as any lightning calculator, the rent of the hall, the cost of tickets, ushers and advertisements, the local manager's commission. "Why did I do it? But if he be of southern blood, the

than applause, or rather from a few than from many, cheers him. His talents after all are recognized. He bows in all directions. His heart glows. "I am nevertheless an artist." At the end of the second group he kisses his hand to the gallery. A tragedy in art does not necessarily mean starvation or self-slaughter. The bitterest tragedy is that which is tragic-comic.

Mr. Henry Russell is probably wise in his own generation when he announces the old operas and says nothing of producing an unfamiliar work. "Gloconda" will be the opera of the opening night, the 9th. It was last performed here March 10, 1905, at the Boston Theatre, when the chief singers were Mmes. Nordica, Walker, Homer and Messrs. Caruso, Giralducci and Plancon. It is not by any means a too familiar work. Mme. Nordica will impersonate the heroine, and there should be curiosity to hear her. She was born in St. Louis, and her name was Josephine Ludwig. Having sung in Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera Company, she made her first appearance at the opera, Paris, in 1903, as Juliet. She sang there in other operas, and was much liked. For a time she was Mrs. Becker; then there was divorce or separation or an "amicable misunderstanding," and she is now the wife of an Italian. Constantino will be the tenor on the opening night.

The other operas of the first week are "Rigoletto," with Alice Nielsen and Victor Maurel (Dec. 10); "Il Trovatore" (the 11th), "Faust," with Miss Nielsen and Maurel (the 12th), "Aida," with Mme. Nordica and Constantino (the 13th), and "La Traviata," with Miss Nielsen, the 14th. Then there will be matinees on Wednesday, "Gloconda," and on Saturday, "Trovatore."

Mr. Carl Dahl, one of Mr. Russell's tenors, made his first appearance in Boston as Alfredo in "Traviata" March 25, 1903, with Mme. Sembrich as Violetta. His voice, as I remember it, was lyric and pleasing.

The sale of single seats will open at the Majestic Theatre Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 9 A. M.

Mr. David Bispham, who will give a concert in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon, has arranged an agreeable programme, and as the tickets are sold at a low price, he has reason to expect a large audience. There are many who are bored at home on Sunday; they are restless and know not what to do. What is better for them than to hear good music? The hour of the concert, 3.30, permits them to go to church in the morning or evening, exhaust the possibilities of the Sunday newspaper, shave at leisure, wind up the clocks, and eat lunch or dinner, according to the custom of the house, without the haste that is injurious to the alimentary canal, nerves and head. Mr. Bispham will sing "The Mad Dog," from Liza Lehmann's, "Vicar of Wakefield" for the first time in Boston.

The concerts of next week will be as follows: Two piano recitals by Mr. de Pachmann on Monday and Saturday afternoons; a piano recital by Mr. Mark Hambourg on Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Buhlig's third and last recital on Thursday afternoon. It is not necessary to speak at this late day of Mr. de Pachmann, the supreme interpreter of Chopin, a pianist who appreciates thoroughly the character and limitations of the piano, a master of tone and color. Mr. Hambourg revisits us after brilliant performances in European cities. Mr. Buhlig's programme includes pieces by Debussy, Itavel and Cesar Franck.

D'Indy's sonata for violin and piano will be played here by Mr. Carl Wendling and Miss Laura Hawkins at the latter's concert Wednesday evening, Dec. 18. This will be the first public performance in Boston.

The Kreislers, with Mr. Gebhard, will perform Faure's piano quintet for the first time in Boston on Dec. 10.

Miss Edith Thompson will play Schumann's suite and pieces by Schumann, Franck, Chopin and others on Monday afternoon, Dec. 9.

Mr. Stephen Townsend will give the first of his song recitals on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11.

Miss Lilla Ormond has been singing in western cities with marked success.

Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, will give a concert with her father, Mr. Bernhard Listemann, the well-known violinist, in a month or so, and she will sing for a fortnight at a concert in Tremont Temple.

Mr. Hambourg on next Tuesday afternoon will play in Jordan Hall the Italian concerto by Bach, a sonata by Beethoven, a group of pieces by Chopin and Liszt's Polonaise.

The Handel and Haydn Society will perform "The Messiah" on Sunday evening, Dec. 22 (Miss Barrows, Mrs. Mulford, Messrs. Beddoe and Huntling) and on Christmas night (Mrs. Kelsey, Mrs. Miller, Messrs. Beddoe and Daniel). Verdi's requiem will be performed on Sunday evening, Feb. 23 (soprano to be announced, Mme. Bouton, alto, Messrs. E. Johnson and Martin). "Samson and Delilah" will be performed on Easter Sunday, April 19 (Mme. de Cisneros, Messrs. Hamlin and de Gogorza). Season tickets go on sale at Symphony Hall, Monday, Dec. 9.

Mr. Kreisler will give one more concert here. The committee in aid of Lincoln House has engaged him for a recital in Jordan Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 11th. His concerts of last month are fresh in the memory. H. L. N. of Chestnut Hill has sent to The Herald a review of Mr. Kreisler's first concert in Boston, when he came here a boy with Mr. Rosenthal. The concert was in Music Hall, Nov. 9, 1888.

The reviewer then wrote: "His playing of the Mendelssohn Concerto was not quite as finished as might be, but the fault was more with the violin than with the player. The allegro was played in an easy manner, the tones though not powerful, were clear and sweet, and the technique good, the andante was played with great feeling, and the young artist showed his best work in this movement. The E string broke toward the end of

the andante, and he finished this on the three remaining strings. The allegro, 'Molto Vivace,' was played on a strange instrument and under the circumstances, was well done, the notes being wonderfully clear and distinct considering the fast tempo in which it was taken. His down bow staccato was perfect." Mr. Kreisler was then 13 years old.

Nov 30. 1907

A LOSS OF CONFIDENCE.

From the earliest days known to anthropologists men have in some way oiled their hair, either on account of the morbid dryness and intractability of their thatch or for personal adornment. In some instances the pouring of the oil on the hair was ceremonial, and in some countries the observance is still maintained, as in coronations. Even staid New Englanders within our recollection, encouraged possibly by texts in scripture, "slushed" their hair on Sundays and on week days. Treatises on cosmetics give many recipes for oils, pomades, washes. The oils are classified as scented or fixed. For some purposes castor oil has been used.

Of all these oils the most famous was that of Macassar, which was represented as made from ingredients that came from a district in the island of Celebes. Alexander Rowland, Jr., wrote in 1809 an "Essay on the Human Hair, with Remarks on the Virtues of the Macassar Oil," and ten years later Byron immortalized the stuff:

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,

Save thine "incomparable oil" Macassar.

Housekeepers soon feared the "oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull" in sitting rooms. In spite of the invention of the anti-macassar, chairs and sofas are even now grievously stained and wallpaper suffers. Some years ago

Mr. Boutet de Monvel, the distinguished French painter, rested his head against a delicately tinted wall in a New York house. As he rose to go the hostess, with a sweet smile, said to him: "Mr. Boutet de Monvel, I have long wanted an oil from you. Would you mind signing that?"

With the majority of reasoning Americans hair oil is now an abhorred thing, but tonics and washes are still used to promote the vigor of the hair and to stave off baldness. Bay rum has long been a favorite, on account of its supposed invigorating, healthful and aromatic qualities. It is our own belief that the popularity of the preparation is due to association with the syllable "rum";

'Tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear.

The origin of the word has been ingeniously discussed, but no one ever questioned its sonority, a blend of melliflueness and strength. The drink itself was the drink of hardy men; not only of pirates and adventurers of high and low degree, but of sturdy wrestlers with Satan. Here in New England, in the brave old days, meeting houses were raised with the aid of rum.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion,

was not written, as some suppose, in a scoffing spirit. Nor should rum be despised because Mr. Quilp drank it, or because it has been characterized in zealous tracts as "The Demon."

Now we are informed that the bay rum of today is made from wood alcohol; that it poisons the scalp and kills the hair; that it should not be put down the throat as a succedaneum for the real article, New England, Jamaica, Santa Cruz or pineapple. Already there is a warning cry in New York. How is it here in Boston?

When we hear those familiar words, "Your hair is very dry, sir!" shall we no longer say with confidence, "Well, put on a little bay rum?"

"The Secret Agent."

Mr. Conrad's latest novel is a grim study of a secret agent of a foreign embassy in London and of his endeavor to reinstate himself in the favor of his employers. A youngster, who is half-witted or might be called a case of arrested mental development, has such a horror of injustice and cruelty that he easily becomes the tool of the agent in his grotesque plot. There are also studies of various sorts of nihilists.

The story is remarkable for the reserve strength in analysis of character and description of incident. Nor is the analysis spun out at an interminable length, with wearisome detail, as in one or two of Mr. Conrad's novels. In former tales Mr. Conrad exulted in the acquisition of an incredible vocabulary, in

his mastery of a language that is not his own by birth, and he was tempted frequently to juggling with words and phrases. In "The Secret Agent" his style, while it has nerve and strength and color, has also the quiet, the repose of the artist, who is at last through with his sketches and experiments. Yet never was his analysis keener, never was his uncommon power of painting a scene in words more strongly marked, more irresistible. As instances of this power that puts Mr. Conrad by the side of the great masters of the phrase, the description of Mr. Verloc's shop, where books and pictures from Belgium were sold as under a cloak, where strange, mysterious foreigners met without any ostensible object, and that of the attempt to identify the fragments of Steeve's body, blown into pieces by a bomb, may be cited. Admirable, too, are the portraits of the agent Verloc, his wife, the assistant commissioner, the nihilists Ossipon and Michaelis. Nor is Mr. Vladimir quickly forgotten. As for Chief Inspector Heat, he is a cross between our old friend Bucket and the inexorable pursuer of Jean Valjean.

The chief portrait in Mr. Conrad's gallery is that of Verloc. "He had an air of having wallowed, fully dressed, all day on an unmade bed. * * * He had embraced indolence from an impulse as profound, as inexplicable and as imperious as the impulse which directs a man's preference for one particular woman in a given thousand. He was too lazy even for a mere demagogue, for a workman orator, for a leader of labor. It was too much trouble." Nor will the reader forget easily the hat of Mr. Verloc, the hat that, now inconspicuous, now sinister, at last assumes tragic proportions.

THE SECRET AGENT: A SIMPLE TALE. By Joseph Conrad, New York: Harper & Bros.

Men and Things.

WE learn from the Cripple Creek correspondent of the Denver Times that Prof. Hans Albert, "the talented violinist and musician of Victor"—a violinist is not always a musician—has been adjudged insane. It is said that he indulged too freely in strong waters, and that he thus became mad. At the hearing Prof. Albert said that his mission was to drive all the Japanese and Chinese out of the country. This statement should have endeared him to the community and raised him to high office, but when the eminent professor exhibited a bed spring which he carried under his coat and said that he should thus protect himself as with armor, the jury saw there was a slat loose in his head and recommended the foolish house. Prof. Albert then putting down the bed spring took up his fiddle and played "You'll remember me," "In such a tone that every one in the court house was held spellbound and amazed."

We were reminded of this story when we saw the advertisement of Miss Christine Giles of New London, O., the soprano who plays her own violin obbligati. For at the head of her advertisement are these words:

"Oh, I remember you!"
"Do you remember me?"

How could one forget her after seeing her portrait? She is apparently a passionate brunette with flowers in her hair and a chain and locket round her neck, with the low forehead sung by amateurs of beauty, with eyes that send forth light and not merely receive it. It is true that the Joliet News says that she sang "seriously, reverently, soulfully, like unto a Madonna, which she resembles," but she was then singing a sacred song. Miss Giles, as we have said, fiddles while she sings. In this respect she is more fortunate than King David in his celebrated recitals. "John Phoenix" recorded David's surprising feat in a syllogism: "David was a Jew. Hence the harp of David" was a Jewsharp. Question—How the deuce did he sing his psalms and play on it at the same time?

The magistrate in the Harlem court asked Mrs. Tompkins: "Did your husband beat you?" "No, sir," she answered, "he just gently threw me down stairs." Her leg was broken by this manifestation of gentleness and affection, yet as soon as she was able to appear in court she tried to belittle Tompkins' cruelty and save him

from trial. Nor was this a woman in a thousand. Any police magistrate knows the incredible ability of woman to forgive. Mrs. Tompkins had not one word to say against her husband. She did not even put to him the old question:

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love. But—why did you kick me down stairs?

Pauline Donalds, the singer, whose maiden name was Lightstone and married name is Sevilhae, talked in Paris after she had signed a contract with the manager of the Opera Comique. (Why do singers insist on talking?) "What is so delightful in England is the honesty of the press; you cannot buy the critics. I have had magnificent notices and I have never paid a centime. It is not so everywhere, unfortunately." Let us see—Mme. Donalds has sung in New York, Brussels, Paris. In what city did she meet the venal critics? Where was she stung by the reptile press? Nay, nay; Pauline.

"Only real merit in the lyrical profession avails you anything in London, whereas in other places I could name you must either pay or be 'protected' in order to get a chance, whatever your qualifications." Again, madame, name names.

It seems that the crowning triumph of Mr. Max Zach as conductor of the St. Louis orchestra was this: The audience at the first concert led by him stayed through the last piece. "It sat still" or full two minutes after Herr Zach had moved away from the platform, and even the musicians arose and made ready to depart before hats and wraps made a commotion. Formerly there was always more or less of a stampede for the door during the middle of the last number." Much depends on the nature of the last piece. There is music that was made only to hasten hearers in their desire to breathe pure air and hear familiar, reassuring sounds. The experienced music lover sits near the door of the hall.

Dec 1 1907

"GIVE ME THE OLD."

The copyright of "Alice in Wonderland" has expired. "New editions with new illustrations have been hurried to the market without a moment's loss."

Who, knowing and loving Sir John Tenniel's illustrations, can endure the thought of new ones? Even before the copyright ran out, a presumptuous American illustrator had the daring to imagine a new Alice with her strange companions; but they were all voted impostors by young and old. The illustrations made by Thackeray for his "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Virginians" and some of his lesser works have been derided, but we know the characters visually by these pictures. Beatrix is the radiant woman, "holding her dress with one fair, rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond," as drawn then and there by George du Maurier. The people in "The Newcomes" are as familiar to us as those we now meet in the street; we should not be surprised to see Barnes sneaking round the corner or to find the Rev. Charles Honeyman reading the service delicately; such is still the power of the drawings by Richard Doyle. And so it is with the people of Dickens. We look at the later illustrations and no longer recognize Mr. Pickwick, Quilp, Dr. Blimber, Bill Sikes, Mr. Chadband and a hundred others, and we turn impatiently to the pictures by Seymour, Browne, Cruikshank. Or who would exchange all the modern illustrations for "Humphry Clinker" for one of the grotesque plates of Rowlandson? Never to be replaced are the drawings for "The Woman in White" made by an American draughtsman of great talent who drew the striking illustrations for the first edition of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" published in this country.

It has been said that the illustrations by Rowlandson are coarse; that those by Browne ("Phiz") are caricatures of Dickens' caricatures; that those by Doyle are feeble; that modern draughtsmen have a finer technique and a more subtle power.

SINGERS OF THE SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY



FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO
TENOR.



JANE NORIA
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ALICE NIELSEN
SOPRANO.

The fact remains that the creatures of the novelists named are not recognizable elsewhere. Whether a great novel should be illustrated at all is another question. There is no wholly satisfactory portrait of Sophia Western, Lady Bellaston or Ethel Newcome. And when a reader sees the conventional and uniform types that now stand for men and women in "quick sellers," whether they be perfervid descriptions of our social life or ponderous novels with a problem, he may be pardoned for returning to the old stories, with the old illustrations.

NEW TONE POEM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boeche's "Taormina" Proves to Be Swollen Composition Without Significance.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Tone poem, "Taormina".....Boeche
"Spanish" symphony, for violin and orchestra.....Lalo
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

Boeche's "Taormina" was played in Boston for the first time. The composer was already known to us by his symphonic poem, "Ulysses' Departure and Shipwreck," which was brought out here by Mr. Gerlicke March 3, 1906. When Boeche composed the latter piece he was about 22 years old, and the sumptuous instrumentation excited the admiration of some, who overlooked the thin, anaemic body thus richly dressed and forgot that Frenchmen of the younger generation learn instrumentation in the nursery.

"Taormina" was composed in 1905-06, and it was produced at Essen in the late fall of last year. The score has no printed programme, not even a motto, but there is a picture of the Sicilian town famous for the view. Did Boeche purpose to put into music his thoughts and feelings excited by the view, or had he in mind the past glory of the town when it was possessed successively by Dionysius, Carthaginians, Saracens, Normans and still later French invaders, as Elgar, in his overture, "In the South," expressed both the joy of life under an Italian sky and remembered the pompous splendor of the ancient Roman rule?

Boeche, as other young German composers, needs a monstrous orchestra. Not content with an enlarged wind choir, he calls for all sorts of pulsatile instruments, from tamtam to tambourine, and there must be bells behind the scenes. Much of the tone-poem is an elaboration of Gregorian songs. That which is ecclesiastical is contrasted with worldly emotion. Is the music supposed to portray in tones a day in Taormina, with religious services and processions, with the outdoor life, with gaiety and passion? When the composer announces his title, the hearer has a right to expect music that shall suggest to him Sicilian scenes and life.

A tambourine in the orchestra is not enough in answer to this reasonable expectation. It is not necessary for the composer to take his themes from Sicilian folk tunes, to preserve constantly the rhythms of Sicilian dances. The hearer asks, however, that the music he suggests, of Sicily, or at least Italy. He has a right to expect that Boeche should attempt to do what Berlioz, Charpentier, Tchaikovsky, Richard Strauss have done, sojourning and loving Italy, or what Auber, who would not leave the boulevards of Paris, did in his "Muet de Portici," imagining the Neapolitan sun, street life and reckless gaiety.

Is there anything of Sicily in Boeche's "Taormina"? Is there anything in it suggestive of southern life and sentiment? As far as suggestion by melody, rhythm, color is concerned, the tone-poem might as well be entitled Dortmund or Schenectady.

This music is neither pictorial nor decorative. It is certainly not emotional. Take the first long section built chiefly on Gregorian song, and what have we? An opening page of music that has an unusual and agreeable sound. The end has also a pleasant sound, and occasionally between the beginning and the end there are passages that are sonorous, but not so much by reason of skilful polyphony and a fine sense in the blend of timbres as by sheer orchestral weight. The motives that are designed to be emotional have little character or individuality. The treatment of them has seldom true effect. When the composer is terribly in earnest, as in the funeral march section, he is least successful. Notes, notes, notes.

Coleridge has said: "There is a rimy too-muchness in all Germans. It is the national fault." How well this remark applies to Boeche, who spins out his thin thoughts and will not dismiss a mood! A swollen piece, this "Taormina," with its huge orchestra which is never eloquent, never impressive, save by mere force of bulk.

Dr. Muck brought out all that there is in it and by his masterly reading exposed the inherent emptiness. The audience applauded warmly.

Mr. Kreisler gave a very brilliant and also sensuous performance of Lalo's delightful "Spanish" symphony. It was a pleasure to hear him again in a work of long and sustained beauty. In the performance of which he was able to show the many admirable qualities of his rare and indisputable artistry. And what a composition it is for the display of the virtuoso and for the interest, the ravishment of the hearer!

The symphony of Beethoven is an answer to those who insist that the inner emotions of a composer must find vent in the music composed at the time. Never was Beethoven more wretched physically and mentally than when he wrote this symphony, music that breathes forth serenity, beauty, gaiety and courage. It is a good thing to hear even the second symphony of Beethoven after a "Taormina." Like the work of Lalo, it reassures the hearer in the belief that music after all is an art, and that a composer may be inspired.

"PATIENCE" AND RADCLIFFE.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" will be performed in Jordan Hall Thursday next at 8 o'clock, Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the Radcliffe library equipment fund.

SOUL OF THE SILENT MAN REVEALED

Letters of Robert Schumann Are Now Given to the World.

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY DR. KARL STORCK

His Generous Nature Shown
in His Praise of the Work
of Other Composers.

By PHILIP HALE.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York publish "The Letters of Robert Schumann," selected and edited by Dr. Karl Storck; translated by Hannah Bryant. The editor selected not only the letters but also passages from letters. In a prefatory note to the section entitled by him "The Fight for Clara," he says: "In these letters the principle of selection must be even more rigidly enforced than in the earlier extracts if the main lines of Schumann's development are to remain clear, for many of the letters run to the length of a little book." Few would have the patience to toll through all of Schumann's letters, and for the public at large a selection is necessary; but when sentences are omitted in letters that are familiar, the reader is naturally suspicious and ready to question the editor's judgment. Was the omitted sentence of a too personal nature? Was it an attack on some one who left behind him a sensitive relative? Was it a foolish thought or a crude expression? Would the language shock the genteel even when sandpapered and varnished in the translation? It is easy to slake curiosity by drinking at the German source; but there is the bother of turning to the original letter, and many of the curious do not read German.

The editor at the beginning of his preface quotes these lines:

There are many to proclaim
Klopstock's fame;
There are fewer who could quote
What he wrote,
Such grandeur's little gain
To attain;
For myself I choose instead
To be read.

He adds: "If Lessing's pessimistic epigram is justified with regard to poetry, it may with equal truth be applied to the indifference commonly displayed toward the letters of eminent persons, and particularly toward musicians' letters, which so seldom possess a purely literary interest. . . . There was little difficulty in making an attractive selection in Schumann's case, for his letters have a considerable literary value."

It all depends on how you define "literary interest" and "literary value." A musician who writes exclusively about technical matters interests chiefly colleagues and students, yet writing about his own compositions, he may interest the world; witness the letters of Berlioz and Tchaikovsky. The letters of Mozart are entertaining, for they are frank, artless, personal revelations, abounding in gossip. There is almost nothing about painting or literature in them, but they are human documents. Handel, "by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music," lived his life in the grand

manner, and had neither the inclination nor the leisure to write letters. We know from Haydn's quaint notebook kept in London that he was a shrewd observer and eminently human; he noticed that the lord mayor needed no knife at table, as a carver standing in front of him cut up his food; he went out to Slough to see Herschel's telescope; when the scandalous life of Mrs. Billington was published he solemnly jotted down: "It is said that her character is very faulty, but, nevertheless, she is a great genius, and all the women hate her because she is so beautiful." Nothing escaped him. He noted the amount of coal burned in London annually, the anecdote about the Duchess of Devonshire's foot under her petticoat, a good manner of preserving milk, the recipe of the Prince of Wales' punch—one bottle champagne, one bottle Burgundy, one bottle rum, 10 lemons, two oranges, pound and a half of sugar—strong, but not unpleasant. The few letters of Haydn that have been published are not in this delightful vein.

Beethoven's letters are characteristic strokes of a Titan. It is not easy to think of Schubert writing a well composed or entertaining letter. He kept a diary which is full of platitudes, but he had little taste for literature, painting, sculpture, travels, and he was not interested in politics or in questions of sociology. Beethoven fell madly in love with noble dames. There is a dispute over Schubert's passion for an Esterhazy, but we know that he had an affair with one of her serving maids. He would have sympathized with the confession of Hazlitt: "For my part I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my eard with Mme. Vestris. I am for none of these bonnet fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant maids and shepherd girls, with their red hands, black stockings and mob caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia." I agree so far with Hazlitt, and differ with Montaigne. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance. The Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle.

Mendelssohn's letters are typical of the man, fastidious, finical, genteel. He is always calling for an ounce of civet. His indignation in the cause of art is too often a pretty name for malice. Yet his letters have style and they interest.

Then there was Hector Berlioz, who was a king of the feuilleton and a letter writer to be named among the very best in the epistolary art. Henley praised him, but not above measure, and Henley's praise was golden. "Berlioz was not only a great musician and a brilliant writer; he was also a very interesting and original human being. His writings are one expression of an abnormal, yet very natural individuality; and when he speaks you are sure of something worth hearing and remembering." There are the four volumes of Berlioz's letters; the volume edited by Daniel Bernard; the intimate letters to Ferrand; the thin volume of the charming, witty, pathetic letters to the Princess Caroline Sayn-Wittgenstein; and those less known published by Julien Tiersot under the title of "Les Années Romantiques." It makes no difference whether the reader knows a bassoon from a bombard; he is interested in the man Berlioz, in his dreams, aspirations, discouragements, melodramatic explosions, biting wit, tragic passions.

Or what shall be said of Liszt, an inveterate correspondent? How did he find the time to write to every one that called on him for sympathy, advice, aid? In his letters to his princess he discusses all things knowable and some other things. How keen his interest in everything pertaining to art, politics, science, sociology, religion! Surely the learned Dr. Storck would not find the nine volumes of Liszt's correspondence devoid of literary interest.

For many years of his life Schumann was thought to be a silent, if not a shy, man in general company, and he was often reserved when with his friends. In Dresden the landlord of a humble tavern used to show with pride a spot on a wall made by Schumann's head. The landlord never saw Schumann, but it was a tradition of the house that the composer used to enter, call for beer and then tip his chair against the wall and dream for an hour at a time. His insanity has been made the subject of an exhaustive study by a German alienist. Some find traces of the mental disorder which led to the asylum and attempts at suicide in the early letters to his mother in the days when he studied law, poured over treatises of the aphasic physicians, fenced, hung pictures

of Jean Paul Richter and Napoleon Bonaparte in his chamber, and was a sentimentalist whom Werther would have kissed. His enthusiasm ran into tears, and thus, as Maclair puts it, he found a sort of alleviation and of erethism which is described today as the neurasthenia of artists, that is to say, the indefinable limit where the keenness of sensibility and the spontaneity of emotion, normal as they are and strangers to artificial excitement, may be dangerous as disturbers of the functional ensemble of organism. It is the fashion to dwell on the morbidity of Chopin's life and music. As a matter of fact his life was more natural than that of Schumann and he was not of so dreamy a disposition.

Dr. Storch finds Schumann the typical example of a romantic double personality. He blames Jean Paul for the development of melancholy in the composer, who was permanently influenced by Richter, and as a young man actually judged his comrades by their appreciation of the fantastical and humorous romanticist. Schumann was Faust, but the Faust consumed by his own desire, the idealist, not the man of action.

A dreamer from the beginning, at last his mind and body gave way. Twelve years before his death there was a time when, as he wrote Dr. Krueger, he could not bear to hear a note of music, for it was like a knife to his nerves. Nine years later he felt he was going mad and studied his mind with a horrid curiosity. When Wasielewski asked him one day why he was reading, Schumann screamed this answer: "Do you know anything about tipping tables?" With dilated pupils he added, "They know everything," and he then took a little table and asked it to indicate the true pace of the first movement and of the finale in Beethoven's fifth symphony. He heard an "A" always sounding in his ears, as Smetana, who afterward shared his fate, was haunted by a tone. He heard perfect music with wondrously beautiful harmonies played in the distance by wind instruments. Franz Schubert appeared to him in the spirit and played a charming melody, and to this theme poor Schumann set variations. He accused himself of imaginary faults. But even in his madness he was still the dreamer, and the letters he wrote from the asylum were those of a dreamer.

The editor has grouped the letters in periods to which he has given titles: "Jean Paul and Dryasdust," "Florestan and Eusebius," "The 'Davidsbündler,'" "The Fight for Clara," "At the Zenith," and "The Deepening Twilight." From these letters one can know Schumann better than from any biography. They are the supplement to his music. There is no satisfactory biography of Schumann. The best at present is that by Camille Maclair, published recently in Paris, and this book is a study of the composer rather than of the man. It is said that Mr. Richard Aldrich of New York has been at work for some time on a biography. May he have the strength and the courage to complete it!

From these letters we learn of Schumann's passionate love of nature and his equal passion for music in his student days. Chilly jurisprudence, with its ice-cold definitions, would crush the life out of me from the start. Medicine will not, though I cannot study." Jean Paul often guides his pen. What delightful letters he wrote to his mother from Switzerland and Italy! Sensible to every grace of nature, he was not insensible to women. He told his mother of the young widow from Havre with whom he flirted in the coach; of beautiful Italian women and pretty English women, especially of the one who seemed to fall in love with his piano playing rather than with him. "English women are all like that; they love with their intellects—that is, they love a Brutus, a Lord Byron, a Mozart, or a Raphael, and not so much attracted by the physical beauty of an Apollo or an Adonis unless it enshrines a beautiful mind. Italian women do the exact opposite, and love with their hearts only. German women love with both heart and intellect as a rule, unless they fall in love with circus rarer, a dancer, or some Cressus ready to marry them on the spot."

Schumann wrote this when he was 19 years old—the age of wisdom. But in Italy he did not hear a note of decent music save the language, which is part of actual music. "Graf S. calls it a long-extended chord in A minor." Yet at Milan Schumann did hear music. "Only in my whole life have I had an impression of the actual presence of God, of gazing reverently and unrequitedly at his face: this was at Milan, as I listened to Pasta—and Rossini!"

He could not bear the idea of "dying phillistinism." He would be a musician, though the stars in their courses fought against him. When he published his first composition he wrote to his mother: "The Doge of Venice, as he added the sea, was not prouder than as I celebrate my nuptials with the great world within whose vast range a artist may roam or rest at will. It is not a consoling thought that this first of my fancy which flutters into her may find its way to some score art, bringing balm to soothe its pain

and heal its wound?" His teacher, Dorn, tried to persuade him that a fugue is the whole of music; but he would not listen to him.

And in like manner even to the end, this "silent" man revealed his soul in letters as he was, now enthusiastic, now bitter, always a partisan in his writings for the magazine which he edited. There are men who strip themselves before the public. They are naked and not ashamed. The shyest one in the street or in the sitting room may be the boldest in print. A woman who is self-conscious, reserved, timid at a reception, when she is on the platform may passionately use a word now unhappily obsolete—an audience with the intensity of her amorous appeal. So there are men who, writing to their closest friends, suddenly stiffen. Their sentences are cold; their wishes are vague; indecision and indifference mark every page; yet in print they are vigorous and bold, and in conversation they are garrulous and self-assertive.

How generous was Schumann's nature as revealed in these letters! When Mendelssohn praised it was with an air of patronage, as though there were a pat on the shoulder, a smile of formal teeth, and the forced remark, "Pretty good for you, my little man. Now, I should have done it this way." How different the attitude of Schumann, the man of genius, toward that of Mendelssohn, the man of easy talent! Mark the enthusiasm of Schumann over Berlioz and Chopin when they were misunderstood or openly flouted, his worship of Schubert, his joy in discovering ability! And though his outburst over young Brahms seemed hysterical at the time, it was, on the whole, prophetic.

It is not possible to refrain from mentioning the letters of Schumann to Clara Wieck. He had known love before he met her, a child. He had sworn that he should marry only an English woman. He had been betrothed to Ernestine, an illegitimate but formally adopted daughter of Capt. von Fricken. He wrote to the lawyer in his case against old Wieck: "A certain amount of dissipation in the time before I knew Clara is all I have to reproach myself with." Clara was his inspiration, his life. So romantic was the attachment that there seems to be no violation of sanctity in the publication of his letters, for man and wife are in this instance typical, striking figures in the world's gallery of lovers.

The volume is handsomely printed. There are portraits of Robert and Clara, and—n. rabile dictu!—there is an index.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by Mr. David Bispham, Handel, "O Rudder Than the Cherry"; Beethoven, "Adelaide"; Schubert, "The Wanderer"; Schumann, selections from "Dichterliebe"; Brahms, "Remembrance"; Corneille, "Monotone"; R. Strauss, "Cacilie"; in memory of Grieg, "Des Dichters Letztes Lied"; "Mit Elner Primula Veris." "Erstes Begegnen"; "Mit Elner Wassermühle." "Ein Schwan." "Mein Ziel." Chadowick "O Let Night Speak to Me." "Sweetheart, Thy Lips"; Max Hehnrich, "Who Knows?"; H. F. Gilbert, "Pirate's Song"; Liza Lehmann, "The Mad Dog." "The Vicar of Wakefield"; old Irish, "The Stuttering Lovers."

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann's first piano recital. D. Scarlatti, sonata. C major; Mozart, Fantasia, No. 18, C minor; Weber, Perpetuum Mobile, op. 24; Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso, op. 14; Schumann, Romanze, op. 28, No. 2; Sgambati, Gavotte, op. 14; Raff-Henselt, "La Fugue," op. 15, No. 2; Moszkowski, "En Automne," op. 36, No. 4; Tschalkowski, Polka, op. 9, No. 3; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2, D flat; Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 19, 16; Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 3, Mazurka, op. 56, No. 2; Valse, op. 34, No. 1.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Mark Hambourg's piano recital. Bach, d'Albert, Prelude and Fugue, D major; Beethoven, sonata, op. 2, No. 3; Schumann, Arabesque, No. 3; Chopin, "Bird as Prophet"; Chopin, Studies in D flat, G flat, Nocturne, B major; Grieg, Ballade, Henselt, Mazurka, Moszkowski, Etude in G minor; Liszt, Polonaise, E major. Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Gounod, Entr'acte from "Philemon and Baucis"; Raff, movement from string quartet, "The Miller's Daughter"; Schubert, moment musical; Wagner, selection from "The Valkyrie"; Herold, overture to "Pre aux Clercs." Mrs. Alice Stevens, soprano, will sing Violetta's scene and aria from "La Traviata"; and Ronald's "O Lovely Night."

Mr. Carl W. Dodge will play Servais' "Le Desir," for cello. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Richard Buhlig's third piano recital. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, B flat minor; from "The Well Tempered Clavier"; Beethoven, Rondo, G major, op. 51, No. 1. "Albumblatt fuer Elise," minuet, E flat major; Brahms, four pieces, op. 119; Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor; Debussy, "La Soiree dans Grenade"; Ravel, "Alborado del Gracioso"; C. Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; MacDowell, "The Eagle"; and Etude de Concert, op. 36. Girls' high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Beethoven, overture to "Coriolanus"; Gell, Gavotte for strings; Delibes, entr'acte waltz from "Coppelia"; Saint-Saens, "Dance Macabre"; Svendsen, "Coronation March." Mr. C. Pol Plancon, baritone, will sing the prologue to "Pagliacci" and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." Mr. Jacques Benavente will play de Lannay's fantasy on "Webster's Last Thought," for saxophone. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. de Pachmann's second piano recital.

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Alice Nielsen, Mme. Jane Noria and Messrs. Constantino, Maurel and Rossi, prominent members of the San Carlo grand opera company, which, under the direction of Mr. Henry Russell, will begin a season of two weeks at the Majestic Theatre Monday evening,

the 9th, with a performance of "Gloconda."

Miss Nielsen was known to the Boston public as a charming singer in operetta when last spring she revealed herself as an accomplished singer and actress in grand opera. In 1901 she went to London with "The Singing Girl." Mr. Russell, then a singing teacher, heard her and urged her to be more ambitious. He assured her that she could triumph in the lyric drama. She studied with him, went to Italy, and made her debut there in "The Daughter of the Regiment." She afterward sang with marked success at the San Carlo, Naples, and in other leading cities of Italy. In 1904 she was applauded at Covent Garden and at the New Waldorf as Gilda, Mimì and other emotional heroines.

Mme. Noria was born in St. Louis. She first became known as an operatic singer as Josephine Ludwig, Engaged at the Opera, Paris, she made her first appearance there as Juliet, May 20, 1903, and in September of that year confirmed a favorable impression by her impersonation of Nedda. Later she sang with success in other operas. She will make her first appearance the opening night as Gloconda.

Mr. Constantino, born at Bilbao, has been applauded in London, Madrid, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Buenos Ayres, and he has everywhere been ranked among the leading tenors of the operatic stage. Last season he appeared in the United States for the first time, and in Boston it was seen at once that his great reputation was well founded.

Mr. Maurel is too well known in Boston to require words of introduction or commendation. Recognized throughout Europe and in this country as one of the most consummate artists that ever graced the lyric stage, he now returns to this country after fresh triumphs in Spain and at London last season. His first appearance will be on Tuesday night, the 10th, as Rigoletto. Miss Nielsen will be the Gilda.

Mr. Giulio Rossi is a Roman by birth. After making his college studies in Switzerland and at Paris he studied singing at Rome with Tomassoni and appeared at Parma. He afterward was engaged at the Royal Opera House at Madrid, and he accompanied Patti on a tour in South America. He has been associated with the best singers in the leading opera houses of Europe. As a youth he had a tenor voice. Possibly as the result of an accident in which he nearly lost his life, this voice was changed to a deep bass.

But these are not the only singers that are known to the musical world. The company includes Tina Desana, Rose Oltzka, Maria Claessens, Carl Dani, Lloyd d'Aubigne, Giuseppe Oppezzo, Ramon Blanchard, Rodolfo Fornari, Andrea de Segura and others. Mr. Arnoldo Conti, who as conductor made a most favorable impression last season, will again be at the head of the forces. The chorus and orchestra are being thoroughly rehearsed.

The box office sale of single tickets will open at the Majestic Theatre Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock.

The operas for the week, beginning the 9th will be "Gloconda," "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," "Faust," "Aida," "Traviata," with repetitions of "Gloconda" and "Trovatore" at the matinees on

Wednesday and Saturday, respectively. "Lohengrin" will be performed on Friday night, the 20th, and "Carmen" on Monday night, the 16th.

COMING CONCERTS.

The Handel and Haydn Society will perform "The Messiah" on Sunday evening, Dec. 22, and on Christmas night, the 25th. The soloists at the first concert will be Miss Barrows, Mrs. Mulford, Messrs. Bedloe and Hunting; at the second, Mrs. Kelsey, Mrs. Miller, Messrs. Bedloe and Daniel. Verdi's "Requiem" will be performed on Sunday evening, Feb. 23 with Mme. Bouton, Contralto; Messrs. E. Johnson and Martin and a soprano to be announced. On Easter Sunday, April 13, Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" will be performed, with Mme. de Cisneros and Messrs. Hamlin and Gogorza. Season tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall during the week beginning Monday, the 9th, and on Monday, the 16th, tickets for the performances of "The Messiah" may be obtained.

The concerts of next week will be as follows: Monday, Dec. 9, Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital, pieces by Sinding, Schumann, Franck, Chopin, Hopenk, MacDowell, Schubert-Erler; Tuesday, second Kneisel quartet concert, when Gabriel Faure's piano quintet (Mr. G. Schenck, pianist) will be performed here for the first time. Wednesday, Mr. Fritz Kreisler's concert in aid of Lincoln House and Mr. Stephen Townsend's first song recital; Thursday, Mr. de Pachmann's third piano recital; Friday and Saturday, concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give a performance of Cesar Franck's "Boat Song" in Symphony Hall, Tuesday evening, the 17th. The solo singers will be Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Stein-Bailey, Messrs. F. Johnson, Cartwright, Osborne. There will be a full orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. Tucker, conductor, will give two concerts in Jordan Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, and March 4. Among the composers to be represented are Grieg, Liszt, Bruch, H. Parker, d'Indy, Arensky, Cui, Lassen, Kopploff, Bishop. The chorus has been enlarged in number. Miss Nellie Wright of New York, dramatic soprano, and Mr. Giuseppe Picco, baritone, have been engaged as soloists.

The fourth annual concert by the Musical Club of the Department of Music, Harvard University, will be given in the Fogg Lecture Hall, Cambridge, Monday evening, the 16th, at 8 o'clock. Piano pieces by Liszt, Schumann, Chopin, G. L. Fote, "08, and Ravel, "07, will be played by Messrs. Fitz Gerald, "08, Fote, "08, Warner, "09, and Clapp, "09. Songs by Beethoven, "07, Seeger, "08, Sweet, "08, Clapp, "09, will be sung by Mr. Murphy, "08. A male quartet will sing pieces by Brahms and Osgood. A piano trio by Sweet, "08, will be played by Messrs. Eichheim and E. Loefler of the Boston Symphony orchestra and the composer.

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, will be assisted at the first of her chamber concerts in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, the 18th, by Mr. Carl Wendling, concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The programme will include Grieg's violin sonata, op. 11, Cesar Franck's first grand cycle for piano (composed in 1843) and Vincent d'Indy's sonata for piano and violin.

The programme of the Boston Symphony concert on Saturday, the 14th will include Elzet's overture "Patrie," MacDowell's suite No. 1 and Goetz's symphony in F major, op. 9.

MUCH IN A NAME.

A Mr. Bizet called recently at the clerk's office in a certain arrondissement in Paris to declare the birth of a daughter and to make out her baptismal certificate. The clerk asked for the girl's name. The father answered: "Marie Henriette." The clerk answered, "Impossible," and when the father protested against any impertinent joking, the clerk showed him the list of names allowed to daughters by the law of the eleventh of Germinal of the Year Eleven of the Republic, a law that is still in force and reads as follows: "Names found in the various calendars, and those of persons known in ancient history are admissible as forenames in the books of the etat civil and public officers are forbidden to receive any others in their certificates." Mr. Bizet can name his daughter Ulphe, Ulbadisque, Pangabape, Nanthilde, Merope, Lioubete, Chrodoule, Ripsine, Quartillosie, Sabigothon, but if he persists in his wish to name her Marie Henriette, he must obtain a special dispensation from the attorney-general of the Republic.

There are women who would now be thankful if there had been some censorship of names when they were baptized. How often are Grace, Blanche, Diana, Rose, Violet, Sibyl (or Sybil) painfully incongruous! Years ago many girls were named after heroines in the Ledger stories, named with high-sounding "aristocratic" names, and they bore them proudly in factories or in cheap boarding houses. It is not necessary to believe with the ancients that certain names inevitably bring good or bad luck. Mr. de Rochatel, a French onomatologist, has revived this belief, ignorant or careless of Pierre Bayle's demolition of the theory. According to him all Marys are weak, melancholy, unlucky; Helens are pretty and fickle; Susans are no better; Elizabeths are dreamy and quiet—how about Elizabeth of England? Louisas are amiable and without force of character; but look out for Alices, for "they are dangerously passionate and have a reprehensible love of independence." He should have talked with Dr. Dove, who never called any woman Mary, "though Mare, he said, being the sea, was in many respects but too emblematic of the sea," but preferred Molly, as being softer.

Although Bayle ridiculed the old belief, he nevertheless approved the law allowing an heirless to put aside a ridiculous or disgraceful name prescribed by a testator; he admitted that in certain circumstances names might contribute to great events; and he quoted the saying of Milantia that if names were for sale, parents should be allowed to buy the most beautiful, to give them to their children. Yet if this were done, and the child were to grow up ill-favored and mannerless? It would be more prudent to name children on their coming of age.

BISPHAM PLEASES.

David Bispham, baritone, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His programme included Handel's "O Rudder Than the Cherry," Beethoven's "Adelaide," Schubert's "The Wanderer," five songs from Schumann's "Dichterliebe," Strauss' "Cacilie," Corneille's "Monotone," six songs by Grieg (sung in memory of the composer), Chadwick's "O Let Night Speak to Me" and "Sweetheart, Thy Lips are Touched with Flame," Liza Lehmann's "The Mad Dog," songs by Brahms, Max Hehnrich, H. F. Gilbert, and an old Irish song, "The Stuttering Lovers." Harold O. Smith played the accompaniments. The concert was given for the benefit of the Roxbury Aid Society.

The programme announced "classical and popular songs," and the grouping was conventional, the early songs being placed first, so that the hearer, just

arrived, would be the more likely to keep a stiff upper lip. To accept the classification of the programme there is little doubt that the "popular" songs gave the most general pleasure, and it was evident that to many in the audience the final group was the most grateful because it was sung in English.

Mr. Blenheim is so well known here that the greeting given him was as that given to an old friend. He and Mr. Smith were handicapped by the necessary substitution of a piano, but this did not dampen the spirits or mar the enthusiasm of the audience, and it is only fair to add that the programme was carried through with admirable smoothness and gusto.

The audience was small, but it was well pleased and enthusiastic, and Mr. Blenheim was obliged to lengthen the programme. It is announced that Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall will be continued.

Men and Things.

THERE should be room for the correspondents. H. B. E. wishes to know whether any newspaper in America has discarded the editorial "we." Yes, the Cecil Whig dropped it last year. The announcement was thus made: "I beg to announce the disappearance from these columns of the editorial 'we.' Why should it remain? The essayist says 'I,' the orator says 'I.' Why shouldn't the editor say 'I'? He should, and he shall—except when he has passed within his own door—then he will say, 'My dear, what had 'we' better do in that matter?'"

The editor of the Cecil Whig was not the first. When Lieut. Derby ("John Phoenix") took charge of the San Diego Herald, his salutatory contained these words: "It will be perceived that I have not availed myself of the editorial privilege of using the plural pronoun in referring to myself. This is simply because I consider it a ridiculous affectation. I am a 'lone, lorn' man (the Lord be praised for his infinite mercy), and though blessed with a consuming appetite, which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble, I do not think I have a tapeworm; therefore, I have no claim whatever to call myself 'we,' and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity."

Was the tapeworm known to the ancients? Yes, indeed; the old treatises give remedies, and Alexander Trallian made a masterly study of this intimate companion in his epistle on worms. Here are two remedies approved by Paulus Aegineta: Of pepper, of pure bay berries, of Ethiopia: cumin, of mastich, equal parts; of honey, q. s.; the dose is a spoonful taken in the morning and at bedtime; the other is compounded of the bark of the roots of sour pomegranate stripped of its rind above, pepper, cardamon, horehound; give it in honey to the patient after he has previously eaten of garlic, until the affection is completely removed. The old translators used the word "broadworm," which, strange to say, is not found in the Oxford English dictionary. For euphony and symbolism commend us to the French: "ver solitaire." Nowhere in the ancient treatises that we have consulted do we find any mention of the favorite remedy in Algiers and in the south of France. When we have time we purpose to write an article on "Tape Worms and Their Companions." The French tenor Saleza, well known here, suffered cruelly for some years.

S. B. asks: "Is the famous ship, the 'Fighting Temeraire,' still in existence?"

There have been several Temeraires. The first was named by Louis XIV. It was a man-of-war of 52 guns, built in Holland in 1668 for the the French service, and a gorgeous effigy of Louis was its figurehead. Three other Temeraires followed. The latest of these, a brand new 74, was captured by Boscaiven at the battle in Lagos bay (1759). The ship changed flags.

The Trafalgar Temeraire was the second English man-of-war to bear the name. It was a British built 98-gun three-decker. This was "the Fighting Temeraire." Turner's picture thus entitled was exhibited in the Royal Academy exhibition in 1839—the end of the warship came the year after Victoria ascended the throne—and Turner represented a little demon of a steamer towing the brave old ship, "slow, sad, majestic, with death, as it were, written on her." Read Thackeray's noble description in "A Second Lecture on the Fine Arts," published originally in Fraser's Magazine (June, 1839). Thackeray did not think the old champions should be sacrificed: "We should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were

done in them."

The third English Temeraire, known as Queen Victoria's, was commissioned in 1877. This vessel came near passing the Dardanelles in the Russo-Turkish war; it was at the bombardment of Alexandria. Today it is a floating workshop off the dockyard at Devonport. The fourth Temeraire was added to the English navy last August.

London reports of the Druce case tell of a singular old-fashioned practice to which we have seen no allusion in the stories cabled or sent by mail to this country. It was given in evidence that the fifth Duke of Portland had his carriage strapped to a railway truck whenever he travelled by rail, and he sat in the carriage rather than in an ordinary compartment. It appears that this was the practice of the rich and conservative in the early days of the railway: a supply of trucks was kept at the more important stations, and no charge was made for embarking or landing horses or carriages. "On the Grand Junction railway the first-class fare between Liverpool or Manchester and Birmingham was £1. A gentleman's carriage was charged £3, and passengers, if belonging to or riding in gentleman's carriage, 15s. each."

How modern science reverses all the old saws and observances! When we were youngsters the parental admonition, "Johnny, stop looking cross-eyed, or your eyes will grow that way," was seconded by the application of the strap if Johnny did not stop then and there. Now, Prof. Pohlman of Indiana University says that Johnny should be encouraged in looking cross-eyed: "Johnny is doing the best thing possible for his eyes. He is giving them the power of near vision." Yet we doubt whether this new knowledge will take away the stigma from the "squinty-eyed." For years "Squint-a-Pipes" has been the subject of ridicule, even long before Capt. Grose described him as born in the middle of the week and looking both ways for Sunday; fit for a cook, one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney. Nor is there much choice between internal and external strabismus.

Dec 3 1907
DEPACHMANN GRAND

Vladimir de Pachmann gave the first of three piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Sonata, A major, Scarlatti; Mozart's fantasia in C minor, No. 18; Weber's Perpetual Motion; Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso in E minor; Schumann's Romanze, op. 28, No. 2; Sgambatti's Gavotte in A flat minor; Raff-Senselt, "La Fileus"; Moszkowski's "En Automne"; Tschalkowsky's Polka, op. 9, No. 2; Chopin's nocturne in D flat, preludes op. 28, Nos. 19, 16; Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 1, 3; Mazurka, op. 56, No. 2; Valse, op. 34, No. 1.

It was a great pleasure to hear again a pianist who plays the piano. There are few of them in these days. There is the class described admiringly by the Germans as formidable, and in this class are to be found women who in private life are gentle, women of affections. There is the class of wonder-workers, prodigious fellows who perform incredible feats. There are "intellectual" pianists who have pondered deeply the music they are unable to interpret. The pianists who play the piano are now very few.

Knows Secrets of Rhythm.

There are few who appreciate thoroughly the inherent limitations of the piano and are content with the expression of sentiment and emotion. Nor is it given to all these to maintain a long melodic line, to sing on the piano as on a violin, to have a mastery over gradations of dynamic force, to reveal the structure of a piece without pedantry, to know the secrets of rhythm.

Mr. de Pachmann, who has these gifts, has been characterized as a pianist with limitations. Say, rather, that he weaves his spell within these limitations. He is remarkable by reason of them. Were he to go beyond them he would be as any Dryasdust or Boanerges. He has also been dubbed a specialist. This, being properly interpreted, means that he plays most beautifully the music of Chopin, the music that on the whole is the most beautiful of all that has been composed for the piano.

Is he a mere specialist? The answer to this is a performance like that of yesterday afternoon.

Mr. de Pachmann is now in his 60th year. For nearly 40 years he has been recognized as a pianist of the very highest rank. Is it any wonder that he wishes to withdraw from the concert stage? And who will succeed him? He is a unique pianist. He has no school; he has no trained disciples. No one of his colleagues has caught the secret of his touch. No one has learned the mysteries of his color-scheme.

Only One of His Kind.

There are other great pianists, as there were before him, as there will be after him; but for many years there has been only one de Pachmann. And now he leaves us before his coloring is dim, before his rhythm halts, before his memory fails. A student of the philosophers, he himself is a philosopher. He knows that it will be something for one of the younger generation to say in after years, when there is talk about some meteoric pianist: "But I heard de Pachmann," just as in these days it is a pleasure for a theatregoer to say that he once saw Pechter as Ily Blaz or Obenreiter, that he saw B. L. Davenport as the Brutus in Shakespeare's play or as Sir Giles Overreach.

Fortunately Mr. de Pachmann has not said his final good-by. There are at least two more recitals to come. Never has he played here with greater charm and in more poetic vein than at the concert yesterday. The hearer was constantly reminded that the piano is after all a musical instrument. And in spite of Mr. de Pachmann's marked personality, which is a joy to those who recognize his own enjoyment of both the music and the performance, the pianist was first and last an interpreter of composers who each said things in his own tongue.

Rich in Interpretations.

The pianist did not stand between them and the audience. Bravura for once was not a physical exhibition; it was the rich ornamentation chosen by the composer to embellish his speech.

After all, music must sound, as Mozart said. On the page it is cold, whether it be by Scarlatti or Chopin, as far as the great world is concerned. It lives and is radiant; it glows and has perfume; it is eloquent with emotion when it passes by some strange process through the mind of de Pachmann and is made audible by his coaxing and caressing fingers.

A large audience was deeply engrossed, moved, enchanted. After the second group Mr. de Pachmann added Schumann's "Bird as Prophet," and at the end of the concert he was obliged to add three or four pieces to the programme.

His next recital will be on Saturday afternoon, when he will play Schumann's Sonata in G minor, Rubinstein's Barcarolle op. 93, Weber's Invitation to the Dance, three Valses by Imboden, Liszt's Etude de Concert No. 2, Chopin's Impromptu, F sharp; Nocturne in G minor, Mazurka op. 50, No. 2; Valse in D flat and Scherzo in E major.

MR. HAMBOURG'S RECITAL.

Mark Hambourg will give his only piano recital in Boston this season this afternoon in Jordan Hall at 3 o'clock. The programme will be as follows: Bach-d'Albert, prelude and fugue in D major; Beethoven, sonata op. 2, No. 3; Schumann's Arabesques, Toccata and "Bird as Prophet," Chopin's Etudes in D flat and G flat; Nocturne in E major; Grieg's Ballade, and pieces by Henschel, Moszkowski and Liszt.

MARIE LLOYD WINS KEITH'S AUDIENCE

Marie Lloyd in Boston!

Her home par excellence is London town. And she is London town. Of all the headliners belonging to her own sex she more than any other stands for just those points of humor which are peculiarly Londonese. The casual phrase which holds a meaning below the surface; the comedy of the unsophisticated countryman in contrast with the life of the metropolis; the provincialism which scores its fun off the manners of other nationalities—all these qualities and many more, on which the Londoner prides himself, are incarnate in Marie Lloyd.

How would she fare in Boston, working in such foreign material?

Besides, she was a stranger. A programme introduction, be it never so eulogistic, could not create that atmosphere of at-home-ness which has so long been Marie's inspiration. How she would miss the cheering welcome of "good old Marie!"

But she triumphed at Keith's last night, triumphed against all odds, triumphed emphatically. Her first song left her new auditors unmoved. Perhaps the "custom of the country" was too provincial for the taste of Bostonians. But the second song went home. It was of no moment that its title was "Do They Do Those Things in London?" nor that it was solely concerned with the adventures of a country maiden in the great city. It was a song of that class which under a specific geographical classification reaches out to a general experience, and so it hit the mark as successfully as it might in any other large centre of population.

Having got her audience, Miss Lloyd never lost it. Her succeeding numbers, "Run Tiddley Um Tum Tay," "Something on His Mind" and "Spanish Burlesque," completed her conquest. The applause grew fast and furious, and from last night onward the idol of the London music halls may claim to have "made good" in Boston, too.

Something of Miss Lloyd's triumph is to be credited to the dramatic quality of the songs she sings. They tell a story; a brief story, but one sharply cut, reduced to the minimum of a narrative and reaching a genuine climax. But the manner of the singing is much, too; not so much from the vocal as from the histrionic standpoint. Miss Lloyd is not a vocalist; she is an actress, but the latter may be so much more than the former. It is in her case.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

"Rob Roy" repeated at the Castle Square Theatre last night in order that the management might get ready for their new opening day, which begins Thursday of this week, was received with the same fervor that greeted the production at each performance last week.

The tuneful opera, by Reginald DeKoven, as usual gave plenty of opportunities to each member of the cast, and last night's production was polished in every detail, the principals and chorus starting on the second week with added vim and confidence.

"Rob Roy" will be given tomorrow and Wednesday. Thursday will see the opening of the new season of opera, when the selection is Verdi's tuneful "Aida," with all the present leading members of the company and Mme. Noldi in the cast.

Men and Things.

FOR some reason or other the chorus man in comic opera has never excited marked popular attention. Women in the audience heed him not, except possibly to comment on imperfect dexterity or knocking together of knees. They do not buy flowers for him; they do not "open wine"; they do not send him a breastpin or a garter with a diamond clasp. Yet the chorus man is a human being, and, strange to say, he is sensitive. We learn from the Duluth Herald that the male chorus in a company stopping in Duluth for a couple of nights was wounded to the quick by Miss Ursula March, who insisted on singing this verse in her captivating song, "The Belle of Baldhead Row":

A chorus girl's life is a cinch, to that of the chorus man;

No one to buy diamonds and auto cars for the chorus man;

No one to care if his shape's like a match.

Or if he's built on a spidery plan;

You can buy him pads, but what's the use—

He's only a chorus man.

This expression of opinion, you say, is crude, and the rhythm is detestable. True, O King; nevertheless, the chorus men were stung. They threatened to strike if the verse were not cut out. And how did the manager answer their complaint? "Miss March says she will continue singing that verse if the whole company and seven-sixteenths of the audience turn against her. You know what women are; guess I'll have to back her up."

Bathtubs in a quiescent state may be dangerous. In the kind known as porcelain fat or elderly persons sometimes get cast, or they slip and go against the faucets. We learn from the sad case of a woman described as "a petite brunette of 30" that a bathtub may show resentment in a catfish way. Instead of appreciating the compliment paid it by the confident entrance of the "petite brunette," this particular tub "scratched her knee, and because of unsanitary material blood poisoning set in." At least, she said it did in court, where she brought suit against the manufacturer. Bath tubs, we admit, are often forced to see sad sights, sights that might well lead any one of them to protest against the enforced intimacy, but in this instance why should there have been malice?

The jury was as unappreciative as the tub. The plaintiff's lawyer wished the jury to take his word for it that the poison had produced a permanent swelling, but the twelve men in a box shook heads. It was up to the "petite brunette," "Blushing furiously and exercising consummate modesty, she displayed exhibit A." And yet this jury brought in a verdict against her!

Miss Alice Ripper, a Hungarian pianist, is said to have great physical strength. To describe her as a ripper would therefore be wholly truthful, nor could the genteel accuse the critic of lapsing into slang.

They have organized in Chicago a society of grass widows and grass widowers. Mrs. Hulén, the originator, says that the "fundamental idea underlying the club" is "How we may prosper by our mistakes and not get lemons next time." The first duty of the club should be to determine for all time the derivation of "grass widow," about which there has been much ingenious dispute. Does Mrs. Hulén know that the term for two centuries meant only an unmarried mother of a discarded mistress? Sir Thomas More wrote: "Tyndall would by this way make St. Paul to say thus: 'Take and choose in but such a widow as hath had but one husband at once.' I think St. Paul meant not so. For then had wives been in his time little better than grass widows now." The modern meaning, which appeared in England about 1860, seems to have been Anglo-Indian: "Grass widows in the hills

are always writing to their husbands when you drop in on them," wrote, in 1899, a cynical Mr. Lane in his book about India. In English familiar speech a grass widow is also called a "wife in water colors," or a "Californian widow," but on ocean steamers we have heard the term "Calcutta widow."

An interesting decision was made recently in an English court. The judge had to deal with the case of a "railway restaurant car attendant," who received 12s. 6d. as wages and three meals a day valued at another 12s. 6d. "It was held," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "that this represented a 'fair wage' for a man in the position of car waiter, and that his earnings, estimated at 10 shillings a week, from tips could not be taken into account against the employer under a claim to compensation." To the judge, "weekly earnings" meant simply "the money which passes between employer and employed, and nothing else." Yet there are many waiters in London who receive only 5 shillings a week; there are some whose wages are less; there are some who pay to wait in restaurants frequented by foolish tippers. This is, unfortunately, as true now of any large American city as it is of London.

MARK HAMBOURG

Mr. Mark Hambourg gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows: Bach—Albert, Prelude and Fugue, D major; Beethoven, Sonata, C major, op. 2, No. 3; Schumann, Arabesques, Toccata, "Birds' Prophet"; Chopin, Two Etudes, No. 1, B major; Grieg, Ballade; Handel, Mazurka; Moszkowski, Etude, G minor; Liszt, Polonaise, E major. A small audience applauded vigorously.

When Mr. Hambourg came to this country eight years ago, he was announced as the young Rubinstein. He did him injury, but Anton Rubinstein was not seriously harmed for he had then been dead for five years. Mr. Hambourg is now announced as the "logical successor of Rubinstein." Why "logical?" He was a pupil of Schetitzki, not of Rubinstein, and he has not yet shaken off the disturbing mannerisms, especially in manipulation, that are exhibited, aggressively and proudly, by all pupils of Schetitzki when they return to this country or visit it stamped with the approval of his pupil. No, Mr. Hambourg is not the logical or illogical successor of Rubinstein. He does not mind us of that genius in any way. Mr. Hambourg was formerly conspicuous as a pianist for speed and force. He was a young Boqueron, a shining star among the "formidable" pianists whom The Herald referred yesterday morning. It is a pleasure to state that he is no longer so constantly anxious to be in the whirlwind and direct the storm. There was a frequent exhibition yesterday of higher qualities, noticeably the performance of the sonata. His technical display is not so markedly addressed to the gallery—to use the familiar phrase, which, however, cannot be applied now to a concert hall or opera house, for the experienced and judicious hearers are found in greater number in the gallery. It is better to say that he was not so frequently displayed in the act of setting traps for applause. The sonata, one that is not ten heard in concerts, was on the whole admirably performed, and there were delightful moments in some of the her selections.

Tone of Exquisite Quality.

Mr. Hambourg has improved so much in the matter of tone, for his tone yesterday was often of exquisite quality, that it was surprising to find him at times returning to his old tricks and abusing strength—as in passages of Grieg's Ballade—so that he made unnecessarily disagreeable noises; not sounds, but noises. The old Adam is not yet dead in him. At times also the passion for speed for a sake of speed overcame him, and the contour of the piece was lost. His performance of the studies and nocturnes was unsatisfactory. There was the distinction in his interpretation of the studies, although after the second he was frenetically applauded by the new, and he repeated the performance, saying the piece a little better as far as clearness was concerned. The melody at the beginning of the nocturne was not sung; it did not float as air; it was hammered out and unly accented. This night piece was technically lighted and there was the suggestion of a crowd, fireworks and eloquence of the Barker.

There is an old French saying that the prettiest girl can give only what she has. This may also be said of artists. Mr. Hambourg is undoubtedly a brilliant player. He at times gives genuine pleasure by a broad and sweeping performance. He is not emotional, and if he were to give his days and nights to the search after emotional expression, that expression would probably be sensual rather than sensuous. His playing is not yet intimate and subtle. This was proved by his interpretation of Schumann's Arabesques and "Birds' Prophet." Nor has Mr. Hambourg wholly mastered the art of

presenting an important piece as an organic whole. At present he is chiefly distinguished as a player of brilliant episodes. If he were a painter, he would delight in bold fresco or possibly in stage scenery.

Mr. Hambourg and Mr. Kubelik, the violinist, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday afternoon, the 19th, at 2:30 o'clock.

NEXT SUNDAY'S CONCERT.

There is evidently a demand for Sunday afternoon music of high quality at popular prices, as was shown by the interest in the Chickering Hall concerts last season, and by the interest in Mr. Bispham's recital in Symphony Hall last Sunday afternoon. A series of concerts will therefore be given in Symphony Hall. Next Sunday afternoon the artists will be Miss Elizabeth Dodge, soprano; Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, and Mr. Campanari.

Mr. Campanari is one of the most popular baritones, if not the most popular, now singing in public. Miss Sassoli's artistry is well known here. Miss Dodge will sing for the first time in Boston. A New Englander, she has lived in Paris for several years. She has sung there in concert, and at one time she contemplated seriously an operatic career. She has recently studied further with Jean de Reszke, and last spring she sang with success in London.

Tickets for this concert will go on sale Thursday (tomorrow) morning at the box office in Symphony Hall.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S ROC.

From time to time wild men are seen in Maine, and also in Connecticut. They are terrible to look upon, and their moans and yells startle the stoutest soul. More fearsome are they than the phantom moose and more to be avoided by the bravest, for, unlike the wild man of Indiana, they do not run away when seen by the sane, climb nimbly to the topmost branches and then disappear with a shriek, together with a tree.

New Hampshire has been free from wild men, although nature has provided gorges, cliffs and forest recesses for their accommodation, but the state is now favored, it appears, by visits of enormous birds. One of them appeared recently on a farm in Nashua. He perched in a huge elm tree and the elm rocked beneath him. He touched a branch that had defied the winds of decades and it snapped as a dry twig. The sun was hidden by the spread of its wings. The day grew dark and dun.

The story was told in the newspapers of last Saturday. We have read nothing like it except in the record of Sinbad's voyages. It will be remembered that the brave merchant seaman of Baghdad on at least two occasions saw a roc or rukh; the bird that feedeth its young on elephants, whose egg is like unto a huge white dome rising high in air and of vast compass. Folklorists have smiled a superior smile and grouped this bird with the garuda of the Hindus, the norka of the Russians, the simurgh of the Persians, the Japanese pheng, and the old, wise bird that sits on the ash tree, yggdrasil. The discovery of gigantic birds in Madagascar confounded their superciliousness. They might say that the roc's feathers shown in mediaeval times were in reality fronds of the palm known to the Moslems of Zanzibar as Satan's date tree, but they were mute in presence of the egg of Aepyornis, an egg that contains 2.35 gallons, to be decimally precise. There were giants in those days, giants in the air as on the earth and in the sea. Marco Polo is no longer reckoned an amusing liar. Sinbad is praised as a man of truthfulness as well as observation. And now there is a roc in New Hampshire, shrunken possibly from his once magnificent estate, but still a monstrous apparition, worth a pilgrimage.

Wild men do not attract summer visitors. Although they may enliven the landscape, these wild men are inclined to be noisy at all hours, and their undress jars the sensitive. A roc, however, will interest young and old. Nor is it dangerous, unless its egg be stoned or broken into. It will be remembered that a roc bore Sin-

bad, voyaging the second time, to a high peak. In New Hampshire a trained roc would thus be invaluable as a drawing card for a mountain house.

Men and Things.

THE Royal Hawaiian Orchestra was engaged to play at the Silver Grill in Spokane. This was two years ago. The orchestra appeared and played, but the landlord and the guests did not like the music and the contract was broken. Suit was brought to recover \$2180. The case was tried recently at Spokane before Judge Poindexter. The correspondent of the Seattle Times gave an account of the proceedings that is of more than parochial interest.

Mr. Kirchner, a conductor, heard the Hawaiians "when the strings and reeds were in full blast," and he said, "If that was paraphrasing Patrick Henry, they certainly made the most of it." Mr. Hayward, manager of a theatre, who "used to sing a little tenor and sing a little bass," had no hesitation in saying that the orchestra was mediocre "and was strong with the bum notes." Mr. Winston, of counsel for the defendant, said the orchestra reminded him of a "hoss race, because there were so many added starters. They never got away on time, and some of 'em finished 10 or 20 seconds before the others. Looked to me like a race to see who could get through first."

The counsel for the plaintiff had evidently mastered the fundamental theory laid down by Sainte Beuve and followed by Taine and Hennequin, that in judging the work of a writer, painter, composer, his "milieu," his environment must first of all be considered. We quote from Mr. Stern's argument to show his critical acumen, and also to show that oratory is not yet dead in the West; that there are men who can still introduce the words "eagle" and "bugle" in one and the same sentence.

"For the sake of argument, your honor, let us suppose that we are pleasantly ensconced of a moonlit eve in the charming environs of beautiful Honolulu, or let us transport ourselves on fancy's pinions to a full view (same moonshine) from a bungalow veranda of the white breakers of Wakiki beach. Now, then, enters the Royal Hawaiian orchestra. The orchestra is on its home grounds, in sympathetic surroundings, where the zephyrs blow as soft as over Ceylon's spicy isle. Now, judge, I believe that if you and I were sitting tonight mid such romantic scenic accessories—and let me not forget to suggest the soft, sensuous lights of Japanese lanterns shedding their effulgent glow upon us in a refreshment grotto—mayhap, with certain seductive concoctions before us—honest, now, don't you think we'd think the music of the Hawaiian orchestra was fine?"

"Judge Poindexter wetted his lips and smiled." But he decided against the Royal Hawaiian orchestra. The Denver Republican, seeing the Saint Gaudens coin, dropped into poetry.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The acres and the kings depart;
The public turns expectant eyes
When some new faddist makes a stand;
The changes come to beat the band,
But who'd have thought—ah, keen regrets!—
Our bird of freedom e'er would stand
In pantalettes—in pantalettes!

Imperial bird! how long has he,
With regal mien and awesome gaze,
Stood on our columns undimmed,
With talons bare, in nights or days;
But now, to breast financial storm,
We get a bird—the thought upsets!
That seems to stand for dress reform
In pantalettes—in pantalettes!

Western dentists are apparently much interested in a deepthinking German's statement that Pharaoh was unkind toward the children of Israel because he suffered from the toothache. Some of the Chicago dentists insist that dentistry was wholly unknown to the early Egyptians. It is better not to be cocksure about that which is uncertain. The Egyptians were a remarkable folk, and it is not at all impossible that they had "dental parlors" with stale magazines and staler comic weeklies in the waiting room. In hot lands cleanliness is a religious observance. Mahomet said to the faithful: "Cleanse your mouths with toothpicks; for your mouths are the abode of the guardian angels, whose pens are the tongues, and whose ink is the spittle of men; and to whom naught is more unbearable than remains of food in the mouth." It will be observed, however, that Mahomet did

not command his faithful to chew toothpicks. All the old treatises on medicine and surgery, Grecian, Roman, Arabian, Jewish, have much to say about diseases of the teeth. Recipes for dentifrices are common. And were not white teeth appreciated among the Jews? The teeth of Solomon's beloved, were "as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing." These dentists argue that from the condition of certain ancient skulls it is clear that dentistry was practically unknown. Certain skulls found in Boston some thousands of years from now might well raise doubts as to the practice of dentistry in this city.

Dec 5 1907

WITH ONIONS.

A London real estate agent says that the smell of onions cooking in an apartment house is a source of annoyance to the great majority of the flat dwellers. In the novels of George Gissing there are constant allusions to the smell of fried fish in the houses where his half-starved authors and poverty-stricken women were obliged to live. Now, as it seems, one onionized flat makes a whole house wretched.

There are boarding houses so charged with the smell of rank cookery perpetrated for years that the very walls emit it, as in the memorable pension where Rastignac became acquainted with Vautrin, but the onion is not here the chief offender. The smell of onion soup, dear to the Parisian concierge, still lingers gratefully in the nostrils of the American after many years, as he thinks wistfully of his student days. No reflective person, as he climbs the stairs of an apartment house, is offended seriously by smell of onions as he passes a door. He thinks of the glory of beefsteak smothered in onions, of onions cooked in cream, of onions dry, but unfolding their heart, of fried onions as a side dish for heroes. He thinks, and sighs, for his own Arabella cannot endure the smell, not knowing that fine line, "husband and wife defying the world with mutual onion."

The ancients frowned on the bulb as a food, and classed it with garlic and leeks, as of an acrid nature, of unwholesome juices. "When twice boiled they give little nourishment, but when unboiled they do not nourish at all," says Paulus Aegineta, and Burton, advising as to the diet of the melancholy, dismisses the onion as troublesome to the head. The people at large pay no heed to these sayings. To the man who smiles at the conflicting opinions of dietists, the onion is healthful, when plainly boiled. As a child he was taught that it was good for a cold. These same ancients thought highly of it as a medicine. It occasions a rapid growth of hair; it breaks hard tumors; chewed, it is beneficial in paralysis of the tongue; it is eminently rubefacient; its juice is useful in suffusion and dimness of vision from thick humors; Dioscorides recommends it as a cataplasm with salt, rue and honey for the bite of a mad dog. There are many today who believe that onion juice is of assistance in deafness. Italians in the North end heat the insides of little onions and stuff them in aching ears of their children. They leave them there for weeks. An onion put under the pillow will bring dreams of the loved one. The thickness of its skin determines the mildness or severity of the coming winter. But to dream of onions is a bad sign. In some countries it presages sickness. What says the homely poet?

To dream of eating onions means
Much strife in thy domestic scenes,
Secrets found out or else betrayed,
And many falsehoods made and said.
The French maiden looks forward
To marriage that she may read the

ingenious novels of her country. Are there not American maidens who would fain be wives that they may eat onions without the thought of a disquieted, too fastidious wooer? Happy the man that finds one. Else, like the children of Israel, he will remember tearfully the Egypt of bachelorship, "the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic."

CONCERT FOYER

Mme. Clara Butt Entances Far off Australia; How West Likes Musicians.

COMMENT ON EVENTS SOON TO COME OFF

BY PHILIP HALE.

Many of us remember Clara Butt, who sang in Boston eight years ago. It is not easy to forget either her personality or her voice. She was a daughter of the gods, English gods, so tall that she resembled one of the advice of Ovid to the lover, amorous of height, and of the malicious compliment that Martial paid Andromache a compliment that is wisely omitted in the folio edition of Matthew Gaderus, the learned Jesuit.

Miss Butt—for when she visited us she was not the wife of Mr. Kennedy Rumford—sang at a Symphony concert; but she was studied with more interesting results at her recitals. I see, as though it was yesterday, the barmaid leer which accompanied her seductive phrase, "But for thee, but for thee," in Hatton's "Edenchantress," a declaration which as sung by her would have fired an aged philosopher to drop his books. I also remember her marvellous interpretation of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," in which the voice of Death had the chill of the grave and yet was not wholly impassive or unkind. And then this strangely fascinating woman, the more fascinating by reason of a certain elemental vulgarity, had the courage to sing Liddle's "Abide with Me" with "great expression" and the invaluable assistance of a cabinet organ.

Mme. Butt has been singing in Australia. She has hit the people of that country hard. One critic characterized her songs as "brief dramas, expressed in mellowest music, in wild bursts of defiance, in full toned organ sounds of sentiment, in clarion cries of declamation, in sobs of sorrow and passions of joy." Another one was more direct: "The massive contralto is six feet two inches and her singing weight is about 14 stone." Note the confidence displayed in her by still another shrewd observer: "Clara Butt, even if she had at one and the same time a cold in the head, a bronchial catarrh, and a severe touch of 'flu' to top up, would still have plenty of voice to worry through with." And there was another, who wrote: "There is little of the basso profundo about Mrs. Butt. The larger half of her voice is upstairs rather than downstairs." Nor was Mr. Rumford, the father of two or three little Butts, forgotten: "They (some of his songs) are as inappropriate to Rumford as a melody in the mouth of a demi-god."

They have been doing pretty well out West in eloquence of appreciation. Willy Jaffe, in Milwaukee, has been having a beautiful time. He, or she—but for the sake of convenience let us assume that Willy is a he—liked Mme. Gadski's "Erl King" because she entered into the spirit of the tragedy. "The effort of a woman to sing the part of the father is an unnatural voice is generally disastrous." But Willy objected to Mr. La Forge's performance of a rhapsody by Liszt early in the concert. "While there is no law which forbids the playing of Liszt's rhapsodies, there is a precedent which implies that such compositions be put at the end of a programme, when it is possible for a man to quietly and unostentatiously sneak out before this mad debate on the piano begins. This was impossible last night." Josephine Hart Phelps of San Francisco was more kindly disposed toward Mr. La Forge, who "represents in the possession of a set of 'isabel' features and a ripe expression that whether for or assumed, as an appropriate pose, are harmonious adjuncts to what comes a very pretty musical talent." Mr. La Forge is probably a highly gifted person, but I doubt whether even an "assume" a set of chiselled features.

Mr. Francis MacMillen, "the modern bearer of the banner 'Excelsior,'" is not forgotten. We learn from an Ohio newspaper that "an overruling provi-

dence probably had some hand in shaping his career," also that he maintained in Europe the "clean, clear, pure character of an upright, manly American boy. His soul looks forth from his eyes, and he has not found it necessary to mix with and barter the wild passions of life in order to realize the music demands." Mr. MacMillen values his left hand and carries an insurance policy for \$25,000. "MacMillen guards his hand carefully. He never wears rings upon it. He says diamonds would cheapen it."

Calve conquered Milwaukee. "From a physical view point the appearance of Calve is splendid and fascinating. Her mobile, sensuous face, with its framework of lustrous black hair, was a titling capital to the generous but well proportioned body, with its sinuous lines and supple movement." We regret to learn from the Sentinel that after her first song, "She came from the stage with a rush, spat vigorously at the floor and cried excitedly in her native tongue: 'La Chanson Française! La Chanson Française!'" And thus was ungrammatical.

Willy Jaffe of the Sentinel would not have noticed Mme. Calve's attack "at" the floor or her masculine adjective for a feminine noun. Mme. Carreno, however, floored him. "What is a poor scribe to say? If he waxes too eloquent he is in danger of losing (sic) himself in a swage (sic) of words which sound well and mean little."

Mme. Emma Eames is always interesting—in speech. Her Iris should also be interesting, for when she was in Paris recently she made "a serious effort to learn how to portray the real

Japanese woman of exquisitely poetic character." To enable her to perfect her interpretation she even now has dwarf Japanese trees in her bower. Mr. W. S. Kerr, formerly of Boston, sang recently in Minneapolis "in five different languages" without the aid of the springboard and without a change of cuffs.

Mr. Kubelik, "the Bohemian violinist," and Mr. Mark Hambourg, "the fiery Russian pianist," will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday afternoon the 19th. They will appear in only five combination concerts in the United States.

Mr. de Pachmann will give his second recital in Chickering Hall on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. He will play Schumann's G minor sonata and pieces by Rubinstein, Weber, Imboden, Liszt and Chopin.

Tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall for the concert in that hall next Sunday afternoon. Mr. Campanari, the baritone, and Miss Sassoli, the harpist, will take part, and Miss Elizabeth Dodge, a soprano, who has lived several years in Paris, will sing for the first time in Boston.

Other concerts of next week will be as follows: Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, will play on Monday afternoon in Steinert Hall pieces by Sinding, Schumann, Franck, Chopin, Hoepfrik, MacDowell, Schulz-Evler, The Kneisel Quartet will play in Chickering Hall on Tuesday night Bach's quartet in G minor, Faure's piano quintet (first time: Mr. Gebhard, pianist), and Smetana's beautiful "Aus Meinen Leben" quartet. The committee of the concert in aid of Lincoln House has engaged Mr. Kreisler to give a recital in Jordan Hall on Wednesday afternoon. He will play pieces by Bach, Goldmark, Tchaikowsky, Popper, Vieuxtemps, Sarasate, Lammé, Townsends, Hubay. Mr. Stephen Townsend will give the first of a series of recitals in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, and sing songs by Schubert, d'Albert, Horrocks, Gounod, R. Strauss, Franz, Schumann, MacDowell. Mr. de Pachmann will give his third piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon. The programme of the Symphony concert on Saturday night will include Bizet's overture "Patrie," MacDowell's Suite No. 1 and Goetz's Symphony in F major.

The sale of single tickets for the Cecilia concert on Tuesday night, the 17th, will open in Symphony Hall on next Monday morning. (Season tickets are now on sale.) Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" will be performed the 17th, and the solo singers will be Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Stein-Bailey, Messrs. E. Johnson, Carlwright, Osborn.

The repertory of the San Carlo grand opera company next week at the Majestic Theatre will be as follows: Monday, "Gloconda"; Tuesday, "Rigoletto"; Wednesday matinee, "Gloconda"; Wednesday evening, "Trovatore"; Thursday, "Patrie"; Friday, "Aida"; Saturday matinee, "Trovatore"; Saturday evening, "Trovatore."

Miss Elizabeth Dodge, who will sing in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon, was born in Newburyport. She studied singing in Boston and New York. Mrs. George Vanderbilt in 1892 sent her to Paris to study with Mirel, formerly of the Opera Comique. In 1901 Gailhard of the Opera heard her and she prepared at least two operas for her appearance, but this was not given to her. She has recently sung with success in concerts both in Paris and London.

HIS LIVING IMAGE.

We all read from time to time of men who are anxious about their tombs while they are still "enjoying good health." They supervise the construction; they go to the graveyard of a pleasant Sunday to read the complimentary inscription. They make slight changes with a view to

improvement. One or two of these men in America have their effigy in marble or bronze, and we remember the case of a realist who, because his statue was cast while he was wearing a bushy beard, one in which a fowl of the air might nest, had much trouble in removing the whiskerage from the statue after he had determined to pass his remaining years with a smooth face.

Few distinguished men have had statues erected to their honor during their lifetime unless they were monarchs or famous conquerors. A statue of Camille Saint-Saens, the French composer, has been unveiled in Dieppe, the old home of his family, although he himself was born at Paris. There are many admirers of Saint-Saens in Dieppe, as in Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Boston. They conceived the idea of showing their admiration by ordering a statue for the foyer of the theatre.

In view of the fact that the statue

of any public man excites artistic dispute and often provokes bitter words and unseemly wrangling, why should not sculptural tribute be paid while a man is still on this side of the ground, while he can make valuable suggestions as to the location, the character of the pedestal, the costume, the attitude; while he can pronounce an authoritative word on the verisimilitude? In this case, changes might be made even after the statue is erected. To say that everybody would be wholly satisfied would be the mark of an unduly sanguine person. We all know how households are divided over a portrait of father in the act of signing a check, or one of dear Lucinda in hunting costume, but standing on a waxed floor. Nevertheless, the man who is chiefly concerned would know exactly how he would appear in after years to his appreciative townsmen, gaping strangers, and the birds that would fly about him.

AIDA IS WELL SUNG AT CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—
"Aida," Verdi's grand opera in four acts. The cast:

Aida.....	Mme. Helene Noldi
Amneris.....	Miss Louise Le Baron
Achille.....	Achille Alberti
Amenasro.....	W. H. Pringle
King.....	George Tallman
Ramphis.....	Francis J. Boyle
Messenger.....	George White
Priestess.....	Miss Lois Hall

The new system at the Castle Square Theatre began last evening, when "Aida" had its opening night. It will run for one week, and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" will succeed it, opening on Thursday evening, Dec. 12.

The chief feature of the performance last evening was the appearance of a new member of the company, Mr. Alberti, who impersonated the Ethiopian king.

Although the part is exacting enough while the singer is on the scene, requiring intense dramatic action nearly every minute, yet he is on the scene so little, comparatively, that any extended comment upon his performance must be deferred until Mr. Alberti has been heard in a role that gives him more unrestricted opportunity. In him the company has a worthy member for he has an agreeable voice of smooth quality, and he sang and acted with true Italian sincerity and intensity. His make-up was admirable, and was no small feature of the mounting of the opera.

Mme. Noldi was last heard here as Marguerite. As Aida, last evening, she showed that she is not a singer of but one role. Miss LeBaron's Amneris was picturesque, but the singer's voice was not in its best form, and her intonation frequently suffered.

The company in general did not make hard work of the piece, and there were few hitches in action. The stage setting was careful, and did its share in lending atmosphere; and the scene of the third act was one of unusual beauty.

Mr. Tallman was a gallant Radames, intrepid vocally and of considerable pictorial value in every scene except the last, where his make-up was not so striking. There was enthusiastic applause throughout, and all the principals were generously recalled after every curtain.

BUHLIG'S RECITAL.

Pianist at Third Hearing Proves He Is to Be Taken Seriously.

Richard Buhlig gave his third piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B-flat minor; Beethoven's Rondo in C minor, Albinetti fuer Elise, Minuet; Brahms' Rhapsody in E flat, and three Intermezzi; Chopin's Sonata in B-flat minor; Debussy's "La Soiree dans Grenade"; Ravel's "Alborado del Gracioso"; Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue; MacDowell's "The Eagle," and Concert Study, op. 36.

The general nature of Mr. Buhlig's performance is by this time familiar here. He has proved that he is to be taken seriously, although his playing is thus far of uneven quality. He has yet to learn the art of programme-making, for yesterday's programme, although it was the most generally interesting and varied of the three, was overlong, and would have been more interesting, as well as better proportioned, by the elimination of about one-fourth of its contents. By the time Franck's piece came to be played, the pianist was no longer in best trim, and the hearers were in that semi-lethargic condition usual at the end of a long programme, when all things sound alike. Mr. Buhlig played the music with a certain emotion, but he missed its pontifical spirit, and for the rest was not always clear in execution. He displayed passages of beautiful tone here and there, especially in Beethoven's Albinetti, which is well worth a place on the programme, whatever else be omitted. There was a fair-sized, friendly audience.

Men and Things.

MME. Suzanne Adams was deeply hurt when she saw in Philadelphia a newspaper advertisement that she was billed in "advanced vaudeville" at "\$6000 a week, or \$33.33 a minute." With the look of a wounded fawn she said to the manager: "Does singing in vaudeville mean that kind of booming? What will my friends think?" His answer might have been taken from "The Pirates of Penzance": "You should have thought of that before you joined the force."

Mme. Suzanne never takes cold, and she has beautiful white teeth. "I believe in turning off your abominable steam heat and leaving the windows open. My house in London has a gale blowing through from morning to night, and yet my guests rarely take cold." Do the guests blow in, or blow out, Suzanne?

Many delight in seeing Mme. Fritzi Scheff in operetta because she once sang in grand opera. Mme. Scheff believes to this day that she should be impersonating noble dames and tragic heroines in grand opera. Only a cabal led by the envious Mmes. Sembrich, Ternina, Eames, Nordica and other less distinguished singers prevented the American public from estimating her at her true worth. Let her cherish the fond belief. It does no one harm, and meanwhile the world is better, the world that, like the Portuguese as described by the sea captain, is frivolous and easily amused. Mme. Scheff was born a soubrette, and she is a soubrette today, with only one note in comedy, though she has many in her voice.

We are moved to these judicious and profound remarks by reading of Mme. Scheff's success in San Francisco. Mr. Colgate Baker of the Chronicle voiced the popular feeling. His "opening load," to use the terminology of negro minstrelsy, deserves a separate paragraph: "She is the soubrette supernal; a singing nreld from ideal-land; she flashes the divine afflatus of the lyric art, does little Fritzi Scheff." She has certainly made marked progress in histrionic art, if she can now flash afflatus every time.

And ach! his kiss! as Gretchen remarks in the drama which Goethe wrote fearlessly without thought of Schubert, Gounod, Berlioz, Boito and others. Mme. Scheff also has a kiss, and the knees of Mr. Colgate Baker, as she leaned over the footlights toward him and sighed, "Kiss me, kiss me," were turned to water, to use the fine old Oriental phrase. Mr. Baker made a public confession of his emotion. He admitted in the Chronicle that this "Infinite of poetic expression" with which she sighed her desire will haunt him through the years to come. "Think," said Mr. Baker in a fine burst, "think of all the kisses that you have ever tasted in bygone days and multiply them by the kisses that you have dreamed of and longed for, and then you will realize the Scheff ideal of a kiss."

Mr. Baker also liked Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste." "After the host of road-dusty musical attractions and tawdry Italian grand opera how re-

freshing it was," etc., etc. He liked Mr. Herbert's music and there was only one little fly in his jam-pot: "The only fault that I have to find with Herbert's work is lack of originality."

While we are talking about theatre folk let us not forget Miss Yohe, May Yohe, who is advertised in vaudeville as "formerly Lady Francis Hope." She was singing in thrilling tones at Tacoma a few nights ago, singing "Give My Regards to Broadway," when, overcome with emotion, she suddenly lurched forward, tripped over the chain behind the footlights, and, to quote from the report sent to the Seattle Times, "fell upon the piano, with her head resting upon one of the keys which was not due to be struck until some time later on the programme." "The pianist, alarmed at the avalanche of some 180 pounds of pulchritude, disappeared up the aisle, but Miss Yohe never missed one of the three notes for which she is famous." She recovered herself and began the next verse without accompaniment and only "about two octaves off the original key." "She was just about to 'tell all the gang around Forty-second street' when the stage manager stopped the lyric by rudely placing his hand over her mouth. It is said that in the wings Miss Yohe vociferously and adjacently insisted that in spite of appearances she was 'a lady' and the 'real money.' The black garb which she wears as a mark of her former connection with royalty was not at all ruffled, but some of her other garments were."

Dec 7 1907

Men and Things.

A publisher in Boston makes the following announcement: "All who use any of these declamations, etc., must pay a royalty to — of 5 per cent. on the salary of the elocutionist or reader, or if the elocutionist or reader be under 21 years of age, then the family must pay it, as follows: Elocutionist or reader with an income of \$10 per week pays 50 cents; with an income of \$15 per week, pays 75 cents; with an income of \$20 per week, pays \$1; with an income of \$25 per week, pays \$1.25, and at similar percentages per wage rate. Special rates for clergymen, professional elocutionists, charity workers or literary societies, etc. Prices subject to change without notice."

"Per week." A vile phrase! Why one word Latin and the other English? "By the week" is much more sensible. So speaks the purist. Yet as early as the 16th century we find English writers using the phrases "per such one," "per post," and a few years later a pious soul wrote "per the pleasure of God." It should be remarked, however, that "per" as an English preposition was then defined "by means of" or "according to." It was not used in the sense of "so much by the."

But to go back to the publisher. Why should not physicians follow his example and charge patients according to their income? As it is, a servant girl and a millionaire are often charged alike for a visit, to the disgrace of the profession. There would be only one trouble—some of the very rich would act as though there were an income tax and make a false return, just as the are now slow in paying humble tradesmen, sewing women, washerwomen and all that need prompt payments of small bills.

Our friend, the publisher, has written a "true historical poem" entitled "Pirate Kidd's Death." It begins:

"Captain Kidd, the famous pirate, who sailed on many a sea, fit for Shakespeare's tragic muse in this brilliant tragedy:

his sailor for 200 years, called Freebooter of the deep.

Was the son of a minister, where Scotland's sharp thistles creep."

Mark the Homeric simplicity of the conclusion:

Mrs. Kidd saved from out the wreck Enough to live on with ease Two years she married again, while the Pirates caught the breeze."

We are glad to see that the poet-publisher recognizes the contradiction that as long perplexed many.

Famous in most all history by the name Of Robert Kidd, Is real Christian name was William when Those many crimes he did."

Miss Gertrude Quinlan, the singing actress, is flattered by the wish of a gar maker to put her portrait on his boxes of 5-cent weeds. She is in good company: with Chester A. Arthur, William Cullen Bryant and others of distinction.

Miss Mary Gordon should also be happy. Her performance of Thais in Assenet's opera, and especially her singing clothes in that opera, suggested a New York haberdasher the "Thais lama," though he probably spells "lama" with an "a" instead of a "y." His intimate garment is "constructed pale silk—blue or pink or any pastel for you choose—and is embroidered in

wonderful designs of drowsily drooping poppy blossoms and languorous passion flowers in pale purple."

Mr. Maggiora offers to clear London of its fog. For the ridiculously small sum of 1350 he will disperse a fog over an area of six miles and keep this area clear for 24 hours. He proposes to do this by erecting a steel cannon 60 feet high and supplying a generator for acetylene gas which will cause explosions. But what would London be without her fog—that "London particular" which appealed singularly to Dickens and Henley, to Turner and Whistler?

There is a painful dispute again over the proper pronunciation of Missouri. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says editorially: "We are perturbed to see that a Missouri schoolma'am has been telling the Omaha people that the right way to pronounce Missouri is 'Missour-i,' with an Italian 'i.' It is not with the letter 'i' that we have any fault to find, but with the elimination of the English 'i' on the first syllable. * * * Missouri is 'Missoor-y' by legislative enactment."

What need of enactment? Is not the old song a guide?

"My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike;
I come from old Missouri
Yes, all the way from Pike."

Dec 8 1907

DE PACHMANN WINS AUDIENCE AGAIN

Second Recital Attended by Large Number of Enthusiastic Hearers.

BY PHILIP HALE

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a very large audience, and many were seated on the platform. The programme was as follows: Schumann, sonata in G minor; Rubinstein, Barcarolle, op. 93; Weber, Invitation to the Dance; Imboden, three Valses, op. 10; Liszt, Etude de Concert, No. 2, F minor; Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp; Nocturne, G minor, op. 37, No. 1; Mazurka, B flat, op. 50, No. 2; Valse, D flat, op. 64, No. 1; Scherzo, E major, op. 54.)

Mr. de Pachmann at first did not seem

to be wholly in the vein. He looked sad and perturbed. Something distressed him, but he did not confide his woe to the audience, which was sympathetically disposed, nor did his long and sweeping gestures tell the tale. Agony when at its height is mute, as Victor Hugo informs us. Evidently the piano stool was not arranged exactly to the pianist's liking. No doubt he suffered, as did the audience, from heat and the lack of ventilation. Perhaps he felt hemmed in.

Whatever may have been the cause, he played the first movement of the sonata in a rather perfunctory manner, but his interpretation of the following movement and of the scherzo was delightful both in the poetic spirit and in cuphony.

The Second Group.

He had fully recovered his spirits when he began the second group. The barcarolle for once suggested ripples of water and sensuous song; there was no thought of earth. Before he played the familiar piece by Weber he assured the audience that it was a simple thing, "but we shall see what we will do with it."

He perhaps disappointed some by not indulging himself in ornamentation and extravagancies; he played it simply, in the spirit in which it was conceived, with fleetness, delicacy and indescribable elegance. He omitted the final measures, in which the cavalier is supposed to hand his partner to her seat with a killing glance, and it was just as well, for the applause that inevitably interrupts after the preceding brilliant measures

come to an end, is disconcerting and ruins the effect, if pianist or conductor adds the restatement of the opening.

Mr. Imboden's valse, of which things are dedicated to Mr. de Pachmann, who sacrificed the audience on the altar of friendship. The remainder of the concert was an unalloyed delight. Mr. de Pachmann is as fortunate with Liszt as with Chopin. His performance of the etude by the former was one of the chief features of the concert.

Liszt and Chopin.

The pieces by Chopin again displayed in perfection his rare virtuoso gifts and his unique individuality as an interpreter. What a pleasure it was to hear the chorale in the nocturne played at a reasonable pace and not dragged beyond endurance! Whether the story of Gutman, a pupil of Chopin, be true or not—that Chopin forgot to mark the increased tempo—the music itself calls for a

contrast between the melancholy wail and the hymn.

The mazurka reminded us again of Mr. de Pachmann's inimitable feeling for rhythm. How clear was the reading of the scherzo, which some have described as wearing dark vells! How beautiful the singing of the melody; which begins the contrasting section; How crystalline the performance of that ascending passage which Saint-Saens could not get out of his mind when he wrote the opening of the scherzo in his G minor concerto!

The Herald spoke at length last Tues-

day morning of the qualities that set Mr. de Pachmann apart from other pianists and above the great majority of them. It is not now necessary to say what was then said. It is enough to add that he is one of the very few pianists who give deep and abiding pleasure by taking advantage of the limitations of an instrument, for in the hands of many a piano is an orchestra or a presumptuous imitator of the orchestra.

The enthusiastic audience insisted on additions to the programme, which was of reasonable length. He added to the second group, and at the end of the concert played two or three pieces, among them Liszt's Fantasia on the quartet from "Il Trovatore," which he performed with extraordinary brilliance.

Mr. de Pachmann will give his third recital next Thursday afternoon, when all the pieces will be by Chopin: The sonata with the funeral march; Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 20, 22, 23, 24; Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2; Polonaise in E flat minor, op. 26, No. 2; Fantasia Impromptu in C sharp minor; Ballade in A flat; Barcarolle; Mazurka, op. 67, No. 4; Etude in G flat, op. 25, No. 3; Valse in C sharp minor, Tarantella.

PRAGMATISM AND ART.

Dr. Wall preached a sermon recently in New York and in the course of it discussed modern agnosticism, immanentism and pragmatism. He characterized pragmatism as "that theory which measures religion, theology and all systems of philosophy by their cash value." Dr. Wall concluded by saying that all these systems are destroying the fine arts, poetry, religion and idealism.

It might be said in answer that the purest and most ideal art is uninfluenced by material, skeptical, corrupt surroundings. The idealist dwells apart not necessarily in a tower of ivory. He dreams and sees celestial visions even in a city given over to idle or wanton pleasure, even when the court of the ruling monarch is unblushingly corrupt. It has been said in good faith that art can not flourish in a true republic; that general cultivation of any art is a sign of the decadence of the country. These are all rash statements and we believe them to be unfounded.

A prevailing spirit of materialism, the apparent triumph of commercialism—these corrupt certain painters, composers, poets, playwrights, essayists; they may choke or divert the idealism that was inherent in some of them, and encourage them all to confound art with business, but they that were visited in the cradle by the muses, walk serene and unconscious, as the Lady in the Crew of Comus. They live only for one thing: the full and adequate expression of that which is ideal within them. They are neither cheered nor discouraged by princes; they hear neither the applause nor the jeering of the crowd. Their mind to them their kingdom is. Their own consciousness of a masterpiece is their reward. Then there is the faith in Time, the rewarder and avenger.

It would be easy to draw up a catalogue of names in confirmation of these statements; but questions of wit are not settled definitely by honorary lists or by tabulated statistics. Art is not a thing to be boosted by the kindly hands of a potentate. A German pondering the pathetic efforts of the Emperor William—who, it should be remembered preaches sermons on Sunday to his yachtmen—may well cry out: "Hands off!" Is the age material? The idealist is not conscious of it. Is there growing skepticism? His faith in his divine commission is as simple as that of a child. If he be not an idealist, his work will be meretricious, or brutal; it may be popular; it may be honored

by a city or a national government; but it will not be admitted to the Temple of the Muses, nor will it last so long as the money that was the reward.

PADEREWSKI'S LIFE BY MAN OF NERVE

E. A. Baughan Places Him on Peak That Dominates Highest Olympus.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Edward A. Baughan, the music critic of the Daily News, London, is a brave man, for he has written the life of a pianist now living. Mr. Baughan's "Ignaz Jan Paderewski" is a volume of the "Living Masters of Music" series published by John Lane Company, New York.

It takes courage to write the life of any man while he is alive, but to discuss the character of a virtuoso, an applauded interpreter of the thoughts and emotions of other men, an awakener of frenetic applause, an indisputable hypnotist, while he is in the exercise of his powers, while his name is as a household word, this, indeed, is a challenge to both the present and the future. Some have preceded Mr. Baughan. Mr. Finck published his life of Mr. Paderewski 12 years ago. It is still entertaining, if only by reason of the author's enthusiasm. Dr. Alfred Nossig has also written a life of Paderewski. He, too, is enthusiastic, but his enthusiasm is that of the passionate press agent, and he is ponderous in praise.

I speak of Mr. Baughan's life of Paderewski, the pianist, the interpreter, for to the world at large Paderewski is known chiefly as a pianist. This world knows that he composed a minuet; it is familiar with it and it likes it; but Paderewski, the serious composer of works of long breath, is a very secondary figure in this world. It is not now necessary to inquire into the reasonableness of this judgment. Mr. Finck classes Paderewski among the greatest composers of songs. There is no use arguing with Mr. Finck over such matters. You have to accept him as you do any phenomenon of nature. There was a brave effort to put Paderewski's "Manru" with the immortal operas. "Manru" was produced in 1901, and where is it today? Mr. Baughan himself has only a vague idea of the work. He says (page 85): "The vocal score has not been published." You are mistaken, Mr. Baughan. It has even been published with a translation and adaptation for performance in English by Mr. Krehbiel. Paderewski may write symphonies and chamber music, suites and songs; the great public worships him as a pianist, and it can hum measures of his minuet.

The most courageous man might well hesitate to write a life of any living and favorite actor, pianist, singer. However sonorous his fanfare of praise, he will not satisfy the public, still less the one eulogized. William Hazlitt writing about the theatres and Passion week, wondered how this week sat upon the actors. "One would think it would be welcome to them as a break in the routine of business, as a pause in the wear and tear of life; but there is no saying. For they are so 'stretched upon the rack of ecstasy that almost any respite from it may be scarcely endurable. The public eye, the public voice, becomes a part of a man's self, which he can hardly do without, even for an instant. The player out of his part is like the dram-drinker without his dram, the snuff-taker without his box. What organ is so sensitive as that of vanity? What thirst so insatiable, so incessant, as that of praise? * * * Many of the most fortunate seem uneasy, listless and dissatisfied when off the stage, because they do not see a thousand faces beaming with delight, because they do not hear at every step the shouts of Gods and men. Why do they not resort to Bartholomew-fair, where they may act every half-hour during the day, and not get a wink of sleep at night for the noise of cymbals and rattles? This is as if a man could never be easy unless he saw his person reflected in a thousand mirrors, or heard every word he utters repeated by a hundred echoes. Contempt, poverty, pain, want, and all the natural ills that flesh is heir to, are preferable to this attainment of all that can be desired, and the craving after more."

Mr. Baughan appreciates his position. As a critic, he sees both brilliance and flaws in rarest germs of art. "Indeed," as he says, "the flaws act as a foil to the brilliances; and so it comes about that the professional critic is often at loggerheads with the verdict of the public, or appears to be so." Mr. Baughan hears the shout of the populace: "Paderewski is the greatest living pianist." (Mr. Finck would go farther. To him Paderewski was, is, and will be the greatest ever, in saecula saeculorum, Amen.) Mr. Baughan may feel, as he admits, that this judgment in many respects is true, but he cannot, if he would, "endorse that enthusiastic ver-



The Accompanying Photographs, from Left to Right, Are of Edith Thompson, Pianist; Gertrude Holt, Soprano; Maria Claessens, Contralto (Upper Picture); Henry Russell, Opera Manager (Lower Picture), and Ada Sassoli, Harpist.

dict without clauses of limitation." As he himself says, while he recognizes the greatness of Paderewski, "at the same time the mind thinks of the subtle Chopin playing of de Pachmann, the noble Beethovenish moods of d'Albert and Lamond, the clearness and demonic brilliancy of Busoni's technique in Liszt, the grace of Pugno's Mozart playing, the ruthless force of Rosenthal, and the magical deftness of Godowsky. These pianists have their specialties in which not even a Paderewski can surpass them and in some cases cannot equal them. On the other hand, he possesses that curious magnetism which always enchains the attention of the public."

There is no greatest pianist, Mr. Baughan, as there is no greatest poet, novelist, painter. Who shall say whether Cervantes, Fielding, Balzac, Turgenieff or Thomas Hardy be the greatest novelist? Is Titian, or Rembrandt, or Velasquez or Hals the greatest master of portraiture?

Each truly great pianist has peculiar quality, or in some instances, qualities, by which he excels. Nor can a sound judgment be handed down for all time by the most careful comparison of qualities. Let the excellent and eminent qualities of Mr. Paderewski be gladly granted; the fact remains that his pre-eminent, dominating quality is a singular personal magnetism, and this explains his enormous popularity with the public. It makes no difference whether

he be in the vein, or play as a madman beating upon a drum, the great public is hysterical in either case. Victor Hugo said "Success is hideous," an epigrammatic condensation of Hazlitt's line. "Popular favorites are too much like the innocent victims of superstition, let out garlanded with flowers, to slaughter and to sacrifice." The wonder is that Paderewski did not long ago lose his head and play merely to gratify raving curiosity, to win the applause of those who would cheer the rope dancer or trample women under foot in their haste to see a public hanging. That Paderewski is still a great artist with high musical aims is a proof of his greatness.

Mr. Baughan has little to say about Paderewski's life as a man that is new either as legend or as history. The enthusiasts and the professional press agents have swept clean. Yet certain legends are here brushed away. We are now told that Paderewski's father was a gentleman farmer of position, whereas we had been assured before this that the boy had no advantages whatever. Nor was the death of his first wife the impetus to Paderewski's career as a pianist. There are pleasant details about his private life. He is an accomplished linguist, a man of reading and catholic tastes; generous in his impulses and actions; expert at billiards and brilliant in conversation, fond of cigarettes and late hours, an expert swimmer. There is a description of his villa in Switzerland. These personal details are given by Mr. Baughan in an incidental and gentlemanly manner. The more important pages are concerned, naturally, with the pianist, his artistry and his theories of art.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the discussion concerning Leschetitzki and his influence on Paderewski. "Every season we hear pianists in London who proudly emblazon their programmes with 'pupil of Leschetitzki'; they are as numerous as the many 'pupils of Liszt,' and in many cases have as much right to the description. The difficulty is to decide (from the many articles written by his self-styled pupils) what is the method taught by this Viennese magician, and it is almost as difficult to draw any clear conclusion from their playing. * * * The fault of the school, if one may judge by its exponents, is a desire to be brilliant and startling at all costs."

Paderewski did not go to Leschetitzki as a lad. He was 26 years old, according to Mr. Baughan, when he put himself under his care. Others say he was 24. He had studied at the Warsaw Conservatory and had taught there; he had made a concert tour in Russia; he had studied composition in Berlin; he had been a teacher in Strassburg. When he went to Vienna "he was practically an artist, an all-round, well educated musician." "In addition," as Mr. Baughan justly says, "he was a man of uncommon mind, far removed from the type of virtuoso who inspires his soul from the keys of the pianoforte. No teacher and no method can produce the pianist of 'genius.' The platitude is excusable in the face of the absurd things which have been written concerning the effect of Leschetitzki's teaching."

And why did Paderewski go to Vienna? He himself has answered the question. He wished to "become a performer," for teaching from morning till night was slavery. He wished to be "a performer"; "in that way I should work hard a few years and afterward have a life of ease, to be idle, or devote myself to composition as I pleased."

Paderewski made his debut in Vienna as a virtuoso in 1887. We are now in the year of our Lord 1907. Paderewski has worked hard for 20 years; he has gained large sums of money; he has not had a life of ease; he has not been idle; but he has found time to compose.

When Paderewski first played in London (1890) the critics seem to have been suspicious of his success in Paris. "The average Englishman is apt to suspect charlatanism in a musician whose wonderful auricle of golden hair had been so sedulously advertised." But Mr. Baughan proves that these critics of failure to recognize the pianist's greatness is unfounded. He reprints the criticisms. These are interesting and pertinent today. The Times said: "The player's loudest tones are by no means always beautiful." It praised him for his interpretation of Chopin's "passionate and fiery moods." The Telegraph saw two Paderewskis in the player. "Mr. Paderewski astonishes, and the good English public will run after him, no matter what the character of the astonishment may be * * * Mr. Paderewski is a monstrously powerful pianist, and herein lies his quality for the lover of marvels. The lover of music will sit at his feet on other grounds; but the main point is that the Polish artist appeals to both classes, and they comprise everybody." The Telegraph had no patience with Paderewski, the pounder and smiter of keys. "There is another Paderewski whom we can well abide. He is gentle and pleasant, refined and poetic to a degree which makes him altogether charming. This, we suspect, must be the true Paderewski, the other being, in the old demoniacal sense, 'possessed.' If so, is there no power to cast out the evil spirit?"

Mr. George Bernard Shaw was there writing musical criticisms for the World. (Would that these keen and entertaining articles were published in book form.) Mr. Shaw said: "There is Paderewski, a man of various moods, who was alert, humorous, delightful at his first recital; sensational, empty, vulgar and violent at his second; and dignified, intelligent, almost sympathetic at his third."

On the whole, were not these criticisms discriminative at the time? Are they not true of the Paderewski of today?

One passage in Mr. Baughan's book is of special and present interest. He mentions Paderewski's refusal to play a certain piano at the Chicago world's fair, when the board of directors told him that he must play the piano of an exhibiting firm. "The incident is worth mentioning because it is often stated in private that great pianists are in receipt of salaries from pianoforte manufacturers, in exchange for which they are bound to play on their instruments. However this may be with others, it is not so with Paderewski." Mr. Baughan then quotes from a letter written by Paderewski to a New York Journal

which had said editorially that it "was not very generous on Mr. Paderewski's part to sell himself to a piano firm." "I must emphatically deny," answered Paderewski, "that I am bound by contract or agreement, either in writing or verbally, to the use of any particular make of piano. In this respect I am at perfect liberty to follow my convictions and inclinations, and this privilege I must be free to exercise in the prosecution of my artistic career."

"This dignified protest," adds good Mr. Baughan, "should be sufficient con-

tradiction of the persistent rumors that Paderewski has been bound to play certain pianofortes."

There is a chapter on Paderewski's views on music and teaching, but these views had already been published. In a chapter on Paderewski, "as pianist," Mr. Baughan admits that a professional critic is apt to be too theoretical in his judgments: "It is, if viewed aright, the defect of his merits. We are compelled to give reasons for our likes and dislikes, and these in turn are apt to proceed too much from the intellect and not sufficiently from the emotions. The public, on the other hand, has no hard-and-fast theories concerning piano playing, singing or conducting. Provided an instrumentalist or a conductor creates a sensation, no close inquiry is made into a sacrifice of artistic virtue." Mr. Baughan also thinks that criticism demands reconsideration every few years, and he knows the important part that must necessarily be played by comparison. "However great may be the natural gifts of a critic, his verdict on a particular artist is of not much value unless he has some clear standard of technical and interpretative excellence. Those who remembered Rubinstein at his best were on firmer ground in judging the new star, Paderewski, than those who knew him not."

This is cheering to some of us. Chateaubriand passed a whole day alone in doleful dumps under the trees at Champlatreux, and when a friend asked him the reason of his sadness he answered: "I am now 40 years old." There are advantages the other side of 50, and not only in the ability to say good-bye to the passions when they are already farewellling us.

Mr. Baughan quotes appreciative and critical studies of Paderewski by Dr. William Mason, the late Arthur Johnstone of the Manchester Guardian, and himself. In 1901 Mr. Baughan wrote: "I will even admit that Paderewski's technique is not always as clear as it might be; that for perfection of finger dexterity Rosenthal, Godowsky, Busoni and De Pachmann surpass him. If you press it I will confess that Paderewski's force is hysterical, an explosion of exuberant nerves; that, metaphorically, he has his back to the wall, and with tight-drawn lips is fighting for his life. His strength, you may say, is almost a weakness. It has no reserve, and occasionally it is perilously akin to ranting. He is also too fond of unnecessary dynamic contrasts—the sign of the virtuoso all the world over, whether he be a pianist or a chorus master. I would not even combat the assertion that he often allows a fastidious brain to prompt new readings when novelty is unnecessary, and I must admit that he has the abominable trick of opening his chords—the kind of thing one expects in a third-rate pianist bidding for a cheap popularity." Yet Mr. Baughan adds that "the fascination of Paderewski" holds criticism in check, and he asserts that Paderewski is "the greatest of living pianists." "I do not ask Paderewski to be anything but himself, for his self interests me." Unfortunately in this criticism Mr. Baughan speaks of Busoni as having "a poet's imagination."

The chapter on Paderewski as a composer is written with discretion and true artistic reserve.

Mr. Baughan has accomplished well a difficult task. His book may be studied with profit by students, teachers, pianists, critics and by Paderewski himself. It will entertain and instruct the general reader. It is an ex-

cellent study of one of the most extraordinary apparitions in the virtuoso world since David hypnotized by his harp playing the surly Saul. Mr. Baughan does full justice to Paderewski's great gifts. He is not blind to his deficiencies. His enthusiasm is genuine. It is not insanity.

The book is illustrated with seven portraits of the pianist and with three of his Swiss villa.

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY.

The San Carlo grand opera company, which begins a two-week season at the Majestic Theatre tomorrow night, attracted a good deal of attention when it appeared here for the first time last spring. Indeed, it was the cordiality of the reception given to him in Boston last spring that made Mr. Henry Russell, the director of the organization, decide to begin his season here this year. At that time he received encouragement and promises of support from leaders in musical circles. Upon his return the promised support has been given and the season bids fair to be a success from every point of view. The advance sale of seats has been flattering. Good seats are still on sale at the box office, however, for a successful fight has been made to keep them out of the hands of the speculators.

Mr. Russell comes of a famous family. He is the son of Henry Russell, the celebrated song writer and singer, who lived for many years in New York, whose entertaining memoirs contain many anecdotes concerning America. Mr. William Clark Russell, the novelist, is a half-brother of Henry, and Mr. Landon Ronald, conductor and composer, is a whole brother. Mr. Russell studied the art of singing in Italy and he has taught with marked success in London. In 1904 he formed the San Carlo opera company and engaged excellent singers for a season in London. Among them was Caruso. In 1905 he visited America with Miss Alice Nielsen and a supporting company in "Don Pasquale." In 1906 he brought over his San Carlo company.

The basic idea of the San Carlo opera company is to give good opera at prices within the reach of everybody. For bad opera, whether at high prices or at low prices, there is, of course, no demand at all. Mr. Russell, therefore, found himself face to face with getting good singers at salaries that did not make high prices an absolute necessity; for it is obvious that if you pay a singer \$1000 a night you cannot charge the same price for seats that you would charge in the case of a theatrical star whose salary is \$250 and a percentage of the profits—if there before the young impresario. He disregarded the factors in engaging Mme. Norla, and Mr. Constantino, preferring to sacrifice some of his net profits in order to have some great artists.

He has brought this year some well known and excellent singers: Mme. Norla of the Paris Opera, a dramatic soprano, known formerly in America as Josephine Ludwig; Miss Nielsen, a lyric singer of grace and ability; Maria Claessens, a contralto, who has sung in Italy and South America; Rosa Olitzka, the mezzo soprano who was here as a member of the Grau opera company; Mr. Constantino, a tenor of world-wide reputation; Victor Maurel, the distinguished dramatic baritone, concerning whom there need be no words of introduction; Messrs. Dani, Oppezzo, d'Aubigne, Blanchart, Fornari, Rossi, de Seguro and others. Mr. Conti, an ad-

mirable conductor, will again be in charge.

The performances this week will be as follows: Monday, "Gloconda" (Mmes. Norla, Claessens, Olitzka; Messrs. Constantino, Blanchart, Seguro).

Tuesday, "Rigoletto" (Miss Nielsen, Messrs. Dani, Maurel).

Wednesday matinee, "Gloconda."

Practically the cast of Monday night.

Wednesday evening, "Trovatore" (Mme. Desana, Claessens, Oppezzo, Fornari).

Thursday, "Faust" (Miss Nielsen, Mme. Bramonla, Messrs. Dani, Blanchart and Maurel as Mephistopheles).

Friday, "Aida" (Mines, Norla, Claessens, Messrs. Constantino, Blanchart, Rossi, Villani).
Saturday matinee, "Trovatore."
Saturday evening, "Traviata" (Miss Nielsen, Messrs. Danl and Blanchart).

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mr. Giuseppe Campanari, baritone; Miss Elizabeth Dodge, soprano; Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist. Mr. Campanari will sing the prologue from "Pagliacci," Rossini's "Tarantella" and, with Miss Dodge, Faure's "Crucifixus." Miss Dodge will sing the mad scene from "Hamlet," Schumann's "Mondnacht," Grieg's "Im Kahn" and Weill's "Springtide." Miss Sassoli will play a gavotte by Bach, Zabel's "Am Springbrunnen" and Hasselman's concert waltz.

MONDAY—Stelner Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital. Singing suite, Schumann, "Bird as Prophet" and novelette in D; Franck, prelude, chorale, Chopin, etudes, op. 25, Nos. 6, 7, 9, 11; Honck, Cronan, MacDowell, Scotch poem, "Starlight," March Wind; Schulz-Evler, arabesque on J. Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Kneisel quartet's second concert. Quartet in G minor; Faure, piano quintet, D minor, op. 39; Smetana, quartet, "Aus meinen Leben." Mr. Gebhard will be the pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert in aid of Lincoln House. Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Bach, sonata, E major; Goldmark, air, "Tschalkowsky, Song Without Words; Popper, Danse of Elips; Vieuxtemps, Romance; Sarasate, Gipsy Ways; Lanner, waltzes; Townsend, Berceuse; Hubay, Scene de Czarda. Stelner Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Stephen Townsend's first song recital. Schubert, "Wohnen," "The Bird and the Robin"; d'Albert, "The Bird and the Rose"; Horrocks, "The Bird and the Rose"; Gounod, "It Is Not Always May"; Strauss, "Ein Oedach"; "Traum durch die Daemmerung," "Liebeshymnus," "Der fuenfzehn Pfennige"; Franz, "Die blaue Bruchlingsaugen." "Ach, wenn ich doch ein Immenhaer waere." "Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose verliebt." "Schmetterling." Schumann, "Ihre Stimme," Thraenen; Macdowell, "The Clover," Thraenen; Macdowell, "The Clover," "The Yellow Daisy." "Tell Me, Dearest," "Thy Beaming Eyes."

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann's third piano recital. Brighton high school, 8 P. M. Concert by music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces Wagner, overture to "Rienzi"; Villanueva, Poetic Waltz for strings; Offenbach, Intermezzo from "Contes d'Hoffmann"; Puccini, Selection from "Mme. Butterfly"; Halvorsen, March, "Entrance of the Boyars." Miss Elizabeth C. Chickerman, mezzo soprano, will sing "Casta Diva," from "Norma," and d'Hardelot's "Bacchus"; Mr. Kanch, violinist will play a Gypsy Dance, by Nachez. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. Elzet, dramatic overture, "Patrie"; MacDowell, suite in A minor, No. 1; Goetz, symphony in F major.

CHARLESTON HIGH SCHOOL, 8 P. M. Concert by music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Beethoven, overture, "John of Paris"; Gail, Gavotte for strings; Ivanoff, "In the Village," from "Caucasian Sketches"; Plotow, selection from "Martha"; Halvorsen, March, "Entrance of the Boyars." Miss Anna F. Smith, soprano, will sing Micaela's song from "Carmen" and Wilson's "Carmena." Mr. Gately, clarinetist, will play a fantasy on airs from "La Sonnambula." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

ATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

CONCERTS TO COME.

The Cecilia Society will give its first concert (Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor) in Symphony Hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 17. It will then perform "The eutitudes" by Cesar Franck. The society will be assisted by Mrs. Gertrude Gold, soprano; Mrs. Gertrude Stein, alto; Mr. Edward Johnson, tenor; and Mr. Ralph Osborne, bass. There will be a large orchestra. The sale of tickets will begin at the Symphony Hall box office tomorrow morning.

The third popular Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall will be given next Sunday afternoon, the 15th, at 3:30. It will bring to Boston at popular prices Fritz Kreisler, the violinist. Tickets will be on sale tomorrow (Monday) morning.

Mr. Kreisler will play Tartini's "Devil's Trill," Vieuxtemps's Concerto for violin and piano, Smetana and Paganini.

Last year's patrons of the Handel and Haydn concerts have so generally renewed their applications for season tickets for the present year that the financial success of the coming concerts appears to be fully assured. Tomorrow morning the general sale of season tickets begins at Symphony Hall. Each ticket will secure a single seat for either one of the two Christmas performances of "The Messiah." At the winter concert Verdi's "Requiem" will be performed. The oratorio for next Sunday will be "Samson and Delilah." On Monday morning, Dec. 16, tickets will go on sale at Symphony Hall for the two performances of "The Messiah," the one on Sunday evening before Christmas and the other on the evening of Christmas day.

The Cantabrigia Club will perform "Jah" at the First Baptist Church, Cambridge, Monday evening, the 16th. Messrs. Kubelik, violinist, and Hambr, pianist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall, Thursday afternoon, the 19th. The two performances of "The Messiah" will be given at the same time.

Mr. Raymond Havens will give a piano recital Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, in Stelner Hall.

Felix Fox's second chamber concert will take place in Stelner Hall on Monday afternoon, Jan. 6. Mr. Carlo Buonamici, the pianist, will assist him in playing several two-piano pieces.

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, has arranged a series of three concerts in Stelner Hall. The first will take place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13. She will be assisted by Mr. Carl Wendling, who will play with her Grieg's sonata for piano and violin, Op. 11, and Vincent d'Indy's piano and violin sonata, Op. 59.

Dec 9, 1907

A BELATED CHARGE.

Prof. Julius Goebel asserted in Chicago a few nights ago that "John Heckemelder (sic) was the real inspiration of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.'" He added that Longfellow discovered a set of Heckemelder's works, "and by persistent application extracted from them the idea for the great poem."

Was there not an error in the transmission of the dispatch? Did not Prof. Goebel refer to John Heckewelder, a Moravian missionary, a native of Bedford, Eng., who labored among the Delaware Indians and wrote three or four books about the Indian nations who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states? His books excited attention and discussion. Nathan Hale and John Pickering praised them in the North American Review, while Gen. Lewis Cass and John Pennington, an antiquary of Philadelphia, attacked them. Heckewelder was born in 1743, and he died in 1810.

Longfellow himself stated, in a note to "Hiawatha," that he derived the idea of his hero, and drew upon curious legends, from the writings of Henry R. Schoolcraft. A few weeks after the publication of "Hiawatha"—this was in 1855—Longfellow was accused by the National Intelligencer of having borrowed "the entire form, spirit and many of the most striking incidents" of "Hiawatha" from the

"Kalevala," the national epic of Finland. The accusation led to a long discussion in this country and England. Ferdinand Freiligrath published in the Athenaeum (London, Dec. 29, 1855) a summary of the arguments in support and in refutation of the charge. He decided that "Hiawatha" was written in "a modified Finnish metre, modified by the exquisite feeling of the American poet, according to the genius of the English language and to the wants of modern taste"; but Freiligrath, familiar with Finnish runes, saw no imitation of plot or incidents by Longfellow.

This was not the first time that Longfellow was accused of plagiarism. Poe, who appreciated Longfellow highly, and repeatedly gave him the first place among American poets, felt it his duty more than once to point out the "imitative plagiarism" of the poet, especially in the remarkable article, "A Reply to 'Outis,'" which is still a masterpiece of criticism.

Is "Hiawatha" a "great" poem? We doubt whether the warmest admirer of the amiable and household poet would today characterize "Hiawatha" by this adjective. Yet the hero is a familiar figure the world over. The compliment of parody is still paid to the poem, which also still stimulates the fancy of composers, for only a few months ago an orchestral suite, "Hiawatha," by Karl Kaempf, was produced at Utrecht.

CAMPANARI SINGS FOR AID SOCIETY

Miss Elizabeth Dodge Scores

The second concert in the series given for the Roxbury Aid Society took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Giuseppe Campanari, baritone, Miss Elizabeth Dodge, soprano, and Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, were the soloists. Mr. Campanari sang the prologue to "Pagliacci," Rossini's "Tarantella," and, with Miss Dodge, Faure's "Crucifixus." Miss Thomas sang the mad scene from "Hamlet," Schumann's "Mondnacht," Grieg's "Im Kahn," and Weill's "Springtide." Miss Sassoli played Bach's Gavotte, Zabel's "Am Springbrunnen," and Hasselman's Concert Waltz.

The published programme, however, was only a section of the entire concert, as every number, except the final duet, was encored, and Mr. Campanari gave such delight by a performance of the "Toreador" song from "Carmen" that he had to repeat a stanza of it. This extremely popular singer is heard here so seldom nowadays that it was gratifying to hear him in even so small a programme, and it was a pleasure to many to have those pieces with which he has long been identified, even though the operatic numbers, especially the Prologue, suffer by lack of orchestral accompaniment.

The first appearance here of Miss Dodge aroused considerable interest, which was justified by her performance. Her voice is very high and of brilliant quality. It would not be fair, however, to say that the singer is without emotion, for she made the "mad scene" interesting by other means than by purely technical display, thereby doing somewhat toward justifying the title. She sang the shorter pieces with delightful grace, and included Schubert's "Sylvia" as one of her encore pieces.

Miss Sassoli's artistry is familiar here. Her performance causes the hearer to regret the exceedingly limited amount of good music for the harp, but her programme was wisely chosen, and the arrangement of Bach's Gavotte proved the most delightful feature.

The soloist at next Sunday's concert will be Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

MME. ZELIE DE LUSSAN had a beautiful time in vaudeville at Philadelphia. "Ah! this is the great country for music! Why should it not be? Have you not the people of all nationalities here? The music-loving Germans, the enthusiastic Italians, the rapturous Frenchmen, and the ardently vehement Spaniards? All these, combined with the earnest, energetic and brilliant Americans!" This superb ethnological outburst greeted a reporter. When he entered her room, "the exquisite melody of a Chopin prelude floated on the air. I looked around in surprise and saw a handsome gentleman at the piano." "At the piano." Yet this handsome gentleman was not a tuner, nor a man from the factory. He was Mr. Fronani, the husband of Mme. de Lussan. He raised his hand and shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly when the reporter complimented him. "You like Chopin?" asked the handsome gentleman.

Was the reporter at a loss? Proud of our calling, we give his answer: "Chopin was a feature in my early studies of difficult music, and I recognized his genius immediately. His compositions are unique. He developed a style that could not be imitated."

The handsome gentleman looked dazed, but he rallied and countered: "Quite right, and that is why those who love music find in it the greatest source of delight, elevating the mental poise, and giving ecstasy to the soul!"

Mme. de Lussan has definite ideas about art. "You do not want to frighten, jar, or disturb an audience." She has discovered that Philadelphia is a great musical centre. "Who knows but that one of the famous sopranos of the future may be a Philadelphian!" And yet we have our doubts. Pepper pot and scrapple are not favorable to the voice.

Dr. Baer has been contributing aphorisms to the Jugend of Munich. An aphorism is usually a thinly disguised platitude. Judge of Dr. Baer's by these samples.

"To die of hunger is not so difficult when one has the necessary education, integrity, and charity."

"Unhappiness with children usually begins a generation before."

These aphorisms are not cheerful erasing, but what did the great public of the Referee say a few Sundays ago, when over its morning imported egg and bacon it read Mr. George R. Sims' conclusions concerning "the true philosophy of life" in his "Mustard and Cress," known to the irreverent as "Custard and Mess"? Mr. Sims quoted the conversation between the gipsy and his son as recorded in the "Lil of Romano Jinnypen" and Englished by George Borrow. The son asks: "My father, why were worms made?" "My son, worms were made that moles might live by eating them." "My father, why were moles made?" "My son, that you and I might live by catching

them." "My father, why were you and I made?" "My son that worms might live by eating us."

Mr. Sims argues that in this dialogue is the whole philosophy of life—and death: "We are all made to live upon others, and for others to live upon us. That is why, when one gets old enough to be a philosopher, one accepts so many unpleasant things as necessities for the scheme of mutual supply and sustenance. * * * The scheme of Nature is not socialist, therefore socialism is a vain dream, for in its dreams it leaves out human nature. It forgets that the worm at one end of existence and man at the other are mutually helpful, and that it is in death and not in life that Nature is Socialist."

Since Mr. Sims has invoked the mighty shade of George Borrow, let us take the taste of the last paragraph out of our mouth by recalling the talk between Borrow and Mr. Jasper Petulengro. The latter, asked his opinion of death, replied: "When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him."

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the hearth. Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?"

Surely not Count Boni de Castellane, for he sets new fashions, not in treatment of wives, but in dress. He appeared recently in a waistcoat of puce colored velvet with sapphire buttons and a rolled collar, and his shirt front was of fine lawn with little frills and lace and fluffs upon it.

New Yorkers seem to be surprised because raiders of a pool room found books on a centre table. Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and books by Mr. Elbert Hubbard. There was also the exercise book of a student in chemistry and a burglar's jimmy. But why should not a man who plays the races also have a literary taste and be interested in science, theoretical and applied? The most eminent burglars have been devoted husbands, readers of the poets, alive to all the problems of science. Whitman was the poet of democracy. Why should not "Leaves of Grass" be at hand for the encouragement and consolation of any working man?

Dec 10 1907

SAN CARLO OPERA

MAJESTIC THEATRE—San Carlo grand opera company, Mr. Henry Russell, director, opens its season with Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

La Gioconda.....Mme. Norla Laura Adorno.....Mme. Claessens La Cieca.....Mme. Olitzka Enzo Grimaldo.....Mr. Constantino Barnba.....Mr. Blanchart Alvise Badoero.....Mr. de Segurula Un Cantore.....Mr. Fucini Lepo.....Mr. Ghidini

Mr. Russell's hope to establish a permanent opera here has naturally awakened much interest. He is known internationally as a man versed in the art of song and in the production of opera. He is an artist as well as a manager. Furthermore, he has an appreciation of business responsibilities and obligations. He is not merely an enthusiastic and unsophisticated sojourner in Arcadia.

He realizes fully the fact that there can be no grand opera in a city, whether this opera be given at high prices or at reasonable prices, unless there be a public eager to hear it. This public, if the opera is to be given at reasonable prices, must be educated until it has learned the fact that an operatic performance may be a delightful entertainment if there be an ensemble of worth, not necessarily a star of the first magnitude, and not a galaxy of brilliant stars. The more stars there be and the more brilliantly they shine, the higher the prices.

A public that will support opera at reasonable prices must be taught to like opera for its own sake, not for those who sing in it. The company that purposes to produce opera for a whole season must have first of all a repertory and a good working ensemble—and, of course, in the ensemble is included an adequate chorus and an efficient orchestra—with an experienced conductor.

Theatre Filled.

There was naturally much curiosity concerning the quality of Mr. Russell's company, and it is a pleasure to state that the theatre was filled with a very large, deeply interested, enthusiastic audience.

The opera chosen for the opening night was Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." It is not familiar here to the majority of operagoers. It was first performed in Boston in 1884 with Mmes. Christine Nilsson, Fursch-Madi, Scaldi and Messrs. Stagno, Del Puente and Novara. The last performance was in the spring of

1907. With Misses. Norcia, Homer, Walker and Messrs. Caruso, Gaidoni and Plancon.

Based on the libretto on the widely romantic and also melodramatic play of Victor Hugo, "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua," Extravagant as this play now seems to us, it shook Paris when it was first performed. When it was revived in Paris within a few years to suit the caprice of Sarah Bernhardt, the play was voted a bore and the grisly horrors excited laughter or bewilderment. In its operatic form the play is indelible only when it is acted with the utmost fire and passion, with all belief in the reality of the incidents, with full accentuation of that which is sinister and terrible. It is an opera that should be sung and acted only by Italians, who are utterly without self-consciousness, to whom the music appeals.

With the exception of the impressive finale of the third act, the pretty ballet music, and one or two musically dramatic strokes in the last act, the composer did little to assist the librettist. When Ponchielli wrote this music, his theory of opera was in a transitional state and he gave himself over more or less to experimentation. While we see him clinging to the old formulas of the Italian opera as vitalized by Verdi in his middle period, we also see him influenced by certain features of French grand opera as developed by Meyerbeer. Yet he had his own voice, which we hear in certain expressions of passion, abrupt phrases, sudden cadences of a peculiar form and of his own invention. There are echoes of this voice in the music of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini and others of the "verismo" school of modern Italy.

But, listening to this opera of Ponchielli, we must remember the taste of the period. Nothing grows so quickly old as an opera, and its immediate success is often the surest symptom of its early death. Even "La Gioconda" was ahead of its time. The three chief works of Verdi's middle period are still full of life by reason of the dramatic state of the greater part of the melody, by reason of the combination of scenic instinct and elemental, universal, intense emotional feeling that made Verdi a genius.

Enjoyment of Audience.

"La Gioconda" served last night to open the season brilliantly. There was no mistaking the attitude of the great audience; there was no doubt about the sincerity of its enjoyment. It is not worth while, then, to discuss at further length the question whether the stage figures in this opera can be made anything more than puppets devoid of human interest, or whether the purely lyrical portion of the music is in any way a true expression of the sentiments to be conveyed.

Nor at the beginning of the season would it be wholly fair to inquire too curiously into the artistry of the respective singers. They will be heard in other parts. It is enough for the present to say a few words about the more prominent of its singers. Mme. Norcia has a pure voice, agreeable in sustained song and also in dramatic outbursts. She made a favorable impression. Mmc. Claessens has an imposing figure, and she sings with a certain authority and with a voice well adapted to dramatic situations, though its quality is rather dry.

Mme. Olitzka is well known here. She has improved since she was last heard in Boston. As the Blind Woman her singing was less spasmodic than of old and her phrasing had a firmer line. Mr. Constantino, who pleased last season, has a heroic voice, with brilliant upper tones. He is not only a singer with upper tones; he has a serviceable organ throughout; his tones, sympathetic in piano and mezzo-forte, are not strident in full vigor, and he gives the hearer the idea of reserve force.

Voice Is Resonant.

Mr. Blanchart is a baritone of experience. His voice is resonant. Both he and Mr. de Seguroia evidently misjudged the acoustic properties of the theatre, for they—the latter especially—sang too often. I might say almost constantly, with full force and without appreciation of the value of contrast or reserve.

Mr. Russell, however, may justly plume himself on the fact that the attention of the audience was not centred on a star, not even on Mr. Constantino, who, by the way, was obliged to repeat the well known song in the second act, which he sang with much taste. The ensemble, after all, was the thing. The spirit that animated the whole performance, even though it occasionally led to vocal extravagance, was contagious, and the audience was quickly responsive.

The chorus is made up of fresh voices, and last night it sang with marked effect. Mr. Conti conducted admirably, with a firm, yet elastic hand. There were many curtain calls and Mr. Russell was included.

All in all, the performance was a brilliant opening of the short season, and it gave promise of pleasure to come.

The opera tonight will be "Rigoletto" with Mme. Nielsen, Gilda; Mme. Marchi, Maddalena; Mr. Dani, the Duke; Mr. Rossi, Sparafucile, and Mr. Victor Maurel as Rigoletto. Mr. Conti will conduct.

MISS THOMPSON GIVES A RECITAL

Miss Edith Thompson gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Sliding, suite; Schumann, "Bird as Prophet"; and Novelette in D; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Chopin,

Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 6, 7, 9, 11; Op. 10, No. 3; "Starlight," "March Wind," "Schulz-Evier, Arabesques on Themes of Johann Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

The programme was well arranged; it was of reasonable length, and the pieces were not beyond the pianist's abilities. Sliding's suite is in archaic spirit, yet there is a modern flavor in the treatment. Of the four movements played yesterday, the Sarabande is the most charming, and it might well stand by the one in Grieg's suite, "In Holberg's Time." It was a pleasure to hear again the noble piano piece of Cesar Franck.

Miss Thompson's playing on the whole gave much pleasure. At first her performance seemed a little cramped, constrained, chiefly by reasons of mannerisms in manipulation that we are not accustomed to associate with her, but later she shook them off and played with greater spontaneity and elasticity as far as the eye of the hearer was concerned. She has added nuances to her color scheme. She has gained in variety of force and also in beauty of tone.

Especially noticeable in her recital was the performance of Sliding's Sarabande, the middle section of Schumann's novelette, and of Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue. Her performance of the Choral in the last-named piece was so engrossing that it was followed immediately by a burst of applause, and thus the continuity of the composition was lost. It would not do to say that possibly the audience thought the end of the Choral was the close of the composition.

In the etude of Chopin in G sharp major the marvellous descending chord figure that first begins in the fifth measure might have been played with more distinctness and with more color against the ascending thirds. These thirds are as embroidery thrown over the fleeting, haunting chords. The etude in G flat major was performed with too much deliberation, but the audience thought otherwise, and Miss Thompson was obliged to repeat it.

Miss Thompson has also gained in emotional expression, as was shown throughout the concert. An audience of good size was much interested and there was hearty applause.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

Verdi's "Aida" opened the week at the Castle Square last evening before a large audience. The scenic production, beautiful in its pictures of Egypt and the Nile country, added not a little to the picturesque effect of the production, and the singing of Mme. Helene Noldi proved again her value as a permanent addition to the Castle Square singers. No less appreciated, moreover, were the efforts of Signor Alberti as Amoruso, Miss LeBaron as Amneris, Mr. Boyle as Ramphis and Mr. Davies as Radames.

The final performances of "Aida" come today and tomorrow, and on Thursday evening Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" will be put on for a run of only one week. As the Earl of Mountararat, Charles H. Bowers will make his first appearance with the Castle Square singers.

Men and Things.

A FAVORITE question with the mentally restless has been this: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" With others, it has been this: "What shall he do with our divorced wives?" The answer has been made by those wives that have promptly remarried, but there are some that are still at large. Mr. Henry Jewtraw, who communes with nature in the Adirondacks, seems to have solved the problem by engaging his divorced wife as housekeeper. She runs the house, looks after the children and is paid "as good wages as she could obtain elsewhere."

The advantages in this arrangement are plain to even the most careless thinker. The late Mrs. Jewtraw knows how Jewtraw likes things. She knows his favorite dishes, how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee, the amount of bedding in winter, the temperature he prefers in the sitting room. She can minister to his comfort and health in many ways. In other words, she knows the man. As she is paid for her services, she feels independent, and will no doubt work more cheerfully than if she were merely his wife. It is possible that Mr. Jewtraw, recognizing at last her true womanly nature, will say some morning after the buckwheat cakes are exactly to his liking: "Come, old gal, let's get married." If she is a wise woman, she will prefer to be a housekeeper with wages, rather than a drudge without money and affection.

Miss Mary Garden, whose generous revelation of physical art has excited attention in opera houses of Paris, London and now New York, sums up her advice to all young women who wish to succeed on the stage: "Go without hutter on your bodice, if necessary, but wear becoming clothes." If you cannot afford becoming clothes, young ladies, and if Nature has been kind to you, choose Miss Garden's parts—Thais and Aphrodite—for which the costumes are really

unimportant, provided they are scant.

Ohio was about to dispute Indiana's hoast of literary supremacy when sad news from Burton dampened enthusiasm and lowered pride. In Burton there is a club, the Clio Club, which is characterized by a correspondent of the Columbus Press Post as "the de luxe literary organization of the town." This club, at the beginning of the month, resumed its weekly gatherings "where they were discontinued last season, but with a difference, 10 of its members having become mothers within the period of the vacation from literary activity." Ohio women are never idle. Now the club contends that it is worthy of national commendation "as an anti-race suicide organization" and should receive the Roosevelt medal. A letter is to be sent to the President. We fear it will not receive the attention it deserves, for just at present Mr. Roosevelt is thinking of other things.

Why should any father of a son at Yale be disturbed because Oscar Wilde's play "The Importance of Being Earnest," is to be performed by the Yale Dramatic Association this year? Is it not time that this cant should cease? In a truly civilized country the unfortunate man of genius would have been sent to an asylum, not to a jail. He wrote two or three brilliant and amusing plays. What has his tragic ending to do with the character of these plays or with the advisability of producing them?

A German anthropologist has studied for seven years, the walk of various women. He believes that a woman should not drag her feet after her as though they were sacks of potatoes; she should not jerk them forward; her knees should be straight and her toes turned slightly out; she should not call attention to her shoulders or swing her arms, and above all, she should hold her chin high "like the Americans." He thinks the Americans and the Parisians are the best walkers.

The American girl, when she is not going to the riding school and is not trying to look and act like a man—there are sad sights near the Fenway—walks as though she were made of steel springs and ginger. Like Charles Lamb's Hester, she has a springy motion in her gait, a rising step. Yet the orientals, who are fussy about women, compare an admirable gait to the slightly swaying walk of a thoroughbred mare. "Now walk with thy left shoulder forward and thy right well behind, and sway thy hips from side to side," says the old woman in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" to Niamah wishing to disguise herself as a damsel. Delilah in Milton's tragedy came sailing

Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire.

As for straight knees. We have been assured by a woman who has had much to do with models that the great majority of women are knock-kneed.

MAUREL ILLUMINES ROLE OF RIGOLETTO

The San Carlo grand opera company, Henry Russell director, performed Verdi's "Rigoletto" last night at the Majestic Theatre. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Gilda.....Mme. Nielsen
Maddalena.....Mme. Marchi
Duchess Mantova.....Mr. Dani
Rigoletto.....Mr. Maurel
Sparafucile.....Mr. Rossi
Montecore.....Mr. Puccini

The scheme of a permanent opera in Boston at reasonable prices suggests several questions for academic discussion. Yesterday morning, in the review of the performance of "Gloconda," we considered the necessity of a repertory, a good ensemble with adequate chorus and sufficient orchestra conducted by a man of experience, authority and taste. Any permanent opera company in Boston will necessarily for a long time be without stars of the first magnitude.

But suppose this established opera company is to produce "Rigoletto"? Will there not then be an imperative need of a singing playactor of much more than ordinary ability? For who is the dominating figure in this opera? Not Gilda, for there are plenty of sopranos who can perform the bravura air in a respectable manner, look girlish, and excite well-merited sympathy. Not the dissolute Duke with his applauded song for to win applause by this melody the tenor need not be a Bonel. Not Sparafucile, one of the most picturesque characters in opera, one that is admirably portrayed by the music. Not Maddalena, the decoy, who also is finely typified by Verdi's music. No, the dominating figure from the moment he mocks the old man's grief to that of his opening the sack and hearing the ditty of the Duke, alive and plumed for another amorous adventure, is that of Rigoletto, the jester.

A mediocre actor in this tragic part is not to be endured. He may not seem stiff or grotesque in another opera; but whoever acts the part of the Jester must have irresistible authority and passion; he must have flashes of his- trionic genius. Thus we are brought face to face with the necessity of a star, or a weak or ridiculous performance of a superbly tragic opera.

The impersonation of Rigoletto by Mr. Victor Maurel has often been applauded in European cities and in certain towns of this country. It has awakened animated discussion. No one has denied the power of the impersonation, but there has been questioning of his conception of the part. As a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company, he was announced to appear here as Rigoletto in Mechanics' building March 2, 1895, with Mme. Melha and Mr. Russitano as Gilda and the Duke, but Mr. Ancona was substituted for him, and Mr. Ancona walked about amiably and sang in the most distressing situations with an unflinching good nature that was irritating.

When Mr. Maurel visited the United States in 1895, he said, apropos of his renowned interpretations of Iago and Falstaff: "The audience becomes accustomed within a few moments to any voice, however full and sonorous it may be. That which always impresses an audience and holds them captive is the truthfulness, the vigor and the variety of accent and expression."

A Powerful Impersonation.

This statement might now be applied to his own interpretation of Rigoletto, the interpretation not of a baritone rejoicing in his aria and his dulcet appeal to the ladies, but that of a play actor to whom the music is as accentuation or as heightened speech. To speak in 1907 of Mr. Maurel as a singer, pure and simple, in a taxing part, would be irrelevant and impertinent.

He was in former years reproached for representing Rigoletto as a man angry chiefly because he had been tricked and outwitted. The reproach at the time was unjust; it would be unjust today. His conception of the part is the natural, the inevitable one. It is not necessary to read between the lines of either the libretto or of Hugo's tragedy for the sake of jaunty disparagement.

The rebellion of the Jester against his slavery at court, his love for his daughter, his agony at her shame, his revenge thwarted at the last moment by a stroke of irony that would be diabolical if it were not angelic—all this was expressed by Mr. Maurel with the subtlety of art for which he is renowned, with relieving, sweeping outbursts, with a long and superb crescendo of emotion.

Was Doubly Memorable.

As a dramatic conception and performance, this interpretation is among the memorable ones of the operatic stage. There are Rigolettos who are no doubt masters of bel canto, thoughtful of tone production when they should be shaken with passion. There is no fault to be found with their intonation even when they should be hoarse with agony. When you remember the long stage life of Mr. Maurel, his performance last night was doubly remarkable.

So irresistible was his delivery of the theme on which the final duet of the third act is constructed that the audience was wildly enthusiastic. It is much to be regretted that Miss Nielsen and Mr. Maurel yielded to the clamor and repeated the duet. The original effect was in large measure destroyed thereby.

Let us have Italian opera, by all means, above all operas by Verdi; let us have these works sung in true Italian spirit, but let us be free from the annoyances that turn an operatic performance into a concert, cheapen or destroy the dramatic intensity, and make opera more absurd than it inherently is.

Miss Nielsen Charming.

Miss Nielsen was a charming and sympathetic Gilda, who sang skilfully, not only as a singer, but also as an interpreter of varied emotions. Mme. Marchi, a contralto with an uncommonly rich voice, was an excellent Maddalena. Mr. Dani, who sang here four years ago in "La Traviata" with Mme. Sembrich, is a lyric tenor with a pure and agreeable voice. He sang with much taste and at times with genuine distinction. Mr. Rossi, the Sparafucile, was an admirable companion to Mme. Marchi, with his sonorous, unctious bass. The chorus, which has little to do in this opera, and that little is hardly worth doing, was uncommonly good. Mr. Conti again conducted with much spirit and with good results.

The audience, though naturally not so large as that of the night before, was still a large one, and it was enthusiastic.

The opera this afternoon will be Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" with Mmes. Norcia, Olitzka and Marchi and Messrs. Constantino, Blanchart and De Seguroia as the chief singers. Mr. Conti will conduct. Mme. Olitzka will take the part of Laura for the first time.

The opera this evening will be Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The chief singers will be Mmes. Desana and Olitzka and Messrs. Opezzo, Fornari and Villani.

KNEISEL QUARTET IN SECOND CONCERT

First Performance Here of
Gabriel Faure's Piano
Quintet.

The Knelsel quartet gave its second concert of the season last night in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows: J. S. Bach, quartet in G minor; Gabriel Faure's quintet for piano and strings (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); Smetana's quartet "Aus Meinem Leben."

Bach's "quartet" was first played here by the Knelsels Dec. 6, 1904. It is not worth while to discuss the question whether the composition should be called a quartet. The manuscript copy, which is not by Bach, bears the title "over-ture," a term that at the time was loosely used. When the Knelsels first played the piece they omitted a movement which is called "Torneo" on the manuscript. What is the meaning of the word as here used? No one seems to know exactly, and the oracles are dumb.

"Torneo" in Italian means "tournament." Perhaps there is an idea in this movement of one player tilting against another. Of the other four movements the aria and the minuet are the most interesting. The former has a charming quaintness; in the latter there is the thought of the Mozart to come. As for the first movement and the finale they are formulas, according to Bach.

Gabriel Faure's piano quintet was played here for the first time. The history of the work is as follows: It was composed for the late Gustave Schirmer, who was warmly interested in modern French music. The first performance was at an Ysaye-Pugno concert in Paris, April 30, 1906, when the composer was the pianist, and the string quartet numbered Messrs. Ysaye, Deru, Denayer and J. Almon. The first performance in London was on March 22, 1907.

The Knelsels played the quintet in New York on the 3d of last April. It is needless to say that the workmanship is masterly and of the utmost distinction. The lines have a fine purity and there is harmonic grace, there is exquisite uphony. As the music is chiefly of the nature known as suggestive, as the ears must meet the composer perhaps more than half way, the quintet perhaps ahead of its time of full honor. Yet even a careless hearer should find beauty in the elegiac adagio and in the finale, which is built on a motive that admits of various melodic figures. The performance of this work, and that of the other works, was of the excellence that has long characterized this chamber club.

The ever engrossing and emotional quartet of the unfortunate Smetana brought the close.

The third concert of the series will take place on Jan. 14.

"BONING."

It was stated recently that the term "boning," meaning studying hard, "cramming" or "grinding" for an examination, was derived from the name of the publisher, H. G. Bohn, whose volumes of translations from Greek and Latin into English were among the books that helped us in our college days. Bohn was a hospitable person, a collector of statuary, china, miniatures, of vases, exotic shrubs, a lover of roses, and at the age of 87 he footed a nimble in a quadrille on his own lawn. We would not rob him willingly of any glory. Fain would we see his name preserved in the language as that of Gerry and of Capt. Boycott. But did he thus add a verb to the English language? Slang and its Analogues" favors the statement. "Bohn has come to be a common name for a translation." And again: "Bone: to study hard. (From Bohn)."

In the early sixties and in a village of western Massachusetts, it was the habit of plain people—to use Lincoln's phrase—to speak of a "boning right down to it"—"standing here for any job, ask, labor. 'I tell you, he boned right down to it and finished it in an hour.' There was no thought of study in their minds; there was still as any thought of H. G. Bohn and the ingenious translators in his employ. What was the origin of the verb thus used? The great Oxford dictionary knows the verb "to bone," but only as to throw out the bones (obsolete); to de-bone of the bone, or to take out the bones—as to bone a turkey; to finish with bones, as to manure with bones, or stiffen stays with halebone. It admits the slang verb, "to bone"—to take into custody, to lay hold of, to seize and take possession of, to steal.

The dialect dictionaries include the verb "bone"—to annoy by repeated dunning, or by constant so-

licitation; also to take the levels of land for draining, to measure in a straight line. They also gladly welcome the verb with the meaning to steal, or to seize, or detain, by force, and they quote Thomas Hood's lines in "Mary's Ghost":

But from her grave in Marybone
They've come and boned your Mary.

"To annoy by repeated dunning, or by constant solicitation, frequently with preposition 'at' or 'on': As in 'Tom knew ah'd a seacrit, an' he boned at muh wol ah tell'd him what 'twor.'" In other words, Tom kept at it till he had wormed the secret out of the man. Is it not possible that here is the origin of the phrase as used in the Hampshire county village? A man applied himself to a task, as though he were dunning it, as though he were a "boner."

We do not say that the term "to bone" heard in colleges may not come from Bohn. We do say that it was used without thought or knowledge of Bohn, freely and familiarly in village life, and is still used.

WE have been much interested in Mr. Arthur M. Lewis' pamphlet, "The Art of Lecturing."

It is full of words of wisdom. Here is an example. It may be remembered that Demosthenes developed his voice by shouting above the roar of the sea. Mr. Lewis says to students of elocution who live far from the ocean: "In the absence of sea waves, one's voice may be tested and strengthened by trying to drown the noise of the electric cars at a street meeting." We recommend the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Boylston street for this purpose. There the young orator will also have an excellent opportunity of trying his powers of argument and persuasion on the policeman who would fain arrest him.

"Even if an element of pathos enters into the peroration, it is a mistake to allow the voice to weaken. If it takes a lower note, it must make up in strength and intensity what it loses in height." True. This is called in vulgar speech, working the tremolo.

"I met a boy of 18 the other day with a thumb worn copy of Dietzgen's 'Positive Outcome of Philosophy' under his arm. This is the material from which lecturers are made."

"The lecturer must be familiar with the very best; he must plunge untroubled to the greatest depths, sail unwearied to the topmost heights and gaze unblinded on the brightest light."

"Never allow your thumb and fingers, especially the thumb, to stick out from the palm at right angles like pens stuck in a potato."

We miss, however, any instructions as to diet. What should the rising young orator, the young Columbian, the spell-binding lecturer eat and drink? Artemus Ward, writing to the Prince of Wales, mentioned the fact that his father-in-law lived with him. "His intellect totters a little, and he saves the papers contain the proceedings of our State Legislature. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads to be well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he unfortunately has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow." What is Mr. Lewis' opinion as to the value of hash in clearing the voice and producing bell-like tones?

Dr. Saleeby says that the late Francis Thompson died of consumption of long standing—not of "opium and the rest," and he adds that his information is not second-hand. There are few sadder stories than that of Thompson's poverty; few stranger than that of the inability of many editors and publishers in London to appreciate his rare poetic talent. Yet, after all, what was an editor in the eighties to say at finding poetry like this addressed to him by an unknown:

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the Eastern heaven,
Theobling with unheard melody,
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven;
When dusk struck cold and light trod shy,
And Dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray,
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucide.

This reminds us that Theodor Bertram, the baritone, who hanged himself recently at Bayreuth, did not die solely from grief for his wife, who went down with the Berlin last season. He was penniless, and he had little hope of an engagement. At Bayreuth he was lodged and fed by a

landlord who was fond of him. Bertram had had trouble with his vocal chords and just before he hanged himself he was convinced that he was voiceless.

Here is a singular case that was brought into a London court a few days ago. A young man was sued by a surgical company in payment for services rendered. He had refused to pay more than half of the fee, 15 guineas. He had gone to the surgeons in the hope of "meeting the world face to face, or as Cyrano would say, nose to nose," for Nature had not given him a nose. To quote the Pall Mall Gazette: "It was not given in evidence whether the method adopted was the infusion of paraffin wax—what diplomats would call a policy of peaceful penetration—or whether some other part of his anatomy had been borrowed for the purpose, and butchered to make a Roman promontory. In any case, the result was successful enough to enable Mr. Spence to sniff at the bill." The young man advanced the plea of legal infancy, but the court ordered him to pay the balance due, at five shillings a month, holding that a youth who had gained a new nose should have acquired more sense.

SAN CARLO SINGERS GIVE 'IL TROVATORE'

General Performance of Little
Distinction Given by
the Singers.

By PHILIP HALE.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was performed last night at the Majestic Theatre by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Leonora.....Mme. Tina Desana
Azucena.....Mme. Maria Claessens
Manrico.....Mr. Giuseppe Opezzo
Ferrando.....Mr. Ernesto Villani
Ruiz.....Mr. Ernesto Villani
Conte di Luna.....Mr. Rodolfo Fornari

Our old friends were with us again, Ferrando with his dire story that frightens the chorus—would that as in the old Max Maretzek days he had worn a melodramatic slouch hat instead of helmet and plume! Azucena, with her vendetta cry and mysterious disposition of the two children; Leonora in agony near the tower; Manrico with his immortal melody; Di Luna, one of the most romantic of all operatically desperate men. Nor should the faithful Ruiz be forgotten; brave in battle, his voice almost always wabbles in conversation.

Gave Earnest Performance.

The performance of the opera does not call for minute examination. It is enough to say, that as a whole, it was characterized by an earnestness that compelled respect if not unfailing admiration. The singers were not shirkers. They did their best and if their vocal methods were characterized as a rule by vigor rather than by any exhibition of finesse, their endeavor was rewarded by the applause of an audience of good size.

Mme. Desana Here First Time.

Mme. Desana, the Leonora, sang here for the first time. I am told that she was educated for the stage in Milan, where she made her first appearance as Santuzza. She has sung in opera houses of South America. On Thanksgiving day she was married to Mr. Mario Ferraresa, a young Italian composer. I am also told that last night she was suffering from sciatica. Her voice has naturally a rich, sombre quality and also a carrying power, so that it is well adapted to dramatic parts. It is an agreeable voice, and as the singer is of pleasing personal appearance and naturally emotional, she gives promise. Mme. Claessens' interpretation of the part of Azucena was respectable, though it had no suggestion of witchcraft, mystery or malignant revenge.

Opezzo Stalwart Tenor.

Mr. Opezzo is a stalwart tenor with clear, resonant upper tones. He seemed a man to be trusted in an emergency rather than one of romantic nature, and his treatment of Leonora in the first scenes was marked by a consideration that was well nigh paternal.

Mr. Fornari was with Mr. Russell's company last season. He has a vibrant voice and he has had routine experience. He sang "Il balen" badly, very badly. Mr. Villani as Ferrando had evidently caught cold in the course of his indefatigable efforts to learn the gypsy's whereabouts and secret. The chorus, as a rule, did excellent work.

The audience was smaller than on the preceding nights, but it was generous with applause.

The opera tomorrow night will be Gounod's "Faust." The chief singers will be Mmes. Noria, Bramonia, Perego and Messrs. Dani, Blanchart, Franzini and Victor Maurel, who will take the part of Mephistopheles. Mr. Conti will conduct.

"GIOCONDA" AT THE MAJESTIC.

A large audience applauded the performance of "Gioconda" yesterday afternoon at the Majestic Theatre. The cast was the same as on Monday night, except that Miss Oltzka took the part of Laura for the first time and Mino. Marchi that of the Blind Woman. Mr. Vallini, who was one of the teachers of Mr. Constantino and is now living in Boston, conducted.

A THIRD WEEK OF OPERA.

There has been a steady demand for seats for the San Carlo grand opera company, and the management of the Majestic Theatre has received many requests for an extension of the engagement. Mr. Russell has been consulted, and the result is that the engagement will end the 28th. The repertory for Christmas week will soon be announced. There is talk of a revival of "Don Giovanni," with Mr. Maurel as the rakehell hero.

TOWNSEND PLEASES IN SONG RECITAL

Audience at Steinert Hall
Calls for Encores After
Several Numbers.

Stephen Townsend, baritone, assisted by Carl Lamson, accompanist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Schubert's "Whither?" Serenade, "The Erl-King"; d'Albert's "The Finch and the Robin"; Horrock's "The Bird and the Rose"; Lucy Hamilton Paine's "Passion's Tears"; Gounod's "It Is Not Always May"; Strauss' "Ein Oedach," "Dream Through the Twilight," "Hymn of Love," "For Half-a-Crown"; Franz's "Die Blauen Fruelingsaugen," "Ah, Wer' I But a Little Bee," "The Butterfly," Slumber-song; Schumann's "Her Voice," "Aus den Oestlichen Rosen," "Silent Tears"; MacDowell's "The Clover," "The Yellow Daisy," "Tell Me, Dearest," "Thy Beaming Eyes."

Mr. Townsend was apparently hampered with a cold, and he sang at times with some effort; but the upper register of his voice, which is naturally agreeable, sounded well when the singer chose to let out his voice in sustained passages. The chief difficulty was not so much that the voice was under a cloud as that it was obscured by certain mannerisms; nor was the programme of a sort to show forth the most pleasing qualities of that voice.

Mr. Townsend is most stirring in songs of a ringing and robust nature, which he sings with hearty and infectious enthusiasm. He showed manifest sympathy with last evening's programme, especially with the songs of tenderness or delicate quality—if this distinction may be made in a programme consisting almost wholly of such songs. There were love songs, and what W. S. Gilbert might have called "vegetable-love" songs; and at the end, the hearer longed for a border-ballad, or a bacchanale. Love songs are good—some of them, at least; but they need relief. Schubert's "Erl-King" was a relief—it would have been as a bath had it come later in the programme—and Strauss' fantastic "For Half-a-Crown," the scherzo movement of the concert, was happily chosen and placed.

It was evident, however, that the audience had little fault to find with songs or singer, and repetitions were given of Strauss' "Dream Through the Twilight," Franz's "Ah, Wer' I," and MacDowell's "The Clover."

KREISLER DELAYED BY WRECK.

The violin recital which was to have been given by Fritz Kreisler yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall did not take place, owing to a railroad accident, by which the violinist was prevented from arriving in this city until a late hour. The concert was to be in aid of Lincoln House, and the disappointment was genuine to many who were interested in the charity and were anxious to hear Mr. Kreisler.

CONCERT FOYER

Hugo Mansfield "Says His Last
Word at Keyboard" Out
on the Coast.

KUBELIK'S PRESS AGENT IS
ACTIVE.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Hugo Mansfield, a pianist and also a "pupil of Liszt," bade farewell to the concert stage in San Francisco Nov. 30, or, as Mr. Walther Anthony of the Call puts it, he "said his last word at his

MUSIC NOTES.

The first concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place

Symphony Hall on Sunday night, Dec. 29, at 8:15 o'clock. Dr. Muck will conduct. The programme will be as follows: Tschalkowsky, "Pathetic," symphony; Beethoven, concerto in E major No. 5. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist.

Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, and Mr. Bernard Listemann, violinist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 1.

Men and Things.

THE statement that marriage is the best solution we have at present of an elemental problem might be disputed in various parts of the United States.

Thus in Waterbury, Ct., a gentleman recently became tired of his wife, who was now 70 years old. Instead of quietly moving her to a sphere of greater activity or eternal rest, he put her in the car and fed her only on ginger cakes. He furthermore insulted her by giving her cakes to her in a paper bag. The weather was freezing cold at times in the course of the last three weeks, but Mr. Trowbridge, who is said to be well-to-do, does not believe in steam heated homes or barns. As his wife said in court, "Jim's heart ain't bad. He gave blankets on cold nights, and sometimes he spoke real pleasant."

It is a pity that this man did not grow tired of his wife earlier in her life. We are reminded of a scene between Teresa Carreno, the pianist, and Eugen d'Albert, the pianist, and also of a third husband, Mme. Carreno was explaining to a friend their separation. "I thought we were getting along nicely, until one morning he kept springing at me as we were breakfasting. I finally said: 'Eugen, why do you look at me that way?' He answered, after a long pause: 'My God, woman, have you any idea of how tired I am of seeing your face?'"

The Des Moines Capital tells us of the behavior of Mr. Charles Miller toward his spouse, whom he had sworn to love and cherish. If the man in Waterbury is a dietist and thinks that large thrives best on ginger cakes and barn air, Mr. Miller is a disciplinarian. His wife swore in court that certain times—and she had no chill—would seat her on a hot stove and other times, wishing to bring about better circulation of the blood, he would throw her against a lighted gas stove. Possibly Mr. Miller is a fire worshipper, a Parsee of the West. There are many in this country, and in a woman, died recently in New York.

St. Louis a man wishes to obtain a divorce because his wife asks for money through a lawyer.

There is, however, a brighter side. A hog farmer near Morrisville, Ill., offered his wife a fine new silk dress, provided she would help him in harvesting a corn crop. She harnessed "her pig" to the wagon, drove into the field, and on the first day husked and penned the shells of corn. Her husband was so pleased that he not only gave her the dress, but also an elaborate dinner, so that she could wear the dress and hate the lazy wives of the neighbors.

There are other happy husbands in Illinois. A Mr. Packard of Tomkins, Pa., put this note in the pocket of a pair of trousers he bought by a mail order: "Should this fall into the hands of a good-looking young man who desires to correspond with a young lady of sweet disposition, kindly address Miss Lulu Adams, Alton, Ill."

Mr. Packard did address her. He received the following chilling reply: "Sir: My life has just received a letter from you addressed in her maiden name. Fifty years ago, when she was working in a sweat-shop she might have written to me. She is now the mother of five children and my lawful wife. If you don't cut out writing to her there will be trouble."

A stern, practical man this husband; no, too, and not a bit romantic.

In the wilds of Oregon five literary men hope to live together without food or even the sight of man, Miss Vokes at Detroit admits that she is constantly in love. "All the time and with a different man. *** I love them to death—collectively, I love them to me and have made my life beautiful with their consideration and interest in me."

Miss Vokes is evidently a woman of taste. Yet she wishes she were prettier. She said to a reporter of

(The Detroit Free Press: "Isn't she pretty?" pointing to the stage, where a Titian beauty was cavoring through an amazing dance. "Must be perfectly fine to be pretty."

But a Titian beauty should not cavort if she dances at all, it should be in a stately or languid minuet. As The Herald stated some time ago, the Venetian women painted by Titian were nearly all artificial blondes. They were not the women to grow excited, still less to cavort. Sleek and placid, they smile on us down the centuries. They look as though they are leisuredly, but much, and slept day and night.

Dec 14 1907

VERDI'S "AIDA"

"Aida" was performed at the Majestic Theatre last night by the San Carlo Opera company. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Aida.....Mme. Norla Amneris.....Mme. Claessens Radames.....Mr. Constantino Amonasro.....Mr. Blanchard Ramfis.....Mr. Rossi The King.....Mr. Franceschini A messenger.....Mr. Giacomini

The performance last night was, on the whole, the most successful thus far of the season. There was a very large audience, which was deeply interested. There was hearty applause, and this applause was frequently enthusiastic.

Some might have had misgivings whether the opera would be well mounted. "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "The Marriage of Figaro"—I name these operas at random; there are many others of this class—do not depend necessarily on beautiful or striking scenery and costumes and impressive stage processions. We have all heard excellent singing and seen adequate dramatic action in these operas when the scenery was shabby, the costumes were sadly worn or grotesque, and the stage crowd represented by a few that were ill at ease. The music, nevertheless, made its way and the intrigue interested the spectator.

Composed for Ismail Pscha.

But "Aida" was composed not for the inauguration of the Italian theatre at Cairo, as some have said, but at the express wish of the Khedive Ismail Pscha, who stipulated that the subject should be essentially an Egyptian one with a patriotic flavor. The Khedive proposed to produce the opera with almost insolent splendor.

The stage machinery and accessories were prepared at Cairo; the scenery and costumes were ordered at Paris, and on account of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the production of the opera was delayed a year. Verdi himself wrote shortly before the first performance: "I ask only for this work a good, especially an intelligent, performance, vocal and instrumental, and also mise-en-scene." Not only were the singers of the first class, but the stage spectacle was gorgeous.

Some, remembering these facts and also having a vivid recollection of the beautiful lake near Marguerite's cottage in the production of "Faust" on Thursday night, were uneasy concerning the manner in which "Aida" would be put on the stage. Their doubts were quickly dispelled after the curtain rose, for, while the scenery, costumes, accessories were not sumptuous, the scenery was adequate and even effective, the costumes were not shabby or wildly incongruous, there was attention to stage details. In other words, there was an intelligent and honest endeavor to produce the superb opera in a manner worthy of its merit.

Norla Sang Aida Well.

Mme. Norla sang the music of Aida on the whole extremely well. She is by nature a lyric soprano, and the ideal Aida is both a lyric and dramatic singer. Mme. Norla's voice is rather light for the part, but it came out clearly in the massive ensembles and maintained the melodic line.

Whether it be wise for Mme. Norla to sing music that taxes her voice is for her to determine. She certainly displayed more emotional variety in song than in the other operas, and as Aida she also showed more marked histrionic ability. Excellent in the other acts, she was especially successful in the Nile scene and few Aidas have tempted Radames in this city with such caressing tones and irresistible personal appeal.

Mme. Claessens sang the music of Amneris with vigor and intelligence rather than with sensuous charm or depth of passion. The voice itself is not emotional.

Mr. Constantino was an admirable Radames. He was something more than a tenor of heroic notes who loses all interest in his part when the music is not a challenge to the groundlings. His delivery is free and spontaneous; he sings with delightful ease; he does not ruin a phrase for the display of a "true word spoken from the chest." Nor is he constantly in the centre of the stage as by divine right.

Mr. Blanchard was a picturesque Amonasro, one of the most striking figures in the gallery of opera, and his singing was of a higher order than he has hitherto shown. Would that his tones were always firm and sustained! Mr. Rossi was a sonorous Priest, and Mr. Franceschini, who took the part of the King on account of the sickness of Mr. Villani, was adequate.

The chorus work was one of the features of the performance. It was uncommonly good, both in the Temple scene and in the great ensembles. Mr. Conti conducted with a firm hand and with a full appreciation of the many beauties of the score.

There were two in the audience that watched the performance with a special interest: Mme. Nordica, whose Aida is familiar here, and Mr. Maurel, who was the Amonasro when "Aida" was performed for the first time in this country, at New York, with Mme. Torriani as the heroine.

The opera this afternoon will be "Il Trovatore," with Mmes. Desana and Olitzka and Messrs. Oppezzo, Fornari and Rossi as the chief singers.

The opera tonight will be "Rigoletto," with Victor Maurel and Miss Alice Nelsen. Miss Nelsen is now sufficiently recovered from her illness.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Jan. 2.

Miss Geraldine Farrar will give a song recital in Symphony Hall in January.

AROUND A HAT.

A prominent woman of New York is sued by a milliner for about \$1000 due for hats furnished during the past year. There are side questions of a suit for divorce and the husband's responsibility toward his wife's creditors that do not concern us. The woman's defence is that hats are necessities, and therefore her husband should pay for them.

Inasmuch as the husband is a man of millions, Mr. Marcel Prevost would sympathize with the wife. It is his opinion that hats are now a substitute for the evidence of "rank which titles and the ownership of horses and carriages once denoted." He believes that a man's wife who can afford to pay—in this instance he might add or to owe—\$200 for a hat is entitled to a certain social position. "Last century \$5 was extravagant, and last year \$120. The price this year is \$200." And he thinks that a few years hence it will be twice as much as \$200.

Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne has abandoned literature and is now making hats in Paris. A hat to her is not merely a necessity; it is a work of art. She has studied the blending of colors by contemplating the pictures of great masters. "The common mistake of the milliner is to make an absolute god of fashion." No two heads are alike; therefore it is a blunder and a crime to give similar hats to two different persons. An English woman has a Grecian face; she should wear a hat with simple lines. A French woman, having little regularity of features, may wear effectively something startling. "The American woman resembles the French in being able to cap herself with a construction of wavy and twisted lines, which would look ridiculous on the head of an English beauty destined by a bountiful nature to wear a Gainsborough or a Reynolds hat."

If a hat be viewed first of all as a work of art, its worth in the market is largely fictitious, as the services of a prima donna, as the value of a picture. Rich wives should encourage art. A bill for a thousand dollars' worth of hats in one year is nothing, especially if the possession of one hat that cost \$200 gives the wearer indisputable social position. With five hats she at once

joins the ranks of our untitled aristocracy.

The early American women wore hideous head coverings, but the gold hat bands were very expensive, so that they were prohibited as "vain and extravagant" by Massachusetts magistrates. The Virginian women were equally luxurious; witness a letter written by the secretary of the Virginian colony: "Our cow keeper here of James City on Sunday goes accoutred all in fresh flaming silk, and a wife of one that had in England professed the black art, not of a scholar, but of a collier, wears her rough beaver hat with a fair pearl hatband and

a silken suit there to correspond." A hat band often cost a sum that would now be \$1000.

To some women a luxury is a necessity. They are not to be reasoned out of this view by the ingenious argument of a husband; the law itself will not convert them.

THERE are many men in Boston who would be ashamed if they were to be seen carrying a small bundle by any one who knew them. They are not willing to distend a pocket. Do they buy a collar or a tooth brush? "Have it sent to this address." A Frenchman visiting London recently declares that the Parisian is far more democratic in his ideas and domestic habits than the Londoner. "You will find that monsieur, frock-coated and top-hatted, will not disdain to carry parcels; I have seen even a naked broom borne home without shame by a prosperous business man. Madame certainly makes no scruple on occasion of hanging a hat box on her arm, or of descending into the street at matutinal hours, for an imperative mission, in asimple dressing gown."

The New Englander was in this respect much less self-conscious years ago. We remember well the sight of the judge in our village walking home with all the dignity and the majesty of the law, yet with a codfish carelessly wrapped in brown paper under his arm.

Prof. H. G. Russell of Greenville, Ill., is bound to carry through his course of love-making in the high school of the town. The first class in the world to receive formal instruction in courtship now numbers 23—an inauspicious number, some may say. Ten are girls. "The instruction will be chiefly through study of the literature of love." There was a text-book on this subject written centuries ago by one Ovid—"The Art of Love"—but Prof. Russell, for some reason or other, will not adopt it as the work of works. Nor will the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox be read and discussed. We understand that "Three Weeks" is now under consideration. "The instruction will be defensive as well as offensive."

"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook Some powder in his pan, "What could this lovely creature do Against a desperate man!"

The Philadelphia North American remarks pleasantly: "Caruso's relatives in Italy have offered to protect him while in this country by sending over a bodyguard of the Mafia; but should it come to a pinch, the Black Hand wouldn't be in it with Caruso's."

Looking over the Journal of the de Concourts we came across some remarks by one Charles Robin. He believed—perhaps he eats no more, but is eaten—that nothing is more absurd than the practice of serving fish after the soup. The fish, he insisted, makes a pocket in the stomach and closes it, so that it is better to eat it after the meat, as they do in the French provinces. Furthermore, he said, it is a great mistake to eat radishes at the beginning of a meal. They should be eaten between the courses, and then they serve as a broom to the stomach. He also recommended an apple at dessert, for its sugared acidity suits well the gastric juices.

At the end of the 16th century radishes were eaten either raw or cooked in broth, but Dr. Muffett informs us ("Health's Improvement" 1655) that "most men eat radishes before meat, to procure appetite and help digestion." When Venner wrote some years before this: "Radishes are used as sauce with meats," did he mean that they were eaten with meats or beforehand for the purpose named by Muffett?

Just as the wise men of Munich eat today huge radishes and bread with their quarts of beer, so the Elizabethans had "a bunch of radish and salt"—to quote Ben Jonson—with their wine. Then there is the line of Cowper: "Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg."

Had the ancients nothing to say on this important subject? Galen directed that radishes should be eaten before dinner as a laxative. "He justly expresses his surprise," says Paulus Aegineta, "at the practice of certain physicians and other persons of his

MUSICIANS WHO WILL BE HEARD IN BOSTON THIS WEEK

From Left to Right, Top Row—The Accompanying Photographs Are of Marie Duchene, Mezzo-Soprano; Mme. Noria, Soprano, and Bertha Swift, Soprano. Bottom Row—Hambourg, Pianist and Kubelik, Violinist.



time who ate radish after dinner to promote digestion." Discorides swears that the radish cleanses the spleen if you drink vinegar with it. It was used as an antidote to poisonous substances and venomous animals. It assists the liver in time of trouble.

It is more delightful to read or to talk about food and cookery than to eat, and it is much safer. No food ever tasted so good as that described often by the elder Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens. By their works should stand the volumes of the "Journal des Gourmands," "Le Gastronomie Francais," "Manuel des Amphitryons," and other books written when there was good eating in Paris, before the American invasion. Let no one despise these volumes. According to the authors of "Le Gastronomie Francais," an improvement in cookery marked the first step of the rude Romans toward politeness in manners. They paraphrased a sentence of Livy: "Then gormandizing, despised by our idiotic ancestors, came into honor; and that which had been only a wretched business became a science which grew in perfection." America cannot boast of civilization until simple dishes well cooked and well served are found in the homes of the rich and the poor, in expensive restaurants and in village inns.

Eighth Symphony Performance Had Restful, Soothing Programme.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Our Country",.....Bizet
Suite in A minor, No. 1.....MacDowell
Symphony in F major.....Goetz

Bizet's overture is seldom played in this country. I recall two performances in Boston. For a few years after the Franco-Prussian war the piece was popular in France, but whether this popularity was due to patriotism or to musical enjoyment would be hard to say. "Patrie" should perhaps be Englished "Fatherland," but as this word is commonly associated with Germany the translation would here be inappropriate, if not ironical. It is said that the music depicts the woe and agony of conquered France; that it also expresses the belief in her restoration to rank and fame among the nations.

Music in these days is supposed to be capable of expressing everything—except, in some instances, music. Bizet was a true patriot, and he felt the shame and agony of his country. There is no evidence that he had any special programme in his mind. Paderewski asked him to write an overture for performance and he wrote one, as Massenet wrote, at the same time his "Phedre" and Gounod an overture that was not entitled until some time after the performance.

Music Perfunctory.

A Bostonian hearing the "Patrie" overture in 1917 is concerned with it simply as music. Does it interest him?

Does it thrill him? Or is the music finely imagined and eloquently expressed?

The overture is not to be ranked with Bizet's best work. The opening arouses anticipation, but the second theme is not a salient one, nor is the treatment of it striking. The lamentation section is not significant, and the final apotheosis while it is sturdy, is not heroic. In spite of what has been said by commentators and biographers concerning Bizet's emotions while he was at work on the overture, the music seems more or less perfunctory. We have heard more stirring performances of it than that of last night.

And here might be a long discussion of the question whether orchestral or vocal music that is deliberately patriotic is often successful and whether it often has any life beyond the occasion that produced it? I refer to works of reasonably long breath, not to patriotic songs, hymns, anthems.

Suite by MacDowell.

While the first suite of MacDowell shows in a certain measure the influence of Raff, his teacher and friend, and also occasionally his admiration for Wagner, it contains much music of the character that individualizes the later music of MacDowell: music that suggests faces and phases of nature, joy in out-of-door life, thoughts of the forest and its mysterious sounds and of its inhabitants that are not seen by grosser eyes.

The Scottish blood in MacDowell, as his wife wrote to the editor of the programme book, had filled his mind with mysticism. The strange people of the woods were known to him, and it is not surprising that today the first and the last movements of the suite are the most striking and imaginative: "In a Haunted Forest" and "Forest Spirits." The other movements contain music that is pretty and some music that is beautiful in an idyllic way. There are buoyant pages in the third movement, "In October."

Goetz's Symphony.

The poverty and misery of Goetz's life were perhaps fortunate for his reputation after death. His opera, "The Taming of the Shrew," was named a masterpiece, though I confess I could not find it a sympathetic treatment of Shakespeare's comedy-farce, when I heard the opera in Dresden, nor did the greater part of the music seem operatically effective, without any reference to the manner in which the composer understood the play.

The symphony played last night was also popular for a time. It was even fashionable. Extraordinary things were said in its praise. The symphony has been played here at these concerts five or six times. It is now nearly 40 years old, and the most that can be said of the greater part of it is that it is pleasant music fitted to inspire agreeable contemplation of a most any thing while the orchestra is playing.

The Intermezzo has given delight to many, yet it now seems obvious, if not commonplace. The sentiment of the titles is that of the German male quartet hymning the praise of nature, while the landscape is seen from a beer garden with wooden crickets to keep the feet of the women from dampness, and there is knitting, and there is a mighty consumption of real, sliced and cold, or in the form of a Schnitzel crowned with a dropped egg.

A Sad Fate.

It is a sad fate to be poor and neglected and sick in mind and body. It is perhaps a still sadder fate to be

consoled by the thought that the music neglected while the composer is living will rise to immortality after his death. Goetz was an honest musician. The story of his life will excite sympathy when his works are forgotten.

There were very many vacant seats on account of the disagreeable weather, but the spirit of Dr. Muck and his men was not daunted. While the programme was by no means a brilliant one it was restful and the pieces were for the most part well played.

"RIGOLETTO" REPEATED.

San Carlo Company at the Majestic—II Trovatore in Afternoon.

"Rigoletto" was repeated last night at the Majestic Theatre by the San Carlo Opera Company. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was the same as that of Tuesday night: Miss Nielsen, Mme. Marchi, Messrs. Danl, Maurel, Rossi and Pulcini.

As "Rigoletto" was reviewed at some length after its performance on Tuesday evening, it is not necessary to make any extended comment upon last evening's performance, which was generally smooth and of unusual fervor. Miss Nielsen, although her voice showed somewhat the effects of her recent illness, gave much pleasure by her singing and by the sincerity and spontaneity of her acting. Mr. Maurel was in good voice, and his engrossing impersonation of the Jester dominated the performance. As on Tuesday evening, the duet at the end of the act III, was repeated. There was a large audience, and many stood. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch throughout the evening.

"II Trovatore" was performed yesterday afternoon at the Majestic Theatre. The chief singers were Mmes. Desana and Oltza, and Messrs. Oppizzo and Fornari.

CECILIA TO GIVE "THE BEATITUDES"

Second Production in Boston of the Work Founded on a Holy Text.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia will perform on Tuesday night Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" for the first time in its history. This performance will be the second in Boston.

The first performance anywhere in English was at the Worcester (Mass.) festival of 1900 (Sept. 27), when Mr. Chadwick was the conductor. The solo singers then were Miss Gertrude Stein, Miss Foss, Messrs. Evan Williams, Towne, Miles and Julian Walker. Miss Sara Anderson had been announced as the soprano, but she fell sick and her solo music was sung by Miss Stein.

The oratorio was performed in Boston a few days after (Oct. 29) at the People's Temple. The concert was the first of a series of five planned by Mr. H. G. Tucker. He brought over the Worcester festival chorus, or at least the larger part of it, and Mr. Chadwick conducted. The solo singers were Viola Waterhouse, Miss Stein, Mrs. Brooks, Messrs. Bartlett, Black, Kerr, Witherspoon. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was the organist.

Inasmuch as this work is by no means familiar here, a few words about it may not be out of place.

The sermon on the mount urged Franck to composition long before he sketched the plan of "The Beatitudes." He loved the sacred text and read it constantly. When he first began his career as a church organist, he wrote an organ piece entitled "The Sermon on the Mount," but the manuscript of the unpublished piece is lost. He gave the same title to an orchestral piece, a species of symphonic poem, composed about 1896. This work was never published, but the manuscript is in the possession of Franck's son Georges.

Franck wished a versified text for his oratorio, but he had no confidence in his literary ability, and he was persuaded to take a version prepared by Mme. Colomb, after he had sketched the plan of the poem as he wished it. The brilliant Mr. d'Indy says that while Mme. Colomb's verses are not remarkable as poetry, they did not hamper the composer, and were to be preferred to those that would have come from a professional librettist. As a matter of fact, Franck had little literary discernment. Mr. Van der Borren justly remarks in his recently published study of Franck's operas that the moment we separate his music from the librettos either of the oratorios or of the operas, we are struck by the utter lack of taste and the mediocrity that approaches vulgarity of his co-workers.

The book of "The Beatitudes" is singularly feeble and platitudinous. Possibly for this reason, and wishing to save it, the publisher of the English edition dignified the author by calling her "Lady Colomb" on the title page.

In spite of Franck's almost incessant labor as a teacher he gladly accepted

Vital as to, dine or spend the evening with his friends. One night he was at the house of one Denis, a professor at the Lycee Saint Louis. Denis was struck by the enthusiasm with which Franck spoke about a musical work founded on the Sermon on the Mount. Franck told him that the musical plan was already shaped in his head, but he had no text, and he needed a librettist. Denis then hunted about to find one, and he finally thought of Mrs. Colomb, the wife of a professor at the Lycee at Versailles. She had written verses, and published them, and, I believe, she had received one of the prizes awarded yearly by the Institut. She and Franck met, and he explained to her the way he thought the poem should be planned according to his dream of many years. She endeavored to carry out this plan.

Franck in this instance worked slowly, almost experimentally, almost as though he were not sure of the suitable musical style. The prologue came with comparative ease, and in the fall of 1870 he had completed the first two Beattitudes. In 1871, disheartened by the national disaster—though Franck was a Belgian by birth, a Walloon, possibly of far back German descent, he was a naturalized Frenchman and a sturdy patriot—he had not the spirit to create, so he spent his free time in writing the instrumentation of these parts, and he finished the task while Paris was under bombardment. He turned for a time to work on "The Redemption," and afterward went back to "The Beattitudes." He began to be sure of his style with the third song, the Song of Sorrow. The first draught of the Hymn to Justice is dated 1875. The whole work was completed in the fall of 1879. Franck had spent 10 years in raising this monument to his memory.

Fragments of "The Beattitudes" were performed in concerts at Paris in 1878, 1880, 1887. Mr. d'Indy says that the first performance of the whole work was at a Colonne concert in Paris in the winter of 1891, a year after Franck's death. Now the first performance of the whole work at a Colonne concert was on March 19, 1893. (Franck died Nov. 8, 1890.) But Mr. Georges Servieres, who is usually accurate, says that the first performance of the whole work was at Dijon in 1891 at a festival in honor of St. Bernard.

Franck said shortly before his death: "I have been invited to give portions of my poor oratorio in several cities. I do not think I shall ever have the pleasure of hearing it performed from the beginning to the end." He never did.

Liege, Utrecht, Amsterdam were the next cities to hear the whole work, but not till 1904 was it performed at a concert of the Paris Conservatory.

Acting on Franck's suggestion, Mrs. Colomb took for her text the Beattitudes, and to shun monotony, introduced Christ, Satan, the Angel of Pardon, the Angel of Death and Mater Dolorosa as characters in her little and undramatic drama. She thus set for Franck a dangerous task. There is a story that "Muck working over 'The Last Judgment'" was at a loss to find music worthy of the terrible majesty of the judge, and he said a little time before his death to Salleri, who had assured him that he could not assist him in this: "Well, as we do not know the suitable tones to give to the Lord, I will find out in a few days from him."

There are other characters. A mother weeps over the empty cradle; an orphan laments its lot; widows mourn and will not be comforted. The motive of the poem is the triumph of the Saviour over Satan, with the regeneration of humanity, long a victim to all earthly miseries.

The oratorio begins with an expressive typical theme, the theme of Christ, the consoler and redeemer, and this theme preserves a unity of conception in all the many transformations of it throughout the work. A tenor describes the plight of the old world at the time when the Messiah came; there was no hope in any heart; men were either executioners or victims; the world was dying under the burden of crime and sin, when a gentle voice was heard; wretches raised their eyes toward Heaven and forgot distress; angels descended and sang about their Master on the Sacred Mount. "Blessed be he who gives fresh hope to heavy hearts."

After this prologue the eight beattitudes follow. Each one is treated after the manner of a miniature cantata, except one in which the voice of Christ answers a long and passionate tenor solo.

Mr. d'Indy describes each of these eight cantos as a little poem that presents antithetically a double picture; at first an exposition of the reigning woes and evils; then the celestial affirmation of the expiation of these vices and of the remedy for the evils; the voice of Christ comes by way of conclusion to proclaim the blessing promised to the relieved and the sanctified. Each of the parts of this poem is then a veritable triptych in the full meaning of the term: two hanging doors face each other and complete by contraries, while the centre is occupied by the radiant figure of Christ, always the same, yet always different in its different attitudes. This conception, so harmonious by reason of the correspondence and absolute equilibrium of the constituent parts, emanated from Franck himself, and I insist on this point, because the act was remarkable at a period of time when no composer dreamed of the arrangement and realization of his subject, but left this to the writer of the text. The master has here given an interpretation of Christ that had never before him been proposed in the whole history of musical art.

"Either from fear or too great respect, the grand composers of the polypho-

nical epoch and of the period following had not dared to make the Son of God appear and speak as a real personage. If the heavenly Gardener meets Mary Magdalene (as in Schuetz's "Dialogues per la Pasqua") his voice is represented by the song of several voices, as in dramatic madrigals. Later Christ was disclosed in cantatas and oratorios, but he guarded almost exclusively the characteristics of rigid protestantism. In Handel's music, and especially in Bach's, he is the strong and terrible God, the sublime Deity soaring above the earth and letting fall admirable sentences of peace or condemnation for human beings, but he does not bend down to children and the humble, he is not near us, living our life, enduring our sufferings, pitying our ills with the paternal tenderness shown in each page of the gospels. Later he passed in Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ" into a state of legendary illusion, with the imprint, it is true, of a certain poetic charm. For others he is 'the beautiful Nazarene,' only this or even something worse; a simple pretext for cavattinas and ariosos."

"Cesar Franck," adds d'Indy, "has given us in 'The Beattitudes' the Jesus Christ whom he had learned to know and love as a good Christian. He had, it is said, read before writing the music, Ernest Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' but to the contrary, for the inconsistent personality of Renan's man who wishes to make himself God, described by the talented doubter, has nothing in common with the image of God who made himself man to console and save humanity, a pure realization of the believing and good composer."

"And it is this image of Christ, or rather the sound of his voice, which gives unity to this work from a musical viewpoint, which forms as a centre the chief subject around which the various elements of the poem come and group themselves." Franck found, to translate his Christ, a melody truly worthy of the personage. This melody, simple, but so striking that it cannot be forgotten after it has been heard in the prologue where it appears for the first time, does not reach its full development before the last canto. It then becomes so sublimely inspired that one might believe, hearing it unfold itself as one sees cloud wreaths of incense under cathedral vaults, he is really looking at the radiant ascension of the blessed toward the celestial dwelling."

Mr. d'Indy, in his life of Franck, has much to say about oratorio and epic. "At first a mythical opera, the oratorio soon became purely lyric, and then approached the symphonic form by changing into the cantata; but in our modern epoch, one full of doubt and trouble, when faith, submitting to the assaults of scepticism, no longer finds its natural expression in art, the musical oratorio was led insensibly to replace and continue the epic, a species of literary work which, abandoned. This 'lotus of literature' which is named the epic, flowers invariably in times of trouble, periods of gigantic wars or intestine strife, sublime acts and monstrous crimes. Such are the Homeric poems, the Aeneid, which crosses the boundary

that separates the pagan world when it was most sceptical from Christian civilization with its burst of enthusiastic faith. Such is the 'Divine Comedy.' When there is an attempt to produce an epic out of its milieu, then it loses in part its significance, and Mr. d'Indy names the 'Pharsalia,' 'Paradise Lost,' but was not the condition of affairs, political and religious, in the England of Milton's time, favorable to an epic? Among musical epics Mr. d'Indy ranks Beethoven's 'Missa Solemnis,' Schumann's 'Faust,' Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust,' Wagner's 'Ring' and Franck's 'Beattitudes.' He reviews Franck's work at length, finding in it all the requisite conditions in classic times for the constitution of an epic poem—unity, grandeur, a subject of abundant interest. He names it, in short, the 'expected work of the end of the 19th century, a work which, in spite of some inevitable weaknesses (sometimes good Homer nods), will remain as a superb temple solidly built on the traditional foundations of faith and music, rising in fervent prayer above the tumult of the world toward heaven."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Violin recital by Mr. Fritz Kreisler, Tartini, "Devil's Trill"; Vieuxtemps, concerto No. 2, F sharp minor; Schumann, Romance; Weber, Larghetto, B flat major; Mozart, Rondo, G major; Wilhelm, "Siegfried" paraphrase; Spatnik, Bohemian Fantasia; Paganini, "Non Più Mesta" variation. Mr. Haddon Squire will be the accompanist.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Cecilia Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor. First performance by the society of Cesar Franck's "Beattitudes." Solo singers: Mrs. Gertrude Holt, Mrs. Gertrude Stein-Balley, Messrs. Edward Johnson, Carl Cartwright, Ralph Osborne. There will be a large orchestra of Boston Symphony men.

WEDNESDAY—Steiner Hall, 8:15 P. M. First of Miss Laura Hawkins' concerts. Miss Hawkins, pianist, will be assisted by Mr. Carl Wendling, violinist, Grieg, sonata for piano and violin, op. 11, Cesar Franck, First Caprice for piano; d'Indy, sonata for piano and violin, op. 59 (first public performance in Boston).

His Cantata, "The Eyes of the Heart," Chadwick, "In My Beloved's Eyes," Hammer, "The Paper's Drive," Wilson, "Shall I Wasting in Despair," old songs, "The Auld Fisher," "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone," "Black Sheila of the Silver Eye."

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the seventh season of the Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker, conductor. Miss Nettie Wright, soprano; Miss Mary D. Chandler, pianist; Mr. B. L. Whippley, organist, will assist. Choral pieces: Bach, "Kyrie Eleison," from Missa Brevis; A. Kopylov, "The Elder Blossoms"; Liszt, "Ave Maria"; G. "Spring Delight"; H. Parker, "Now sinks the Sun"; d'Indy, "Mary Magdalen"; Lassen, "Thou Alone"; Grieg, "God's Peace"; Bishop, "O by Rivers." Miss Wright will sing Secchi's "Lungi dal caro bene"; Puccini's "Quando Men'vor"; MacDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes"; Brahms, "Wiegellied"; Chadwick's "Danza."

Chapman school, East Boston, 8 P. M. Music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces, led by Mr. Kanrich: Wagner, overture to "Rienzi"; Doppler, Serenade for flute, violin and saxophone; Offenbach, Intermezzo from "Hoffmann's Tales"; Saint-Saens, "Danse Macabre"; Massenet, Bohemian Festival, cabre; "Pictorial Scenes." Mr. James H. Rattigan, tenor, will sing Lionel's air from "Martha," and Chadwick's "Before the Dawn." Mr. C. K. North, flutist, will play two movements from Monquet's "Flute of Pan"; Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert by Mr. Jan Kubelik, violinist, and Mr. Mark Hambourg, pianist. They will play together, Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," and Grieg's "Sonata in C Minor." Mr. Kubelik will play Wieniawski's "Scherzo and Tarentelle," and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." Mr. Hambourg will play Chopin's "Nocturne in E Major," and "Etude in E flat," Schumann's "Arabesques," and Liszt's transcription of the Wedding March from Mendelssohn's music to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Humperdinck, overture to the opera "The Forced Marriage" (first time); d'Ambrosio, violin concerto in B minor (first time); Rossini, Intermezzo Goldoni (first time); Mozart, symphony in D major (K. 504). Mr. Chorwonky, the second concertmaster of the orchestra, will be the violinist (his first appearance in the United States).

Roxbury High School, 8 P. M. Music Department of the City of Boston concert. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich, Beethoven, overture to "Coriolanus"; Oudshoorn, "Mignonette" for strings; Ivanoff, "In the Mosque and the Village," from "Austrian Sketches"; Verdi, selection from "Falstaff"; Svendsen, Coronation March. Miss Florence Pettigrew, contralto, will sing an air from "Samson and Delilah" and Van der Stucken's "O Come with Me." Mr. Kanrich will play Nachez's Gypsy Dance. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Mr. Paderewski's second piano recital. Paderewski, sonata in E flat minor, op. 21; Liszt, sonata, B minor; Chopin, nocturne, G major, op. 27, etudes, op. 25, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 11, berceuse, polonaise, F sharp minor, valse, A flat.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ninth Symphony concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

CONCERTS TO COME.

The first of the second series of three concerts announced by Messrs. Chickering & Sons and given under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, will take

place in Chickering Hall, Friday evening, the 27th. The programme will be as follows: "Lullaby" for a soprano voice accompanied by six viols. Anonymous, about 1400; Concerto Grosso, "made for the Night of Christmas" by Corelli; Bach's cantata for the second day of Christmas. The singers will be Mrs. Sundborg-Sundelius, Mrs. Miller, Messrs. William Heinrich and Reese, and a chorus of 40 voices. Messrs. Bak, Mahn, Rieglund, Glitzen, Hadley, D. Maquarre, Eysack, Loony, Lomom, Sautet and Mueller will be among the players. Mrs. Dolmetsch will play the violone and Mr. Dolmetsch the harpsichord. Tickets are to be obtained at Chickering Hall.

A concert will be given in Jordan Hall on Saturday, Jan. 11, by Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist, and his daughter, Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano.

In accordance with the custom of many years, the Handel and Haydn Society announce two performances of Handel's great oratorio, "The Messiah," at Christmas time. The first of these will be given next Sunday evening, with the assistance of Miss Harriot Eudora Barrows, soprano; Mrs. Florence Mulford, alto; Mr. Dan Beddoe, tenor, and Mr. Oscar Hunsing, bass. The second performance is announced for the evening of Christmas day, when the soloists will be Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Mrs. Dorothy McTaggart Miller, alto; Mr. Dan Beddoe, tenor, and Mr. Tom Daniel, bass. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer will conduct both performances.

Miss Elizabeth M. C. Tuckerman will give a song recital at the Tulleries next Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

SECOND WEEK OF SAN CARLO

OPERA.

The second week of the San Carlo company's season of grand opera at the Majestic Theatre will begin tomorrow night. The success of this organization during the first week of its engagement has led Mr. Henry Russell, the director, to arrange for a third week. The repertory for this third week is not yet announced, but novelties are promised.

For the second week, which will begin tomorrow night, an interesting repertory has been arranged. Several new singers will make their debut with the company.

For Monday night the opera will be "Carmen" which will be sung in French. This will serve to introduce two new members of the San Carlo company. Marie Duchene, a young soprano, will sing the title role, and Mr. L. d'Aubigne will take the part of Don Jose. Miss Duchene is said to have a beautiful soprano voice and to be unusually attractive physically. Mr. d'Aubigne has been heard in Boston before. The cast will thus be completed: Mille Biamonte, Micaela; G. Marchie, Mercedes; Mme. Pereg, Frasquita; Seguro, Escamillo. The conductor

will be Mr. Conti.

For Tuesday evening the bill is "Aida" with Mme. Nora as Aida; Mme. Cinesens as Amneris; Constantino, Radames; Blanchart, Amonasro; Rossi, Ramfis; Villini, the king. Mr. Conti will conduct.

"La Traviata" will be given Wednesday afternoon with Miss Nielsen, Violetta; Mme. Marchi, Anna; Dani, Alfredo; Blanchart, Germont. Mr. Conti will conduct.

"Faust" will be given Wednesday evening with Mme. Nora, Margherita; Mme. Biamonte, Siebel; Mme. Pereg, Marta; Maurel, Mephistopheles; d'Aubigne, Faust; Fornari, Valentine. Mr. Conti will conduct.

"Rigoletto" will be given on Thursday evening with Miss Nielsen, Gilda; Mme. Marchi, Maddalena; Constantino, the duke; Blanchart, Rigoletto; Rossi, Sparafucile; Pulcini, Monterone. Mr. Conti will conduct.

On Friday evening "Lohengrin" will be given, and the San Carlo company will sing for the first time in Boston in German. Mme. Nora will appear as Elsa; Miss Oltzka, Ortrud; d'Aubigne, Lohengrin; Rossi, the king; Pulcini, the Herald. G. W. Dunstan, who was discovered by Henry Russell at the New England Conservatory, will appear for the first time with the San Carlo company as Telramund. Mr. Conti will conduct.

On Saturday afternoon "Carmen" will be repeated with identically the same cast as on Monday night.

On Saturday evening Denzetti's "Lucia" will be the opera. Miss Nielsen, Lucia; Constantino, Edgardo; Fornari, Enrico; Rossi, Raimondo. Mr. Conti will conduct.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The first Boston Symphony Pension Fund concert of the season will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, the 29th, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Paderewski has volunteered his services to be soloist on this occasion. Mr. Paderewski is redeeming a promise made three years ago. It will be remembered he was to have played at a Pension Fund concert in the spring of 1905, but before the date came he had had his railroad accident and had to cancel everything after that. When he expected to come to America last year to play at a few concerts with the orchestra he said that he would also play at a Pension fund concert, and when he changed his plans and did not come over to America he promised that during the present season he would give his services to the fund.

The first number on the programme will of itself attract many people, as it will be Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. This will be the only orchestral number. The second number will be Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. After that Mr. Paderewski will play what pleases him. The sale of seats is now in progress at Symphony Hall.

WITH WARTS.

There is a man in Brookline who passes his hand over the warty region of any person, just passes his hand over it, and the warts all go away. This, too, shows the march of science and the accompanying progress of the race toward the ultimate goal.

Forty or fifty years ago the children in New England had two favorite ways of ridding themselves of these excrescences: one was to steal a piece of fresh meat, rub the wart with it, then bury the meat, and as the meat perished so did the wart. This operation, to be effectual, must be carried out with the utmost secrecy from beginning to end. A burial at cross roads is preferred. Then there was a trick with a stolen string. The boy tied as many knots in it as there were warts; there was burial, relief; all this again was done secretly. There were boys who rubbed milk weed on their warts with good results.

The stolen meat remedy is a very old one. There were variants. When Bacon was a youth in Paris—before he wrote the works of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Burton, Voltaire and Artemus Ward—the wife of the English ambassador rubbed his warts with lard and then nailed the lard, with the fat toward the sun, on a post of her chamber window which was to the south. The warts went away within five weeks; but, like Catiline, they returned. Bacon, who would not have lied about a little thing like this, also mentioned the rubbing of warts with a green elder stick and then burying the stick to rot in muck.

A sufferer in certain English provinces was taken to an ash tree. A pin was stuck in the bark, then

withdrawn, and a wart pierced with it till there was pain, and then the pin was pushed into the tree. Or the wart was crossed with a pin three times; the pin was stuck in the tree and the wart left the hand for the tree. But a charm was spoken in each case:

Ash tree, ashen tree,
Pray bury these warts of me.

In other provinces the warts were rubbed with the inside of a bean shell while the victim recited:

As this bean shell rot away,
So my warts shall soon decay.

In Shropshire each wart was touched with a gravel stone. The stones were tied in a bag and thrown away, and this was spoken:

Warta, warts, go away,
In a month, a week and a day.

Or beans were stolen, one for each wart, tied up in paper, carried to the crossing of roads and dropped. The afflicted walked away without looking behind him. But the charm of charms was this: you caught moonshine in a bright silver basin and washed your hands in it. Sir Kenelm Digby said this was an infallible remedy often used; Sir Thomas Browne admitted the practice and did not disapprove; Southey's Daniel Dove was not benefited by the cold moisture of the moon because he used a brass basin, not silver, which is the lunar metal.

And now in Brookline a man simply passes his hand over warts and they disappear. Truly this is a world of wonders. In a few years boys may have no warts at all. Yet there have been men who were proud of these decorations, as Oliver Cromwell.

FRITZ KREISLER AT CHARITY CONCERT

Violinist the Only Artist at
Symphony Hall—Large
Audience Pleased.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, was the only artist at the third concert in the series for the benefit of the Roxbury Aid Society at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. There were no signs that the large audience was at all disappointed at this. In fact, it seemed probable that the presence of any other as singer or player on the programme would have been resented as an intrusion.

Mr. Kreisler, large as he has always been as an artist, grows constantly, and yesterday he was in one of his greatest moods. This was made plain, despite the fact that his programme was a "popular" one. It was popular in the best sense, for it was not so severely classical as to please only a select few, yet it was of such excellent quality that it could not offend the most fastidious.

Here is what he played: "Trille du Diable" (Devil's Trill), Tartini; Concerto No. 2, F sharp minor, Vieuxtemps; Romance, A major, Schumann; Larghetto, B flat major, Weber; Rondo, G major, Mozart; Slegfried Paraphrase, Wilhelm; Bohemian Fantasia, Smetana; Non Più Mesta, Paganini; Haddon Squire was the accompanist.

Mr. Kreisler was applauded with vigor and insistence after each number, but consented to give only one extra selection during the progress of the concert. At the close, however, he was more yielding, and responded with two encores, one of which was the always popular "Humoreske" of Dvorak.

Owing to the engagements of Symphony Hall there will be no popular Sunday concerts on Dec. 22 and 23.

Men and Things.

HUMOR in this century is not easily defined. We refer to the word as it is used in the phrase "wit and humor." If there are persons who have no sense of humor, there are humorists, ready jesters, who have no real sense of it. When Artemus Ward boasted that the "esotericism" of his family had never been "stained by Games," he excepted his Uncle Willym and told this story: "Who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marriage only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pocket with

is and filled eggs at his wedding breakfast given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as upstid him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father, on discovering it, got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Willym said the old man (meaning my parent) hadn't any idee of first class humor!"

We all know an Uncle Willym, and to some of us he is an uncle. There are some persons who are surprised when others do not laugh at their mad, irresistible drollery—the man who aims a gun at a dear friend and pulls the trigger, just for a joke, not knowing that the gun was loaded; the young man who is married, just for a joke, and is then surprised when the clergyman, possibly the law, takes him seriously; the clerk that shuts the time-locked door of a bank vault on a fellow clerk; the butcher's assistant that imprisons a friend in an ice-room. These and other humorists complain of the lack of humor in others. The young woman not far from Boston who married a Harvard student, just for a joke, says that she expects to marry another. How does this "another" take the affair? Did he laugh uproariously when he heard the news? Did he slap his thigh, beat his sides, and fall on his back, after the manner of the women in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" when they were in an ecstasy of mirth? Or has he no sense of humor?

Two or three pictures of the late Boris Sarafoff, the chief of Macedonian brigands, have been published in the newspapers. In one he is represented as wearing a conventional stand-up collar and a white waistcoat. In another he is conscious of a uniform and looks not unlike a wandering bandmaster. In no one of them is he portrayed with a sugar loaf hat and ribboned leggings. If he only were wearing a slouch hat with a sinister twist to it! Glad as he is represented, his reputation as an accomplished brigand is suspicious. We fear that his abilities have been over-rated.

Again we read that clothes of the best material and of irreproachable cut are indispensable to a young man, whether he wish to secure or keep a job. But there are men who, having bought, or at least secured, the clothes do not know how to keep them in good order or to wear them effectively. The coat is soon shapeless; the waistcoat climbs above the collar; the trousers bag at the knee after the first week. These unfortunates know not the use of stretchers and hangers. They know there are such things—they have read with awe the names of those who recommend them published in circulars—but they have never taken the trouble to buy these things, nor would they know whether to go to a hardware shop or to a haberdasher's. Nor have they boot-trees. Their boots are made to order; they are expensive, but for some reason or other they do not look as though they had been fitted to particular feet, and they soon bulge and crack and look warty and suggest shoes too full of feet and bunions. Other men who spend less money on their clothes decorate the street and are the pride of an office.

We have read of a French duke who had 25 manikins modelled on his body, so that as many suits of clothes would not lose their shape when resting, and would not wrinkle. But he was a prodigious swell. When he was dressing with the aid of two valets, he would say to one of them: "Now put gold in my waistcoat pocket." A splendid speech, and we know of only one to be compared with it. When Sir Epicure Mammon in Jonson's play tells of the luxury of his future life, he expatiates on his table equipage, the dishes—even his footboy is to eat "pheasants, calver'd salmon, knots, godwits, lamprey"—the cookery: "For which," adds Mammon, "I'll say unto my cook, 'There's gold, go forth and be a knight.'"

Judge Gaynor decided recently that the sound of kissing cannot be heard through a brick wall dividing two houses. Kisses have been described with a certain show of enthusiasm by Johannes Secundus, Rossetti, Swinburne and the unknown poet of

The monkey married the babbler's sister, Smacked his lips and then he kissed her, Kissed her so hard he raised a blister; She set up a yell;

but we do not remember any description of osculatory resonance. Mr. Swinburne in his younger days, before he fell under the chastening influence of Mr. Watts-Dunton, wrote such lines as these:

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
Till the foam has a savor of blood;

but there is nothing about the sound of these kisses, whether it were like unto the gurgle of water down an escape pipe, the agonizing wail of the bath tub, or the unctuous "glook" of a rubber boot drawn slowly out of mud. The books of etiquette tell us that no gentleman makes a noise with his mouth.

acc 17 907 SAN CARLO TROUPE PRESENTS "CARMEN"

Majestic Theatre. Second week of the San Carlo grand opera company. Mr. Henry Russell, director. Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Carmen.....Mme. Duchene
Micaela.....Mme. Brannon
Frasquita.....Mme. Pareco
Mercedes.....Mme. Marchi
Don Jose.....Mr. d'Aubigne
Escamillo.....Mr. de Segura
Morales.....Mr. Pulchri
Zuniga.....Mr. Villani
Le Dancaire.....Mr. Franzini
Le Remendado.....Mr. Giaccone

The features of the performance were the spirited action in the quintet of the second act and the singing of the chorus in the third act. The performance as a whole was weak and tame.

We have had many Carmens in Boston. Some were superbly sensuous or diabolically sensual, women of frank appeal, irresistible in their way. Some were subtle in temptation, but fleshly creatures made for the destruction of man, women for whom even the philosopher would drop his books. One or two were sinister, demoniacal. There was Marie Tempest, a dainty Carmen in porcelain, eminently desirable. There was also Emma Juch, whose Carmen was a young woman who in the most trying circumstances observed the proprieties.

Each of these Carmens was interesting in her own way, whether she were subtle or vulgar, sensuous or sinister. Even the impersonation of Miss Juch was entertaining, for it is an unusual sight to see a good woman endeavoring to go wrong.

Without Individuality.

But the Carmen of Mme. Duchene was without individuality of any kind. She was a harmless, inoffensive creature. It is true that she walked about in the first and second acts on high heels and with chin cocked in the air; but these personal mannerisms, familiar no doubt to the citizens of Seville, should not have led Don Jose astray, should not have induced him to leave the army, home and mother, and incidentally Micaela, particularly after she had thoughtlessly knocked off his mustache in the first act, the only impression she could possibly have made on him.

As a singer, Mme. Duchene did not move, thrill or promote amiability, and a gentlemanlike joy, which Athenaeus informs us is the chief end of music. Her tones are not of marked quality; her vocal skill is limited; her intonation last night was faulty. False intonation, however, was not confined to her, and it is unnecessary to insist on this point.

Satisfactory Micaela.

Nor was Don Jose as represented by Mr. d'Aubigne an engrossing character. In fact Mr. d'Aubigne, not fitted by nature to the part, made little of it, either as actor or singer. Mme. Brannon was one of the few Micaelas that have dressed with becoming simplicity in Boston. It was a relief to find her without white kid slippers in the rocky pass. She also looked unsophisticated. When she came to sing she dragged in spite of Mr. Conti's urging her to take the proper movement.

Mr. de Segura sang the music of Escamillo by main strength. The Toreador's song was shouted lustily, and hearty applause awarded the singer's laborious activity. Mr. Conti was justifiably firm, and the song was not repeated.

There was a very large audience. With the exception of the applause after the Toreador's song there was only courteous and random hand-clapping until after the third act, when the applause seemed genuine. All in all, the audience was less interested than at any of the performances thus far.

The opera this evening will be Verdi's "Aida," with Meses. Noria and Claessens and Messrs. Constantino, Blanchard, Rossi and Villani as the chief singers. Mr. Conti will conduct.

THIRD WEEK OF OPERA

Several changes have been made in the arrangement of this week's casts and operas by the San Carlo grand opera company at the Majestic Theatre. The most important of these is on Friday night, when, instead of "Lohengrin," Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be sung. The cast for "Pagliacci" will include Mme. Noria as Nedda, Mr. Constantino, Canio, and Victor Maurel, Tonio. For "Cavalleria" the cast will be Mme. Desana, Santuzza; Mme. Marchi, Lola; Mr. Dani as Turiddu and Mr. Fornari.

Conti will conduct at both performances. This will probably be the only occasion on which Mme. Noria and Messrs. Constantino and Maurel will all sing in one and the same opera.

The repertoire of operas for the third and last week of the engagement will be as follows: Monday, "Barbiere"; Tuesday, "Traviata"; Wednesday mat-

inee, "Carmen"; Wednesday evening, "Aida"; Thursday, "Lohengrin"; Friday, "Don Giovanni"; Saturday matinee, "Faust"; Saturday evening, "Lucia."

A MUSICAL MORNING.

Mrs. McAllister Gives First of Season at the Somerset.

The fourth of Mrs. McAllister's Musical Mornings—the first of this season—took place yesterday at the Hotel Somerset. There was a large and brilliant audience.

Mme. Olga Samaroff played a Novlette by Schumann, a Caprice by Brahms, Chopin's Ballade in A flat major, a Nocturne by Grieg, Debussy's Danse and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15.

Antonio Scotti of the Metropolitan Opera House sang the Prologue to "Pagliacci" and these songs: Tosti's "Sogno" and "L'Ultimo Canzone" and the Serenade and Drinking Song from "Don Giovanni." Alfred de Voto was the accompanist.

Mme. Samaroff played delightfully. Mr. Scotti was in excellent voice. There was much applause and there were encore pieces.

The next musicale will be on Monday morning, the 30th, when Mme. Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House and Mr. Fritz Kreisler will be heard.

THE New York Times, discussing the increased price of beer and its possible effect on beer drinking, remarks editorially: "A growler," which may be a pitcher, or a pail, or a can, has been regarded as cheap. Economists have pointed to the thrift of the poor in American cities as exemplified by their refusal to buy beer by the glass, when the 'growler' can be conveniently 'rushed.'"

"Slang and its Analogues" admits the phrase "to rush (or work) the growler," gives a quotation in illustration from a New York newspaper of 1888, and then says that growler is here the equivalent of "pitcher." Let us remark, by the way, that a growler in London is a four-wheeled cab; a bird cage, fever-trap, rattler, rumbler, blucher, boulder, flounder-and-dab, groping hutch are other ingenious names for this vehicle. But is the growler necessarily a pitcher? Not a bit of it. The view of the New York Times is broad and statesmanlike; furthermore, it is not to be contradicted by any true citizen of the world, much less downed.

The New English Dictionary admits the word, and gives this admirable definition: "Growler, U. S. slang. A vessel in which beer is fetched." But why growler? Who first applied the term to the rejoicer of households, the comforter of the downhearted, the lifter-up of the oppressed? You might as well ask who coined the phrase "To chase the duck."

No one is obliged to drink out of a growler. Yet there is a certain pleasure, a sense of unbounded liberty in hoisting a pail of beer. To a thirsty man a glass is a mockery, nor is he to be satisfied with a scuttle of suds. Beer loses flavor when it goes into the mouth immediately from a pitcher. The material of the vessel, and the shape of the vessel have much to do with the enjoyment of the drinker. Tea is a cheap and vulgar beverage when it sulk in a thick coffee cup. It should be able to heat at once the thin, delicate china. The cup should be decorated with odd designs, deftly arranged, not in profusion. Our ancestors, it is true, drank tea from the saucers, and used plates to catch the drippings from these saucers, but they were barbarians, though godly. Champagne should no more be poured into a tumbler than rum into a sherry glass. No tumbler is too big for rum. We do not refer to the height of the tumbler, but to its diameter. Rum should have room to spread.

There are few sadder sights than that of a man drinking ale from a glass. Ale that is fit to drink should be served only in pewter. Maginn knew this, and, sure of the fact, wrote a memorable poem. We may have quoted from it before. We shall probably, if the Lord spares us, quote from it again. The lesson it preaches cannot be learned too thoroughly.

Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Gallilee;
Pleasant it is their clink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged with beer;
Pleasant it is, when a row's on foot,
That you may, when you wish to demolish a brute.
Politely the man to good manners exhort
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart.
Silver and gold no doubt are fine,
But on my table shall never shine;
Being a man of plain common sense,
I hate all silly and vain expense,
And spend the cash those gowags cost,
In washing down goblets of hotted and roast,
With slings of the stiffest sort,
Curiously pulled from a Pewter Quart.

So, boy take this handful of brass,
Across to the Gossa and Grignon pass,
Count the coin on the counter out,
And bring me a quart of foaming stout;
Put it not into bottle or jug,
Channikin, rumkin, dragon or mug—
Lute nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural Pewter Quart.

There is nothing more appetizing than the sight of beautiful glass provided it be appropriate to the purpose for which it is displayed. Rhine wines demand the high-mounted glasses colored and beautified fantastically. What a foolish thing burgundy is in a tumbler or in a cordial glass!

Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Drink of it.
Then, if you can!

Mr. Thunderwater, the chief of Huron township, Eric county, was much shocked in Cleveland by the dancing in the concert halls. "The man's arm rests on the girl's waist and hers is around his neck." In the dances of his tribe "the man must take the woman by the arm, no more." It may be remembered that Byron, a rigid moralist, was so shocked by the waltz that he wrote a long and luscious poem about it. There is also the story of the Turk who wondered at the waltz, and when the dancers took their seats asked "Is that all?" Mr. Anatole France's friend, Dieber-ben-Ilamsa, described to his countrymen the balls as given in Paris: "After having made their wives and daughters as desirable as possible by baring their arms and shoulders, and sprinkling fine powder on their flesh, loading them with flowers and jewels, and instructing them to smile when they have no wish to smile, they go, with them to vast and hot halls, lighted by as many candles as the stars and furnished with thick carpets, easy chairs and downy cushions. There they drink fermented liquors, talk gayly and give themselves with these women to rapid dances." France quoting this description to the wife of a member of the Institut, asked her why she did all this. She replied: "Why? Because I have two daughters to marry."

CECILIA SOCIETY GIVES "BEATITUDES"

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor, gave the first concert of its 22d season last night in Symphony Hall. This was the first concert led by Mr. Goodrich as conductor of the society. The work performed was Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes"; the solo music was sung by Mrs. Gertrude Holt, soprano; Mrs. Stein-Balley, mezzo-soprano; Messrs. Edward Johnson, tenor; James H. Rattigan, tenor; Earl Cartwright, baritone; Ralph Osborne, baritone; Willard Flint, bass; L. B. Merrill, bass. There was an orchestra of 60 men from the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Albert W. Snow was the organist.

When I heard Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" performed at the Worcester festival in 1900—this was the first performance anywhere with an English text—and at the festival of the following year, I was greatly impressed by the sacred beauty of the music, and I was only one of many. The oratorio, then led by Mr. Chadwick, made a profound impression on the large audience. Last night this music as a whole did not seem the same. The chorus sang with a fine sense of proportion and with beauty of tone the more delicate passages. Mr. Cartwright sang the music of Christ with dignity and warmth. Mr. Osborne was intelligent and spirited. Satan. A large audience, and there were many musicians present, was sympathetically disposed.

Made Little Impression.

The oratorio had been performed in Boston only once, in 1900, and then in a church and under not wholly favorable conditions.

The years went by and this work, out of which much has been said and often was still unknown to the audiences of our choral societies. The Handel and Haydn should have performed it. Mr. Mollenhauer was to conduct it. But the Handel and Haydn Society still puts its trust in "The Messiah" and other "standard" works. "Ephraim is joined to his: let him alone."

There was every reason to expect last night a pleasure too deep to find expression in clapping of hands or in nodding approvingly to a neighbor. Mr. Goodrich's admiration for Franck is well known. The chorus is an admirable body of singers, drilled carefully for years by Lang, and proficient in mechanism. The orchestra was made up of competent men. The singers that assisted were Mr. Johnson, who although his voice is too late been inclined to confound sobbing with whining with emotional expression, nevertheless a singer of parts, and S. Bailey, who as Miss Stein sang at first performance at Worcester and

in Boston, has often been applauded by our concertgoers as a thoroughly capable singer.

Yet the music of Franck made little impression last night. Has this music already grown old? Is much of it inherently tedious?

No. The performance as a whole was lukewarm. It lacked character. It lacked vitality, as far as chorus and orchestra were concerned. There was an absence of strong contrasts. The body of tone in the more massive choruses was small; when the number of singers is taken into consideration, the tone in forte passages was weak. Furthermore, the music was neither sung by the chorus nor played by the orchestra with fervor, with gusto.

There is no composer whose works are examples of plenary inspiration. There are pages in "The Beatitudes" that might well have not been written, and Mr. Goodrich had the good sense to make cuts.

Whenever Franck was called on to portray evil passions or typify evil characters in music he failed, as in "The Wild Huntsman," as in "The Redemption" and "The Beatitudes." His disciples say that he was such a pure and guileless man that he could not conceive of wickedness, and therefore could not express it. On the other hand, constantly stumbling sinners have written poems of beautiful and mystical devotion, as Paul Verlaine, and men of fleshly lives have composed music of exquisite purity.

The reason that Franck could not depict in music sinful passion and portray Satan and his hosts was this: he had not dramatic instinct. If he had consumed vast quantities of absinthe and burned with a mad longing for his neighbor's wife, he would still have been unable to put Satan and all his works into music; he would still have continued to write music after the manner of Meyerbeer—but not so good music as that of Meyerbeer—in the endeavor to be violent, brutal, worldly, sinful.

Not Suited to Period.

Franck was contemplative, mystical. Whenever he expressed his own meditations and revealed his celestial visions, his music was of wondrous elevation and of heavenly beauty. There are pages in "The Beatitudes" that could have been written only by Franck, as the music of Christ's voice.

This music is ill-suited to the period in which we live, a bustling, material, vulgar period, that applauds the follies of the rich and excuses their crimes, that sniffs at the supernatural and respects in science itself only that which is lucrative. If the men and women of this period will not have the gospel, why should they be moved by music that is founded on this gospel? Yet there are still some idealists, dreamers, the humble and the oppressed, those who are "not demented with the mania of owning things," those to whom this world is as though it were not, who find in the music of Franck a consolation for petty and gross injuries, for the reckless scorn, indifference, inhumanity of those who by accident are in the seats of the mighty. And by this music they are led to the contemplation of that which is enduring and divine.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Victor Maurel will give a song recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon, the 26th, at 3 o'clock. The public sale of tickets will open on Friday morning at Jordan Hall box office.

Mr. Charles W. Clark, baritone, will give a song recital in Chickering Hall on Jan. 6 at 3 P. M.

Mrs. Helen Hunt will sing at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Thursday night, "Che faro" from "Orfeo" and the Mirror song from "Thalía." The orchestral pieces will be MacDowell's suite No. 1 and Chabrier's "Espana."

Messrs. Kubelik and Hambourg will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Mr. Paderewski's second recital will be in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon. The programme will include his own sonata, Liszt's "Dante" sonata and pieces by Chopin.

MR. HERKIMER JOHNSON called yesterday and showed us a letter he had received. He seemed much pleased and also excited. His eyes were shiny, and although the temperature of the room suggested a dying radiator, he kept mopping his forehead.

The letter was from a member of the "board of editors" of a journal which treats of American history. Here is an extract, which Herkimer read to us:

"We Americans have been very neglectful of our family and national records. In my talks with Europeans I find that they consider us grossly commercial. The truth is that we have a great past and that your forefathers and mine participated in it. In my last letter I informed you of the endeavor to establish in this country a publication in which the honorable records of these men may be permanently recorded. It has just completed its first year and has been given first place on the library tables of our truest American homes. I also wish to ask you if you have in your possession any old diaries or journals left by your ancestors that will show something of the life in America in the first days of the republic. These ancient reminiscences are very fascinating."

Mr. Johnson then said: "You see, my ancestors settled Newbury. There's a creek near there now which bears my name—at least, it did a dozen years ago. Perhaps they have changed the name, for this is an iconoclastic period. One of my ancestors was the fattest man in Massachusetts and he wore an enormous belt. One was a glover, another was

a skinner who dealt in hides, fire-retorties. There was another one who died of the smallpox. Still another one was saved from the Indians by Hagar, a negro servant, who hid him in the cellar where the rum was."

"This is very interesting, Herkimer, but have you any old diaries or journals?" "Yes, indeed. My great-grandmother was separated from her second husband, and she had some trouble with the sheriff, and she went to jail rather than pay some fees or taxes—I don't remember which, and I have a letter which she wrote to either her second husband or the sheriff or somebody else, and it begins: 'Goliath of Gath, thou uncircumcised Philistine!' She was a woman of strong character, you see, and she was deeply religious. I wish I had a coat-of-arms. The editor would like to print it. We had one once: a snake around a bundle of arrows, with a Latin motto meaning 'I follow the truth.' Uncle Ike found it in England, but he was romantic, and father said if Ike followed the truth he never caught up with it, and then we found we had no right to the coat-of-arms."

"This is a great magazine," said Mr. Johnson, "at least, the circular is attractive. Listen to this: 'It adds tone to your home. It lends an atmosphere of Art, Literature and Honorability. It fosters the best traditions of our home land. It should receive the support of all loyal Americans. As a descendant of an old American family, do you not think you should subscribe for this magazine before all others?' Then it has old English initial letters and is profusely illustrated."

"Herkimer, we saw some initial letters a day or two ago that were remarkable. Whether they were truly decorative was for an artist to determine. They, indeed, showed fancy, and some of them imagination. By the way, do you understand the chapter in which Coleridge distinguishes between imagination and fancy?"

"I came in," answered Herkimer, ignoring our question, "to ask you if you had a copy of this magazine. I should like to see one before I subscribe. I suppose there is no time to lose, for the list of subscribers is 'select.' But I don't want to send on \$2 without seeing a copy. The editions are limited." When we told him we had not seen the magazine he was dejected. "I'll go to the Public Library. By the way, will you let me have a quarter? I changed my waistcoat hurriedly this afternoon and forgot to take the things out of the pockets."

The Keep Smiling Club, "an organization of prominent society ladies" in Appleton, Wis., objects to an undertaker, Mr. Schommer, displaying "the wares of his profession" in the display windows of his store. It seems to us that the Keep Smiling Club should smile its broadest smile when passing the store. To grin when nature and life grin is not a merit. Mr. Carl Senn, a barkeeper in Cleveland, was thought to be dead. Now that he has turned up alive he must pay his wife alimony, for she had married again, and he, learning of this, sued for divorce. He should join the Keep Smiling Club as an honorary member.

MISS HAWKINS IN HER FIRST CONCERT

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, gave the first of three concerts last night in Steinert Hall. She was assisted by Mr. Carl Wendling, violinist. The programme was as follows: D'Indy, sonata for piano and violin op. 59; Cesar Franck, Grand Caprice for piano; Grieg, sonata for piano and violin.

Whatever may be thought or might be said about the character of Miss Hawkins' mechanism and about her ability to express sentiment and emotion, her desire to make interesting programmes should be recognized and applauded. She has in the past introduced works that we otherwise should not have heard; she has been catholic in taste and selection. Last night D'Indy's sonata was played here for the first time in public. It has been performed here at a private concert. It is surprising that a sonata of such marked character had not been introduced here before. Possibly the inherent difficulties of the music itself dissuaded some, and to others the music as the expression of emotion was as though written in a foreign language.

Sonata Among Finest.

Yet this sonata is among the finest of D'Indy's later works. There are a few pages which perplex after one hearing, but the workmanship is so admirable and there is so much genuine beauty in the sonata as a whole that hearty admiration need not wait on long and patient study. No doubt the composer chose the violin sonata of Cesar Franck as his model. This was natural, for that sonata is a masterpiece, and D'Indy was Franck's pupil. Here and there are suggestions of the master's work, especially in the first and third movements, but these suggestions are only suggestions.

In no one of his later compositions has D'Indy found warmer and more lovely

melody. In no one of them has he made a more direct emotional appeal. It is hard to say whether the opening movement or the third is the more impressive. They are widely different in character; the former is the more genial; the latter rises to a greater height; but the music of the two is of the utmost purity and distinction. The second movement is of a scherzo character. It is ingenious yet not merely an effort of the intellect. It has a piquancy that is not too obvious, and the contrasting section is among D'Indy's happiest thoughts.

Mr. Wendling played with purity of tone, with fervor and with understanding. His performance was always delightful and often masterly. Miss Hawkins was less successful. Her tone had little variation in color, it was uniformly hard and dry, nor was there any marked evidence of a thorough comprehension of the composer's intention and of the structure of the Sonata.

No Reason for Using It.

Cesar Franck's Caprice is poor stuff, and there was little excuse for exhuming it. Franck was only 21 years old when he wrote it. He had been out of the Paris Conservatory for a year, and after having taken many prizes brilliantly he was not allowed to compete for the Prix de Rome; his father wished Cesar to be a piano virtuoso, chiefly that he might make money, so Cesar gave concerts in the Netherlands and wrote virtuoso pieces for the piano. The greater number of these pieces have fortunately disappeared. The titles show their nature:

"Souvenir d'Aix-la-Chapelle," Fantasia on themes from "Gullistan," etc., etc. The best of them that survive seem impossible today. They are musically far below the piano trios which excited the admiration of Liszt and Beethoven. This Caprice is among the worst of the lot. It seems impossible that the composer of it should be the man who wrote the two superb piano pieces in 1884 and 1886. Miss Hawkins' performance of the Caprice had a certain brilliance, but she should inquire diligently into the mysteries of tone and color. The piano may be something more than a pulsatile instrument.

There was an attentive audience of fair size, and the violinist and pianist were heartily applauded.

WITHERSPOON'S RECITAL.

Called Upon to Sing Alone, He Lengthens His Programme.

Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass, gave a recital last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Witherspoon had expected to assist Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift in a joint recital, but Miss Swift was prevented from singing by a severe cold, so that at a late hour Mr. Witherspoon was called upon to give the entire programme. A few changes were made in his groups of songs, which, as sung, included Bach's "Gute Nacht," Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," Schubert's "Fruehlingstraum" and "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," Schumann's "Wer machte Dich" and "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn," Strauss' "Im Spaetboot," Davidoff's Russian Melody, Koechlin's "Si Tu le Veux," Berne's "Les Trois Chansons" and "Trois Petits Chats Blancs," Bizet's "Le Gazon," songs by Chadwick, Sidney Homer, H. Lane Wilson, and a group of old melodies.

Mr. Witherspoon, in announcing the groups he intended to add to his original programme, said a few words about the song by Bach and read a free translation of the text to Strauss' song. The singer is so well known here that it is hardly necessary to comment upon his general style and the quality of his voice, which was last evening in good form. It is a voice of good range, pleasing in its middle and lower registers, but sometimes inclined to become a trifle monotonous through lack of subtlety in coloring it to suit the text. He was generally happy in interpretation, especially in the song by Davidoff, where he made a deep impression by the dramatic intensity, and in Sidney Homer's "The Pauper's Drive," of which the final stanza was sung with noble emotion. His singing of "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn" also gave pleasure, and had to be repeated.

There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size.

BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

Chorus Sings Effectively—Miss Wright Much Applauded.

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker, conductor, gave its first concert of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Nellie Wright, soprano; Miss Mary D. Chandler, pianist, and B. L. Whelpley, organist. The programme included these choruses: "Kyrie Eleison," from Bach's "Missa Brevis"; Liszt's "Ave, Maria," Cesar Cui's "Spring Delight," H. W. Parker's "How Sinks the Sun," Lassen's "Thou Alone," D'Indy's "Mary Magdalene," for women's chorus and mezzo-soprano solo, with piano and organ accompaniment, and the following soprano solos: Beethoven's "Waltz Song," Seccchi's "Lungi dal Caro bene," Puccini's "Quando Men'no," and songs by MacDowell, Brahms and Chadwick.

The chorus sang effectively. The cantata and part songs were all sung with manifest sympathy and gave pleasure, especially the one by Kopylow, "The Elder Blossom," which was much applauded.

Miss Wright has a light voice of clear and incisive quality, and she was obliged to begin adding to her programme with the first group. She sang as an encore piece Fontenailles' "Obstination."

There was a rather small but enthusiastic audience.

DEAD, AND NOW ALIVE.

Certain words are coined in the street. They are picturesque, grotesque, or vivid, foolish. They serve the purpose, these "loafers and footpads of speech, which inspire the grammarian with horror." The greater number of these words are soon forgotten and at the end of the year are unintelligible. A few live, sneak their way into the dictionary, and become highly respectable.

A few days ago Mrs. Lydia Cooney Ward, who is described admiringly as "authoress, club woman, society leader, slum worker, and general philanthropist"—presumably a busy person—found time to address 800 young women in Chicago. Her talk was of the kind known as "heart to heart." Her advice was straightforward. "Don't wear fancy waists with fizzes and pooh-poohs." "I don't think there is anything quite so dreadful as wearing a rat in your hair, girls. Don't do it. Rats and mats are simply abominable."

A male reader—no man was allowed to hear Mrs. Ward—might guess at "fizzes," but how would he define "pooh-poohs"? When he hears the word "rat" in connection with hair he is at ease, although he cannot understand how a woman who shudders at the thought of a mouse on the floor can endure the idea of a rat in her hair. But "rat," meaning a hairpad somewhat resembling a rat in shape, was declared obsolete nearly forty years ago. No less an authority than "Slang and Its Analogues" (1902) made this statement, and added that the word was in use circa 1860-70. Dr. Murray admitted the word into the New English Dictionary, "a hair pad with tapering ends." He added that its use was confined to the United States, and he quoted from Mrs. Whitney's "We Girls" (1869): "She can't buy coils and braids and two-dollar rats," but he extended the duration of the use by quoting from a Century magazine of 1888, and said nothing about the death of the word. It may be that a revival in fashion of coiffure brings dead words back to life; our impression is that the rat has been with our women for many years.

To inquire into the reasonableness or the effect of the rat as an ornament is now foreign to our purpose. The coiffure in fashion is certainly fearful and wonderful, especially in the theatre. Nearly six years ago a Parisian in a cheap playhouse sat behind a man who persisted in wearing his hat in spite of all entreaties and remonstrances. The man who had spent his franc, and seen nothing waited on the doorstep and shot the behatted one dead. We believe the jury found that the circumstances were extenuating.

We are interested only in the history of the word "rat." No doubt the earliest races knew the thing as soon as women had leisure to exercise their inborn coquetry. What name they gave to it is another matter. How many today can define accurately all the nouns in this passage from Isaiah: "The Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear rings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." We know little about Isaiah the man, but he was evidently a close observer, acquainted with the wiles of woman.

CONCERT FOYER

Victor Maurel and the Parts in Which He Shone in This City.

COMMENT BY THE WAY IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

BY PHILIP HALE.

MR. VICTOR MAUREL, who is at present a member of the San Carlo opera company, will give a song recital in Jordan Hall on next Thursday afternoon. Mr. Maurel is known to the world at large as a singularly dramatic baritone, but he is also an unusually accomplished singer of songs.

When he first sang in Boston he sang not in opera, but in concert. This concert was given in Music Hall, Jan. 12, 1874. The other members of the company were Wieniawski, the violinist; Mme. Schiller, pianist, and Miss Jennie T. Bull, a singer. The E flat quintet of Mendelssohn was played by Messrs. Wieniawski, Allen, Mulaly, Rietzel and Fries. Perhaps Mr. Mulaly, who is now a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, remembers the performance. It is a pity that he does not write his reminiscences. What could he not tell, for example, of life in Newport?

Mr. Maurel at this concert sang an aria from "Maria di Rudenz," Gounod's "Le Soir," the serenade from "Don Giovanni," an aria from "Mao-metto II," and, with Miss Bull, a duet from "La Favorita." He sang in other concerts at Music Hall that winter, and in one of them he sang a duet from "Rigoletto" with Christine Nilsson.

Nor will the recital next week be his first in Boston. He gave a most interesting one in Music Hall on March 4, 1896, when he sang songs by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Gluck, de Fontenailles, Erlanger ("Fedra"), Hahn and Massenet.

I have been asked whether Mr. Maurel ever appeared in Boston as Rigoletto and Mephistopheles before last week. It is not prudent to be cocksure of anything in this world of carelessness, doubt, falsehood. I assured the public last Saturday morning that Mme. Nordica was at the performance of "Aida" at the Majestic Theatre the night before. I had been told she was to "assist," as our volatile French neighbors say. I was told that she was present; I would have sworn that I saw her with my own four eyes; and lo, and behold, Mme. Nordica was not there, but miles away—no doubt dreaming of Mr. Hammerstein and the contract to be annulled or broken.

But, to the best of my knowledge, Mr. Maurel appeared last week as Rigoletto and Mephistopheles for the first time in Boston. Other cities of the United States saw him in these parts long ago.

He first visited Boston in 1874. He sang here for the first time in opera in Verdi's "Ernani" at the Boston Theatre, Feb. 19 of that year. He took the part of Don Carlos; Torriani, the passionate Swede and superb Aida, was the Lady Elvira; Campanini was advertised as the Ernani, but he fell sick and Boy took his place; Nannetti was the haughty, amorous, and malignant old Silva.

Mr. Maurel also appeared that year in Boston as Don Giovanni. The other singers in the opera were Mmes. Nilsson, Marasi and Cary, and Messrs. Campanini, Nannetti and Scolaria. Nannetti was an unusually fine bass. What has become of him? He was with Campanini, Clementine de Vere and Salebi in a concert company in the late eighties; but where is he now? In 1874 he was a very young man.

During his first visit to this country Mr. Maurel impersonated Mephistopheles, Amonasro, Rigoletto and De Nevers, but not in Boston.

Mr. Maurel was here the second time in 1875. He then took these parts at the Mechanics' building:

Iago, in Verdi's "Othello," Feb. 26 and March 9.

Falstaff, in Verdi's opera of that name, Feb. 27, March 7.

Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera, March 3.

Figaro, in Mozart's opera, April 10.

Amonasro, in "Aida," April 11. He was announced as Rigoletto for March 2, but he was sick, and Mr. Amona walked amiably through the part.

In 1896 Mr. Maurel was again with the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company, at Mechanics' building. He took these parts:

Valentine, Feb. 17.

De Nevers, Feb. 19.

Falstaff, Feb. 22.

Lescaut, in Massenet's "Manon," Feb. 26.

He was at the Boston Theatre with Mr. Grau's company in 1899, and he took these parts:

De Nevers, March 29.

Don Giovanni, April 1, April 7.

There should, naturally, be great curiosity to see his Tonio in "Pagliacci" tomorrow night. He created the part when the opera was produced at Milan in 1892, with Mme. Stehie as Nedda.

I have been asked the age of Mr. Maurel. There has been wild guessing on this subject. Some insist that he is as old as Adelina Patti, and if you contradict them, they look compassionately at you and say: "But, my dear boy—There is no need of guessing or of heated affirmation."

There is an official list, with short biographical sketches, of the prize winners at the Paris Conservatory. The dates of birth are taken from the certificates of birth required when a pupil enters the school. Let us turn to this list: "Maurel (Victor), born at Marseilles, June 17, 1848. Song: 3d prize, 1867; opera, 1st prize, 1867." The register then states that he was at the Opera 1868-1870, 1873-81, where he made his debut as the Count di Luna in "Trovatore" in February, 1868; that he sang much in Italy; that he was manager of the Italian Opera House in Paris in 1884; that he was at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1899.

Mr. Maurel, then, made his debut when he was in his 20th year. He was about 26 when he first visited the United States. He is now in his 60th year.

And where has he not sung and been applauded, from Spain to Russia? The honor of creating the parts of Iago and Falstaff in Verdi's operas should be glory enough for one man.

Let us note a curious incident in his career as manager of the Italian theatre in Paris. In 1884 he took the part of Figaro in Rossini's "Barber" and with him were Mme. Sembrich, Ed. de Reske and—Mr. Perugini, who was afterward one of Lillian Russell's husbands—for a short time.

Max Roger's variations and fugue on a theme by Hiller will be played at Philadelphia for the first time in America tomorrow afternoon.

The New York Press makes pleasant remarks about the Nordica-Hammerstein disagreement. Here is one of them:

"It is generally known by this time that Nordica and Hammerstein have disagreed and that the American singer has severed her connection with the Manhattan temple of music. That, however, is an incident which serves merely to point the fact that the manager, after complaining strenuously of the harsh criticism his prima donna had received in two newspapers publicly approved that criticism by dispensing with Mme. Nordica's services at a time when he was sorely in need of a soprano of her type."

St. Louis has heard "Rigoletto." While a reporter of the Times was deeply moved, he had his critical eye with him. "But one exception might be taken to the presentation. It is in the acting of the Jester when he discovers that the dying form, he supposed was that of the Duke, is in reality his own daughter. Although not intended for the climax, it would heighten the effect if greater shock and agitation were shown by the Jester at the discovery." What did Mr. Arcangeli say as the Jester when he made this discovery? Only "Ah there" in choice Italian.

Mr. Paderewski will give his second piano recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, when he will play his own sonata for the first time in Boston. The Handel and Haydn will give performances of "The Messiah" on Sunday and Wednesday nights. The first of Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts this season will be on Friday night, the 27th, when the programme will be appropriate to Christmas week. Mr. Paderewski will play at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Sunday night, the 29th. Mr. Bauer will revisit us on Thursday, Jan. 2. Mr. Charles W. Clark, who has a great reputation in Europe as a singer of songs, will give a recital here Monday, Jan. 6. He sang here for the first time in 1898, in "Arminius," at a Handel and Haydn concert. Miss Geraldine Farrar's concert in Symphony Hall will be on Monday afternoon, Jan. 27.

HAMBURG JOINS KUBELIK IN CONCERT

Messrs. Jan Kubelik, violinist, and Mark Hambourg, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme included Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata and Grieg's sonata in C minor for piano and violin; these piano pieces—Chopin, Nocturne, E major and Etude, in G flat; Melodie, Gluck-Sgambati; Wedding march, Mendelssohn-Liszt; and these violin pieces: Spohr, Adagio; Saint-Saens, Havanalse; Hubay, Scene de Czardas.

The performance of the Kreutzer sonata, of which Count Tolstol has a singularly erroneous opinion, was disappointing in this respect; it was better than might have been reasonably anticipated.

Both Are Virtuosos.

Kubelik and Hambourg are, first of all, virtuosos, men of extraneous display. As such they win applause and often excite the admiration of even the judicious by their mechanical activity. Mr. Kubelik, furthermore, has a remarkably luscious, beautiful tone. Mr. Hambourg at times plays both as a musician and a virtuoso. But neither of them is inseparably associated with the thought of success in chamber music, and when the two are brought together, the experienced might easily fear the worst.

While the performance of Beethoven's sonata was by no means an ideal or a memorable one, it was, for the most part, discreet in proportion and balance, and Mr. Hambourg's tendency to run away with the time was not so noticeable as it has been on preceding ensemble occasions. There were times when he played broadly, and even poetically, and there were times when he plodded along as though the performance were merely an item in the routine of the day. Mr. Kubelik's tone was as beautiful as ever; his interpretation was, perhaps, not superficial, but it was without any true depth.

Forgot Rhythm in Fury.

After this sonata came the two groups of solo pieces. Mr. Hambourg was loudly applauded by an audience that looked small in Symphony Hall for a thunder and lightning performance of Liszt's impudent and circus transcription of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." In this performance the fury of the virtuoso, rejoicing in his strength, led him to forget rhythm. Mr. Kubelik was at his best in the Adagio by Spohr. The compositions by Saint-Saens and Hubay, especially Hubay's, are purely virtuoso pieces, and the latter is one of the most abominable of its kind. Both Mr. Kubelik and Mr. Hambourg responded to the applause by playing each an additional piece.

Verdi's "The Masked Ball" Is Given First Production Here for Years.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Masked Ball," Verdi's grand opera, in five acts. The cast:

Richard.....George Tallman
Reinhart.....Achille Alberti
Amelia.....Mme. Helene Ladd
Ulrica.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Oscar.....Miss Lois Hall
Sylvan.....Joseph L. Guthrie
Samuel.....Francis J. Boyle
Tom.....W. H. Pringle
A judge.....George White
A servant.....Jack Foley

"Un Ballo in Maschera" was written in 1857, and was first produced in Rome two years later. During this interval between its completion and its production the opera underwent a curious history. The libretto was based upon that of the opera "Gustave III," by Scribe and Auber, in which the assassination of the Swedish King was romantically treated to form a plot. Verdi's opera at first bore the same title. The scene was laid in Naples, but just before the time set for the first performance a local assassination caused the suppression of Verdi's work, as the police feared the example of its story might prove incendiary. Verdi refused to revise it, and was sued by the opera management for breach of contract; but the populace sided openly with the composer, and the matter assumed such a political turn that the suit was withdrawn, and after certain concessions made by Verdi the work was produced in Rome and had a marked success. The principal of these concessions was the shifting of the scene from Naples to Boston, and this setting was preserved until 1861, when in Paris the tenor Mario refused to appear in the costume ascribed to the early 18th century Bostonian, and the scene was accordingly transferred back to Naples. For that matter, it would seem that the question of costume need cause no hitch, as the piece is so full of incongruities that almost any style of dress might be ventured.

The title was afterward changed to "La Vendetta in Domino," and finally to that under which it now stands. It is easy to see why the work had an

Immediate success and why it is still popular where it is known, for it abounds in melody, dramatic color and action. The concerted numbers for the solo singers, as well as the arias and choruses, have the elements of immediate popularity and abiding charm, and the wonder is that it has not been given here more recently and often. The last performance in Boston was 18 years ago. Many will remember the announcement of this opera made by the Metropolitan opera company some years ago, but the performance did not take place.

The explanation for its long neglect in this city is at hand, and was, indeed, apparent at a glance at last evening's audience, which was smaller than usual. In the younger generation of theatre-goers, curiosity to hear "Un Ballo in Maschera" should equal the curiosity felt concerning a new work, and no doubt does equal it, for the public is strangely indifferent to both. What it wants is what it already knows and has by heart, just as a child clamors for the same old story.

The performance last evening gave the hearer an idea of the work; more than this can scarcely be said as yet, for many of the singers were unfamiliar with their parts, and there was so much faulty intonation that grave injustice was done to the music throughout. Mr. Fallman made a conventional Riccardo, and was much applauded for his solos. Mme. Noldi's Amelia—or, as the variant of this name was used last evening, Adella—was pleasing in make-up in all except the last act; but her singing was not emotional, while her attitude toward Riccardo suggested that of the unhappy Mme. Walter in De Maupassant's unpleasant novel, "Bel Ami." She was effective in certain scenes, especially in those; but her impersonation was unconvincing.

Mr. Alberti was histrionically the right spot in the performance; for he fully confirmed the impression that he made in "Aida" as a good actor. The character of Reinhardt gave him a wider range for the display of emotion, and his assumption of that character was admirable in its variety, consistency and strength. He was intense without exaggeration.

There was much applause throughout the evening, but Mr. Mandeville wisely urged encores. The opera next week will be Gilbert & Sullivan's "The Mikado."

MISS MARY MASSEY of Ballard county, Kentucky, was betrothed to Mr. Michael Givvens, who went to Cairo, Ill., all the way from Kokomo, Ind. (Here is a lesson in geography for bright-eyed boys, restless between supper and bedtime.) Mr. Givvens had advertised for a wife, and from the many applicants by letter he selected Miss Massey, possibly because she wrote a Spencerian hand, possibly because she was straightforward, businesslike, yet warm in rhetoric. They met. She took one look at him. Seeing his hair to be a brilliant red, she said he could not wed him. For years she had held the red-headed in horror, "red-heads men especially, because they were all cross." Mr. Givvens offered to go out and have his hair dyed her favorite color, but she was adamant. What more could he offer? The sad, sad story of loving.

How sensitive some people are! We remember that a few years ago an Irishman wrote indignant letters to New York newspapers protesting angrily because in a drama which was then playing a countryman of his was represented as sporting green whiskers. Whether Miss Massey is justified in her prejudice against the red-haired is a question for an academic discussion of folk-lore. Anthropologists and ethnologists. No doubt Mr. Herkimer Johnson has collected entertaining material on this subject for his colossal, epoch-making work.

Miss Massey should open a correspondence with the 75 young women, whose letters concerning ideal manhood were read in a clear, bell-like voice by Rev. Walter E. Tanner of the First Baptist Church of Melrose, Cal.—not the Melrose that may yet be known as Farville.

Forty of these young women swore that the male lips that touch liquor will never touch theirs, but there was a girl—bless her—who thought a man might drink just a little bit in his own life if he wanted to. The lucky man who secures her will have beer on ice and a demijohn in the pantry, and, as a result, he will be extremely moderate in the internal application. Nor will the man ever care to wander from his fireside.

One thought that the ideal young man should refrain from public dancing. Mainly, if like Mr. McFadden in the play, "his feet ain't gaited that way."

Forty-six declared that swearing is pardonable and 21 frowned on gamblers, though one would allow it at such raffles or at "finch."

Forty-one objected to the use of tobacco in any form, pipe, cigar, cigarette, or dipping, or "eating tobacco."

Her it be fine cut or the more heroic cured by the kindly sun or treated incessantly with liquorice or molasses.

It appears that the ideal man must talk too much, but think deeply;

that he will not go to the playhouse except to see grand opera or a Shakespearean drama; that "he will hate clubs as the devil," and, above all, be punctual at meals. If these women could only be members of a club or two for a week! How disappointed they would be! Instead of seeing inflamed faces over the wine cup and hearing babble or vile remarks, they would find an elderly man asleep in a chair with an English review in his hand, or a bore discussing with other bores the real purpose of sending the fleet to the Pacific.

One girl wrote: "My ideal man is 6 foot tall with large, dark eyes and dark hair, small hands and feet and a fine face, which need not be handsome."

She said nothing about the ears and nose of her ideal. Small ears are said to denote obstinacy. A large, long nose is said to denote force, but these noses are sometimes deceitful. And how about his forehead? Must he be a high-brow? Should his forehead resemble a porcelain door knob, shining with intellect? *

Dr. Julius von Bernauer, a deep thinker in Chicago, said in an engrossing lecture on Dec. 15: "Look out for the man broad behind the ears and full under the eyes. He makes a quarrelsome husband." But of Dr. von Bernauer we shall speak tomorrow.

The Chicago News denies the report that Mr. Paderewski is suffering from a form of neurasthenia that makes him afraid of women. It makes the denial in three verses. Two will do;

It proved to be an error, the report that he's in terror.
Of the bold, ferocious creatures. Not a bit! If he was, he's lately rallied, for he doesn't now turn pallid.
Or proceed to throw a neurasthenic fit.
And his knees aren't seen to tremble though in hundreds they assemble
And in raptures tell each other he's a "dear."
And his peary teeth don't chatter in the slightest for that matter;
If he's scared, he shows no symptom of his fear.
No, of dread there are no traces, though he's threatened with embraces.
And must face a perfect hailstorm of bouquets.
Though besieged with invitations and quite swamped with the oblations
Of the bluest and gaspiest of praise,
Past the danger of fond glances he still, unperturbed, advances.
Unheeding the expressions of delight,
And through all these things dismaying goes on calmly with his playing.
Not betraying any sort or kind of fright.

Dec 21 1907

SAN CARLO OPERA

'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'I Pagliacci' Presented by

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Double bill of the San Carlo grand opera company. Mr. Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was as follows:

Santuzza.....	Mme. Desana
Lola.....	Mme. Marchi
Lucia.....	Mme. Perego
Turiddu.....	Mr. Dani
Alfio.....	Mr. Fornari

Although something might be said about the vocal indiscretions and disturbing vocal mannerisms of Mme. Desana and some of the other singers, there was a spirited honesty about their performance that commanded respect. Mme. Desana has naturally a dramatic voice of rich and emotional quality. It is a pity that she does not employ it more artistically and, therefore, still more effectively. Her rhythmic sense is not well developed. She has, however, a fervent nature; she often sings passionately. While her action is in conventional grooves, it is not too deliberate, and her face and figure suit the part. When she is older she will know better than to bow her thanks to the kind audience for its sympathy with her before she has fully told her sad tale of seduction.

Mr. Dani's impersonation of Turiddu, the village masquer, was lacking in the vanity and the brutality which characterize him, but he sang his music in the first act with spirit, though he is a lyric, not a dramatic tenor, and in the final scene with his mother he displayed feeling without the aid of exaggeration. Mr. Fornari's Alfio is the best performance he has thus far given. The music of the part is better suited to him than elaborately sustained arias and sentimental ditties. For once the carter's entrance song was made interesting. The chorus singing was excellent, as usual. The large audience was enthusiastic.

"Pagliacci" Follows.
"Pagliacci" followed. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Nedda.....	Mme. Noria
Canio.....	Mr. Oppezzo
Cléo.....	Mr. Blanchard
Shilo.....	Mr. Fornari
Pepe.....	Mr. Giaccone

It was announced for several days that Mr. Constantino would be the Canio and Mr. Victor Maurel would be

the Tonio. There was natural curiosity to hear them in this opera, especially as Mr. Maurel created the part of Tonio when the opera was produced at Milan. On the strength of this announcement many bought tickets for the performance. The play bill of last night confirmed the original announcement, although the change in the cast had been advertised for a day or two in the newspapers.

The curtain fell on "Cavalleria Rusticana," and there were calls for the singers and conductor. After the enthusiasm cooled, Mr. Russell appeared on the stage and said that Mr. Albani, who was expected to be the Tonio—Mr. Russell intended to say Canio—was in New York and therefore would not sing here, but that Mr. Oppezzo would take the part for the first time. This statement was applauded. Why do audiences always applaud announcements that must inevitably disappoint? Is it to show a forgiving spirit, a noble nature, or is the applause merely the result of nervous restlessness and the vague desire to do something? This is a question that has been overlooked in treatises on the psychology of the crowd.

It may be said of Messrs. Oppezzo and Blanchard that they did their best. Mr. Oppezzo was, of course, in a trying position. He has voice rather than art, and whenever he had an opportunity of letting out resonant high notes, everything was forgiven by his countrymen, who shouted and shouted for a repetition of the great song at the end of the first act. But Mr. Conti had prudently disappeared, and as was said of the reporter in De Quincey's "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," the answer to "Ubi est Conti?" was "Non est inventus." Mr. Oppezzo, by his courage, saved the opera for his manager and many of the audience.

Mr. Blanchard is a routine baritone with a voice that would be effective if it did not wobble and sag in sustained phrases. His delivery of the prologue was not distinguished by subtlety in rhetoric. It was straightforward, nothing more. Nor was his impersonation one of distinction. His Tonio was a good-natured, smiling fellow, and the wonder was why Nedda should be so disagreeable, not to say un ladylike, toward him. There was no suggestion of the deformed, bitter, sensual, malignant clown whose lust was so quickly turned to wild hatred.

Not on Same Plane.

Mme. Noria's Nedda is not on a plane with her Aida or even her Marguerite. Her coquetry was heavy-footed. Her action in the first act consisted chiefly in the twisting, twining and general display of her arms. She was conscious of them. She had them with her and she could not forget them. They are, indeed, shapely and they deserve respectful glances of admiration, but there can be too much of a good thing, even when the thing is a handsome arm. How few excellent Neddas we have seen here! Sigrid Arnoldson was pretty; Mme. Scheff was a soubrette. The others were mere names. Only Miss Farrar made this woman a creature of flesh and blood and struck the tragic note.

The singing of the chorus was unusually good. Mr. Conti in both operas coquetted with authority and fervor, although his task was not always an easy one.

In spite of the disappointment over the changes in the cast of "Pagliacci" the enjoyment of the audience was evident and enthusiasm reached high water mark.

The opera this afternoon will be "Aida," with these singers: Mmes. Desana and Claessens, and Messrs. Oppezzo, Blanchard, Rossi, Villani and Giaccone.

The opera this evening will be "Lucia," Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Constantino, Fornari and Rossi will be the chief singers.

Changes are announced in the repertory of next week. It is now said that "Lohengrin" and "Don Giovanni" will not be performed, but "La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto" will be substituted for them.

WE spoke yesterday of Dr. Julius von Bernauer, who lectured in Chicago recently. His lecture was for women only, and his subject was "Love and Affinity." He said many things. Golden words escaped the barrier of his teeth. We make room for a few of his conclusions based on long observation and deep reflection.

"Marry a man who is well developed an inch and a half behind the ears where the phrenological 'love bump' is located. Feel his head if necessary. This can easily be done. No man objects to a woman toying with his hair, provided he be of cleanly habits.

"Think twice before marrying a highly spiritual man. He is apt to become melancholy and take to drink." We accept this statement, though we fail to see the inevitable relationship between spirituality and booze. Was the professor thinking of Byron's famous line about "rum and true religion"?

"But if you find a round-faced man, nab him on the spot. Round-faced men make the best husbands." This is a fair warning for the moon-faced.

The learned professor says nothing about the male chin. Will a man with a chin like a poached egg make a good husband? This is the chin of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, and he never married.

Dr. Bernauer says that the American man is "a practical lover and a nuptial optimist," but if he wishes to be happy he should not "hang around the kitchen," especially if the cook is good

looking; he should constantly tell her—the wife, not the cook—that she is pretty and he should kiss her every morning when he goes to work. The "New Girl" will make love to the man she fancies, and "the New Man will accept her proposal as a tribute to his manhood." Mr. G. B. Shaw has long insisted that woman is the hunter. Woman's most fascinating age, according to Dr. Bernauer, is between 24 and 40. This statement is not so liberal as it seems. We have known women irresistible at 18 and also at 50—yes at 55. Then there is the famous instance of Ninon l'Enclos, who played the lute and danced the Saraband admirably. She was pursued in her old age by amorous youths and she lived to be 85.

Yesterday we invoked the aid of our distinguished but eccentric friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson. We received early this morning a letter from him, in which he said that he was suffering acutely from the shingles and was in no mood for research. "However, I did look up the word shingles in Bailey's Dictionary and I found this disquieting definition: 'Shingles (in medicine), a disease, a sort of St. Anthony's fire, a spreading inflammation about the waist, which is said to kill the patient, if it get quite round him.' I didn't have the heart to look any further—but I am sure the word is not in Shakespeare or the Bible, and I don't think it is to be found in the complete works of Artemus Ward. Do you know anything about shingles? What does the word come from? Has it anything to do with the roof shingle? Does it come from the Latin 'scindere,' to cleave?"

Yes, indeed, Mr. Johnson. The shingles is a name for the disease that early in the 17th century was also called wild-fire, wolf, or herpes; but whether your herpes is the herpes circula, or the herpes miliaris, or whether the two are practically the same, or whether zona is the same as herpes circula, or whether your trouble is herpes circinatus, we are not courageous enough to determine. The ancient Greeks recommended "chola-

gogue medicines". This sounds as though they cost much money and were singularly unpleasant, but be reassured, for chologogue means only that which takes away bile. They also advised the application of cooling and dessicant things to the affected part. Thus at night you might pull off your shirt at a street corner and lean against a lamp post. Let meat alone and do not work against the clock.

A simple remedy is one composed of equal parts of witch hazel and alcohol, to be applied to the afflicted part, not to be taken internally. Then dust the region with powder that will be prescribed by and reputable physician. As long as you have not herpes exedens, you need not worry. Grin and bear it. We do not believe you have herpes phlyctenodes.

Here is a list of other simple remedies: Rub the patch with an onion, or tooth of garlic, flour of saffron reduced to a liniment with white fuller's earth, nettle, or with the meal of darnel tempered with radish, salt and vinegar—this might also serve as a breakfast food—or with the pulse known as ervil; with the ashes of the white vine with a sprinkling of wine; with the lees of wine sodden with figs; with the liquor that comes from the green branches of an olive when burnt; with the powder of the myrtle; with house-leek; with the root of that beautiful plant, the rhinocisia, applied with the flour of barley groats—again a stimulating breakfast food; with lycopsis; with crickets, first rubbed between the hands. There are other remedies, approved by the ancients, remedies that in this squeamish age we do not like to name. If you do not feel relieved after trying some or all of these, we should recommend you to visit a shingle specialist. There is probably one for each side of the body, and one also for the abdomen.

Dec 22 1907

NOVELTIES AT NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Overture to the opera "The Forced Marriage".....Humperdinck
Concerto in E minor for violin.....D'Ambrosio
Goldonian Intermezzi.....Bossi
Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart

The overture, intermezzi and violin concerto were played in Boston for the first time. Mr. Richard Czerwonky, the second concert master of the orchestra, played a solo for the first time in this country.

Humperdinck wrote the overture to "The Forced Marriage," a comic opera based on a play of the elder Dumas, "Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr," for the first performance of the opera in Munich. When the opera was produced at Berlin the year before there was no overture. The thematic material of the overture is taken from the opera itself. This material has little that is of musical importance, however well it may be fitted to the situations and business of the stage, nor is the treatment of the material striking in any way.

The overture is manufactured deliberately and carefully. Once or twice in the main body there are hints at romantic pages, but the overture is after all like any of the goods that have been handed over the counter by Humperdinck since his "Hänsel und Gretel," a much overpraised opera, by the way. You see Humperdinck smiling on the customer, doing the overture up neatly, and saying in a smooth voice: "Shall I not send this to your house?" Humperdinck is still reckoned seriously by some as a shining light of the modern German school.

Dr. Muck, a man of remarkably catholic taste, is acquainting us with the later works of this school. Hearing them—the words of Wagner, Beethoven, Humperdinck, Richard and others—one is tempted to ask whether the Germans are now writing anything but notes; whether there is any composer among them of imagination save Richard Strauss, and he hath a devil, as Henley said of de Maupassant.

Indisputable Talent.

Mr. Czerwonky is a virtuoso of indisputable talent. The concerto by d'Ambrosio is poor stuff even for a virtuoso piece. It is dull and aimless and every now and then you can hear the composer nailing sections together so that the structure will stand. Yet it served in displaying Mr. Czerwonky's full, agreeable and pure tone and his fluent mechanism. It will undoubtedly be a pleasure to hear him in a more serious work. As it is, he made a very favorable impression, and he deserved the applause that was long-continued and not at all perfunctory or merely an exhibition of good nature, as is too often the case at these concerts.

Boss's intermezzi are written presumably in the spirit of Goldoni's comedies, and the music is purposely cast in archaic molds. The opening prelude with minuet is of little consequence, but the Galliard that follows is intoxicating in its spirit and boldness. The Curfew is of minor interest, but the Musette in the second minuet is quaint in its burlesque and the minuet is entertaining in the repetition. The little serenade is charming and it is not in conventional form. Mr. Ferli played the solo for the viola d'amore delightfully. The finale, a burlesca, brings a dashing end.

Never Pretentious.

The music of this suite is never pretentious. The composer no doubt would say of the movements: "They are little things"; but these little things are cleverly made and they are effective when they are played as they were last night with heauty of tone, fine sense of proportion and extreme brilliancy. It is not surprising that the suite gave much pleasure. Boss, though an Italian, has evidently studied the German classics. While there is a suggestion of Bach in the prelude, the suite as a whole shows the influence of Mendelssohn.

The performance of Humperdinck's overture and the accompaniment to the concerto—how pompous is the orchestral introduction of this concerto that leads to nothing!—"In the name of the Prophet"—these were played brilliantly. Only certain horn and trumpet passages were markedly unsatisfactory. There are eight horns in the orchestra at present—but there is still room for a first horn.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS ORIGINAL SONATA

Mr. Paderewski gave his second piano recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The seats were all filled and many stood. The programme was as follows: Paderewski, Sonata in E flat minor, Op. 21 (first time in Boston); Liszt, Sonata in B minor; Chopin, six etudes from Op. 25; Berceuse, Polonaise F sharp minor, Valse in A flat.

Mr. Paderewski's sonata is an interesting and at times impressive work. The opening of the first movement is superb in its angry defiance, and it tempted the pianist to tonal excess. The other chief theme is of marked contrasting character, genuine in its sentiment, gently emotional.

The development of the thematic material is often masterly and there are harmonic progressions that are new and haunting. The second movement contains much that is lovely. The prevailing mood of the finale is not unlike that of the movement which follows the funeral march in Chopin's sonata. On the whole the finale after one hearing seems to be the least striking of the three movements, although the ending crowns

the work.

Liszt's Sonata.

Mr. Paderewski had the courage to play Liszt's sonata in B minor immediately after his own sonata. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at the "Dante" sonata, to deny it musical or dramatic worth. Such music, however, cannot be sneered out of existence. It should be heard frequently, that audiences may become acquainted with its many beauties.

Unfortunately, it is not given to every one to play this sonata. There is a titanic sweep that is beyond the power of many pianists though they be celebrated for their prowess in other fields. There is also this danger: The apparent simplicity of certain melodic thoughts of Liszt leads pianists into exaggeration in the interpretation, from fear of not making the due effect; then the simplicity becomes artificial, the melody is changed to a tune—it was the late Vernon Blackburn who defined a tune as a melody that is over-ripe—and there is the suspicion of cheapness, if not vulgarity.

Mr. Paderewski's interpretation was a memorable one. It must be ranked among his greatest feats since he first visited us.

Played as of Old.

If Mr. Paderewski abused his strength occasionally in his own sonata, and at times in one or two other pieces forgot, or ignored, or despised the inherent limitations that characterize any piano, he also played as the Paderewski of old in lyric moments. His performance of Chopin's etudes and the Berceuse, for example, was delightful. Especially commendable was his interpretation of the sixth and of the eleventh in the set.

In the former he gave the descending chords against the ascending thirds—the passage to which I referred not long ago as one often misunderstood by pianists—he gave these chords, I say, their full significance and exquisite quality. In the latter etude, after the surprise of his thunderous reading of the quiet opening measures of the short introduction, he took the allegro at a pace that allowed a clear revelation of the harmonic structure. His performance of this was something more than a prodigious tour de force by a virtuoso; it was illuminative.

There was hearty applause; there were many recalls, and, as usual, Mr. Paderewski added pieces to the programme.

SAN CARLO OPERA CO. PLAYS LUCIA

The San Carlo Opera Company gave a performance of Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," last evening, at the Majestic Theatre. Mr. Conti conducted, and the cast included Mme. Alice Nielsen as Lucia, Mr. Constantino as Edgardo, and Mme. Perego, Messrs. Fornari, Rossi, Giaccone and Ghidini.

The first act had a few hitches in action and tempo, and was marred by certain faulty intonation on the part of one or two singers; but the rest of the performance was smooth and animated, and that of the second act was extremely brilliant.

The scene at the end of the sextet was almost embarrassing for the audience was divided between those who wished the sextet repeated and those who rightly considered that the performance ought to go on. The former, however, were in a considerable majority and carried the day. In spite of the fact that Mr. Conti had conducted a few of the following measures. The repetition was probably not regretted even by those who had not lifted up their voices in clamor for it. At the end of the act Mr. Conti was called to the stage.

Miss Nielsen's voice still showed somewhat the traces of indisposition, but it had brilliant moments, and was always agreeable. Mr. Constantino's Edgardo was admirably sung and acted, and his dramatic intensity and his ease and grace in action made the end of the second act notable.

There was a large audience, and many stood. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch throughout the evening.

FINAL VINDICATION FOR ITALIAN OPERA

Not many years ago Italian opera was put in its coffin. The coffin lid was nailed down with shouts of derision. The coffin was lowered into the grave. There was a great cry: "And no opera manager will here be a resurrectionist."

The theories of Richard Wagner had prevailed. His music dramas had swept all operas of Italian form and spirit from the stage forever. "Away with the foolish, trifling plots, the silly tunes, the guitar orchestra! Let us hear only the story of the incestuous adultery in 'The Valkyrie'; let us applaud only the night adventure of Tristan and Isolde and the long sermon of doddering King Mark on the text, 'O Tristan, why did you do it! let us look forever on the Venusberg, with the living statuary arranged thoughtfully for Tannhauser's entertainment, Europa and the bull, Leda and the swan, perspiring Bacchantes and neurotic nymphs." And for a time it seemed to all who anxiously follow the

fashion in music that Italian opera was dead, with Rigoletto, Aida, Violetta, Lucia, Gioconda and all our old friends swathed and lapped in lead. Only Manrico persisted in singing his immortal melody in the tower and our old friend the Count di Luna still sang his applauded aria near the convent walls.

How is it today? New York is given over to the worship of Italian opera and Italian singers. The Italians have again invaded the opera houses of Germany. London has not yet recovered from the hysteria excited by the singing woman Tetrazzini. The prima donna, who had been put away for all time by the Wagnerites, is very much alive. And here we may read with profit a short editorial article which was published in the Fall Mail Gazette on the 30th of last month:

"As we write—and, cheu! the morning is but young—people are already assembling at the gallery doors of the Opera House for tonight's final performance, and the enchantress, Tetrazzini. The scenes and the sounds in Covent Garden Theatre during the past three weeks have recalled to old-stagers the raptures of their youth over Mario and Grisi, Lablache and Titiens, and the later delights which came to them through Patti, Marie Marimon, Sembrich and Christine Nilsson. In a word, we have had the prima donna with us again, and with all the old ascendancy. The personal decentralization of modern German and Italian opera has, for the moment at any rate, been accustomed by long experience to the sacrosanctity of silence between the rising and falling of the curtain has fallen to roaring itself hoarse with the singer's voice still trembling in the air and the orchestra still playing! There are purists who will almost faint at the thought of such an insult to music. But one may hazard the conjecture that Verdi and Donizetti, could they have witnessed it, would, to put it moderately, have borne with fortitude the enthusiasm which Tetrazzini has evoked in their works. The great singer has given us all a taste of one of the most perfect delights the world has to offer; and we are grateful."

Boston has been faithful to Italian opera since its first love, the Havana opera company made a sensation at the Howard Athenaeum in 1847, the company brought here by Mr. Marti, the fishmonger: Fortunata Tedesco sang that season, the tickets commanded \$4 or \$5 premium, and did not one of Boston's most eminent citizens, lost in wonder love and praise, throw at her feet his hat and cane as a symbol of his devotion?

Is all this to be regretted?

No, for since opera is an amusement or entertainment, the plaything of the rich and the luxury of the poor, let us be easily and thoroughly amused, excited, thrilled. There is no room for symbolism or psychology in opera that should appeal to the ordinary human being. Suppose, for example, that Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" were to be performed here? Would any one care a whit for the "symbolism" of the play with music? The interest would be in the loves and tragedy of men and women. It is the old story of two men and one woman. There must be this story, or the equally moving one of two women and one man as in "Aida," or a common tale of genuine interest. The more dramatically this story is told in music, the keener will be the emotion of the audience. And a melody by Verdi sung with passion by an Italian who honestly believes that there is no melody like it, except possibly by Verdi in another opera makes its irresistible way. The singer's voice may wobble; he may be vocally throaty, or she may sing only by main strength and with the assistance of a Vesuvian nature; it matters not—there is a force, a personal authority or magnetism that stirs the blood. When this music is sung with skill as well as force by a Miss Nielsen, a Mme. Neria, a Mr. Constantino, the mind is also pleased.

No sane person wishes to hear Italian opera exclusively, any more than he would be content to hear only the music dramas of Wagner or only the operas of Gounod, Bizet, Meyerbeer.

Then there is the fashion in operas as in hats and in the matter of the width of braid on "dress trousers." This, too, should be considered by the thoughtful.

It would be as foolish to say that German opera is dead as it would be to deny the vitality of Verdi's "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," not to speak of "Aida" and the great masterpiece "Otello." There is much more in Donizetti's "Lucia" than the mad scene.

There should be widespread interest, for example, in the revival of "Tristan and Isolde" at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Fremstad is to be the heroine, and she has already illuminated her composition of the part so that the wayfaring man may not err. Her Isolde, she swears, will be Wagner's Isolde, and, therefore, she will wear sombre dresses, although she admits that she looks better in colors. Touching devotion to art! She will not wear white in the second act for this subtle reason: "Isolde is going to her lover, and white does not look well in green moonlight." Nor will Mme. Fremstad wear a blonde wig. "Isolde's hair must have been a dark red, not only because she was Irish, but because of her temperament." H-m-m-m! "Here indeed will be a revelation." Here is a woman who has the "intellectual comprehension" on which the surviving Wagnerites so noisily insist.

Let us hear about some new orchestral works, for, after all, there is other music than that which is performed on the operatic stage.

Why should we not hear Mr. Delius' "Appalachia" in Boston? This set of variations for chorus and orchestra was performed at London on Nov. 24. The Fall Mail Gazette praising Delius' piano concerto which has

been performed recently in London and Berlin, says: "To write variations successfully is an arduous matter, and it must be confessed that this set upon a negro melody is of only moderate charm—Appalachia is the old name for America—is not remarkable as such. Indeed, so little is the ordinary principle of variation writing resorted to that the name seems misapplied; one gets very tired of the numerous repetitions of the theme, or parts of it, in its original form, for it need hardly be said the usual plan of a set of variations is the presentation of the subject in as widely differing versions as possible. This is a purely technical criticism; from the emotional and atmospheric point of

view there is much that is fascinating about the composition. Mr. Delius has reflected very happily impressions of the Mississippi country. In the words of the analytical programme, 'the all-pervading stillness, at nightfall is only broken by the mysterious call of the whip-poor-will, the croaking of frogs, or the melancholy song of the negro as he sits before his hut.' At the end of some of the variations there are subdued sounds from the male voices of the chorus which help largely to create this effect. All the chorus come in at the end, singing the negro melody, and a notable climax is made, which deserved a better performance than the Sunday League Choir were able to give, although they must take credit for an agreeable vocal quality. The orchestration throughout is masterly."

The Baltimore American has discovered at last the secret of Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The composer once said that he had a definite programme or argument for the work in his mind, but he never confided this programme to any one, not even to his brother Modeste, who suggested the name "Pathetic." But the Baltimore American knows, it knows. "The symphony itself has not been understood by all listeners, but it may be when it is known that it represents the four ages of man, as laid down by nature and divinely set out through Moses in Exodus as infancy, boyhood, manhood and ending in the adagio lamentoso of old age." Holy Moses!

The American also informs us that Tschalkowsky was "a fine lawyer and would have been a great man anywhere. He had sweet and gentle manners, the clothing of a noble soul."

Mr. Benoit Hollander's "Pompeii," a dramatic symphonic poem in four parts for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, was produced in London Dec. 4. Dr. G. H. Dabbs, the librettist, took his story from Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," but it appears that he left out most of the incidents in the novel, and the action is not intelligible, for too much is taken for granted. The music is spoken of as serious, but often dull. The Times says: "In general there is little attempt to distinguish the utterances of one character from another, and there are moments at which the composer seems uncertain what style he means to adopt. The unaccompanied choruses of the Christians savor of the German part-songs of the 'Orpheus' series, with many curious harmonic transitions added to disguise the resemblance. The melodies are often rich enough for a few bars, but they suggest that their author is afraid of being thought old-fashioned if he dwells on them too long, so that a good deal of restlessness is felt as the work goes on. The third part has a good deal of vigor and is more interesting than the rest; it contains the best individual number in the work, a graceful chorus for female voices, 'The Youth and the Maiden,' in the manner of Berlioz."

Much fuss has been made of late concerning the finding of "lost overtures," of Wagner: "Christopher Columbus," "Rule Britannia," "Polonia" and another. But these overtures are not wholly unfamiliar. The three just named were all played at a concert in London led by Mr. Henry J. Wood, Jan. 2, 1905.

Mr. Ysaye recently played Emmanuel Moor's violin concerto in G in London. The piece was heard there for the first time. The Telegraph said: "The concerto in question is a clever, well-scored work. Neither the opening movement nor the finale, however, in spite of much that was interesting, seemed free from anti-climax. A scherzo full of rhythmic life, together with its singularly beautiful trio, and an adagio based on a first hearing, the most successful sections." The solo part is said to be extremely difficult.

An overture and opening scene from "Les Fugitifs," an opera as yet unperformed, by Andre Fljan, were played at a Colonne concert in Paris Dec. 1. "The fugitives are a pair of lovers escaping from the revolutionists of 1793 at Lyons, but eventually caught and guillotined. The overture is a musical antithesis between the furious songs of the revolutionists—including the 'Carmagnole' rendered with vivid color and a picturesque sense of rhythm, and the tender love motives of the fugitives, which lack originality. The opening scene is a monologue by the heroine waiting for her lover, and fearing that the revolutionists have captured him. Although the declamation is dramatic, the musical ideas are slender."

The Philadelphia orchestra played at the concerts of Friday and last night Max Reger's Variations and Fugue on a theme by J. A. Haydn for the first time in America. Dr. Muck purposes to perform the work here this season.

Mr. George H. Payne in an "appreciation" of Mr. Schallapine, the Russian singer at the Metropolitan, who shows so much of his skin as Mephistopheles in Boito's opera that he shocked one or two sensitive critics, likens the singer's closely cropped blond hair to scrambled eggs.

The performance of "La Traviata" at Covent Garden draws forth the following story of a certain destructive criticism: The late Lieut.-Col. C. B. Leacock, R. A., had gone to see this particular



DOROTHY MILLER
CONTRALTO.



MILLY BRAMONIA MEZZO SOPRANO



HELENE VOLDI.
SOPRANO



JANE NORIA. SOPRANO



ALICE NIELSEN.
SOPRANO.

opera the first night of his visit to Malta, where opera is so cheap that people rather despise it. "What did you think of the opera, colonel?" he was asked, as soon as he set foot in the ante-room at the Auberge de Castile. "Well, the singing might be worse; the acting was decidedly good, and so was the orchestra, though it was too loud. But the mise-en-scene was damnable. Violetta had a two-foot-wide camp bedstead, a two-inch-thick cork mattress, and only one pillow!"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mme. Jane Noria, who is now singing at the Majestic Theatre, was married in Paris on Aug. 24 of this year to Mr. Giovanni P. Centanini, who is here with the San Carlo Opera Company. Mme. Noria's first husband was a Mr. Becker.

The London Times says of the "newly discovered dances of Beethoven," which were played in London on Nov. 30 for the first time with full strength of orchestral strings: "Now that the detailed history of Dr. Riemann's discovery is published, it turns out that he at first assumed the anonymous author to be Weber, judging from some points of similarity with well known pieces of that master. The name of Beethoven seems to have occurred to him as an afterthought, the assumption being based on the virtual identity of a theme in the fifth of the dances with one of the master's 'Bagatellen' for piano, which are known to date from a year when Beethoven did write a set of dances for a set of musicians at Moedling. The evidence is in truth rather slender, and those who cannot endure to think of a great man writing anything at a lower level than his best work may comfort themselves that the dances are perhaps by Weber. They reflect very little credit on the composer, whoever he may have been."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emma

Mollenhauer conductor, will perform Handel's "Messiah." Solo singers, Miss Harriot Barrows, Mrs. Florence Mulford, Mr. Dan Beddoe, Mr. Oscar Huntington.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. Solo singers, Mrs. Corlaine Rider-Kelsey, Mrs. Dorothy Miller, Mr. Beddoe, Mr. Tom Daniel.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mr. Victor Maurel.

FRIDAY, Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Peter's vol. IV, No. 4); Handel, Concerto for strings and two wind choirs; Rheinberger, concerto in F major for organ, strings and three horns; Cesar Franck, Symphonie Piece from "The Redemption." Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the organist.

Chickering Hall, 8:15. First of the second series of concerts announced by Messrs. Chickering and Sons and given under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. "Lully-bye" for a soprano voice accompanied by six violas (anonymous, English, about 1400. Form of the Processional Ritual of the Nuns of the Convent of St. Mary, Chester; Concerto Grosso, "made for the night of Christmas" by Arcangelo Corelli, for two violins, viola da gamba and harpsichord soli, two more violins, viola, violoncello, violone and organ ripieno; J. S. Bach's Cantata for the second day of Christmas for soprano, alto, tenor, bass, two flutes, two oboes d'amore, two oboes da caccia, two violins, viola and basso continuo. The solo singers will be Mrs. Sundborg-Sundelius, Mrs. Dorothy Miller, Messrs. Wilhelm Heinrich and Anthony Reese. There will be a chorus. Among the players will be Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch, Messrs. Bak, Mahn, Rissland, Gleizen, Hadley, Maquarre, Brooke, Longy, Lenon, Sautet Mueller.

TURSDAY, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 10th Symphony concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

The programme of the Longy Club concert on Monday night, the 30th, will include Bumcke's "Spaziergang," the familiar trio for two flutes and harp from Grieg's "Childhood of Christ," and Off-Ferrari's Chamber Symphony.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 2.

The programme of the Hoffmann quartet concert on Thursday night, Jan. 2, will be as follows: Mozart's quintet in minor; Kaun's Trio, op. 53; Grieg's quartet, Mr. Louis Bachner and Mr. A. Kozan will assist.

Mr. Charles W. Clark, an American baritone who is highly esteemed in Europe, will give a recital on Monday afternoon, Jan. 6.

The Knelsels will play at their concert on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14. Loeffler's quintet, Beethoven's piano trio in B flat major, Mendelssohn's quartet in D major. Mr. Bauer will be the pianist.

Mr. Raymond Havens will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 3 o'clock. He will play Bach's Italian concerto and pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Schubert, Verdi-Liszt.

Miss Lottie Williams, soprano, will give a recital in Potter Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 14.

The Adamowskis will give two concerts in Jordan Hall, and will play trios by D. H. Smith and Gretschinoff, and chamber music by Grieg, Mozart, Beethoven and D'Indy. The dates of these concerts will soon be announced.

Mr. De Pachmann will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10. He has received many requests for certain pieces on the programme, and he will endeavor to comply with them as much as possible.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

It is hardly necessary to say that there is a great demand for seats for the Boston Symphony pension fund concert which is to be given on Sunday evening, Dec. 29, with Mr. Paderewski as the soloist. The pension fund concerts have always been popular, and Dr. Muck has placed on the programme as the orchestral number the "Pathetic" symphony of Tschalkowsky, which of itself has great drawing power. The programme sounds briefer than it really will be with only the symphony and Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto on it, but Mr. Paderewski's generosity in the matter of encores is well known, and for this reason it has been decided to limit the work of the orchestra to the symphony and to the accompaniment of the concerto.

MR. MAUREL'S RECITAL.

Mr. Ralph L. Flanders announces that by special arrangement with Mr. Henry Russell Mr. Victor Maurel will give a recital in Jordan Hall Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Some time ago Mr. Maurel gave a private recital in Jordan Hall to the students of the New England Conservatory and so great was the interest in this affair that Mr. Flanders, at the request of many who were unable to attend, has arranged a public recital. Mr. Maurel's recitals are even as interesting as his operatic impersonations, and in recitals his marvellous versatility can be clearly seen. The tickets for the recital are now selling rapidly at the Jordan Hall box office.

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY.

The second week of the engagement of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company at the Majestic has brought additional evidences of the favor which the audiences have shown toward each performance.

The repertoire of the third week will be as follows: Monday evening, Rossini's "Barber of Seville" in Italian; Miss Alice Nielsen, Rosina, Constantino, Conte di Almaviva, Fornari, Figaro, De Segura, Don Basilio; Luigi Tayechia, Don Bartolo; while Miss Perego and Messrs. Pulcini and Giaccone will complete the cast.

For Tuesday evening, Verdi's "La Traviata," Miss Nielsen, Violetta; Dani, Alfredo, and Blanchart, Germont. Christmas Day. At the matinee, "Pagliacci," Mme. Bramonia, Messrs. Oprezzo and Blanchart.

For Christmas night Verdi's "Aida," which has aroused enthusiasm the preceding performances; Mme. Noria, Aida; Mme. Claessens, Amneris; Constantino, Radames; Blanchart, Amonasso; Rossi, Ramfis.

Saturday matinee, "Faust," Mme. Noria, Marguerite; Miss Bramonia, a most acceptable Siebel; Dani, Faust; De Segura, Mephistopheles.

On Saturday evening the concluding performance of the engagement will be of Donizetti's "Lucia," Miss Nielsen, Lucia; Constantino, Edgardo. The other singers will be Miss Perego and Messrs. Fornari, Rossi, Giaccone and Guidini.

A STAGE PARADOX.

It is announced that Mme. Nordica has consented to act with Mrs. George J. Gould and Mr. Bellew in a play to be performed at a hotel in New York next month. Mme. Nordica will impersonate a French maid.

Mme. Nordica has long been known as an accomplished singer in grand opera, but her histrionic ability has never been conspicuous. As is the case with the majority of distinguished prima donnas of the last forty years, she has made her effects chiefly by her voice and by her vocal art.

It is often said of this or that singing actor or lyric tragedian that, even if the voice should go, there would

be a successful career for either in the playhouse. This has been said especially of Mme. Calve, Miss Terina, Miss Garden, Mr. Maurel, Mr. Renaud. But what are the facts? No one disputes the dramatic intensity of these singers when they are seen in opera. Would there be the same intensity without the music, the heightened speech, and without the orchestral support? We doubt it.

Mme. Bellincioni, whose Violetta has thrilled thousands, once attempted to play the part in Dumas' drama on which Verdi's opera is based. She was not so emotional as on the operatic stage; she was not wholly at ease; her stage business seemed crude; in a word, her performance was almost dull and pointless.

Mr. Maurel, whose Iago, Falstaff,

Rigoletto, Don Giovanni are masterpieces of dramatic art in opera, some years ago in Paris attempted to play a straight comedy part. His failure was lamentable. This he frankly admitted in a letter to the Paris journals, in which he promised to inquire into the essential difference between the histrionic effects in opera and in drama and give his conclusions in a pamphlet. Take another case: Mr. Bispham, a well graced actor in Wagner's music dramas, was amateurish in a play called "Adelaide," which was performed here some years ago.

It might almost be said that the more conspicuous a singer is for dramatic talent, the less interesting he will probably be in drama without music. Take away the song, the orchestral roar or embellishment, the peculiar odor of the opera house, and he is a halting creature, conventional in pose and gesture. Nor should it be forgotten that in opera the effects are comparatively few, while they are instantaneous and striking. To play the actor must constantly

teresting. In the opera speech is glorified. In the drama there must be the closest attention to the significance of common words, and there must be subtlety in rhetorical expression.

Dec 23 1907

THE MESSIAH GIVEN IN SYMPHONY HALL

Handel and Haydn Society.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave the first concert of its 93d season last night in Symphony Hall. The solo singers were Miss Harriett Eudora Barrows, Mrs. Dorothy McTaggart Miller, Mr. Dan Beddoe and Mr. Oscar Huntington. Mrs. Miller, who was announced for the performance of the oratorio on next Wednesday night, took the place of Mrs. Florence Mulford, who suddenly fell sick, though it is said that she will surely sing on Christmas night. Mr. H. G. Tucker was the organist and the orchestra was the Boston Festival, with Mr. J. W. Crowley as concert master. There was a very large audience.

The chorus singing of this society is generally excellent, and the performance last night was not an unexpected exception to the rule. The danger in two annual performances of a familiar oratorio is, of course, the acquaintance that breeds carelessness. Mr. Mollenhauer is too capable and experienced as a conductor to allow the jaunty indifference that comes from cock-sure knowledge.

Any review in detail of the interpretation of the choruses would be superfluous nor is it worth while at this late day to inquire curiously into the probability of Handel recognizing his music, if he were alive to hear the present arrangements and disarrangements with piano and forte effects and impudently tinkered accompaniment. It is enough to say that the choruses were sung accurately, with spirit and with attention to the modern indications of degrees of force. It would be easy to disagree totally with the prescribed manner of performing the mighty chorus, "For unto us a child is born," in which nearly everything is sacrificed to increase the effect of "Wonderful, Counsellor," etc., but if the plan itself be commended as desirable the manner of performance must be applauded.

And, as a matter of fact, the chief applause last evening was for the chorus, although the solo singers were not ignored, nor did the performance of the pastoral symphony go unrewarded. The solo work as a whole was tame, and the reason for this was not far to seek.

Man of the Opera House.

Too many of the singers who are now called on to interpret the solos in "The Messiah" forget one important thing: the music is emotional, or dramatic. This music was written by a man of the opera house. When his opera schemes failed he thought to please the English taste by composing oratorios. He wrote massive choruses, but when he wrote airs he wrote them as he would for opera. He could not write otherwise.

The singers, trained for the most part for church work, sing in oratorio as they would in church. To them the airs in "The Messiah" are sacred music and to many of them the word "sacred" is synonymous with "sentimental." When they come to the recitatives, they think to be impressive by drawing, or in their desire to be emphatic they accentuate unimportant words, often through association with their relative pitch. A note that lies higher than another will have greater stress put on it without reference to the meaning of the text.

Thus last evening the soprano accented in the recitative, "And the angel said unto them," the word "David," as though that word were the rhetorical climax, and even Mr. Beddoe put emphasis on unimportant words in the pathetic air, "Behold and See." No one within the last 20 years sang this wonderful air with greater intensity of feeling than Italo Campanini, even after his voice was worn and tired. His intensity, however, was quiet. The force was not in a wild explosion on the word "be," or on some other word; it was in the pathetic presentation of the idea itself.

Pure, Lyric Voice.

Miss Barrows has a lyric voice, pure, light but telling. Her mechanism is generally excellent, and she phrases as a rule with intelligence. She sustains her phrases; she maintains the melodic line; she has vocal flexibility and agility. She often gives pleasure. In "The Messiah" a more dramatic voice, one charged with more emotion, would produce greater effects. If any one should point knowingly to "Rejoice Greatly," the answer would be ready: "Let there be two solo sopranos for the oratorio as in Handel's time," and it might also be said that there is such a thing as dramatic coloratura. I have heard dramatic sopranos with dark voices sing "Rejoice Greatly" with thrilling effect.

Mrs. Miller's voice is not inherently of an emotional quality, but she uses it with considerable skill as far as mechanism is concerned. The contralto in "The Messiah" has an arduous task. She should be heroic in "O thou that tellest," serene, yet affecting, in "He shall feed his flock," nobly tragic without a suspicion of sentimentalism in "He was despised." It is no wonder that these great airs of imperishable beauty are stumbling-blocks to nine-tenths of the oratorio singers of today, who have neither imagination nor the grand style.

Mr. Beddoe is a virile tenor, who sings with the enthusiasm of his race. His performance last night was for the most part intelligent and effective. He was more successful in the recitative and air, "Thou shalt break them," than in the gentler airs, but this was due chiefly to the natural tonal quality. He sang in a manly way; he did not sob, he did not whine, as some of his predecessors have done in "The Messiah" to be sure of applause.

Mr. Huntington sang as though he were doing his best in an appointed task, carefully although he came to grief in a roulade, phlegmatically until he came to the magnificent "Why do the nations," when he aroused himself and his performance had significance. Before that he was industrious and tame. "The Messiah" will be repeated on Wednesday night, when the solo singers will be Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, Mrs. Mulford, Messrs. Beddoe and Daniel.

C. M. L. writes: "Why is the hell-boy in a hotel addressed by the clerk as 'Front' and when was this name first given to him?"

We do not know, nor should we have the courage to ask a hotel clerk even though we had engaged a parlor, bedroom and bathroom, were dressed in purple and fine linen and were smoking a cigar from the Duke of Medina Sidonia's private box.

In the speech of the theatre, the front not only means the audience, but everybody engaged to work before the curtain.

It is a pleasure to see the new cars on the Ipswich street-Chestnut Hill line provided with wooden seats, without upholstery of any sort. Probably one reason for the stretch that characterizes street cars in this city and makes them famous throughout the land is the plush of the seats. These plush seats inevitably become filthy and the cleaning or beating they receive does little to make foul fair.

Mme. Lottin, who died in Paris recently, remembered seeing the great Napoleon Bonaparte. Watching a review of troops, she, a child, got far ahead of the line of spectators so that as Napoleon came along he grabbed her to keep her from being run over. This story reminds us of the Englishman who bored his friends for years by telling them that the Duke of Wellington had once spoken to him. "And what did he say to you?" "I was standing near the gate of his house, and he came out in his full uniform, and I went right in front of him. He looked at me in the eye—I was nearer to him than I am now to you—and he said: 'Get out of the way, you damned fool!'"

The King of Sweden is the fifth Gustaf. The first was of the early 16th century, the Gustavus Vasa, who shook off the Danish yoke. The second was Gustavus Adolphus. The third was Gustavus Adolphus who was assassinated by Ankerstrom at a masked ball. An opera by Auber in a masked ball and the galop in the ball scene was for a long time popular. Verdi's opera that is now playing at the Castle Square Theatre was founded on the story of Gustavus, but the police at Naples, where the opera was to be produced in 1858, would not allow any work to be performed in which a monarch was assassinated, especially after the news of the attempt by Orsini on the life of Napoleon III. When "Un Ballo in Maschera" was produced at Rome in 1859, the papal censor insisted that the action should pass in America, not in Sweden, and Gustavus should be transformed into the Count Warwick, Governor of Boston! Gustaf IV. was the last of the old monarchical line of Sweden. He lived in London as an exile, and in Switzerland, where he was known as Mr. Gottorp. He died a Moravian.

Even hardened prohibitionists will find entertainment in Mr. C. E. Hawker's "Chats About Wine," which was published recently in London. Here are two statements that may set them to thinking: "A flask of wine, like a bottle of ginger beer, contains alcohol, but it contains many other things as well. The man who drains a whole bottle of sound wine absorbs only a single glass of alcohol; and it must always be remembered that the alcohol of natural wine differs from the alcohol of the chemists' laboratories as much as bees' honey differs from chemists' saccharine or glucose."

The other statement is this: "Restaurants and hotel keepers, as a class, go about the purveying of wine with an indifference to their customers' and their own ultimate interests, which could hardly be greater if the whole fraternity were secretly leagued to stamp out wine-drinking altogether."

Mr. Achille Vialate is wise about the candidates for the presidency of the United States. In an article in the Revue Bleue, he says he is inclined to back Mr. Taft unless Mr. Roosevelt could be prevailed upon to stand for a third term. The choice of the Democrats, he thinks, will be between Mr. Johnson of Minnesota, "who is not well enough known" in the East, and Mr. Bryan, "who is known too well."

The recent remarks about extravagance at Yale University going hand in hand with poor scholarship remind us of the case of an undergraduate, a legal infant, of Trinity, Cambridge. He was sued by a tailor, who held that any member of Trinity required as necessities a dress suit at £15, a "special dresscoat" at £10, a "Napoleon suit"—what, pray, is a "Napoleon suit?"—and waistcoats that cost £32 14s.—all of them in two months. The father of the undergraduate would not admit this proposition, and the judge sided with him. The Pall Mall Gazette commenting on the case said pleasantly: "An undergraduate will buy 'necessaries' as a giraffe at the zoo will eat hats or handkerchiefs—anything from a family Bible to a fire escape. We have heard of one who had 70 pairs of trousers and a bath hand-painted with water lilies."

Undergraduates are not the only Englishmen who cannot distinguish between necessities and luxuries in dress. We read recently in a London magazine that the corset bill of many Englishmen is at least £150 a year, and that a greater variety of corsets is made for men than for women. There are some men who insist on hand-painted corsets that cost 10 guineas. A London corsetiere praises the men as customers: "They are not fidgety, they have good taste, and no matter what other hills they leave unpaid, she is sure of her money, possibly because few men would dare face a summons from such a quarter." These corsets, by the way, are worn between the waistcoat and the shirt.

ROSSINI'S "BARBER" AT THE MAJESTIC

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Third week of the San Carlo grand opera company, Mr. Henry Russell director. Rossini's "Barber of Seville" in Italian. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Rosina.....Miss Nielsen.
Berta.....Mme. Parego.
The Count.....Mr. Constantino Figaro.
Don Bartolo.....Mr. Fornari.
Don Basilio.....Mr. de Segurula.
Fidelio.....Mr. Pulcini.
An officer.....Mr. Giaccone.

The performance of Rossini's immortal masterpiece was one that gave the audience great pleasure. It is true that it is hard to kill this sparkling music, which is in itself the essence of comedy, by a mediocre representation. I have heard in little theatres of Italy performances of this opera which were ridiculous if there were any serious consideration of the singing, yet the native talent of the actors was so marked and the music itself was so irresistible in its gaiety, its melodic wealth, its accentuation of the situation or the sentiment, that no one could have been dragged from the theatre before the final fall of the curtain.

Last night the ensemble was excellent in that there were individuals of merit working harmoniously together, without the aggressive and dominating display of any one comedian. Mr. Constantino, for example, was not a heroic tenor, graciously condescending to impersonate a comedy part, nor was Miss Nielsen a prima donna who constantly gave the audience the impression that she would prefer to stand before it as an emotional heroine in romantic distress. All of the company entered wholly into the spirit of the comedy and of the music.

One of His Best Parts.

Last spring Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Constantino, Fornari and de Segurula were seen and heard in "The Barber" at the Park Theatre. The Herald then commented on the fact that it is unusual to find a heroic tenor, like Mr. Constantino, singing the florid music of Rossini with any degree of facility, or voluble in recitative. Mr. Constantino's Almaviva is historically one of his best parts. It is, first of all, natural and human. His impersonation has an individual charm. The Almavivas that we have been in the habit of seeing in Boston of late years have been light tenors, painfully aware of roulades at hand or to come, and a sad mess they made of the brilliant music. Mr. Constantino is also one of the few heroic tenors who can be light and at ease in treatment of recitative.

So, too, it was a pleasure to welcome again Miss Nielsen as Rosina. We have been accustomed in recent years to Rosinas who reached long ago the age of discretion, who should have settled

down as economical housekeepers, wise in the care of linen, famous for kitchen recipes, prudent in the rearing of children. To see them deceiving their guardians and flirting desperately with uninitiated young men was a painful sight to even a lax moralist. Nor was the occasional revelation of mature ankles and basic legs, when Rosina was most coquettish, a recompense or an unmixed joy.

But here we have a Rosina that is convincing by her youthful appearance, her natural sprightliness, her inborn and excusable desire for the society of some other man than the senile, amorous and jealous Bartolo, or the rascally Figaro. Light on her feet, light hearted, and light in her vocal fluency, Miss Nielsen was a charming Rosina. She sang with skill and effectively, though her voice showed somewhat the result of her indisposition. In the singing lesson she introduced Ardit's "Il Bacio Waltz," which was applauded heartily.

Capital Figaro.

Mr. Fornari was a capital Figaro, restless, bustling, a chatterer, sly, a humorist in his way, and he sang with unflagging spirit. Mr. Tavecchia, who, I believe, sang here last night for the first time, is a true buffo, one who does not rely upon mugging or extravagance to produce truly comic effects. His Don Bartolo is not a caricature; it is a living portrait of a type of man known in all ages and in all lands. His voice is unusually sonorous and at the same time flexible.

Boston has seen many Don Bartolos, but, on the whole, no one of these impersonations has equalled in thorough artistry that of Mr. Tavecchia. Mr. de Segurula was an amusing Don Basilio, with now and then a recollection of Mephistopheles. He was fortunate in the presentation of the greed, sycophancy, malice of the singing teacher, but more than once he fell into his besetting sin of exaggeration both in action and in song. His delivery of the great "Calumny" aria suffered through the superabundance of ineffective detail. The melodic line was often destroyed in the attempt to make a dramatic point that in itself was inconsequential. The chorus did well what little it had to do and Mr. Conti led with gusto.

The opera tonight will be Verdi's "La Traviata," with Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Dani and Blanchart as the chief singers.

MR. MAUREL'S RECITAL.

Mr. Victor Maurel, the distinguished operatic baritone, whose recitals gave great pleasure in London last season, and attracted much attention, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. His programme will be as follows: Grieg, "Jeune Princesse"; Marchal, "Grandmere"; Haehn, "Fetes galantes"; and "L'Heure Exquise"; Mozart, "Le Matamore"; Chadwick, "Dear Love" and "Bedouin Song"; old English, "Drink to Me Only"; d'Hardelot, "A Year Ago"; Mrs. George Batten, "Invitation"; d'Hardelot, "You and Love"; Loehr, "Little Irish Girl"; old English, "The Keys of Heaven." A violinist will assist.

CHRISTMAS REMNANTS.

A Frenchman once said—his name was Jouffroy—"Take care that your house is always lacking in something, the absence of which is not too painful, and the longing for which is agreeable." This was a fine saying, one that might be included in an excursus on the line in Whitman's praise of the animals: "Not one of them is demented with the mania of owning things."

There are books that it is better to long for than to have. The edition is rare, but the print is poor. The notes are a mine of curious information, but Pope added another canto to his satire after this edition was published. Or the author, known at last, is not so entertaining as his contemporaries swore. The man is the child who, looking into the shop window, clamors for a particular toy, and when it is in his hands at once forgets it.

There should be a junk shoot from every house into the bin of destruction, rather than of oblivion. But who has the courage to set this junk asliding, whether the things discarded be books, bric-a-brac, furniture, clothes or pictures? You have not looked inside of a certain book for a dozen years. Throw it away and you need it the next day for a statement not to be found easily elsewhere.

There is, however, a manner of ridding a house of superfluities, whether they be tame or irritating. It is to be recommended warmly at this set season of perfunctory gifts. Jones gave you and your wife, some years ago, a bronze Romeo and Juliet embracing; a rope ladder hangs over Romeo's arm. For many months this work of

art has been in a closet with old clothes, with the dumb-bells you bought when you resolved to take daily care of your body, with a pile of government reports, with magazines that you have thought of sending to the binder. Ship Romeo and Juliet to young Robinson, who was married last June. Brown gave you, two years

ago, a flamboyant edition of "Home Poets of the World." The illustrations are mawkish; the binding reminds you of the ceiling in the old Westmead Hall; the poems must have been chosen by a lyceum reader, and the book to Ferguson. There's the Nuremberg candlestick that stands by the piano. It is hideous, useless and in the way. Your wife bought it in a fit of temporary madness at an auction. Leave it at Mrs. Olighly's on Tuesday, with a note: I am sure you will appreciate this. It is the only one in Boston." As for the books that you do not want, have them boxed with the engraving, "The Reign of Terror," and sent by freight to the Ciampart Public Library, and you will then know the feelings of a Carnegie. There is the box of sweet, pinkish wine which you abhor. It is sent to you by a grateful patient. Here are nine bottles left. With these you can easily cheer three householders. The labels are impressive. But in this disposal of Christmas remnants care should be taken that a gift should not be returned to the first sender.

Men and Things.

OME time ago Mrs. Sarah A. Stock sued the president of the Big Five Mining Company to recover \$25,000 damages for an alleged libellous article written by him and published in the Mining Record. Mrs. Stock said that she had scratched her shin in a bathtub controlled at Idaho Springs by the Big Five company. The tub was brought to court and marked "Exhibit A." The attorney for the defendant finally addressed the jury. After he had talked a while he leaped into the tub, sat down, went through the movements of bathing, and then spoke as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, the shin of a man being presents a concave surface. So does the round curves in a bathtub's bottom. How, then, in the name of all that is sensible, can a concave shin fit in the cavity of a concave bathtub and get the shin bone down on protuberance there, that this plaintiff claims scratched her and poisoned her? I say that Mrs. Sarah A. Stock must have been peculiarly constructed anatomically if she could receive the scratch that she says she did on the tub in the bottom of the tub. Try it yourselves, gentlemen of the jury, and you can readily see that such an occurrence would be an impossibility."

Nevertheless the jury awarded Mrs. Stock \$2500, which, though the total \$1 below her demand, helped some. Her shin was not put in as evidence. It the jury had perhaps read Richard Grant White's description of the skins of a certain race and were convinced that there are shins which are convex, not concave.

Mr. Paquin—his real name was Isidore Jacob—was a Parisian dress designer who died recently. He is the man who stated solemnly: "The chief components of true beauty in the female form are unity and variety." There is one thing we dress-makers seek more than all else in a perfect figure for woman, and that is unity. Mr. Paquin would surely have applauded a convex shin as an example of variety. There is also line in a convex shin, though it may not be the logarithmic curve. Nor should the line be forgotten: "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion."

This reminds us that the British Museum observed in the course of a talk through the British Museum at the statues of all men and women "bad about the feet." "The Disk Thrower," a celebrated specimen, has particularly bad examples of inept

union joints. If the foot of the Farnese Apollo, based as a model in most art schools, represents the foot of the average Greek, corns and bunions must have been common in that classical country."

They were, they were. The Herald has quoted from the ancient's thrilling descriptions and heroic remedies. How did Apollo and the Disk Thrower get corns? Not from tight boots. Perhaps a deep thinker was right when he dismissed a corn merely as an affair of the digestion.

We are informed by a "well known man about town," who finds time to write to this newspaper, that Lord Kelvin once said he believed the pleasure in taste would gradually die out. The well known man, etc., thinks this death is highly probable. "The children of the upper classes refuse to eat sweets. Most of the people one meets at dinner do not touch the joint. Last night I was at a dinner party of 16, where there were two entrees and a bird and no joint at all." The children of the "upper classes" must be morbid, unwholesome little brats. As for the joints, it may be said that any form of game is superfluous and necessarily unappreciated after a joint. Nothing is more barbarous than the time of serving game at formal dinners in this city.

Now that we have touched one of the two universally popular topics of conversation, let us record this fact that when Baudelaire was hard up in Brussels he nevertheless ordered this luncheon for himself and friend: Omelette of hare's blood and mushrooms, quails roasted in a casserole, potatoes with butter of Flanders, cheese, pears, grapes. The wine was Corton. There was cognac, and there was wonderful coffee. Poor as Baudelaire was in his later years, he was always a gourmet.

We are also informed that Paris no longer sups after the opera and play. Paillard, a restaurant man, is trying to revive the custom. Toward the end of the Second Empire, "it was a sign of mediocrity, of hopeless tameness of character, to wind up the evening without a 'petit souper' at one of the great restaurants in vogue." But the theatres begin late and the waits are interminable, and Paris goes to bed supperless. It is also possible that digressions today are inferior to what they were in the late sixties. Theoretically, there is nothing more delightful than a supper after a play, something light and palatable, a cold refreshing lobster, or a Welsh rabbit in season, with the appropriate drinkable, and then tobacco. But in the life of every man there comes a time when home and a basin of gruel are more prudent and sensible.

"LA TRAVIATA" AT MAJESTIC THEATRE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Verdi's "La Traviata," performed by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, Mr. Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Violetta.....	Miss Nielsen
Alfredo.....	Mme. Marchi
Flora.....	Mme. Perego
Alfredo.....	Mr. Giaccone
The Doctor.....	Mr. Blanchard
The Baron.....	Mr. Villani
The Marquis.....	Mr. Pulcini
Mr. Dani.....	Mr. Franzini

Mr. Dani, who was announced as the ungentlemanly Alfredo, is suffering from influenza. Mr. Giaccone took his place. The indulgence of the audience was asked for Miss Nielsen, who has not been wholly in voice since her first appearance here this season.

There is little to be said about Mr. Giaccone's impersonation, except that he by his willingness to oblige the director, made the performance of the opera possible. Miss Nielsen, though she was evidently indisposed vocally, and in consequence adapted the music to her needs, was an interesting Violetta by reason of the individuality of her composition of the part. She was not a reckless, flaring courtesan in the first act, but a subdued young person with weak lungs. Her performance here was tame, without glitter and dash. Her Violetta was a woman who would have attracted only men of sensitive nerves and studious habits—she was so quiet; she was not at all the diamond collector with a thirst for wines of rare and costly vintage.

Thus Miss Nielsen may have disappointed the youths scattered in the small audience and also the matrons who, possibly not knowing the opera, wished to learn how "those creatures" live and disport themselves. After this act, her impersonation had true charm, and there were many fine and subtle touches. The comparative weakness of her voice was turned to dramatic use in the third and fourth acts. We have all seen and heard Violettas who in the end reminded one of the old story about the man with one lung: "My left lung is all gone; BUT MY RIGHT!"

Especially effective was Miss Nielsen's delivery of the pathetic phrases after Alfredo's outrageous behavior; also her first aria in the bedroom scene. All in all the composition of the part was intelligent and engrossing by rea-

son of the subdued tone to which it was pitched. It is not improbable that her performance in the first act would have been more brilliant if she had been in normal physical condition. It is not easy to be desperately vicious with any ailment of the throat, and Don Juan himself would hardly feel like exerting his traditional fascination with a cold in the head.

Miss Nielsen's impersonation was not dramatically great or thrilling; but in its way it was effective, and after the first act it was consistent. When Turgenieff's Helen and Insaroff were in Venice they heard "La Traviata." The Violetta was a crude singer, possibly the daughter of a shepherd near Bergamo, but she had dramatic instinct, and from the beginning she moved the audience as one for whom Death was waiting. The despairing cry "To die—so young!" was long anticipated. As Turgenieff said, this Violetta crossed the boundary which it is impossible to define, but on the other side is that which is beautiful in art, and on that side she found herself. Miss Nielsen, in spite of her physical disability, found herself, and her impersonation was a revelation of self without the thought of other Violettas.

Mr. Blanchard appeared to greater advantage than at the preceding performances. He acted with more distinction; he sang with a firmer control of his voice and with a closer attention to nuances of rhetorical emotion. More than this, he made the father of the unhappy Alfredo a reasonable and sympathetic character. As a rule, Germont is one of the most conspicuous figures in the bleak and dreary gallery of operatic heroes. He is in the line that includes Wotan, King Mark, Henry the Fowler, the Harper in "Mignon," Baruch, the Blind Woman in "La Gioconda"—the shapes arise! But Mr. Blanchard made this tiresome lay figure a man of flesh and blood and sympathies.

There was a Christmas eve audience: it was generous with applause, yet with discrimination.

The operas this afternoon will be "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mme. Desana and Messrs. Opezzo and Fornari, and "Pagliacci," with Mme. Bramonia and Messrs. Opezzo and Blanchard.

The opera this evening will be "Aida," with Mmes. Noria and Classens and Messrs. Albani, Blanchard, Rossi and Villani as the chief singers. Mr. Carlo Albani will make his first appearance here. He sang at the Manhattan Opera House this season in "Il Trovatore."

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Harold Bauer will play these pieces at his piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 2: MacDowell, Sonata Eroica; Schumann, Fantastic pieces; Frank-Bauer, prelude, fugue and variations; Chopin, Barcarolle; Moor, prelude in d flat, op. 71; Brahms's variations on a theme by Paganini.

Mr. Victor Maurel's recital will be in Jordan Hall on Thursday (tomorrow) afternoon.

The first of the second series of concerts announced by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and given under the direction of Mr. Dolmetsch, will take place in Chickering Hall on Friday night. The music, an old lullaby, Correlli "Christmas" concerto, and Bach's cantata for the second day of Christmas, will be performed, by leading musicians of the town.

The demand for the tickets for the concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall on next Sunday night has been very large. The programme will include Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat major. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist.

PANDOWDY.

The New York Sun, which sheds light on all subjects known, and on some other subjects, answers a curious soul inquiring into the nature of pandowdy, as follows:

"The pandowdy is simple as well as satisfying. 'A favorite dish in New England,' says Bartlett in his Dictionary of Americanisms, 'called an apple slump, is made by placing raised bread or dough around the sides of an iron pot, which is then filled with apples and sweetened with molasses.' It is also called apple jonathan, apple potpie or pandowdy, and in Pennsylvania an apple cobbler." Bartlett neglects to mention the essential fact of the baking which fits the pandowdy for the gastronome."

Both Bartlett and the Sun neglect to mention the fact that in New England the pandowdy was often, if not generally, baked in a nappy. A nappy, we regret to say, is unknown to the younger generation. There are genteel shops of kitchen utensils that know it not. Even the New English Dictionary slights the word and thing: "An earthenware or glass dish with sloping sides." Earthenware, Oh, learned Englishman, and this earthenware was usually yellow. The lexicographer says the word is used only in the United States, and is of obscure origin.

Is "pandowdy" treated with greater respect? We are informed

that the word is used only in the United States, and is of obscure origin. This phrase is as maddening as "The line is busy." The dictionary quotes "pandoulde," a Somerset word, but "pandoulde" was a custard. Here is the English definition of the dish, pandowdy: "A kind of apple pudding, variously seasoned, but usually with molasses, and baked in a deep dish with or without a crust." The molasses or "them molasses," we joyfully admit, but the true pandowdy is without a bottom crust, and the server dipped deep with a spoon to give juice in plenty to his beloved one. Hawthorne ate pandowdy at Brook Farm, a finer soul, a truer epicure than "Hans Breitmann" Leland, who described it as "a kind of coarse and broken-up apple pie."

How wise men err! "Dialect Notes" (1895), describes a nappy as a "round, shallow, crockery dish used for baking pies." This information came from Gloucester. "Shallow"? Never. The true nappy was generously deep, deeper than the thinkers who would now fain portray the thing in words. "Used for baking pies"! Possibly at Gloucester, but in western Massachusetts only for deep apple pies, pies without a bottom crust, and with a teacup in the centre of the dish, pies that were pies, hot or cold, with or without cream. There were puddings baked in nappies, as rice puddings with a thick bed of raisins.

The modern cook books know not nappy or pandowdy. Nor do they know the Tunbridge tart, once dear to Vermonters. This never-to-be-forgotten dish stood somewhat higher than a large loaf of Boston brown bread. It was composed of doughnut stuff with layers of Shaker apple sauce. No wonder that Vermont, during the civil war, paid its debts in gold.

ENJOYED "THE MESSIAH."

Big Audience Heard Handel and Haydn Society Sing Oratorio.

The Handel and Haydn Society repeated the "Messiah" last evening, following their custom of many years standing. There was a big audience many of whom attend the Christmas performance of the "Messiah" religiously every year. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted and Mr. Tucker was at the organ. The soloists were not those of Sunday night. Mrs. Corinne Rider Kelsey, Mrs. Dorothy McTaggart Miller, Dan Bédoué and Tom Daniell sang last evening. The performance on the whole was excellent, and the soloists proved vocally adequate. The audience was extremely appreciative, and the tremendous "Hallelujah Chorus" evoked the enthusiasm which it always can be depended upon to do.

CONCERT FOYER

"One Quiet and Authoritative" Critic Makes Application; Comment by the Way.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY IN MUSICAL WORLD

BY PHILIP HALE.

THE HERALD has received a letter from London. The writer begins:

"If you have taken the trouble to wade through the contributions to English papers from the pens of English music critics, you must have been struck by the fact that these effusions are seldom of importance—or even of interest. You may also have noticed that unimportant performances have considerable space devoted to them, while really important musical affairs are not considered worth space. In fact, it is clear that in the average English paper, the musical section is treated in a more or less impossible manner."

"If you would like from me an article on 'Musical Criticism in England,' written in a quiet but authoritative manner, I shall be happy to submit it, on learning from you your rate of remuneration. I can also write you an arti-

ele on 'Covent Garden,' showing how it differs in direction and performance from American opera houses and those of other countries. As you probably know, few novelties are produced; and the roles frequently are allotted to incompetent performers. In your reply kindly mention both articles by name; it is possible that I may have sold one of them by the time I have the pleasure of hearing from you."

This letter would please Mr. Fuller-Maitland of the Times, Mr. Baughan of the Daily News, Messrs. Newman, Sheddlock and others who are probably doing the best they can. Are they all noisy in their utterance? Not a bit of it. Mr. Fuller-Maitland's articles may be recommended for sleeplessness. They are as potent as any coal-tar preparation and they will not affect the action of the heart. But our correspondent is both quiet and authoritative. This we see from an article which he inclosed. He makes a graceful allusion, apropos of nothing, to a few English music critics who have died or lost their positions through unswerving devotion to strong waters. On the whole, we should prefer a good-natured screamer.

Our correspondent mentions two articles that he has ready for publication. One of them, he hints, may be already sold. We should be inclined in any case to take the other one.

Our English friends often quote extracts from reviews in "American papers" as illustrations of hifalutin. From time to time The Herald quotes, but in a spirit of love and admiration, appreciations of art published in western cities, also the finer thoughts of press agents. There are spellbinders, however, in London. Some one played recently in that city Cesar Franck's prelude, choral and fugue for the piano. The piece is well known here, and the music is recognized as nobly beautiful. A description of it was printed in the programme of this London concert. One extract will do: "A regenerated soul, perceiving the recompense of its effort, exults and sings under streaming celestial light, songs of its salvation, synthesized in an entrancing *châle d'oeuvre* of counterpoint which surrounds the close of the work with a dazzling aureole."

Mme. Tetrassini has been engaged for a tour of the English provinces during the fall of 1908.

Edward B. Hill's music to Joseph L. Smith's pantomime will be played at the entertainment for the trade school for girls in Jordan Hall Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 5.

The Daily Telegraph says that Tschalkowsky's music has long been enormously popular in London; that Puccini's music crowds Covent Garden; that the English listen gladly to Richard Strauss; that Debussy, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Sibelius, Sinding are all welcome and honored in London. It then asks: "And the poor British composer? Where is he welcomed and feted? What do they know of Sir Edward Elgar in Berlin, Rome, Leipzig, Milan, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Munich or Brussels?" As a reason for the neglect, the Telegraph adds: "Other British composers have proved themselves great musicians, and their works deserve a hearing abroad every bit as much as some of the compositions which we produce here and make a great fuss about because they bear a foreign stamp. But the foreigner will have none of them, nor, as a rule, does he even desire to obtain knowledge of them. We have, of course, to thank ourselves that such a state of things exists, for the indiscriminate preference we show for foreigners in almost every branch of the musical profession is a proclamation to the whole world that our artists and composers are not worthy of their attention. Yet there never was a time when the younger generation of composers and artists held out more promise of achievement equal to any in Europe, reviving the glories of our old traditions and handling them on, never more to fade."

Perhaps a singular experiment to be made in London on Jan. 20 will revive these glories. Joseph Holbrooke's dramatic symphony, inspired by Herbert French's "Thoughts on human immortality, as embodied in his poem, 'Apollo and the Seaman,' will then be performed." There is, by the way, a choral epilogue, which will be sung by 200 male voices. The symphony will be performed in a completely darkened auditorium; the orchestra will be invisible. The words of the poem will, as the music unfolds itself, be thrown on an illumined screen at the back of the platform. The statement is made that the object of this combination of vocal and orchestral music is "to secure the maximum of concentration of the idea and upon the solemn and stormy music."

A correspondent of the St. Louis Times protests against certain misuses of words by western music critics and against the tone of some of the criticisms. He informs these critics that "orchestration" does not mean a performance by an orchestra. This is strictly true. He differs with a critic who described Gounod's "Faust" as "slops." Nor did he wholly approve this review: "The soloist of the evening was Mr. Somebody, who played a long piano concerto. We noticed that the gentleman had remarkably large feet. This personal description might be better applied to an organist."

The concert tomorrow night, organized by Messrs. Chickering & Sons and given under the direction of Mr. Dolmetsch, should be of more than ordinary interest. The programme is made with reference to Christmas. The "Lullaby" for soprano, accompanied by six viols (about 1400) was found

a ritual of the Nuns of St. Mary Chesler. Corelli's Concerto Grosso was made for the night of Christmas and published in 1712 at Rome. Bach's cantata for the second day of Christmas is one of six (1734) that were composed to be sung on the three days of Christmas, New Year's day, New Year's Sunday and the festival of the Epiphany. Each one of them is a complete and separate work.

The programme of the concert for the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra is a popular one. It begins with the "Pathetic" symphony of Tchaikowsky, and then Mr. Paderewski will play Beethoven's concerto in E flat major, and no doubt other pieces.

The programme of the Symphony concert on Saturday night will include Bach's Toccata in D minor, the fourth piece in the fourth volume of Peter's edition of Bach's organ works; a concerto by Handel for strings and two wind choirs; Rheinberger's organ concerto in F major; and the symphonic piece from Cesar Franck's "Redemption"—a piece that is supposed to express the regeneration and joy of mankind at the words of the Saviour. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the organist.

Mrs. McAllister's second morning musicale will be on next Monday at 11:15 o'clock. Mme. Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House will sing, and Mr. Kreisler will play. The second concert of the Longy Club will be on Monday evening. Mr. Harold Bauer will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon and on Thursday evening the Hoffman quartet will give its second concert.

MAUREL'S DICTION RECITAL FEATURE

Mr. Victor Maurel gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows: Grieg, "La Jeune Princesse"; Marchal, "Grand Mere"; Hahn, "Fetes Galantes" and "L'Heure Exquise"; Mozart, "Le Matamore"; Chadwick, "Dear Love" in French; "Bedouin Song," and a group of English songs, among them Loehr's "Little Irish Girl" and the old song, "The Keys of Heaven." Mr. P. Henrotte played two violin pieces and in answer to applause he added a third to the programme. Mr. G. P. Centanini played unusually good accompaniments.

Teachers and students of singing might have learned valuable lessons yesterday in the art of diction. Those of the audience who went only in the expectation of hearing a beautifully sustained melodic line or of deriving pleasure from sensuous tones emitted without thought of any intimate association with the text, without appreciation of the rhetorical significance of this or that musical phrase, were, of course, disappointed. In the concert hall Mr. Maurel is now effective chiefly by his diction. The subtlety of his art in this respect still excites admiration.

Vitalized the Commonplace.

This subtlety at times vitalized that which was essentially commonplace and made fresh that which was familiar. How admirable, for example, was the detail in Marchal's "Grand Mere" and Hahn's "Fetes Galantes"! In Hahn's "Heure Exquise" Mr. Maurel gave to the song romantic character and poetic atmosphere. Nor in adding force and point to these and other songs did he go beyond the confines of legitimate interpretation. A trifle was not unduly magnified; a passage that was in itself of small importance, but it was subordinated so that it heightened the effect of the climax or maintained the poetic mood.

Art like this remains and may be studied and enjoyed when the voice is no longer fresh, when tones are not always inclined to be obedient to the vocal will.

One song on the programme called for a word of explanation. The most exhaustive catalogue of Mozart's works may be searched without finding an allusion to any song entitled "Le Matamore." A matamore, as I understand it, was a character in the Spanish drama who boasted on all occasions of his heroic deeds against the Moors. He was a blood relation of Capt. Bohadill descended with him from the swaggering blowhard in the comedy of Plautus.

A German War Song.

Now in 1788 Mozart composed a "German war song" for Baumann, a popular comedian in Vienna. This song was entitled "I Wish I Were the Emperor," and it was introduced by Baumann on March 5 of that year in a comedy, with reference to the war with Turkey that had begun. The French words of a different nature from those of the original were set to the music for Mr. Maurel's purpose. The song, thus arranged, and delivered with true humor in bravado by Mr. Maurel, was a feature of the concert.

There was a small but interested audience. Mr. Maurel was recalled several times and he sang a second time part of "The Keys of Heaven."

THE DISTURBING CAT.

A tramp cat was found "sucking the breath of a farmer's child" at Gladstone, Mich. The New York World, alluding editorially to the survival of this superstition, says that it is probably "a form of the

temperamental antipathy to cats which exists with hysterical manifestations in many persons," and it refers to the investigation of cat fear by Dr. Weir Mitchell, who gave to the disease a loud-sounding Greek name.

The superstition of the cat's delight in sucking the breath of a human being is an old one. (The wonder is that so many cats lived after their enjoyment). Topsell in his "History of Four Footed Beasts" (1607), which is largely a compilation, states the fact and assigns the reason. His account is so curious that we quote it in full:

"It is most certain that the breath and savor of cats consume the radical humor and destroy the lungs, and therefore they which keep their cats with them in their beds have the air corrupted, and fall into several hectics and consumptions. There was a certain company of Monks much given to nourish and play with cats, whereby they were so infected that within a short space none of them were able either to say, read, pray or sing in all the monastery, and therefore, also, they are dangerous in the time of pestilence, for they are not only apt to bring home venomous infection, but to poison a man with very looking upon him; wherefore there is in some men a natural dislike and ab-

horring of cats, their natures being so composed that not only when they see them, but being near them and unseen, and hid of purpose, they fall into passions, frettings, sweatings, pulling off their hats and trembling fearfully, as I have known many in Germany; the reason whereof is because the constellation which threateneth their bodies, which is peculiar to every man, worketh by the presence and offence of these creatures; and therefore they have cried out to take away the cats."

Henry III. of France could not stay in the room with a cat, but there are other animals, and there are plants, fruits, etc., that have been antipathetic to men and women. Even the sight of roses has caused many to swoon. Bleeding at the nose followed the presence of apples in a room, and the secretary to Francis I. used to stop his nostrils with bread if an apple was on the table. Others could not endure a pig served in any form. An eel, though in a pie, distressed a learned man at Antwerp. Dogs and hedgehogs have caused fainting spells. Erasmus was feverish if he saw a sea-fish; Marshal d'Albret was sick at the stomach when he looked on a boar's head; Tycho Brahe's knees were turned to water at the sight of a hare; the Duke of Eperon fainted at the sight of a leveret; Boyle had convulsions if he heard water dropping from a faucet; Turenne was weak when he saw a spider. The list of these strange antipathies is a very long one.

There was a time when all these fears were attributed to pre-natal influence. This explanation is not now in favor. Why should a robust, healthy, sane man turn pale, sweat great drops, have a queasy stomach, and be mentally distressed when there is in a room a cat which he does not see, when he has no reason to believe that a cat is present? Nor does it matter whether the case be the ordinary cat of the alley and the roof, raccoon, angora, maltese or manx.

"MIKADO" AT THE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Mikado," comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. Cast:

The Mikado of Japan	J. K. Murray
Nanki-Poo	Harry Davies
Ko-Ko	James Gilbert
Pooh-Bah	Francis J. Boyle
Fish-Tush	W. H. Fringle
Nee-Ban	Miss Clara Lane
Yum-Yum	Miss Louise Le Baron
Pishi-Sing	Miss Lois Hall
Peep-Bo	Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Katisha	Miss Hattie Belle Ladd

Men and Things.

It was stated recently in the New York Tribune that Coke of Holkham, Eng., was "the inventor and originator of the hat which, here in America, is usually described as a 'derby,' but which in England is known either as a 'billy cock' or as a 'bowler.' Coke realized the need of a hat which would keep on his head in wind and not be damaged by rain, and accordingly conveyed his ideas upon the subject to his hatter, a man of the name of William Bowler, in the borough. The latter produced, in accordance with Coke's designs and views, the low-crowned, stiff felt headgear which, as I have mentioned above, is sometimes known as the 'bowler,' and sometimes as the 'billy cock,' the latter being merely a corruption of 'Billy Coke.'"

This was the Coke who in 1831 was raised to the peerage as Earl of Lecester. It is true that he brought into fashion the "billy cock" hat by wearing it on every available occasion, and thus introducing it to society. But is the hat known as the "derby" in this country the same as the "bowler" or "holer," or "billy cock" of England? Does the Tribune contributor speak here with authority?

"Billy cock" is in the New English Dictionary, and Dr. Murray suggests that the word is practically the same as "bully cocked," used in 1721, probably meaning "cocked after the fashion of the bullies," the hectoring blades of the period. He thus defines the "billy cock": "A colloquial term for a round, low-crowned felt hat worn by men, and sometimes also by young women."

He omits to say whether the felt is hard or soft, and in this omission may urk confusion.

Let us consult the slang dictionaries on this important point.

"Slang and Its Analogues" (1890) says the "billy cock" is generally of soft felt, and with a broad brim. Then it is not a "derby." This dictionary is inclined to favor the name coming from William Coke, and it says that the old established hatters in the West end still call the hats "Coke hats."

This dictionary also informs us that in Australia the "billy cock" differs from the English headgear known by the name in being made of hard instead of soft felt and in having a turned-up brim. Then the Australian "billy cock" is not unlike our "derby," if it is not identically the same.

The same dictionary prefers the spelling "holer" to "bowler" and defines the word: "a stiff felt hat." It appears, then, that "billy cock" and "holer" in England should not be synonymous, but that a "holer" is like our "derby."

The New English Dictionary admits the word "derby"—"short for Derby hat"—as used in the United States: "A stiff felt hat with a rounded crown and narrow brim," but it says nothing about this hat being the same as the "billy cock" or the "holer."

Who will solve the problem? George Augustus Sala was wise in the matter of hats as in many other things. He wrote for a Manchester hatter an entertaining little book: "The Hats of Humanity Historically, Humorously and Aesthetically Considered; a Homily." The book now lies before us. Sala mentions the "billy cock" in company with the "wide awake," the "slouch," the "Garibaldi," the "brigand," the "cavalier," the "jim crow," the "rip-rap," but not a word as to whether it be soft or hard, and there is no mention of the inventor, or at least the introducer, of it into society, William Coke, Esq., of Holkham.

Can any one tell us when the term "derby" as a name for a hat was first used in Boston? Any confidences on this subject will be respected.

We spoke not long ago of the fastidious extravagance of some men in the matter of dress. Later we came across a story about Baudelaire, who admired dandyism by reason of the constant sacrifice of nature to art. (He once wrote, "A woman is the exact opposite of the dandy. Therefore she should inspire horror. A woman is natural, that is to say, abominable.") In his days of sumptuous dress, Baudelaire went to a tailor and ordered a blue coat with metal buttons, a coat like the one in which Goethe was portrayed on German porcelain pipes. Baudelaire made several visits to the tailor. The sleeves

CONSTABLE SHARING TENOR'S HONORS



Tenor Albani and Constable Grossman as They Shared the Heroic Role in "Il Trovatore" Last Night, the Former Singing and the Latter, Who Had Arrested the Tenor, Watching Him Sing from a Point as Close as He Could Keep to Him. Constable Grossman, Whose First Appearance on the Operatic Stage This Was, Is Shown with His Street or Court Expression on the Right, and Albani, as He Looks in His Moments of Calm, in the Lower Left Hand Corner.

are not loose enough, the tails were too short, the collar was too low. He wished a collar in which he could hide his head on a rainy day, as a snail retreats into his shell. At last the trial was satisfactory. Baudelaire had no fault to find. Looking amiably at the tenor, he said: "Make me a dozen coats like this."

The bestowal of the Order of Merit some time ago on Florence Nightingale was called for the stories of nursing as it was when she was young. Mrs. Gamp was by no means a caricature. Even "Nurse Pam" thought the Nightingale had "great humbug." She is reported in the Life of Lord Granville as saying: "The nurses are very good now; perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the ladies' monthly nurses, and nothing can be better than them; poor people! it must be so tiresome sitting up all night, and if they do drink a little too much they are turned away and others got." There was also a feeling of safety in families which is unknown today. Widowers of property or bachelors of wealth all long standing, nursed by the sisters of Mrs. Gamp, did not at once on recovering their health offer them hand, heart and property.

CONSTABLE AT TENOR ALBANI'S FEELS THROUGH 3 ACTS OF OPERA

A phlegmatic Boston constable, in his everyday costume of derby hat and frock coat, in his zeal to catch a prisoner, leaped back through the ages 500 years last night and landed in the castle of Count Di Luna, and even in the gloomy and dismal prison where Manrico sings the prison song.

knights were abducting a beautiful princess, strolled Grossman, the Boston constable, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, and calmly leaned against a pillar while the Middle Ages seethed around him.

It was no wonder that serious music lovers laughed until they cried, while the indignant ones in the gallery shouted threats against the life of the heroic policeman. The frightened tenor sang with one eye upon his sweetheart and the other upon his plump Nemesis, but though his knees shook, his voice rose superior to fear, and he sang his part without an error.

It Pays to Know German.

It all came about through Albani's lack of knowledge of the German language. He signed a contract in May, 1907, to sing at the Manhattan Opera House with Hammerstein. He made two or three appearances and then was taken ill.

When he recovered the manager declared he did not need him and told him, so Albani says, that he would release him from his contract. The tenor then said that he had an offer to sing with the San Carlo company.

Last night he told a Herald man that Hammerstein instructed him to sign a paper which was written in German, which he supposed was his release. Instead of that, it was an agreement not to sing in America except with Hammerstein.

This was 10 days ago. Yesterday he was arrested in a suit by Hammerstein for breach of contract, and Charles H. Bond, who gave Geraldine Farrar her start in music, went his bail in \$2500. Albani was released and went to the theatre.

Arrested at End of Act.

When the curtain rose on "Il Trovatore" last night Albani was ready to go on and appeared to fine advantage in the first act.

But when he went off the stage after taking several curtain calls, he found a very fat man awaiting him, who put his hand upon his shoulder and said, "Carlo Albani, I arrest you in the name of the commonwealth of Massachusetts." Albani wore his sword, and in an instant fell into the position of a fencer, shouting in Italian, "Villain, I will defend myself to the last gasp!"

He meant it, too, but after considerable argument it was arranged that Albani should be allowed to sing through the performance on condition that the constable accompanied him upon the stage and remained near him.

"You can't fool me," said the constable. "One of you fellows jumped over the footlights once, and you bet it won't happen again."

The arrest was made by a mesne process, and the tenor's salary for the night, which Manager Russell said was \$250, was attached, as Hammerstein claims that under the terms of the contract all that Albani earns belongs to him.

There was a tremendous commotion behind the curtain when the news of the arrest was known. The Italian chorus murmured like a real medieval mob, and Pulchri, the bass, rushed forward, exclaiming:

"It is in the world such an act would cause a revolution."

And he stuck his sword within an inch of the constable's face.

"If you do that again I'll put the nippers on you," said the imperturbable Mr. Grossman.

Russell Tells Audience All.

In the mean time Mr. Russell went before the footlights and made an announcement. He told of the troubles of his tenor, and said:

"I ask your indulgence that you will permit the presence on the stage of the officer, as it appears the laws of this great state require that the officer shall be near his prisoner all the time. I have one satisfaction, and that is of letting Mr. Hammerstein know that he has not succeeded in interrupting our performance. It will go on quite smoothly, and I guarantee that Mr. Albani will sing well."

There was an outburst of applause and a considerable amount of tittering. This changed to a roar when the curtain went up and disclosed the gipsy camp with the central figure a stout gentleman with a derby hat, apparently quite at home among the wild creatures who surrounded him.

The Anvil Chorus went with gusto and finally the chorus trooped off the stage, leaving three, where in every other performance since Verdi first produced "Il Trovatore" there have only been two, Manrico and Azucena.

With majestic stride Manrico strode across the stage towards the gipsy who reclined at the left.

With determined tread the constable followed Manrico.

Audience Roars and Hisses.

It was too much.

The occupants of the orchestra chairs roared with laughter, while the galleries foamed with indignation.

Somebody started to hiss and a storm of hissing arose. It reached the stage, and with it many "Maledictes" and "Conspuezes" from the upper regions.

The policeman looked up and saw waving fists. In another moment he expected that missiles would fly and he started for the wings. He remained protected by a splendid oak tree until the scene was finished.

There were tears in the voice of the great tenor as he glanced sadly toward the officer and began his solo. His knees were knocking together in such a way that the conductor signalled to stop the kettledrums; they were not necessary. Nevertheless, he struggled along, and after a while lost himself in his music. He received many curtain calls. When he left the stage the constable followed him to his dressing room and remained there while he changed his costume.

Blacker Horrors Ensur.

Incongruous as was Grossman's appearance in the gipsy camp scene, it was worse in the one that followed. A darkened stage, a group of nuns at the left wringing their hands, a body of ruffians in steel caps and long cloaks about to embezzle the forlorn Leonora.

At that moment a figure appears at the gate, deep centre, and dashes forward. Saved! It is Manrico.

Another figure follows closely upon his heels. The same derby hat and fancy vest.

It is Grossman the constable. But about that time Thomas J. Barry, the attorney for Albani, appeared, and Russell implored him to do something. He succeeded in getting a cash bail of \$2000 for the appearance of the tenor, and Mr. Grossman consented with alacrity to take himself off.

Grossman Doesn't Like Stage.

"I suppose you think that this going on the stage is a cinch," he said to The Boston Herald man. "Well, don't you believe it. This was the hardest night's work I ever did. I don't think I'm any joke for people to laugh at. I don't earn my living that way, and you bet I'm glad to go."

"This isn't the first time I had to chase an actor on to the stage, but it's my first experience with a grand opera singer. The worst experience I ever had before this was 25 years ago in the old Globe Theatre. I had to arrest for debt an actor who was playing there."

The audience got excited and threw things and finally mobbed me, coming right up onto the stage. I had a lot of trouble getting my man away."

Albani is fat. He is almost as fat as Mr. Grossman, but his costume helps him some, and his make-up. In his dressing room he was almost in tears. His plight was pitiable, but his appearance was rather grotesque. He shrugged his shoulders, lifted and lowered his eyebrows, made wondrous gestures with his hands and even brought his feet into play when he told the story of his wrongs. He speaks only a few words of English, but his Italian vocabulary is marvellous.

Albani Relieves Feelings.

"Hammerstein—Bah!" he exclaimed. "When you talk to him he turns his back on you. Is that a gentleman? No. Does a gentleman tell a man that a paper is his release, written in German, when it is not a release at all? No! What did I ever do to him? Nothing! He is an animal. What kind of laws let a grand tenor be followed around on the stage by a gendarme? You have no respect for an artist. That is it."

Tina Desana, who sings Leonora, was as indignant as Albani.

"It is a joke; it is unheard of," she exclaimed. "What tyranny it is to allow it. No country in the world except this would permit it."

Albani is not yet out of his troubles. The San Carlo company will fight the suit for breach of contract, but the attachment for wages which Hammerstein says he will make every time Albani sings will cause considerable annoyance.

Hammerstein claims from Albani \$300 for salary advanced, \$75 for his travelling expenses to New York and \$1000 damages. Albani is not down to sing the remainder of the engagement here.

Operagoers Have Grievance.

There has been much comment on the fact that operagoers have been more than once grievously disappointed by the sudden changes in the repertory, so that during the last week a purchaser of a ticket for a particular night was uneasy concerning the opera and the cast until the curtain rose.

Opera singers are, after all, mortal, and they are subject to the grippe and influenza. Sickness is a reasonable ex-

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Thus many bought tickets last week to hear Messrs. Constantino and Maurel in "Pagliacci." The two were announced for several days, but neither sang, and it is now said that Mr. Maurel was not expected at any time to appear at Torino.

Some two weeks many bought tickets for the performance of "Lohengrin," announced for last night. When the opera was changed to "La Gioconda," they were disappointed, but they said, "Well, we'll see 'La Gioconda.'"

"Presto! That sparkling novelty, 'Il Trovatore,' was substituted for "La Gioconda," and the latter opera is now announced for Saturday night.

Some may therefore be excused for believing that to buy a ticket for any opera or cast announced is like buying a pig in a poke.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26—Oscar Hammerstein said tonight concerning the arrest of Albani:

"I had a contract with Albani for five years, beginning this season. He appeared once or twice, and then fell ill. 'Ernan' was postponed because of it. He sent word that his health was no better, and that he could not live in this country. He said he wanted to go to Italy, because if he stayed here much longer he would soon be sinking in heaven.

"Alban" wrote guaranteeing that if he would release him so he could go to Italy he would return to my company when he got better and under no circumstance would he sing anywhere else. "A few days ago he came to mc with several weeks' growth of whiskers and said he had been robbed of his money and had to pawn his watch. He wanted enough money for his transportation, and I gave it to him. The next thing I knew he had gone to Boston and got an engagement with the Sam Carlo company."

Mr. Hammerstein said he would sue Albani for \$25,000 for breach of contract.

The first of the second series of concerts organized by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and given under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, took place last night in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows: "Lullabye," for a soprano voice accompanied by six viols; concerto grosso "made for the night of Christmas," for two violins, viola da gamba and harpsichord soli, two more violins, viola, cello, violone and organ ripieni, by Arcangelo Corelli; cantata for the second day of Christmas, for soprano, alto, tenor bass, two flutes, two oboi d'amore, two oboi da caccia, two violins, viola and basso continuo, by J. S. Bach. The singers were Mrs. Mary Sundborg-Sundelius, Mrs. Dorothy M. Miller, Mr. William Heinrich, Mr. Anthony Reese, an "angel chorus" of 12 voices and a full chorus of 40 voices.

The players were: Mrs. Alice Kelsey, violin; Mrs. Laura Kelsey, tenor viol.; Holden, violin; Mrs. Estella Davis, violin; Messrs. Bak, Mahn, violins; Rissland, Getzen, violas; Arthur Hadley and Paul Kelsey, violas da gamba, cellos; D. MacFarrie and Brooke, flutes; Longy and Lamont, oboi d'amore; Sauter and Mueller, clarinet da caccia; Mr. Dolmetsch, harpsichord; Mr. William Adams, organ. There was also a double bass player.

A little of a concerto by Corelli goes a great way with a modern audience. As in much of Bach's instrumental music, the slow movements of Corelli ravish the ear, but the fast movements, nearly all cast in the same mould, quickly become wearisome. The Pastorale at the end of this concerto towers high above the other movements in freshness and inspiration.

The performance of Bach's cantatas was interesting in this: There was no doubt an approximation to the performance of the composer's period. First of all, there were the old instruments in due proportion; nor were the singers so many as to destroy this proportion. Some of the music itself is now interesting only to the antiquarian. The chorals in these cantatas are nearly always impressive, and the recitatives are often dramatic, as the first one of the Evangelist sung with much spirit by Mr. Heinrich.

But what shall be said of the arias, frequently interminable, almost always of instrumental rather than vocal character, music that is seldom in accord with the words or the spirit of the text? What, for example, could be more trying to singer and also to hearer than the aria, "Frohe Hirten," which Mr. Heinrich attacked bravely, and pursued with a courage that was indeed heroic? Or take the "Slumber Song" sung by Mrs. Miller with excellent control of breath? This air would probably have gained in effect if it had been taken at a little faster pace and this criticism might then apply to other movements of the chosen pieces. In spite of the vocal skill of the singer the "Slumber Song" reminded one of a torchlight procession that was one hour in passing a given point. The fine and sympathetic voice of Mrs. Sundellus gave pleasure in the cantata.

The programme was of a reasonable length and there was an artistic sincerity in the whole performance that appealed to the audience, which was one of good size. The second concert will take place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, when the programme will consist of compositions by English composers of the 17th century for voices, viols, the lute, the harpsichord and violins.

Albani in House, but Not on
Stage—Future Predicted
for Grossman.

Neither Albani, the tenor, nor Grossman, the constable, both of whom had signally triumphed at the performance of "Il Trovatore," took part in the performance of "Rigoletto" at the Majestic Theatre last evening. Alice Nielsen, Constantine and Maurel appeared, and the audience contented themselves, although there was no little disappointment at the non-appearance of the only operatic constable.

"There is a future before that man," said one of the members of the San Carlo company, speaking of Constable Grossman. "He has a fine figure, the stage manner and the ability of an actor. All he needs is a voice."

Albani was in the audience, however, looking sedate and portly in his street clothes. After the opera he was the guest of the Friars at the Langham.

The audience upon opening their programmes found inserted a notice in Italian, which said that "Constantino wished to deny the published statement that he considered himself greater than Caruso. It was false and malicious. He had not been interviewed at all, and as a matter of fact he is a friend of Caruso, and has appeared with him in various places. He made no comparisons."

As no constable went with this, it did not disturb the audience.

The signs of the American invasion are visible throughout Europe. American bars in Paris, with fancy drinks unknown to the mass of toilers, even at bars in this country; straw hats in the House of Commons; American chorus girls, displaying the "long, thin gold line of American dentistry," in the leading cities of Europe, and here and there a daring attempt at sanitary plumbing. Now we learn from Berlin and London that two distinguishing features of true American civic life have been adopted in those towns.

There was a time in Berlin when each passenger in a street car had his seat. No seat, no admission. The conductor looked personally after your safety and comfort, as though you were perishable freight consigned to his care by the Emperor himself.

he said "Mahlzeit!" with the implied hope that you had eaten or would eat a respectable midday meal, with accompanying wine, beer and tobacco.

Alas the change! The Berlin municipal street railway system announces with the pride which in Prussia is arrogance, that its cars will be of the

"latest up-to-date American pattern" including cross-section seats, reversible according to the direction the car is travelling, with space at the rear and front where passengers may stand and hold on to "straps." And profits will thereby accrue! "Boy," said the landlord to the drawer at the keg, "hold that beer higher down; the profit is in the boobles." In Berlin the profit will be in the strap-hangers as it is in Boston and New York.

In London "300 trains, at the lowest estimate, are crowded each day; lives are risked, intolerable inconvenience is suffered, and yet the board of trade is claiming no power to minimize the unwarrantable conditions. Has not this quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette a local and familiar sound? And what is the remedy proposed? "Something must be done, and quickly." Again a local and familiar speech.

MR. Henry B. Ledyard, the railroad man, is now described as "the arbiter of fashion and the kingpin of Detroit society." It appears that he is the chairman of the invitation committee of the Assembly Ball, "a new stunt for the amusement of polite and refined society." He wielded a blue pencil as he looked over the list of those supposed to be eligible guests, and 800 fell "from the heights of social eminence to the depths of the rented dress suit class." A friend of Mr. Ledyard asserts that there are only "200 aristocrats" in Detroit, "and the other 800 who have evening clothes and automobiles and a few visionary thousands, are just mere butters-in." What was the tommyhawk of Pontiac in comparison with the blue pencil of Ledyard? Has Detroit ever known a more terrible massacre than that which now casts a gloom over Jefferson avenue?

This reminds us of Mrs. John E. Reymann of Philadelphia, who announced in the Public Ledger that she will not be able to hear the opera in that city this season because there is no mayor's box, and she and her husband, the mayor, will therefore not be able to see and listen "from a point suitable to the dignity of the high position which they represent."

It is to be hoped that when the plans for the new opera house in Boston are drawn, and before the corner stone is laid, with addresses from prominent citizens frock-coated and pot-hatted, due provision will be made for the dignity of the mayor of this city. The Governor's box should of course be the central one of the grand tier. The mayor's should be the next one to the right—and on the left? Should the box be for the judges of the supreme court, the sheriff, or should there be a drawing of lots?

Mrs. Reyburn, by the way, is a sociologist, also a sayer of dark sayings. She said to a reporter of the North American: "You don't know the unlimited possibilities of the impossible woman." How? Once more, please. This reminds one of the social paradox: a loose woman is often tight. To go back to Mrs. Reyburn: "My point is that in this democracy of ours social pretensions are absurd. Family and wealth are not the only things that count. Brain, charm and adaptability go far ahead of them." And therefore Mrs. Reyburn demands a set and appointed opera box for the mayor and his family, however Cadwalladers, Rittenhouses and Biddles, flushed with the pride of ancestry, scrapple and pepper pot, may rage.

We remember a Sunday school book read eagerly in our boyhood, a book which gave a thrilling description of a pious serving-maid in a godless

family. Did she wish to go to church? Obstacles were thrown in her way; she was mocked and scolded. Her adventures were almost as exciting as those of Moll Flanders, but the results were not so disastrous to her character, for Lucy finally found peace and comfort with a mistress who gladly cooked, served and washed the dishes that the maid might be punctually at a prayer meeting. We have forgotten the name of this book, but it was on the shelf with "Tim the Scissors Grinder," "Irish Amy," "Dick and His Friend Fidus," and an extraordinary story of a moral circus girl.

The Sunday school book was recalled to us by a story in the Atlantic Constitution. A Mr. McLain advertised recently for a negro cook who was "not a prominent member of a church," and for this reason: He had been in the habit of hiring negroes without previously questioning them concerning their habits of churchgoing. "They would work very well for a day or two—then they would be obliged just about time for preparing dinner to go to a meeting of the Colored Ladies' Aid Society, and attend the conference of the pastors' auxiliary committee." As a result, there was cold food, there were angry words, there was a disorganized household. Mr. McLain at last became tired of hearing something like this: "Dere's gwine ter be quite a conference at de church terday, an' I'se jes' blegged ter be dere." The advertisement was finally answered by a negro who, in answer to the vital question, said: "Lawd, sir, I ain't been gwine ter meeting in sich er long time I 'bought forgi'd de good word ob 'de Lawd, I'se jes' got ter pester 'roun' fer me livin', en kain't atten' no sich metins what you is er talkin' 'bout."

There has been excitement in Paris over the fitting costume for Sherlock Holmes in the play produced at the Theatre Antoine. This question was asked: "Ought the famous detective to be a typical Englishman, with short hair, smooth face and sober clothing, or ought he to be a picturesque personage, something between a Siellian brigand and a Latin Quarter student?" The manager should have studied the effective scene in "The Red Mill."

Dec 29 1908
AT 10TH SYMPHONY

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

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Toccata in D minor for organ.....	Bach
Concerto for strings and two wind choirs..	Handel
Concerto in F major for organ, strings and three horns.....	Rheinberger
Symphonic piece from "The Redemption"'. .	Cesar Franck

Handel's concerto for strings and two wind orchestras was played here under Mr. Nikisch in the Christmas week of 1891. Last night Dr. Muck presented a version of movements of this work arranged and edited by Gustav F. Kogel, but he in turn edited Kogel's arrangement. In some instances resorting to Handel's text, as in the Largo, where Kogel had without warrant given certain passages to a solo violin.

"Kogel took five of the original eight movements and an unfinished ninth. And five are enough, for as the music was performed last night there was a desire for more of it. The first movement, "Pomposo," recalled Mr. Runciman's admirable characterization, "Mr. George Frideric Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." The hearer has the same feeling listening a few years ago to the opening movement of one of Handel's piano suites as played by Mr. Bauer. This pride of wig and cloude came as peculiar to Handel among composers.

There is also a massive directness, haughty sturdiness that we do not find elsewhere. There is a coal-beef an ale in this music. Nor do we find other composers of his period the lovely melodic quality that distinguishes the Largo in this concerto. It is hard to say whether this movement or the preceding one, in which the chief oboe part were played exceedingly well by Messrs. Longy and Mueller, gave the more pleasure. The whole concerto was played finely and also with amazing gusto. Would that we could hear more of Handel's music! At present he is known in this country as the composer of "The Messiah," the variations entitled "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and the monstrous perversion of a simple operatic air dignified, forsooth, by the title "Handel's Largo."

The Symphonic Piece from Cesar Franck's poem symphony, "The Redemption," was performed here for the first time. It was meet and fitting that it was played in Christmas week, for the motto of the composition is as follows: "The ages pass. The joy of the world transformed and made radiant by the words of Christ." Some of the thematic material is taken from motives that preceded; a Christmas song, the Archangel's air; but the chief theme

...found by Frank for this second version of the Symphonic Piece, and the theme is, indeed, of a celestial character, not, as Chabrier, extravagant when he called the theme, "music itself."

Only the second theme in the slow movement of the Ninth Symphony can be compared with it for its serenity, and yet deep emotion. The other themes in the Symphonic Piece have decided character and the suggestion of the Angelic Host is almost overpowering in its simple grandeur, but this chief motive slowly elaborated and always wonderfully sonorous is the dominating feature of the composition. In bringing out the full beauty of such music the first problem of all is to take as though instinctively the proper, the only pace for the chief melodic thought. Dr. Muck was singularly fortunate in this, and on this foundation he reared a stately cathedral of tonal devotion.

Mr. Goodrich played the toccata and fugue that is known to concert-goers through Tausig's thunderous transcription for the piano. It is one of the most dramatic of Bach's works, a virtuoso piece after the manner of Buxtehude. The first section has a fine extravagance, and the spirit is demoniacal in its fire and energy. The fugue section is of less sustained interest, and in order to keep the attention of the hearer the pace should be maintained with inexorable rigor. Mr. Goodrich gave an excellent performance, especially of the opening and closing sections.

The fugue might perhaps have been performed with more sustained fury. Mr. Goodrich's registration was judicious. It was not belittling through an attempt after infinite variety; it was not dry and monotonous through mistaken and ignorant conservatism.

Rheinberger's organ concerto was also played for the first time at these concerts. The composer was unusually successful in this: in the establishment of a blend of his orchestra and the organ which are apt to stand apart, the one distrustful or jealous of the other, or to quarrel openly. Rheinberger is often called a pedant, and it is not to be denied that in his teaching as in much of his music he displayed knowledge rather than inspiration; but with all his narrowness he had a romantic streak in his nature. This is shown in some of his organ sonatas, in the beautifully melan-

choly little organ fugue written on "scia's name, and in this concerto, which as performed by Mr. Goodrich and orchestra gave immediate pleasure and made a marked impression.

NEXT SUNDAY'S CONCERT.

The series of Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall will be resumed next Sunday, Jan. 5. The artists engaged are Miss Bessie Abott, who was announced for a concert here earlier in the season; Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist; and Mr. Felix Fox, pianist. This will be Mr. Adamowski's first public appearance in Boston this season. In addition to solo numbers he will play with Mr. Fox Grieg's sonata in F major for piano and violin.

MME. NORDICA SINGS.

Appears in "Gloconda"—Last Performance of San Carlo Company.

Mme. Lillian Nordica appeared last night at the Majestic Theatre in Verdi's opera, "La Gioconda." A packed house gave her an enthusiastic reception. It was the last performance of the grand opera season. At the close of the first act a large basket of roses, the gift of Mrs. George Gould of New York, was handed up to the songstress.

Associated with Mme. Nordica were Adamantia Claessens and Oltzka and Messrs. Constantino, Blanchard, De Scuria, Pulcini and Chidini. After the first act Director Henry Russell expressed the acknowledgments of the San Carlo grand opera company.

'LA TRAVIATA' FIFTY YEARS AFTERWARD

After Christian and Faithful got out into the wilderness they saw a town before them which was named Vanity; and at the town there was a Fair kept called Vanity Fair. "It beareth the name of Vanity Fair because the town where it kept is lighter than Vanity; and because all that is there sold, or bought cometh thither is Vanity." All sorts of merchandise were sold there, from dresses to wives, from honors to blood. There were to be seen jugglings, games, phits, apes, knaves and rogues, thieves, and swearers.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, the streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are to be found. Here is the British Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold."

The first edition of the first part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was published in 1673. Opera, born in Italy, was almost 80 years old, but Italian opera singers did not begin to arrive in England until the end of the 17th century. In 1692 the coming to London of an "Italian lady that is so famous for singing" was announced. She was Isabella Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who ap-

peared in England. But there had been talk in London of a performance of Italian opera in 1667. Twenty years before that, John Evelyn, travelling in Italy, described the operas of that country, and in 1659, visiting a brother in London, he saw "a new opera, after the Italian way, in recitative music and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composition (sic) and magnificence." Did Bunyan have any thought of opera when he gave a row in Vanity Fair to the Italians?

An illustrated edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" was both the terror and the delight of my boyhood. The picture of the foul fiend, Apollyon, with his dart, had a peculiar fascination, and, going upstairs to bed, I would have sworn that Apollyon was close behind me in the shadows. The pictures of the Slough of Despond and of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the portrait of Giant Despair were also well calculated to give any youngster gooseflesh. But there was one picture of which I was never tired. It was more entrancing than that of the Delectable Mountains or that of the Heavenly City. This picture was by George Cruikshank, and it was a vivid representation of Vanity Fair. In the Italian booth singers in costume, with mouths wide open and with outstretched arms, were shouting and squalling. In the French booth shameless but beautiful women were capering in extremely short skirts. The result of looking at this picture again and again was an intense desire to see these sights, although the artist had introduced scenes of drunkenness and murder in other parts of the fair. There was also the impression made on a youthful mind that opera was an immoral entertainment, delightfully immoral.

Opera was not given in this little town, where the only theatre was the Town Hall, and the shows were either those of negro minstrels, who paraded Main street in the morning, and according to Dea. Kingsley, the tailor in Shop Row, had a dissipated air, or the circuses, with tent pitched on meadow land. Yet "Il Trovatore" was once performed in the Town Hall by amateurs, but Leonora and Azucena were in private life good housekeepers, the Count di Luna was an accomplished dentist, and Manrico played the organ in church; therefore, there was no outcry against the performance, nor did the clergymen thunder against it from the pulpit. Not till I saw an opera in the Academy of Music in New York, 40 years ago, did I realize, still young, that if opera were inherently immoral it might also be extremely dull.

These thoughts were suggested by the performance of "La Traviata" last Tuesday night. Let any one read the accounts in the newspapers of the years in which this opera was produced for the first time in London and in Boston and he will rub his eyes to read the print clearly. It now seems impossible that there should have been such heated discussion.

Here is an extract from the review published in the Spectator (London) Aug. 3, 1856: "The highest society in England has thronged the opera house night after night to see a very young and innocent-looking lady personate the heroine of an infamous modern French novel, who varies her prostitution by frantic passion suddenly conceived for one of her numerous lovers, and is brought up to the modern standard of interest by dying of consumption on the stage. * * * We should have thought the production of 'La Traviata' an outrage on the ladies of the aristocracy who support the theatre if they had not, by crowding their boxes every night, shown that they did not notice the underlying vice of the opera."

Or read this extract from an editorial article published in the Times. After saying that he was not a "Puritan," and that he was willing to concede a large measure of license to the stage—he here mentioned examples of the "licentious" classic drama—the writer proceeded: "There is a wide step from these representations to the impersonation of all that is most foul and hideous in human nature, and its exhibition upon the stage with all the alluring additions of scenery and song. To come to this point, for some months past an opera bearing the name of 'La Traviata' has been represented at Her Majesty's Theatre, which, from its subject, should never have been exhibited on any stage. This opera is founded upon a tale as profoundly immoral as itself, which was published not long ago in Paris. The subject is this: * * * It is unnecessary as it would be disgusting to enter here into minute particulars. Suffice it to say that all the interest is concentrated upon this wretched girl. It is for her that pity is asked, and it is to her that pity is given. She is the erring but repentant sinner, the heroine for whom our sympathies are aroused. The novel is the apotheosis of prostitution, and upon the stage is added a clinical lecture on consumption in its direst form."

And what, pray, was the result of these and other diatribes? When "La Traviata" was given in London in the course of a supplementary season, the Observer said: "Masses of people, principally ladies, poured into the theatre in such a stream that the oldest opera frequenter never witnessed its parallel. A morning contemporary of large circulation and great influence had especially denounced 'La Traviata' on the score of immorality, and had called upon the people of London, in the name of everything virtuous, to mark their sense of what was right by keeping away from the performance. The people answered this appeal by crowding the theatre to suffocation, and the tardy protest of the virtuous journal in question was met with prompt and practical defiance by the mothers and daughters of the metropolis."

The manager of Her Majesty's Theatre at the time was Mr. Benjamin Lumley, one of the most entertaining characters in the annals of the opera house. The first Violetta in London

THE NEW SOPHIA WESTERN

Miss Louise Gunning, Prima Donna, Who Is to Appear at the Tremont Theatre Next Week as Sophia Western in "Tom Jones."



was Marie Piccolomini, who was advertised by Mr. Lumley as "the descendant of a noble Italian family, which had given popes, cardinals, generals and statesmen to her native country; the child of a race so often illustrated in history; living in right of her name, her title, and her family connections, in the first Italian society of Rome and France, she had from her earliest childhood conceived irresistible longings, augmenting with years, to devote herself to the public profession of that art she felt within her, and which seemed to point out the course of her destiny," etc., etc. This description is taken from Lumley's "Reminiscences of the Opera," and it will at once be seen that he was in no crying need of a press agent. Mr. Lumley published an elaborate defence of "La Traviata" "against the accusation of its blatant immorality." The Times published it and added a "still more crushing denunciation." The opera house was crowded; Miss Piccolomini sang; Mr. Lumley counted the box office receipts, and his smile widened to his beautiful side-whiskers and descended to his chin beard.

No doubt the impersonation of Violetta by Miss Piccolomini contributed largely to the denunciation that now seems as absurd to us as the outcry of Mr. William Winter against certain plays by Ibsen. Chorley, who was not a prude, tells us that Piccolomini's voice was weak and limited; that she was not sure of her intonation; that she had no execution. "That which was wanting she supplied by a behavior which enchanted several of the persons who sit in the stalls." He also says: "Never did any young lady, whose private claims to modest respect were so great as hers are known to be, with such self-denial fling off their protection in her resolution to lay hold of her public, at all risks. Her performance at times approached offence against maidenly reticence and delicacy." Yet Chorley declared Violetta to be her best performance. "When she played Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni' such virtue as there was between the two seemed absolutely on the side of the libertine hero, so much invitation was thrown into the peasant girl's rusticity."

Later he praised Mme. Bosio as Violetta. She sang and played "with that half elegance, half distraction of manner which alone could make such a heroine supportable for the purposes of musical art. Whereas Mlle. Piccolomini (on the stage) was the willing

grisette, Mme. Bosio was the woman whom bad chances had driven into fitful recklessness."

Chorley was not much shocked by the "immorality" of the opera itself. He characterized the fulminations against it as ridiculous to "any one familiar with the musical stage; who are compelled to admit that the opera house can never have been considered as a place in which our art has been devoted to the service and illustration of that only which is high and pure and righteous. It was the commonplace nature of the sin and shame and sorrow which revolted such persons as were really revolted, and which absolutely provoked a manager's defence of the tale as conveying a salutary warning to the young men of our times!"

Richard Grant White looked on Miss Piccolomini with a more tolerant eye when she appeared as Violetta in New York in 1858. He described her as "a childish, overdressed figure, almost like a great show doll," whose singing was well enough, though there were amateurs in New York who were better. "Nor was she either beautiful or a good actress." Yet she was successful and why? "She was the most perfectly lady-like coquette that had been seen on the lyric stage of her generation."

Artemus Ward heard her in concert. "I like her gate. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Pickle-homony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimin mad be-caws thay ain't Picklehomonies. * * * Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtd her lips I powtd mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sending a broadside of sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When I tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her teller still the same. I made an effort to swaller myself; but when, in the next song, she look strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite hav my close, as I shoold never want 'em again no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containn this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldersville

under no circumstances whatsoever." And thus did Artemus Ward rise to a loftier height of criticism than either White or Chorley.

The arguments for and against "La Traviata" were reprinted in Dwight's Journal of Music for 1856-57. They are entertaining reading. When the opera was first performed in Boston (June 8, 1857), Marletta Gazzaniga was the heroine. It was not much liked, and it had little drawing power. Mr. Dwight then said that for some reason or other the public had the idea that the opera should not be seen by decent people. He cared little for the music, and he made the rash statement that Verdi's invention "seemed exhausted".

Even Emma Abbott, who put moral tone into "Faust" by introducing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in the Garden scene, was finally persuaded to impersonate Violetta, though she, as Sidel E. Martin, her biographer assures us, "was always the woman who would be good, who appealed to society to aid her, and who sacrificed her love to save a heart-broken father from despair."

"La Traviata" still lives, as does "Camille." Dr. Dio Lewis raged against "Faust"; he said that no prudent mother would take her daughter to a performance of Gounod's opera, and he described in singularly passionate terms for a stern moralist who was always recommending a low diet, the emotions of a young girl during the opera, in her chamber after the opera, and her recollections, her present thoughts and also her anticipations for some days afterward. Verdi's opera does not interest many in this country, unless a celebrated prima donna impersonates Violetta, but no one now looks on the opera as insidiously or brutally immoral.

What would the London journals that roared against "La Traviata" have said to "The Valkyrie," "Iris," "Manon," "Tosca," with the sight of a live baron knocking the furniture about in his desire to clutch Flora? Even in those years they did not protest against "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Luceria Borgia" or "Rigoletto," that, as a correspondent of the Times remarked in blunt speech, revealed through nearly an entire act "the low dalliance of an accoucher de la rue." "It is for the music," he said, "not the wretched libretto, that people go to the opera. From the opera they bring away with them but the airs, as from the drama they bring the words and the story." And how many of the citizens and citizenesses of Boston know the story of "The Marriage of Figaro"?

Thus the years go by, and we all grow more and more tolerant. Did not Mr. Heinrich Pudor write an enthusiastic pamphlet in phrase of "Cavalleria Rusticana" as a powerful defence of the sanctity of marriage? And why defence? Because, forsooth, the husband killed Turiddu. But Lola no doubt kept on singing and making eyes at a successor.

The wonder of it all is that opera is taken so seriously by some.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY: Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck will conduct. Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony; Beethoven, concerto in E flat major for piano. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist.

MONDAY: Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M. Mrs. Hall McAllister's second morning musical. Mme. Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House, and Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Longy Club, assisted by the Theodoreowicz string quartet (Messrs. Theodoreowicz, Ribarsch, Gietzen, J. Keller), Mr. K. Keller, double bass; Mr. Schuecker, harpist; Gustav Bumcke, symphonic poem, "The Walk," for flute, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons, harp; trio for two flutes and a harp from Bellini's "Childhood of Christ," Wolf-Ferrari's chamber symphony for pianoforte, two violins, viola, cello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn. This symphony by a composer whose choral works and operas founded on comedies by Goldoni have attracted much attention, has been announced here for performance by other clubs, but this will be the first performance in Boston.

THURSDAY: Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Harold Bauer's piano recital: MacDowell, Sonata Eroica; Schumann, Fantasiestuecke; Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and variations; Chopin, Barcarolle; Moor, Prelude in D flat major, op. 71; Brahms, variations on a theme by Paganini.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Hoffman quartet, assisted by Messrs. Bachner and Gietzen; Mozart quintet in G minor, Hugo Kaun, piano trio (first time); Grieg, quartet.

Girls' high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich; Gounod, Entr'acte from "Philemon and Baucis"; Villanueva, Poetic Waltz; Hahn, Dance Caprice; Puccini, selection from "Mme. Butterfly"; Herold, overture to "Pre aux Clercs"; Miss Helene I. Schumacher, soprano, will sing an air of Zerkina from "Don Giovanni" and a Harlequin's "I Hid My Love." Mr. William F. Dodge, violinist, will play Sarasate's "Topsy Dance." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30. Eleventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor; Bischoff, Symphony in E major (first time here); MacDowell, Concerto No. 2 for piano (Mme. Carrene pianist); Dvorak, overture "Carnival."

South Boston high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces. Mr. Kanrich, leader; Beethoven, overture to "Coriolanus"; Doppler, serenade for flute, violin and saxophone; Saint-Saens, dance from "Samson and Delilah." F. F. F. selection from "Bartha." Foresten, Coronation march. Mr. James B. Forrest, tenor will sing "Deeper and Deeper" and "Waft Her Angels" from Handel's "Jephtha" and Adams' "Adieu Marie."

Mr. Ernest S. Williams, cornetist, will play Rogers' "The Volunteer." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY: The Tulleries, 2:30 P. M. Miss Betha Wesselhoft Swift, soprano, will give a recital of children's songs. She will be assisted by Miss Alice M. Creech, who will tell stories to children.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

Miss Katharine Goodson's piano recital at the Hotel Somerset—a concert in Miss Terry's course—will be on Monday afternoon, Feb. 24. Instead of Jan. 27, as was announced. The dates of Miss Terry's concerts as now arranged are Mondays, Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24.

The new comic opera "Atlantis," book and lyrics by William H. Gardner, music by Herbert F. Odell, will be performed by the Boston Operatic Society in Jordan Hall on the evenings of Feb. 4 and 5. Miss Daisy Pierce will make her debut as the Princess Malda. Miss Margaret Coveney will be the Tita. Miss Yvonne Fortin will take one of the subordinate parts, and Mrs. A. W. Cushing will take the other one. The two principal comedy parts will be taken by Mr. William Wilson and Mr. George Bigelow. Mr. George V. C. Lord will be the stage manager.

Mr. Felix Fox's second chamber concert will be in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, Jan. 13. He will be assisted by Mr. Carl Buonamici, pianist.

Sousa's band will give concerts in Symphony Hall on Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and at 8 o'clock.

Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, and Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3 o'clock. The public sale of tickets will open tomorrow at Jordan Hall and at Homeyer's music store. Miss Listemann will sing songs by Gluck, Strauss, Mozart, Grieg, Chaminade, Sophr and others. Mr. Listemann will play pieces by Ernst, Hubay, Vieuxtemps and P. Listemann.

On Sunday evening Jan. 19, in Symphony Hall, the People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole conductor, will give its first concert of the season. "The Redemption" will be sung. Mrs. Mary Brackley, Mrs. Helen Hunt, Mr. Clarence Shirley, Mr. Willard Flint and Mr. Ralph Osborn will be the solo singers.

Mr. Raymond Haven will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10.

Miss Abby B. Longyear, soprano, and Miss Agnes G. Eyre, pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21.

Mr. Charles S. Johnson will give a piano recital on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, in Steinert Hall.

The announcement that the programme for the recital to be given by Mr. De Pachmann in Jordan Hall on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, will be made up of compositions requested by his admirers has brought a surprisingly large number of requests.

Mme. Schumann Heink will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18. Mr. Mudgett will receive subscriptions for this recital from now on.

Mr. Charles W. Clark, a baritone who has sung with remarkable success in Paris, Berlin, London and other European cities, and who has been one of the few foreigners engaged to sing at concerts of the Paris Conservatory, will give a song recital in Chickering Hall on Monday afternoon, Jan. 6.

Selections from Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," will be sung by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, Mass., at the regular monthly cantata service this Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Dec 31 1907 Men and Things.

Mr. Conkling of Middletown, N. Y., in a fit of madness, attempted to kill himself by pouring molten lead into an ear. It has been suggested that he had been reading "Hamlet."

Sleeping within mine orchard, My custom always in the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial, And in the porches of mine ears did pour The lecherous distillment.

Or, as we once heard an actor of uncertain memory but aggressive self-possession declaim it: "With cursed juice of hebenon."

In this same performance the King said in the last act:

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an onion shall he throw.

The variant in the reading at least made sense. Hamlet was a philosopher, and melancholy. It would not be surprising if his breath had been "a little off."

It is true that "onion" was in old times a variant of "union"—meaning a pearl; but this was not known to the tragedian, a simple soul to whom an onion was only an edible bulb associated in his mind with tripe, or beefsteak, or rheumatism. We asked him after the performance, when he was indulging himself in a modest quencher, why he accented the word "onion" so vigorously. He answered that the rhythm of the line demanded it. "I have heard that in some countries," he said, "they put a tooth of garlic in wine. I know that at Halifax, N. S., they pour gin into port—I have seen them do it. I suppose that in Shakespeare's time they might have put a button onion into the wine cup, to give character, as

some shake red pepper into an ale mug. The drink might then naturally serve Hamlet as a corrective, and this accounts for the King's wish for Hamlet's better breath."

By the way, what did Shakespeare mean by "hebenon"? Ebony or henbane? The sap of ebony was counted poisonous; on the other hand, Pliny wrote that an oil is made of the seed of henbane, "which if it be but dropped into the ears is enough to trouble the brain."

This pouring molten lead into an ear takes us back to the days of picturesque assassinations. Lightborn in Marlowe's play undoubtedly knew the trick. His recommendation of himself when he was invited to put an end to Edward II. shows that he was an expert:

I learned in Naples how to poison flowers; To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat; To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point; Or while one is asleep, to take a quill point And blow a little powder in his ears; Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down. And yet I have a braver way than these.

A history of punishments for frightful crimes or in religious persecutions is much more engrossing reading than any history of rewards for noble deeds would be. Think of the fascination exerted by the old editions of Fox's "Martyrs," the horrible and expensive volume of Chinese punishments, with illustrations that haunt even the callous—possibly Octave Mirbeau had this book in mind when he wrote his outrageous "Jardin des Supplices." And there are some punishments of incredible cruelty invented by the Persians described by Plutarch.

The Scottish tinker, Mr. Sims tells us, is frequently a cave dweller. He is of a class between the vagrant and the gypsy. One was brought into court a few weeks ago for keeping an 11-year-old child, with two men, a woman, three dogs and one or two cats, in a cave with about four feet of moving space. The cave was 4 feet 6 inches in height. Only a formal fine was imposed, "as the tinkers were attached to the child." It is a common saying that tinkers are fond of children, but as they set them begging they may well be fond of them. It is also said that 50 per cent. of the children die young from hardships. The tinker has his own language or jargon. It is called "shelta," and it is "largely Gaelic in back slang or centre slang." The words are disguised by changes of initial, transposition of letters, back slanging and so forth. Charles G. Leland has a chapter on the subject in his "Gypsies," published in Boston in 1882. The motto to the chapter is a quotation from "King Henry IV.": "So good a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life." Leland gives several lists of words with the English equivalents.

The tinker seldom "tinks" now in Great Britain, for zinc and enamel have largely taken the place of tinware. He is to be found in a caravan, or he is a gypsy and lives in a tent. In New England 40 years ago the tinker's approach was dreaded by the farmer and his wife, who were also suspicious of any botanist or geologist on foot and disposed to consider any pedestrian a dangerous vagabond. Yet the tinker was often an entertaining fellow with a store of anecdote and information, a man well worth cultivating. We brought over the prejudice from England, where "tinker's-gee" was anything that was worthless; "tinker's toast" was the crust at the side of a loaf which had been one of the outside loaves of a batch; "tinker's tongue" was any abusive tongue; and there was no greater insult than to call a woman a "tinker's woman." A troublesome beast, also a dirty person, was called a tinker. "Tinker's new" was stale news. In this they did the tinker gross injustice.

Mr. James Nicholas Vann, a negro who has preached, doctored, and studied law, and is therefore a man of parts, has just buried his 14th wife. Born in 1807, he has had in order 14 wives, all white women. Why so many white women should have married a negro is a question for the anthropologist or for Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished student of sociology. Burton has a singular note on this subject in the first volume of his translation of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." We do not know of any white man who had 14 negro wives in succession. Baudelaire was pathetically faithful to Jeanne Duval, a mulatto who is described as having neither talent beauty, wit nor heart. She was rapacious; she was a drunkard. Baudelaire's devotion to her was extraordinary in every way.

A man should be prepared for either fortune. Mr. Thomas Sachs was playing poker at Cleveland, O. The pot had about \$3.75 in it. Four aces were dealt to Mr. Sachs. When he received the fourth he fell from his chair, and his heart stopped beating. Some might count the death heroic, as of one falling on the battlefield; we do not say in the flush of victory, for in this connection the word "flush" would be impertinent. Nor will we entertain for a moment the suspicion that Mr. Sachs may have already had two aces up his sleeve.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave a concert last evening at Symphony Hall in aid of its pension fund. The programme consisted of Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5, in E-flat major. Mr. Paderewski gave his services for the occasion, thereby fulfilling an engagement made three years ago, when he was prevented by illness from appearing.

The pension fund concerts always call forth an audience of good size, for the programmes are, as a rule, of popular interest. Many who are not able to subscribe to the regular series of concerts have thus an opportunity to hear the orchestra, and all are interested in the players and the purpose for which these concerts are given. Last evening's audience was of unusual size, every seat and all the standing room being filled.

Any critical comment upon the concert would be out of place, owing to the nature of the occasion, also because there is nothing to be said, at this late day, of programme, players or performance, that has not been said already many times. Nothing less than the excitement attending a performance by Mr. Paderewski would have made a concerto by Beethoven possible after the "Pathetic" symphony; but, as it was, there were, no doubt, many for whom the real entertainment of the evening began with the appearance of the soloist.

The performance of the symphony was a notable feature of the concert, and the audience was quick to feel the poignancy of music and interpretation. The momentary hush at the end of the work before the applause was a greater tribute to the musicians than the applause itself. Dr. Muck was recalled again and again, and twice he called upon the men to rise and share the applause.

The concert, if not strictly a balm to hearts that had been wrung by the symphony, was yet as a soothing application, and only the delightful performance of Mr. Paderewski kept it from being altogether sedative. The enjoyment of the audience would have been as keen had he chosen to play hymns or Czerny studies; for it was the ravishing beauty of tone, the variety, grace and rhythm, the potent and peculiar spell of the pianist, rather than the music, that held his hearers.

Recalled with deafening insistence, Mr. Paderewski was generous with encores, and he played Chopin's Ballade in A flat, "Butterfly" study, Polonaise in A flat and other pieces. He was given a huge wreath, which he generously shared, by intimation, with the orchestra.

Dec 31 1907 THE LONGY CLUB'S SECOND CONCERT

The Longy Club, assisted by Messrs. Schuecker, harp; K. Keller, doublebass, and the Theodoreowicz quartet (Messrs. Theodoreowicz, Ribarsch, Gietzen and J. Keller), gave its second concert of the season last night in Potter Hall. The programme included Gustav Bumcke's symphonic poem, "The Walk," op. 22, for flute, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons and harp; the trio for two flutes and harp from Bellini's "Childhood of Christ," and Wolf-Ferrari's chamber symphony for piano, two violins, viola, cello, doublebass, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon.

The pieces by Bumcke and Wolf-Ferrari were played here for the first time. Bumcke lives in Berlin. He is interested in wind instruments, which is commendable; he organizes concerts of wind instruments, which is praiseworthy; not content with this, he writes music for these concerts, a questionable procedure. Not long ago a sonata by him for clarinet and piano was published, and some of his countrymen wished that he would be satisfied with admiring wind instruments and organizing concerts of them.

His symphonic poem, "Der Spaziergang," played last night, is in five short movements which are interesting chiefly by reason of combination of timbres. Many of these combinations are ingenious, and some are new and striking. The purely musical contents of the movements do not seem to be of much worth. The melodic thought is for the most part labored and of very short breath. There is little sustained sentiment. The music is constantly broken rhythmically for the sake of effect, and as a result it is scrappy. The com-

ser has a sense of color, and his notation is now and then beautiful, even in this he is apparently an experimenter.

Wolf-Ferrari an Improvement.

The Chamber Symphony of Wolf-Ferrari is a work of different character. The composer had much to say that was worth saying, and he said it in his own way. The music is original, it is individual, both in conception and expression. It has warmth and emotion; there is both southern sensuousness and German thoughtfulness. The wind choir, the piano and the strings are all used with fine sense of relationship and proportion. The rhythmic effects and the color scheme are not things apart, for which a music was deliberately contrived. Each one of the four movements is interesting, but the third, an allegretto, is a special charm. Mr. Longy directed this little symphony with marked elasticity in the interpretation and with great spirit. The performance of both this work and of the symphonic poem was brilliant. The familiar trio of Berlioz, as played by Messrs. D. Maquarre, Brooke and Quecker, gave much pleasure. An audience of good size applauded heartily throughout the concert.

MRS. McALLISTER'S MUSICALS.

Mrs. Hall McAllister's fifth Musical Evening, the second of this season, took place yesterday morning at the Hotel Somerset. There was a large and brilliant audience. Mrs. Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House sang for the first time in Boston. She sang the air of Orpheus in Gluck's opera, stanzas of Sappho from Gounod's opera of like name, Chaminade's "Chant Slave," "Mon Cocur s'ouvre a ta" from "Samson et Dalila," and, in response to hearty applause at the end, "L'Esclave." Mr. Kreisler, the pianist, played the Air from Goldmark's concerto, Dvorak's "Humoresque," Townsend's "Berceuse," Popper's "Elfentanz" and a mazurka by Zycki. He also added a piece to his programme.

Mrs. Gerville-Reache made a decided impression. Her voice is a sombre, but rich and vibrant organ of true contralto quality and of unusual and effective compass. She was heard to better advantage in the airs by Gounod, Chaminade and Saint-Saens than in the familiar air of Gluck, in which she made an excessive use of the portamento. In the other songs she showed genuine vocal skill, and sang with an emotion, with a passion that as it was free from extravagance, was irresistible. But perhaps her greatest triumph was won by her exquisite interpretation of Lalo's song. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Gerville-Reache will be heard here again and that soon.

Mr. Kreisler, although his intonation was at times faulty, was warmly applauded. The third and last musicale will be on Sunday morning, Jan. 13, when Miss Waldine Farrar and Mr. Charles Gillotti will be the singers and Mr. Czerny will be the violinist.

Men and Things.

THE New York Tribune, which employs correspondents who are on speaking, if not familiar, terms with kings, informs us that Alfonso of Spain eats eight or nine meals a day; after afternoon tea is to him pate de gras sandwiches, a couple of cutlets and beefsteak. And the correspondent pleases anecdotes of Louis XVI., who would have escaped in his flight had not stopped at an inn to eat roast turkey, and of Louis XVIII., who died on having at his bedside, in case of returning appetite, a couple of cold chickens and a bottle of Burgundy.

Children, we are torn with doubt. The nursery rhyme tells us that King Lear lived simply, and that his Queen, prudent housewife, fried for breakfast pudding that was left at dinner. On the other hand, the princesses in the fairy stories fare "sumbustuously" every day. As we grow older, we associate King with a feast such as that which, seduced by Satan, tempted our Lord:

richly spread, in regal mode,
dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
your, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
pork built, or from the spit, or boiled,
fish steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
or, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
the choicest name, for which was drain'd
Lucerne bay, and Afric coast,
As our own digestion fails, we like to
monarchs on a low diet; of Mr.
teller, who is a fellow-sufferer.

It has just been announced that all the served at the table of the King are to be listed in Italian, and the wines of Italian vintage are to be worked. There are disadvantages in being a royal patriot. Some time ago Emperor William in a mad moment ordered that only German wine should be served at his table. There is a story that when he ordered the Guards' mess in Potsdam afterward, "the only thing that German about the champagne was the label and that his majesty specially praised the vintage."

It matters not whether a man be a

king or a janitor, a great many are interested in wheat he eats. It is pleasant to know the favorite books of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, that he puts Scott's historical novels below "The Cloister and the Hearth," that he actually admires Macaulay's poetry, but many would prefer to know the precise nature of his breakfast and whether he gives an enlightened patronage to ale in pewter. "Does Mr. Upton Sinclair eat Chicago beef? Old Gabriel Peignot included a chapter on gastronomic tastes of certain celebrated persons in his "Livre des Singularities." Thus we learn again that Augustus was a spare eater, that Claudius was passionately fond of mushrooms, and Alexander Severus of hare, which he ate at every meal; that Frederick, the 39th Emperor of Germany, his son, Maximilian II., and Henry IV. of France frequently had the collywobblers from reckless indulgence in melons. It is pleasant reading, but we must seek other fields.

Hilaire Belloc, in his satire on editors, writers and publishers, gives many instructions to book reviewers as to the manner they should begin a notice, the adjectives that should be introduced in censure or praise, etc., etc. He should note the Pall Mall Gazette's review of Mr. J. D. Henry's "Thirty-five Years of Oil Transport." Mark the graceful manner in which the reviewer begins: "One of the juiciest jests of the late Phil May was one that represented a typical 'Arry leaving a Paris hotel, and alighting his French in a Partisan way with the remark, 'Au reservoir!' The host, not to be outdone, expressed his sense of the occasion in the inclusive term, 'Tanks!'"

Again Mr. George R. Sims laments with a loud lamentation because he saw recently apples labelled "Newtown Pippins," "Blenheim Oranges," and all the old English names; but they were American apples with English names. Mr. Sims asks where are the Ribston pippins, the Golden Nobs, the Russets, the Lemon pippins, the Quarantines of his boyhood. He asked the dealers why they did not keep English apples in the English apple season. "They told me that it was so much easier to get the overseas apples." Therefore it is the harder for us who live where the apples are raised.

The reader may well ask what is a quarantine? It is a variety of apple common—still common, if the dictionaries be believed—in Somerset and Devon—an oblate shaped, deep red, early apple, also known as the suck-apple. But the approved spelling is "quaranten," though Charles Kingsley preferred "quarrender," and Thomas Hardy spells it "quarrington." No one seems to know the derivation of the word.

Tiberius, Luerzia Borgia, Richard III. and other restless, turbulent persons have been whitewashed, and now it is the turn of the tiger. Mr. J. D. Rees, M. P., has written to the Times a plea for the beast, saying that he is peaceful if not molested, and of assistance to the farmer, for the tiger kills the deer that eat the crops. But what will become of William Blake's famous poem and of the comparisons that abound in daily speech?

Jan 1 1908

Men and Things.

"Judge White said that Mrs. Gertrude Soule, who figured as the star witness against Mr. Buffinton at the trial, was probably musically jealous."

This is an old reproach against musicians, whether they be composers, prima donnas, second fiddlers or hand organ men. Centuries ago a famous poet characterized his co-mates as an irritable race. Sir Thomas Browne, about to write his "Religio Medici," admitted frankly that physicians in his day were reckoned as atheists. "For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all—as the general scandal of my profession—the natural course of my studies."

In old times singers and fiddlers were condemned as drunkards and general vagabonds, but we are now assured that Campanini, the conductor, his wife, Eva Tetradini, Sammarco, the baritone, Bassi, the tenor, three-fourths of any Italian chorus are total abstainers and that the Upsala students who go about singing in foreign lands looks not on Swedish punch when it is sweet and strong, but drink only barley water. Mme. Sembrich, it is true, drinks occasionally a little champagne, but she adds hot water to it. The great singers today are painfully prudent in the matter of diet and they have money in the bank. Mr. Plancon, though, is given to the pleasures of the table. Hence his

gout.

But are musicians of a jealous nature? They have the reputation of being more jealous, one of another, than the members of other professions, callings, trades. They are also accused of incessantly talking shop, and especially of their own shop. They are not wholly to blame in this respect. There are men and women who are eager to know them, to entertain them, to go bail for them. When they visit a singer or secure her for an evening as a parlor decoration, their talk is wholly personal and flattering. What wonder if a prima donna, or even a lesser star, really believes at last that she is a person of huge importance? There is no fiddler who will not tell you with glee that he has heard Mr. Kreisler play out of tune and Mr. Ysaye play like a pig. There is no pianist who cannot point out the failings of Mr. de Pachmann or Mr. Paderewski. "And do you call him a true artist?" And the composer! Is not his name too often Mr. Envy?

Painters are more delightful companions to outsiders. They are more restful. It is true that many of them condemn Raffael, Murillo and the Rogers of the groups in bitter terms, but you get used to it, and after a short time you join them in sneering at Paul Potter's bull. They read more, they see more, they think more than musicians. They are interested in a greater variety of subjects. If you lure them on to speak about art and themselves they do not pound on a piano, scrape a fiddle or sing passionately in a small room. There is a picture, and you can look at it. The colors may scream, but the screaming is comparatively feeble, and the eye is more tolerant than the ear.

A play actor who was with "The Hypocrites" company made the statement through a press agent that the word "properties," as applied to theatrical productions, is of "very respectable antiquity and by no means a modern word in this connection." The press agent added: "His authority for this is to be found in the British Museum, where there is a mystery play founded upon the story of Tobit. This play was exhibited at Lincoln in 1562."

But "property" in this sense was in common use in the 16th century. In the old version of "Taming the Shrew" a character says: "My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property." The word is in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "Go get us properties and trinkets for our fairies."

The stage-keeper in the induction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" (1614) anticipated Mr. Vincent Crummies: "I'll be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine! Would not a fine pump upon the stage ha' done well, for a property now?"

Is Mr. Hall Caine, who foretold that a body would be found in the Druce coffin, a "transmogrifier"? A queer story of a clairvoyant is now told in connection with a murder in South Africa. A little girl disappeared, and search was fruitless. She had called at a shop shortly before her disappearance. The shopkeeper employed his occult power. He mesmerized a young man and asked him to find her. The man said that she was dead, murdered, and her body was under the floor of a house. Awakened from his trance and told what had happened, he, in company with others, set out to find the spot. He pointed out the cottage; the body was found where he had seen it in the trance; he also recognized the murderer, who at that very moment was engaged in dragging a pond. Circumstantial evidence was given against the accused at the inquest, but no evidence of the clairvoyant's part in the discovery was permitted by the coroner.

A headline in a New York newspaper runs: "Succotash Unmasked." Mr. Alfred Bunn, the sweet poet of "The Bohemian Girl," mentions "hollow hearts" that "wear a mask," but who would have suspected succotash of such conduct!

Jan 2 1908

A VERSATILE MAN.

The Sketch (London) publishes a portrait of "the most versatile man in the world." And who is he? Not the Emperor William, not even Mr. Roosevelt, but one Mr. Louis M. Elshemus. He has painted 3000 pictures, no more, no less; he has written forty novels; he has written plays in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, Sanscrit and

Chinese; he has composed 100 songs and other musical pieces; he has been around the world seven times, and he has "a great reputation as a pie-maker."

Yes, yes. We all know that superb picture painted by Mr. Elshemus—let us see, what is the subject? Nor will any one ever forget the thrilling scene between Umpty-Um and Thingum-a-Jig in—what's the name of the novel? It may be remembered that one of Mr. Elshemus's dramas had an extraordinary run—what was the title of the piece? Everybody knows Mr. Elshemus's songs—by the way, how does that charming lyric go?—Lum-tummy-tum, tum-ti-dy-o? No, that's not exactly the tune. Possibly some one may have eaten a pie or two made and baked by Mr. Elshemus. We have never seen a review of one of them in a leading literary magazine, nor do we think they have been classed with the quick sellers in London, Terre Haute or Prairie du Chien.

CONCERT FOYER

Certificates of Character Furnished
by Well Known Singers;
Current Topics

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER"

BY PHILIP HALE

The Herald spoke last Thursday evening of a music critic in London who wishes to sell his reviews in this country and recommends himself as "quiet and authoritative."

A few days ago "American First Nighter" of the New York Herald met in London a young woman who gave to him the following certificate of good vocal character written carefully and truthfully by herself. It ran as follows:

"Miss Elizabeth Carey, a handsome and talented American soprano, who has been abroad for 3½ years studying under the best masters, has refused many offers for the concert platform and decided to return to the stage and appear in comic opera. Miss Carey is one of the few artists of whom it can be said she is handsome, has a graceful figure and can sing."

Note that she calls herself an "artiste," not a plain, ordinary, familiar, garden artist. The woods are full of "artists" and you meet "artistes" in the underbrush and on every street corner.

But Miss Carey knows that she is handsome and she feels that she is great. She has looked at famous statues carefully and at herself with perhaps greater care, and does not fear comparisons. And she can sing! She admits this herself! We can hear her now, even at this distance. Would that we could see her!

The Herald has received the following letter from Laconia, N. H.: To the Editor of The Herald:

The Boston Herald published on Christmas day contained detailed allusions that seemed to open to my mind an unusually interesting musical retrospect of more than half a century ago. Living at that time in an English cathedral city, the enchanting carol singing of Christmastide was our understood part of the calendar; also the anthem at the morning church service, "Unto Us a Child is Born." The "Hallelujah" chorus was for the concluding voluntary. And then in the evening, or within a day or two, "The Messiah" was performed. Christmas was not considered complete without them all. As I read of the interesting revival of the old-time custom by the Rev. Dr. William H. van Allen and his choir, a lump came into my throat! And I was overcome so that I could scarcely read aloud the interesting account to my wife. I wish to express the hope that church choirs in America may adopt this old world custom, and that it may spread in every direction! This great country will be all the greater and better for its adoption.

With regard to Henry Russell's song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," which was started in your columns to have "set all England aflame, and wherever it was sung it brought men, women and children on to their feet ready to cheer with heart and soul for their country," this was not so, but quite the reverse. "Cheer Boys, Cheer," and "To the West, to the West, to the Land of the Free," were companion songs which Henry Russell sang himself at his entertainments. He also sang at those entertainments, "The Gambler's Wife," "The Ship on Fire," "The Newfound Dog," "The Death of Eva," "Poor Uncle Tom," "Mighty Niagara," and such like songs; and at the conclusion of each song he always

gave some pathetic or humorous tale about them that was as telling as the song itself. As an instance, after he sang the descriptive and highly dramatic song "The Newfoundland Dog," I remember that he said: "There was a big black nigger in the gallery, and he leaned over the front of the gallery and called out, 'Mr. Russell, could I have a pup of that dog?' Of course it brought the house down. He was a splendid accompanist, and his instrument was one of the finest pianos, and also a harmonium in the same case. He could operate either at will. His entertainment, with a moving panorama, was one of the finest that was ever put upon any stage. He was a host in himself.

THOMAS EVANS.

Let us add a word about Henry Russell, the father of Mr. Russell, who has been a singing teacher and is now at the head of an opera company. The elder Russell, born in 1812, as a boy of 8, was in a children's opera company. In 1825 he studied in Italy. Going back to England, he was for a time a chorus master at Her Majesty's Theatre. His first visit to the United States and Canada was in 1832, when he composed his first song, "Wind of the Winter Night." In 1842 he began his own "vocal entertainment" in London, and his own songs, "The Gambler's Wife," "The Ship on Fire," "The Maniac" and other songs became very popular. With Charles Mackay he invented "The Far West; or, the Emigrant's Progress from the Old World to the New," with scenery painted by Mills. He retired from public life about 1865, but there was "a Henry Russell night" at Covent Garden in 1891 when his songs were sung and he made a speech. In 1895 his "Cheer, Boys, Cheer: Memories of Men and Music" were published. Other popular songs than those named above were: "Yreck of the Hesperus," "Old Sexton," "Signal Gun," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," "Old Arm Chair." He died in 1900.

His son William Clark Russell, the novelist, was born at New York in 1844. His third son, who took the name London Ronald, the composer and conductor, was born at London in 1873.

They have been having opera in Milwaukee, opera performed by Mr. Ivan Abramson's Italian company. The Free Press informs us that there was "perfect harmony of the tout ensemble and not an organ (sic) of the star system." Nevertheless Mr. Alensondroni as Escamillo sang with "southern elan" and Mme. Merola "wisely abstained from dragging her Carmen down to the level of a common hussy—the keynote to her creation of a Carmen character was the insatiable sensuous element, an obsession which, no less direct, her every thought and action and decides the fate of the Spanish Circe." The card scene was "in genuine Italian opera style, in spite of the evident German origin of both Frauleins Bossi and Zarad."

Women are composing more and more. Piano pieces by Mrs. Amy Titus Worthington of Buffalo are well spoken of in New York and she will probably play them at a concert of the Manuscript Society of that city.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies has been very sick.

Bach's mass in B minor was performed at Glasgow Dec. 16, for the first time in Scotland.

Egar at the age of 12 composed music for a child's play for home entertainment. His orchestral suite "The Wand of Youth" based on this music, was performed for the first time at London, Dec. 14. The suite includes an overture, serenade, minuet, "Sun Dance," "Fairy Pipers," "Slumber Scene" and "Fairies and Giants."

The Hoffman Quartet will give its second concert this evening in Potter Hall. Messrs. Louis Buchner, pianist, and Mr. Getzen, viola player, will assist. The programme will include Mozart's quintet in G minor, Hugo Kaun's piano trio op. 58 (new), and Grieg's quartet.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoft Swift will sing songs for children at the Tulleries Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Miss Alice M. Creech will tell children's stories.

Miss Bessie Abbott, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, assisted by Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist, and Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, will give a concert in Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Mr. Charles W. Clark, an American baritone, who is ranked in Europe among the finest singers of songs, will give his first recital in Boston next Monday afternoon. Sousa and his band will give concerts in Symphony Hall Wednesday afternoon, and evening. Miss Charlotte Grosvenor will make her operatic debut as Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" Tuesday afternoon at the Castle Square Theatre. Mr. de Pachmann will give a piano recital with a "request" programme in Jordan Hall Friday afternoon, the 10th. Mr. Raymond Havens will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall the same afternoon. Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, and Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall Saturday afternoon, the 11th.

Jan 3, 1906

HAROLD BAUER'S OPENING RECITAL

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his first recital of this season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: MacDowell, Sonata Eroica, op. 50; Schumann, Fantasiestuecke, op. 12; Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and Variation; Chopin, Barcarolle; Moor, Prelude in D flat, op. 71; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini.

Mr. Bauer has a lively interest in contemporary music. He has made us acquainted with several interesting and fantastical compositions of the ultra-

modern French school and yesterday he introduced an unknown piece by Emanuel Moor, the Hungarian, but the name of MacDowell did not appear on one of his public programmes in this city until yesterday. A pianist has certainly a right to his own preferences and prejudices. He knows best, or should know best, what compositions suit his mechanism and arouse him to sympathetic interpretation. There are pianists of distinction who visit us and in conversation speak of MacDowell in terms of glowing admiration; they even burst into a passionate flood of tears when they refer to the tragedy of his ending; but they do not play his piano pieces.

Mr. Bauer played here for the first time his arrangement of Cesar Franck's prelude—Fugue and Variation, and, as I have said, a prelude by Moor. The history of the former piece is as follows: It was composed originally for organ in the early sixties. Dedicated to Saint-Saens, it is the third of the Six Pieces for organ. In 1873 Franck made a transcription of the piece for harmonium and piano. This transcription was played at Mr. Bauer's concert in Steinert Hall, Dec. 5, 1903, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich then played the harmonium. The music is beautiful in whatever form it is presented, and Mr. Bauer's transcription, admirably made, should find favor with even Mr. Vincent d'Indy, who is quick to resent any liberty taken with the music of his revered master. The prelude by Moor is too long drawn out, but it contains fine thoughts and a few unusual effects.

It was a great pleasure to hear Mr. Bauer again. There was a time when it seemed as though he cared more for sketches in black and white or for cool frescoes than for variety in color. His performance was always well defined and lucid, intelligent without suspicion of pedantry, brilliant without parade of self. It is now warmer and more poetic. He caught the spirit of MacDowell's sonata with its suggestion of tournaments and battle, its exquisite tenderness, its nobly tragic conclusion. Before Mr. Bauer played this sonata, only the composer himself succeeded in vitalizing passages of speed and fury which played by others seemed mere rumbling and confusion.

Mr. Bauer gave to the second movement a fleetness and lightness that MacDowell himself would have been the first to appreciate. Mr. Bauer is pre-eminently a player of Schumann's music. His intonation of the intimate and fantastical opus 12 was a rare delight. The pianist revealed the confidence of the composer. To each hearer there was a personal confession of hopes and dreams and longings. On the other hand, the performance of Chopin's "Barcarolle" was both of a poetic and virtuosic character.

The audience was most appreciative. Mr. Bauer will give his next recital Thursday afternoon, the 16th, when he will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 81 ("Les Adieux," etc.); Debussy's "Estampes," Bach's Toccata and Fugue in C minor, andante from Schubert's Sonata in B flat, and Chopin's Ballade in A minor and Polonaise in F sharp minor.

HOFFMANN QUARTET.

Second Concert Given—New Piano Trio by Hugo Kaun.

The Hoffman quartet, assisted by Mr. Louis Bachner, pianist, and Mr. A. Getzen, viola, gave its second concert last night in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows: Mozart, quintet in G minor; Hugo Kaun, piano trio, op. 58; Grieg, quartet, op. 27.

This concert was much enjoyed by an audience of good size. The quintet by Mozart is one of the finest works of that composer, in structural skill, in melodic charm, in poetic expression. It was played with care and understanding and often with fine effects of euphony. In the first movement the second theme, which is curiously suggestive of Verdi's direct, intense appeal, might have been performed with more fire and boldness.

Kaun's Trio was played here for the first time and it was warmly applauded. The reason for this applause was not far to seek. The themes of the first and second movements are obviously melodic and plausibly emotional. There is little structural skill displayed by the composer, and there are few effective contrasts; but by force of melodic repetition and by a show of energy, which is in fact but a promise of something to come. This promise is not fulfilled. Mr. Bachner played fluently and clearly, with rhythmic force, and with true trio. There were few demands on him for any sustained display of emotion.

The quartet by Grieg, which is still conspicuous by its romantic spirit in the literature of chamber music, was announced for the first concert, in memory of the composer. Boston, by the way, is one of the few cities in the musical world where memorial tribute has not been paid with pomp and ceremony by orchestra in choral form to this composer of marked individuality.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Gounod's Opera Presented by Stock Company—Applause Is Liberal.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Romeo and Juliet," Gounod's grand opera

in five acts. The cast was as follows:

Frank Thornton	Capulet
W. H. Pringle	George White
George White	J. L. Guthrie
George White	George Tallman
Achille Alberti	Julius Schroeder
Miss Louise Le Baron	Stephano
Francis J. Boyle	Juliet
Madame Helene Noidl	Gertrude
Miss Hattie Belle Ladd	

It would no doubt be unprofitable to inquire into the popularity of this opera; but the inquiry might hold a desultory interest for many. Irrespective of the performance last evening, it may be noted that certain airs of the opera, and certain situations of Shakespeare's play, are always hotly applauded, whatever the quality of the performance. The mere title is a drawing card, even to those who are wholly unfamiliar with the music of Gounod, and who have but a general idea of the story. As regards the production last evening, it may be said briefly that the company was less successful than in the works of lighter nature, and even certain of its more ambitious undertakings.

There is no doubt that the work carried on by the managers in producing standard operas at this theatre, at prices such that the public may become familiar with music of good quality, goes far to fill a certain want that has been generally expressed. It may be questioned, however, whether certain works are not beyond the resources of the company at present, and whether a repertory wholly within its powers would not be the more successful and the more artistic course. Certain of the singers were able to give an adequate idea of the action and music, but other of the solo work, and the ensembles in general, showed forth the weaknesses of the company in purely vocal matters.

The success of the Castle Square Opera Company thus far has been deserved, and is likely to continue, but as in the case of all stock companies, whose general work has become familiar to a certain public, the ups and downs of a long season will invite judicial question now and then, just as they call forth words of enthusiasm when the performance is of extra quality.

There was a good deal of applause at last evening's performance, and there were passages with which the preceding comment has nothing whatever to do. The women's chorus remains far superior to that of the men, not only in intonation, but in action and presence. The stage setting in several of the scenes was charming, and the concerted action at the end of act III. was unusually good.

The opera next week will be Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers."

"SHOO-FLY!"

When in the heroic days of negro minstrelsy Mr. Johnson, the interlocutor, asked in a spirit of scientific investigation: "Where do flies go to in the winter?" and Mr. Bones answered by saying: "I wish they would go there in summer," the audience roared, forgetting Uncle Toby and his famous speech. We are now told that the common fly is a disseminator of deadly disease, that the scientist is about "to take arms against it"—poisoned paper, or the wire masher? Therefore Doubtian in his passion for killing flies was not a petty monster of cruelty, and the small boy should be encouraged in his hideous practices.

The flies have had bitter enemies for centuries, no doubt before the Egyptians were tormented for the pleasure of Israel in bondage. The author of "Hortus Sanitatis," written at the end of the fifteenth century, described flies as "unquiet and importunate, and malicious, stinging and worrying." Yet he also unconsciously defended them against the exasperated bald headed. "If flies be burnt, and smeared with honey on bald places, they produce hair." The bald-headed, whether their pates are polished, slippery, and of a roseate hue, or present little hills, dales and crevices to the searching eye of childhood, should look kindly on the fly.

The hostility of the race is shown by the repeated statement that the devil often chooses the body of a fly as his temporary habitation. Satan was seen in this shape to leave the mouth of one possessed demoniacally at Laon. And is not Beelzebub the prince of devils, the lord of the flies? So in Ceylon the natives sacrificed to Achor, a word which means the god of flies, and corresponds to our "devil," that they may be freed from these insects which, as they

believed even years ago, spread contagious maladies.

Yet the fly has had defenders, and poets long before Theodore Tilton sang their praise in dainty verse. Thomas Mouffet, "doctor in physick," in his "Theatre of Insects" (1658), discussed all varieties of flies with curious elaboration and with infinite gusto. Not, however, as a man of prejudices, for he began his twelfth chapter with words which should be pondered: "These little creatures, so hateful to all men, are not yet to be condemned as being created of Almighty God for diverse and sundry uses. First of all, by these we are forewarned of the near approaches of foul weather and storm; secondly, they yield medicines for us when we are sick, and are food for divers other creatures, as well birds as fishes. They show and set forth the Omnipotency of God, and execute his justice; they improve the diligence and providential wisdom of men."

"The common fly is more dangerous than the tiger or the cobra." This warning cry comes from an editorial alarmist of the New York Times. But if any one does not wish to have flies as household pets, there is a simple and pleasant method of driving them away so that they will no more be seen there. Lupton told us nearly three centuries ago to make the image of a fly in the stone of a ring or in a plate of brass, or copper, or of tin, and while you make this image say "This is the image which doth clean rid all flies forever"; but in the making, take care that the second face of Pisces be then ascending. Bury the ring or plate in the midst of the house or hang it in any place of the house, though it is better to make four charms and bury them in the four corners of the house. This disposal must be when the first face of Taurus doth ascend. "And so no fly will come in there, nor tarry there." This remedy, which is not at all messy in operation, should appeal to sensitive persons and those of a delicate stomach.

Men and I things.

PROMINENT among the New Year's wishes received in the mail are those for payment of bills. No wishes are more concisely expressed, and none are more sincere. John Evelyn in his diary notes occasionally his payment in full of all indebtedness and adds a pious "Thank God."

We should like to quote Evelyn's exact words, but we cannot now find them in the edition of his diary published in the Everyman series. It is true that this edition is provided with a pretentious index, but of what assistance is this index? Looking over a volume the other night, we found Evelyn's record of first seeing truffles hunted by pigs, and he ate of the truffles and was greatly delighted. What did he call them? An "incomparable meat"? We cannot verify the quotation and the index is dumb. This index does not point to the strange incident at Orleans. "In the night a cat kitted on my bed and left on it a young one having six ears, eight legs, two bodies from the middle downwards, and two tails." The index also slights the hairy woman, Barbara Vanbeck. "Her very eyebrows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head, neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair out of each ear; she had also a most profuse beard, and moustachios, with long locks growing on the middle on her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the color of a bright brown, fine as well-dressed flax. She was now married and told me she had one child that was not hairy, nor were any of her parents, or relations. She was very well shaped, and played well on the harpsichord." It is true this index contains the name of Vanbeck; but who, although remembering well her peculiar ornamentation, would be sure of her name? The index should have "hairy woman, I. 45," or "Woman, hairy, I. 35."

The index, however, has this line:

...the one of ... and the story ... worth retelling to show that what is ... as professional etiquette was as ... observed at the end of the 17th ... century as it is today. Evelyn visited ... the Marquis of Normandy in 1695, and ... had much discourse concerning ... King Charles II. "Also concerning the ... quinquina which the physicians would ... not give to the King, at a time when, ... a dangerous ague, it was the only ... thing that could cure him (out of envy ... because it had been brought into vogue ... by Mr. Tudor, an apothecary) till Dr. ... Short, to whom the King sent to know ... his opinion of it privately, * * * sent ... word to the King that it was the only ... thing which could save his life, and then ... the King enjoined his physicians to give ... to him, which they did, and he re- ... covered. Being asked by this lord why ... they would not prescribe it, Dr. Lower ... said it would spoil their practice, or ... some such expression."

There is a popular belief that count- ... less men and women are eager to see ... any celebrated play actor on or off the ... stage. We do not allude now to the ... professional lion hunter, who even if ... the actor will not deign to visit his ... house, but accepts haughtily strong ... waters and tobacco offered to him by ... his admirer on his knees in restaurant ... or club, is happy; for he can lard his ... conversation afterward with references ... to his familiar intercourse with the ... eminent tragedian or dazzling comedian; ... You should hear Ropes-Fubinson ex- ... plain why Hamlet should not be played ... by a fat actor in spite of the well ... known allusion in the play to Hamlet's ... "at and scanty breath"; or "Breezing- ... on is as funny off the stage as he is ... on. What! You never met him?"

Mr. Nat Goodwin, however, once ... played in a town—was it in New ... South Wales?—where he found that a ... play actor has few to fawn upon him. ... When he went to the theatre the man- ... ager and treasurer were in consulta- ... tion. "Have you seen the house, Mr. ... Goodwin?" No. Mr. Goodwin had not ... counted the audience. "There are ... only four seats occupied. What shall ... we do?" "Go ahead, of course, with ... the play. I would not disappoint them ... or the world." "Have you any ob- ... jection to our 'dressing' the house?" ... "Not the slightest."

The manager and treasurer walked ... to a hill where navvies were calmly ... smoking and yawning. Mr. Goodwin ... watched them all from a window. The ... treasurer talked earnestly to the nav- ... vies for 10 or 15 minutes. At last ... the navvies were knocked out of pipes, and ... the procession moved toward the the- ... atre. When the navvies were fairly ... in the corridor they held a pow-wow ... instead of going inside and taking ... seats. The spokesman went up to the ... treasurer: "Say, boss, what do we get ... for our time?"

King Oscar, of course, had "dying ... words" attributed to him and they ... will go down the centuries with other ... famous death-bed remarks. As a ... matter of fact, the great majority of ... those dying are unconscious, if not ... delirious. When they happen to be ... distinguished persons, they are re- ... ported to have said what they might ... reasonably have been expected to say, ... or what they should have said in an ... official capacity.

Men and Things.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, who will play ... the piano at the Symphony concert to- ... night, has had an extraordinary career. ... Not because she has had four husbands ... in a row—Sauret, the violinist; Taglia- ... pietra, the baritone; d'Albert, the pianist, ... and now another Tagliapietra—but be- ... cause she has been before the public for ... 5 years. Born at Caracas, in 1853, she ... played in New York when she was 9 ... years old. She first played here on Jan- ... 1, 1863, in Music Hall. A local critic then ... described her as "a child of 9 years, with ... one head and face full of intelligence; ... Spanish looking." She had "a funny ... deal of difficulty in getting herself upon ... the seat before the grand piano." Her ... laying, he said, "would charm even if ... he was not a child."

Mme. Carreno married Sauret when ... she was 20 years old. He was a year ... older. They were poor. Sauret became ... homesick and left her just before her ... laughter was born. By the first Taglia- ... pietra, who used to sing "The Palms" ... with blood-curdling abandon, she had ... three children—one of them is now a ... pianist and is married to Col. Bois—and ... he had at least two children by d'Al- ... bert, from whom she also learned much ... about piano playing. Her marriage to ... d'Albert in 1892 was an error of judg- ... ment. He was not inconceivable, for his ... next wife was an opera singer Hermine

Pinck. Sauret married again. And did ... not Tagliapietra wed a Miss Town- ... send? There should be tables of mar- ... riages and divorces in the encyclopaedias ... of music.

There was a time, it was in the seventies, ... when Mme. Carreno temoted fortune as ... an opera singer. In the English provinces ... she impersonated the Queen of Navarre ... in "The Huguenots," at short notice, to ... help the elder Mapleson, the gallant ... colonel, in an emergency. She was seen ... in Boston in March, 1876, at Zerkina in ... "Don Giovanni." Titiens and Brignoll ... were in the company. And once when she ... was Mrs. Tagliapietra No. 1, she not ... only managed an opera company in South ... America, but conducted the perform- ... ances for a while. She composed the mu- ... sic for the Venezuelan national hymn. ... What a career this woman has had and ... may yet have!

The "Marquis de Fonteney," who ... tells many entertaining stories to the ... New York Tribune about the kings and ... queens whom he has met or didn't meet, ... about jukes and belted earls, prime min- ... isters and a few of the untitled aris- ... tocracy, talked knowingly a few days ... ago about Lord Vivian's divorce. The ... story is a simple one: Lady Vivian sac- ... rificed her rank as peeress, her social ... prestige and her children for the sake ... of a man whom she loved better than ... she did her husband. Now listen to our ... friend the Marquis: "The correspondent ... in the case is a man of the name of ... Alfred Curphey, who is stated to be an ... American and a New Yorker, although ... he does not belong to any of the lead- ... ing clubs on this side of the Atlantic." ... Great Heavens! Cannot a man be an ... American and a New Yorker if he does ... not belong to a leading club?

The New York journals are full of ... stories about opera singers, male and ... female. We are told what Mr. Chill- ... bians, the Russian baritone, thinks ... of America's treatment of his friend ... Gorki; how Mr. Smotti would fain ... wed a young and fresh singer who ... declared recently that art is not ... known outside of Germany, etc., etc. ... When Artemus Ward heard Miss Pic- ... colomini and Little Adeline Patti he ... was infatuated by them. "As for ... Maccaroni, Brignolly, Mullenholzer, ... and them other fellows, they can take ... care of themselves. Old Mac kin make ... a comfortable livin' choppin cord wood ... if his voice ever giv's out, and ... Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed ... in conductin' sum quiet toll gate, ... where the vittle would be plenty & ... the labor lite. Mister Junky is a noble ... lookin' old man, & orter lead armies ... on to Battel instid of shoutin' in a ... furrin tung."

There have been great doings and ... wonderful sights in the West and South- ... west. Twenty-three hundred barrels of ... beer rushed into the sewers at Okla- ... homa City on the night of Dec. 30. "The ... beer backed up, forming a bank of foam ... three feet high."

Niagara! Niagara!
You are a staggerer!

But what is Niagara to this cataract ... and rapids of beer! Some men scooped ... up the beer in buckets as it flowed ... through the streets. Some drank from ... the gutter—a picturesque if inglorious ... sight. Our distinguished friend, the ... Historical Painter, was on the spot, but ... he left when he heard that on Dec. 31 ... brandy and champagne would be sold at ... less than half price in Birmingham, ... Ala., on account of the prohibition New ... Year. The mind reverts, however, to ... Oklahoma. Rivers of beer! Boccaccio ... tells of a land through which a river ... flows of the best Malmsey wine that ... ever was tasted, without one drop of ... water, but the citizens were obliged to ... walk to this river. In Oklahoma the ... beer was in the streets. It begged the ... passer-by to drink of it. It foamed ... about his knees in entreaty.

Performance of New Work by Bischoff Is Remarkable

The 11th concert of the Boston Sym- ... phony Orchestra took place last night in ... Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. ... The programme was as follows:

Symphony in E major, op. 16.....Bischoff
Concerto for piano, D minor.....MacDowell
Overture, "Carnival".....Dvorak

Hermann Bischoff, who lives in Mun- ... ich, was studying music at the Leipsic ... Conservatory in a sober, righteous and ... godly manner, when he heard one day, ... as the story goes, the symphony in F ... minor by Richard Strauss. In compar- ... ison with the later works of Strauss ... this symphony in F minor is a smug ... and orthodox work, but it set Bischoff ... a-thinking, and he left the conservatory ... to be in company with Strauss. There ... were no actual lessons in composition, ... but there was reading of scores together ... for three years; there was much talk ... about music and the true modern ex- ... pression of musical thoughts.

Bischoff's chief works are "Gewit- ... tersegen" for tenor organs and or- ... chestra (1899); "Pan," an orchestral ... idyl, inspired by "The Nymphs," a ... prose poem by Turgenev (1902), and ... this symphony, which was produced ... at the 42d convention of the Allge- ... meiner Deutscher Musikverein at Es- ... sen in May, 1906.

The symphony was then played ... from manuscript. The composer re- ... vised it thoroughly, and made cuts ... and alterations, before it was pub- ... lished. He wrote a curiously worded ... programme in explanation of his mu- ... sic for the first performance. This ... explanation is not printed in the ... score.

Motif of Symphony.

Bischoff first lays down the principle ... that there can be no musical expression ... which does not find an analogy in the ... world of facts and events or in the do- ... main of poetic sentiments and sensa- ... tions. Writing this symphony, he had ... in mind the story of a dissolute young ... man who becomes acquainted with pure ... happiness in the form of a noble woman, ... but is not worthy to attain this happi- ... ness; he therefore seeks peace in resig- ... nation; the ghosts of his misspent youth ... pursue him like furies; the apparition of ... pure womanhood quiets the voices of ... darkness. Man is raised from the muck ... of life by love for a noble woman.

"If anyone hearing the first movement ... (this is the only one that has a special ... programme) should see a vision of dis- ... solute nights, of orgiastic masked balls; ... if he believes that he hears passionate ... love murmurings in gardens flooded with ... moonlight and vocal with the songs of ... birds, he will then be conscious of what ... was in the mind of the composer."

Shades of Byron and Berlioz! Here ... is a belated romanticist in a period of ... machinery and materialism. The story ... of the rescue of a youth from the beer ... halls, the tangle-tangles and the jests of ... the Fliegende Blaetter of Munich by a ... star-eyed maiden with sentimental hair, ... is to be told in music. The first move- ... ment, we are assured, contains a vision ... of "orgiastic masked balls." How far ... we are from the pious orgies of the ... muses! This movement should also ... contain "passionate" but legitimate ... love-murmuring and songs of birds ... with the suggestion of moonlit gardens ... —although gardens of today are ... thoughtfully provided with electric ... lights.

Had Definite Programme.

"Peace, in resignation" is the motive ... of the second movement, while ghosts ... of misspent youth provide a scherzo. ... But what is the "idea" of the finale? ... Does the youth never purify himself ... till he is worthy of the loved one's ... hand? The finale is in the nature of ... an apotheosis. Perhaps there is a por- ... trayal of the abandonment of the will, ... which alone, as certain German and ... Asiatic philosophers assure us, brings ... happiness.

It is not necessary to inquire into ... the measure of Bischoff's success in ... expressing in tones his story of riot- ... ous living, purification, resignation, ... final conquest over self. Almost every ... composer has a succession of ideas in ... his mind which prompt him to para- ... phrase them in music whether he take ... the public into his confidence or give ... out the music as absolute.

We know that Tschaiowsky had a ... definite programme for his "Pathetic" ... symphony, but what that programme ... was he would not tell. Nielsens in his ... recently published book on "Pro- ... gramme Music" thinks it highly prob- ... able that Brahms had some argument ... for each one of his symphonies. Who- ... ever the composer may be, the musi- ... cal paraphrase of the suggesting ideas ... is that which should be judged with- ... out special reference to the ideas ... themselves.

Demands Huge Orchestra.

Mr. Bischoff's age is not given in the ... encyclopaedias, but we know that he ... was a conservatory student 20 years ago, ... and his photograph represents him as ... a well nourished, carefully dressed man, ... well on the sunny side of 40. There is ... furthermore a youthful spirit in many ... pages of this symphony. Not only does ... he demand a huge orchestra to say his ... say, but he demands time. His first ... movement is nearly half an hour long ... and in spite of its length it is the most ... impressive. It is frankly boisteours ... and careless in its main idea, that of ... portraying a reckless life.

A line of Walt Whitman might serve ... as motto: "Onward we move, a gay ... gang of blackguards, with wild-flapping ... pennants of joy." In this frank expo- ... sition of vulgar pleasure there is a force. ... There is an exuberance that is not dis- ... pleasing. Here the composer is spon- ... taneous; here he is himself. He is also ... himself in the most striking page of the ... whole work; in the remarkable prepara- ... tion for the entrance of a sensuous ... theme given to the cellos, a page of ... instrumentation that stands out boldly ... in the whole volume of notes—and this ... volume is an elephantine folio.

The opening of the second movement ... has true thoughtfulness and nobility, but ... after the opening exposition there is a ... too evident attempts at depth, and the ... mind of the hearer soon wanders; nor is ... it brought back to the "resignation" of ... the youth; or, if it be brought back, ... there is only resignation on the part of ... the hearer.

Scherzo Too Long.

Here as in the scherzo the composer ... is guilty of the fault of nimety, to use ... a word dear to Coleridge, who attributed ... this fault to German writers, metaphy- ... sicians, poets, dramatists, a word that ... is synonymous with Artemus Ward's ... "too muchness." The scherzo has ex- ... citing moments, but it is all too long. ... So, too, the finale might be put into ... a duck-press. Only the imposing final ... pages remain in the mind.

As Bischoff is intimate with Richard ... Strauss, to whom this symphony is de- ... dicated, it might be reasonably expected ... that his own music would show Strauss' ... influence. There are pages, especially in ... the first movement, that recall the ... spirit of Strauss's "Don Juan," but the ... venturesome, freebooting amorist, but the ... resemblance is chiefly in tricks of ex- ... pression, as in a matter of horns, a har- ... monic formula, a flourish of ornamenta- ... tion. Bischoff is by no means a servile ... copyist.

These are only impressions of a work ... that is out of common; a work that, ... while it is swollen out of due propor- ... tion, and is at times bombastic, mere ... sound and fury, and at other times is ... dull in spite of its pretentiousness, or, ... rather, by reason of it, is nevertheless ... the composition of a man to be reck- ... oned with. His most conspicuous ... faults are those that come from an ... abuse of material and from the desire

to exhaust every subject, however un- ... important it may be.

The harmonic scheme is seldom subtle ... or refined or ultra-modern. The insti- ... tution is too often thick, without ... contrast, without delicacy, without wit. ... In spite of all these faults which charac- ... terize so much of the music of the ... younger German school, and are seen in ... a modified form in modern German lit- ... erature and art, there is true stuff in ... this symphony.

Revealed All in Music.

The performance was remarkable for ... elasticity, brilliance and eloquence. Dr. ... Muck, who had rehearsed with the ut- ... most care and patience, and the orches- ... tra that carried out his wishes with in- ... telligence and verve, are alike to be ... congratulated. There is no doubt but ... that everything that is in the music ... was revealed with the utmost clearness ... and with the fitting pomp of diction. It ... is a pity that works which demand so ... much labor and thought—works as ... Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and this sym- ... phony—I group them here only by rea- ... son of the difficulties in execution—are ... heard as a rule only once in a season. ... This seems hardly fair to the com- ... poser, the audience, the conductor and ... the orchestra.

Mme. Carreno played MacDowell's con- ... certo superbly, with incomparable rhyth- ... mic feeling, dash and demoniacal en- ... ergy. The concerto itself is one of the ... composer's most purely individual and ... romantic works. It is a concerto for a ... virtuoso who must also be a human be- ... ing and a bit of a poet. Mme. Carreno ... is an extraordinary woman, a pianist ... who is mistress of the grand style; a ... woman of amazing vitality and personal ... force; a woman of a singularly romantic ... life. Her performance last night was ... extraordinary even for her. The audi- ... ence, which had received the symphony ... with favor and appreciated the perform- ... ance, was enthusiastic over Mme. Car- ... reno, and with great reason.

SANG FOR CHILDREN.

Miss Swift's Recital Draws Big ... Crowd of Little Ones.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift gave ... a recital of children's songs yesterday ... afternoon at the Hotel Tulleries. She ... was assisted by Miss Alice Creech, who ... told stories by Grimm and Anderson and ... a southern nonsense tale called "Epa- ... minondas and His Auntie." Miss Swift ... sang a group of "Flower Songs", by ... Hawley, Chadwick, Allen and Salter; a ... group of "Dolly Songs" by Gaynor and ... Edith Currie; four "Nonsense Rhymes" ... by Lang, a group of Mother Goose melo- ... dies, and other songs by Gaynor, Nor- ... ton, Page and Ford.

There was so large an audience ... that many additional seats had to be ... provided after the first group, for the ... hall swarmed with children, and Miss ... Swift herself saw that every little ... person had a seat before she would ... continue with the programme. Her ... evident popularity with the children ... was as much a factor of her success ... as were the songs.

The three manuscript ditties by Edith ... Currie were written for Miss Swift. ... Gaynor's "Jerushy," Chadwick's "The ... Dandelion" and Page's "Chestnuts" are ... charming songs, and the last is full of ... delightful humor. Salter's "The Chrys- ... anthemum" created a stir of delight at ... the close of each stanza, and Lang's ... "The Lady of Niga" was heard with ... bated breath, and had to be repeated. ... Miss Swift, although she was suffering ... from a cold, sang with evident enjoy- ... ment, and her sympathy met with a ... direct response from her little auditors.

Miss Creech gave much pleasure by ... her stories.

OPERA "TOM JONES" AND THE ETHICS

When "Tom Jones," the comic opera ... based by Alex M. Thompson and Rob- ... ert Courtneidge on Fielding's novel, ... with lyrics by Charles H. Taylor and ... music by Edward German, was pro- ... duced at Manchester (Eng.) March 30, ... 1907, The Herald inquired amiably ... into the nature of the libretto. There ... was natural curiosity to learn the ... precise nature of the operetta story. ... Who were the noble dames? Did ... Lady Bellaston figure? Were Mrs. ... Waters and Mrs. Fitzpatrick ignored? ... And Molly Seagrim—did she repair to ... church in the bravery of the sack ... that Sophia gave her and of the new ... laced cap, the gift of the graceless ... Tom?

"Tom Jones" will be produced here ... tomorrow night at the Tremont The- ... atre, and to reassure all sensitive ... souls I hasten to say that Molly and ... Mrs. Waters and Mrs. Fitzpatrick will ... not be impersonated, although any one ... of them is a more wholesome woman ... than Sieglinde or Nedda or certain ... other operatic heroines now in fash- ... ion. But Lady Bellaston, a lady of ... quality, is introduced.

Lady Bellaston in the novel has given ... offence to some. She fed and clothed ... Tom and provided him with spending ... money because she fancied him. Her ... passion was a generous one. Unfortu- ... nately for the proprieties, she had "en- ... gaged at least into the autumn of life." ... Fielding tells us, "though she wore all ... the gaiety of youth, both in her dress ... and manner; nay, she contrived still to ... maintain the roses in her cheeks; but

MUSICIANS TO BE HEARD IN BOSTON THIS WEEK



LUCY ALLEN.
SOPRANO.



VIRGINIA LISTEMANN SOPRANO



GERTRUDE QUINLAN.

these, like flowers forced out of season by art, had none of that lively blooming freshness with which nature at the proper time bedecks her own productions. She had, besides, a certain imperfection which rendered some flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderness of sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the breath of love."

Tom has been despised by some for his relations with this noble dame. Dr. Johnson and Thackeray, for example, thought poorly of him; but both Tom and Lady Bellaston have found stout defenders. Sir Walter Scott had no special objection to them, and now listen to Mr. George Saintsbury: "It must be remembered that the point of honor which decrees that a man must not under any circumstances accept money from a woman with whom he is on certain terms is of very modern growth, and is still tempered by the proviso that he may take as much as he likes or can get from his wife. In Fielding's days, or but a very little earlier, this moral had simply not been invented. Marlborough, his father's great commander, notoriously took a large sum from the Duchess of Cleveland in precisely Tom Jones' circumstances; and though Marlborough's enemies included the bitterest and brightest wits of his time, they seem to have objected, when they objected at all rather to his careful investment of this money than to his acceptance of it. No easy-going gentleman of the late 17th and early 18th centuries in France or England—and it must be remembered that to compare Tom Jones with the grave and precise ones is absurd—would have thought the worse of himself for accepting a present of money from his mistress, any more than he would have thought the worse of her for accepting one from him. During Tom's youth not a few of the finest gentlemen in Europe found a Lady Bellaston in the Czarina Elizabeth, and during his age many more found one in the Czarina Catherine. I have myself a great admiration for fine fine points of honor—I don't think you can make them too nice or too fine; but the person who has not been taught them—nay, in whose time they scarcely exist—cannot justly be said to violate them. It seemed perfectly natural to Tom that, when he had money, he should dress out Molly Seagrim, who had none; I do not suppose that it seemed much less natural to him that Lady Bellaston should dress him out when she had money and he had none. A shocking blindness, doubtless; but all blindness is more or less relative."

Nor should the remark of Coleridge, a professional moralist, be forgotten: "Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton with Lady Bellaston, etc., would not be a Tom Jones; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without, perhaps, being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harlot of fortune. * * * A young man whose heart or feelings can be injured or even his passions excited, by English in this novel is already thoroughly corrupt. * * * Let the requisite allowance be made for the increased refinement of our manners—and then I dare believe that no young man who consulted his heart and conscience only, without adverting to what the world would say, could rise from the perusal of Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' 'Joseph Andrews' or 'Amelia' without feeling himself a better man."

Th Lady Bellaston of the libretto is a gentle person. She does not meet



CHAS W. CLARK.
BARITONE



BESSIE ABOIT.
SOPRANO.

Jones at a masquerade. She does not visit his rooms and on a memorable occasion find Mrs. Honour there, nor is she surprised there by young Nightingale. She behaves herself with the utmost decorum. Whether she be Fielding's Lady Bellaston or whether she be less interesting is here an irrelevant, if not impertinent, question.

We are not informed by Fielding as to Lady Bellaston's tone production or vocal agility, nor does the novelist say anything about the cantilenas and coloratura of Miss Western and Honour, but Sophia and her father were musical. Here are quotations in proof:

"It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord, for he was a great lover of music, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur, for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel. He never relished any music but what was light and airy, and indeed, his most favorite tunes were 'Old Sir Simon the King,' 'St. George He was for England,' 'Bobbing Joan' and some others. His daughter, though she was a perfect mistress of music and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was so devoted to her father's pleasure that she learnt all those tunes to oblige him. However, she would now and then endeavor to lead him into her own taste, and when he required the repetition of his ballads would answer with a 'Nay, dear sir,' and would often beg him to suffer her to play something else." And when Sophia, the most charming heroine in all English fiction, was playing one of her father's favorite tunes, did not the muff which Tom had kissed and was then on her fair right arm fall over her fingers and put her out? So that the Squire, disconcerted, with a hearty curse threw the muff into the fire.

Sophia doubtless sang. She inherited her gift from her father, whose conversation with her mother, we are informed, consisted chiefly of hallowing, singing, rearing of sporting adventures, and abuse of women and of the govern-

ment. Indeed, at the wedding supper of Sophia, to enliven his daughter, "he would sometimes sing a merry song," so that Mr. Allworthy, pained by the ribald ditty and by remarks that the Squire considered eminently pertinent to the oc-

cession, endeavored to check him by a "Fie! Mr. Western!"

Partridge figures in the libretto, but Black George, the philosophers Square and Thwackum, Dowling and others are conspicuous by their absence. Sophia's aunt will be seen, the immortal sister of the Squire; "you know the easiness of my nature; I have not always been so easy. I have been formerly thought cruel—by the men, I mean. I was called the cruel Parthenissa. I have broke many a window that has had verses to the cruel Parthenissa in it. Sophy, I was never so handsome as you, and yet I had something of you formerly. I am a little altered. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says in his epistles, undergo alterations, and so must the human form." But she does not sing these lines in the operetta.

There were operas based on Fielding's novel before the one that will be performed here tomorrow.

Philidor, the great chess player, whose real name was Danican, wrote music to a libretto by Poinssinet based on the novel, and the opera was produced in Paris, Jan. 27, 1765, though there is mention of a performance at Versailles some little time before. The opera at first met with little favor. At the first performance two men were arrested. One of them was heard saying to the other: "Shall I cut? Shall I cut?" Those sitting near them thought they were pickpockets. When the arrested one in the guardhouse, the suspected one made this explanation: "We are tailors and I have the honor to make Mr. Poinssinet's clothes. He is the author of this new piece. Now as I ought to make him a new coat so that he can appear before the audience, which will certainly call him at the second performance, as I know little about the worth

of plays, I took my head man with me. He is a clever fellow—he makes out all my bills, I was asking him whether it would be safe for me to cut the cloth, for the pay would come from this opera."

About two years before Philidor wrote his music, a comedy in five acts, "Tom Jones a Londres," by Desforges was produced in Paris. It is not necessary to infer that Poinssinet built on this comedy, for the novel itself was well known in France. Philidor knew the fame of "Tom Jones" in England. The novel was published in 1749. Philidor went to London for the first time in 1747 and met all the celebrated chessplayers, who liked him, and as George Allen, his American biographer, said, "the English are not hasty likers." He stayed in England until 1751, and he was there again from about the middle of 1752 till the close of 1754.

Philidor's opera, as I have said, failed at first. There is a sour article about it in the correspondence of Grimm and Diderot: "Never was a piece announced in more magnificent terms, and never was there a more brilliant failure. The flagrant of the librettist brought down a storm of hisses on the composer. Mr. Philidor has been justly punished for his obstinacy in working with this dull Mr. Poinssinet." And then a coarse anecdote is told to show how the stupidity of Mr. Poinssinet was generally recognized. The second performance was applauded, and after a time the music was highly appreciated. The characters in this opera are Jones—or Jone when the rhyme demands it—Squire Western, his sister, Sophia, Honora (Mrs. Honour), Allworthys (sic), Bliffl, "Dowling the Quaker"—and he amused the Parisians by keeping his hat on—and the hostess of the inn at Upton.

Squire Western's descriptive hunting song is one of the chief features of the opera and it would give pleasure today.

Mr. Joseph Reed, who died in 1767 at Stepney, Eng., where he was a rope maker, wrote a libretto for "Tom Jones," a play with music, which was published and performed in 1769. Mr. Reed was an eminently serious person. He said in his preface with reference to "Tom Jones": "I have stripped its hero of his libertin-

ism to render him as I imagined more amiable and interesting; and I have metamorphosed Parson Supple into a country squire to avoid giving offence to the cloth. The characters of Western and Honour I have divested of their provinciality. I have also endeavored to purge Western's character of its coarseness and indelicacy in conformity to the refined taste of the present age." The Nightingales figure in Iteed's play. The songs were sung to airs by Arne, Arnold, Handel, Galuppi and others.

Thomas Linley, the elder, set music to a "Tom Jones," which was produced at London in 1785. Was the libretto practically the one by Reed?

If Squire Western is purged of his coarseness, what becomes of Fielding's masterly portrait of an English squire of that period? The Manchester Guardian informs us that Tom "as a comic opera hero is quite as proper and respectable a person as one would wish to meet. The sensitive may then go to the Tremont without fear and without cold. Even the officers of the Watch and Ward Society may go and take a holiday. Perhaps the operetta may lead them to read the novel itself with a deeper appreciation of its broad humanity and beneficent inculcations of moral truths.

The operetta is in three acts. The first scene shows the lawn at Squire Western's; the second, the inn at Upton; the third, Ranelagh Gardens. Squire Western, Tom, Sophia, all have solos in the first act; there is also a trio, also a madrigal and there are choruses. In the inn scene Partridge appears. Sophia has a love song; there are other solos, and Lady Bellaston assures Tom that her place is beside him, and she vows to have him for her own. Coleridge, by the way, speaks of Lady Bellaston's behavior "at Upton." As a matter of fact, she first met Tom in London at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's house, and her advances were at the masquerade, in that temple where "Heddegger, the great Arbitrator Delicium," presided. It was at the Upton Inn that Mrs. Waters, rescued by Jones from a bad plight, assured him unmistakably of her passion for him. In the third act Tom sings:

"But as I grew in youth and pride,
And heard it said with covert sneer,
Full many a time I turned aside
And strove to check the rising tear.
Untutored, yet I felt the sting,
And in the midst of every joy
I knew it was a shameful thing
To be a foundling boy."

There is music for dancing, there is a barcarolle, and Sophia sings a waltz song with a charming defiance of anachronism.

It will be seen that we are far from the spirit of the immortal novel; but the libretto is said to be entertaining. The music is by a composer of indisputable talent and it has been warmly praised. The production will surely be an excellent one, for Mr. Savage is not in the habit of disappointing the public in this respect. The fact that he brings the operetta to us is a guarantee that it will be handsomely and effectively put on the stage.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, the daughter of the well known violinist and conductor, Bernhard Listemann, who will give with her father a concert on Saturday afternoon; Miss Gertrude Quinlan, who will be the Mrs. Honour in the performance of "Tom Jones" this week at the Tremont Theatre; Miss Bessie Abott of the Metropolitan Opera House, who will sing at Symphony Hall this afternoon; Miss Lucy Allen, the soprano at the Sousa concerts on Wednesday; and Mr. Charles W. Clark, the distinguished baritone, who will give his first recital here tomorrow afternoon.

Miss Abott has sung here only once since her vaudeville days, and that was last season at one of Mrs. McAllister's subscription concerts. Miss Listemann, who has an enviable reputation in the West, will sing in Boston for the first time. Miss Allen, educated here and in Italy, is known to local concert-goers, as is Miss Quinlan as a singing comedienne. Mr. Clark, who has not been here since he sang at the Handel and Haydn concert in 1898 ("Arminius"), is ranked in European cities among the very first singers of songs.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Third Sunday concert at popular prices. Miss Bessie Abott of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will sing the Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," R. Strauss' "Serenade," Tschalkowsky's "Berceuse," Godard's "July Song," and Arditi's "Parla" waltz. Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist, will play with Mr. Felix Fox Grieg's sonata in F major, and as solo pieces Wilhelm's transcription of the "Prize Song" from "The Mastersingers" and Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins." Mr. Fox will play Liszt's Cantique d'Amour, a Romance by Gabriel Faure, and a Toccata by Saint-Saens. Mr. Charles K. North will play the flute obligato to the air from "Lucia," and Mr. Rosenstein will be the accompanist.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Charles W. Clark's song recital. The distinguished baritone will sing these songs: Brahms, "Die Mainacht," "Wie Melodien zieht es Mir," "Klage," "Auf dem Kirchhofe," "Meln Liebe ist Gruen," "Vertrath," Marty, "Toast," G. Faure, "Adieu," Duparc, "L'Invitation au Voyage," "La Vague et la Cloche," Handel, "Where'er You Walk," Purcell, "Ah! How Pleasant 'tis to Love," and "I'll Sail Upon the Dog Star," Leveridge, "When Dull Care," Dvorak, Gypsy melodies; Lehmann, "With a Woodland Nosegay"; B. Fairchild, "Grief Song"; V. Harris, song from "Omar Khayyam"; and "Lady Spring"; Homer, "How's My Boy?"; Ferrari, "Joy"; W. Rummel, "Ecstasy."

TUESDAY—Girls' Latin School, Concert by the Music Department of the City of

Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Albert M. Kanrich. Gounod, entracte from "Philemon and Baucis"; Oudshoorn, "Mignonette," for strings; Dvorak, Two Slavonic Dances; Berlioz, overture, "Roman Carnival"; Grieg, "Bridal Procession." Miss Nora Burns, contralto, will sing "Farewell, Ye Hills," from Tschalkowsky's "Joan of Arc," and Buck's "When the Heart Is Young." Mr. Ernest C. Gately, clarinetist, will play a fantasia on airs from "La Sonnambula." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. and 8 P. M. Concerts by Sousa and his band. Miss Lucy Allen, soprano; Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist; Mr. Herbert M. Sousa, "Powhatan" a new march by Mr. Sousa. In the afternoon, the principal numbers will be Liszt's "Les Preludes," Sousa's suite entitled "Three Quotations," and "Jubilee," from Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches. In the evening, Grieg's "Gyt" and Sousa's suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," will be performed among other things.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Apollo Club. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Kucklen, Loyal Song; "From a Bygone Day," Grossbauer, "Love Thine Erelids Close," Dehmel, "Love and Spring"; waltzes; Debussy, "Mysterioso Night"; Krenser, Serenade; Miss Lane, "Heath's a Health to Ane"; Juengst, "The Scissors Grinder"; Meudelssohn, "The Word Went Forth." Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, will play Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia. Wilhelm; Wagner, "Alumn Batt, and Sarasate's "Habenera."

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann's fourth piano recital. The programme will be composed of pieces requested. Mozart, sonata in A major; Weber-Henselt, Rondo Brilliant; Mendelssohn, Song without Words, G major, op. 62, No. 23; Schumann, Romance D minor, "Warum"; and "Griller"; Schubert, Moment Musical, F minor; Tschalkowsky, "The Troika," op. 37, No. 11; Chopin, Ballade, G minor, Nocturne, F minor, Polonaise, A major, Scherzo C sharp minor. This will in all probability be Mr. de Pachmann's last appearance in Boston.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Raymond Hayns' piano recital. Bach, Italian Concerto; Beethoven, Polonaise, C major; Rheinberger, Toccata, G minor; Schubert, Moment Musical, op. 94, No. 2; Mendelssohn, Capriccio, F sharp minor; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2, Ballade, A flat; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto" Fantasia.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, and Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist. Miss Listemann will sing these arias and songs: Gluck, arioso, from "Paris and Helen"; Weckerlin, Minuet de Martin; Spohr, "Wie Blat du Reizend"; Grieg, "A Dream," "A Swan"; Godard, aria from "Tasso"; Mozart, aria from "Il re Pastore"; Chaminade, "Mon Coeur Chant"; R. G. Clark, "A Bowl of Roses"; Beach, Ecstasy; S. Bollinger, "Fancy." Mr. Listemann will play F. Listemann's Concerto, a fantasia by Vieuxtemps, and Hubay's Scene de Czar-das.

JACK FROST IN MIDSUMMER

A Pantomime with Music by Edward B. Hill.

At the entertainment to be given in Boston on Wednesday afternoon, the 15th, and Thursday evening, the 16th, in Jordan Hall, for the benefit of the Trade School for Girls, a striking feature will be the performance of Mr. Joseph L. Smith's pantomime, "Jack Frost in Midsummer," with music by Mr. Edward B. Hill. This pantomime will be performed for the first time in its present form at Chicago next Monday for the benefit of the pension fund of the Theodore Thomas orchestra. Mr. Hill's music is scored for full modern orchestra, including celesta, castanets and wind machine. The composer's intention has been merely to furnish an accessory to the various scenes and words suggested. There has been no attempt at sympathetic treatment, no accepted forms have been employed, but rather to heighten the effect of the action, with occasional touches of realism, and to emphasize as far as possible the contest between the different characters and the scenes in which they appear. If various motives have been employed, they need not after all be particularized, for they are used chiefly to aid the task of the composer, to furnish definiteness and continuity, and by their various rhythmic and harmonic modifications to give individuality to the scenes in which they occur.

There will be an orchestra of 50 men from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Georges Longy will conduct. The pantomime will be at the end of the programme. In this pantomime Mrs. George Rublee will impersonate a moth, and Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith a Toad and Jack Frost. The full programme of the entertainment will be as follows: Berlioz, March from "Les Troyens"; Longy, Rhapsody for saxophone and orchestra (Mrs. E. J. Hall, saxophone); Saint-Saens, aria from "Samson and Delilah" (Mrs. Francis Shaw); Massenet, entracte from "La Navarreise"; LeFebvre, Prelude to "Eloa"; Grieg, "Ani-oara's Dance"—moving picture (Miss Dorothy Jordan); aria (Mrs. Shaw) Loeffler, Divertissement Espagnol for saxophone and orchestra (Mrs. Hall, saxophone); "Jack Frost in Midsummer."

COMING CONCERTS.

There will be no Symphony concert this week. The programme of the Symphony concert of Saturday, the 18th, will include Haydn's symphony, "The Surprise," three German dances by Mozart and Beethoven's fourth symphony.

Miss Abby Longyear, soprano, and Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre, pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall Tuesday evening, the 21st. Miss Longyear will sing songs by Bishop, Handel, Carey, Henschel, Hopckirk, Molly, Clough-Leiter and others. Miss Eyre will play pieces by Brahms, Schuman, Chopin, Schubert, Fischhof and Saint-Saens.

Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, assisted by Mr. Carlo Buonomaci, pianist, and Mr.

Frederick Blair, cellist, will give his second chamber concert in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, the 13th. The programme will include Liszt's "Pathetic" concerto in its original form, a sonata by Nicode for piano and cello and a group of piano pieces to be played by Mr. Fox.

Miss Lottie Williams, soprano, will give a recital in Potter Hall Tuesday afternoon, the 14th, at 3 o'clock, when she will sing songs by Marcello, G. Faure, Charpentier, Debussy, Berlioz, Heitsch, Laforte, Chadwick, Rogers, Mascheroni. Miss Jessie Davis will be the accompanist.

Mr. Charles S. Johnson, pianist, assisted by Miss Bessie B. Collier, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, the 22d. The programme will include Plerne's sonata for piano and violin piano pieces by Bach, Schubert, Brahms, Chopin, Strauss, Schuetz, and violin pieces by R. Strauss and Laub.

Miss Katherine Melley, soprano, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, the 30th.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th, a pianola recital will be given in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Blanche Kilduff, soprano, will sing.

The People's Choral Union will sing for the first time in its history "The Redemption" by Gounod, in Symphony Hall Sunday evening, the 19th. Mr. Samuel W. Cole will conduct. The chorus of 400 voices will be assisted by Mrs. Mary Brackett, soprano; Mrs. Helen Hunt, alto; Miss Mabel Stanaway, alto; Mr. C. B. Shirley, tenor; Mr. Flint, bass; Mr. R. Osborn, bass, and 45 members of the Symphony Orchestra.

A new string quartet has been formed in this city, with players from the Symphony orchestra. Richard Czerwonky, second concertmaster of the orchestra, after whom the quartet is named, is the first violinist. Emanuel Fielder, second violin, Karl Scheurer, viola, and Rudolph Nagel, cello. The quartet's first concert will soon take place in Steinert Hall.

The Flonzaley string quartet of New York (Messrs. Pochon, Ara, Betti and d'Archangeau), which gave concerts in Europe last summer, will give concerts in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evenings, Jan. 21, Feb. 5, March 24.

The programme of the third Kneisel quartet in Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, the 14th, will include Loeffler's quintet for strings, Beethoven's trio, op. 97 (Mr. Bauer, pianist) and Mendelssohn's quartet in D major.

The Boston Musicians' Protective Association will give its fourth annual monster band concert in Mechanics' Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 16, for the benefit of the charitable fund of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association. The band will be conducted by Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. Mr. Ernest S. Williams will be the solo cornetist.

Mr. Bauer's second recital will be in Jordan Hall, Thursday afternoon, the 16th, when he will play Beethoven's sonata, op. 81; Debussy's "Estampes"; Bach's toccata and fugue in C minor; Schubert's andante from sonata in E flat; Chopin's ballade in a minor and polonaise in F sharp minor. Subscriptions may now be sent to Mr. Mudgett.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 18th, when she will sing songs by Schubert, Lowe, Mendelssohn, Jensen, Brueckler, Rubinstein, Nevin, Chadwick, Bond, Ganz. She will also sing a group of Hungarian songs and the Prison Song (in French) from "The Prophet." Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Mudgett.

GENTEEL INFLUENCES.

Streets, like books, have their fate. The great majority of the citizens of Boston, and it is not too much to say of all New England, may well be surprised, and some indignant, at the changing the name "North End Park" to "Scigliano Park," but Boston is not the only city that has known this kind of thing. The changes have not always been due to a bid for future votes.

Many instances of changes in street nomenclature might be quoted from the history of London or from the Lazares' "Dictionnaire des Rues de Paris." Names that had historical significance have been changed because they were thought, forsooth, grotesque or mean. The same thing has happened in our American towns. Thus, some years ago, "Patroon" street in Albany was abandoned for some foolish "avenue." "Patroon" was voted low and common.

Or the great man of a little town wishes to leave a name behind him, and by his money he confers this ignominy on his sycophantic and greedy fellow-townsmen. As a rule, the genteel person is the offender. Some years ago there was a rage for the ending "ville." Before the Adirondacks were overrun with summer "guests," cottagers and those in search of health, a beautiful spot not far from Keene was known as Edmonds' ponds. The spot was named after an old settler, of whom many stories were told. Today the place is Cascadeville! There is Osterville

on Cape Cod. The village, which is in the town of Barnstable, was years ago called after a family or bunch of families that lived there. Later it was Oyster Bay. Then a genteel person appeared and persuaded the people that Oysterville was more euphonious. A still more genteel person succeeded in dropping the "y." Osterville means nothing. Yet there was a time when oysters were as common in Oyster bay as they are now at Cotuit. There was a procession of genteel persons—for a part of Osterville is now named Wianno, and it has its summer postoffice, its bridge whilst parties, its afternoon teas, city dress and fuss. Yet Osterville is still conscious of its superiority, for it has a brass band.

The United States has been called the most sentimental of all nations. Sentimental, perhaps; but true sentiment includes respect for the past, reverence for historical tradition. In this we, as a nation and as individuals, are sadly lacking.

AT SYMPHONY HALL

Series of Concerts for Benefit of Roxbury Aid Society Resumed.

The series of Sunday concerts given in Symphony Hall by the Roxbury Aid Society was resumed yesterday afternoon, after an interval of two Sundays during the holidays. The soloists were Miss Bessie Abott, soprano; T. Adamowski, violinist, and Felix Fox, pianist. C. K. North, flutist, and Mr. Rosenstein, accompanist, assisted. The programme included Grieg's sonata in F major for violin and piano; piano solos, Liszt's "Cantique d'Amour," Faure's Romance, Saint-Saens' Toccata; violin pieces, Wilhelm's arrangement of the Prize Song from Wagner's "Meistersinger," Bazzini's "La Ronde des Lutins," and the following songs: "Mad scene" from "Lucia," Strauss' Serenade, Tschalkowsky's Berceuse, Godard's "Chanson de Juliet" and a waltz song by Arditi.

The concert was one of unusual interest, as it was the occasion of Miss Abott's first public appearance here as a concert singer. She was apparently somewhat hampered by a cold yesterday afternoon, but the quality of her performance was not marred, and the voice itself was delightful, although it could not be used very lavishly. It was a pleasure to hear the "mad" scene sung without too apparent effort, without grimace, and in tune; for often the performance of this scene causes no emotion on the part of the hearer except anxiety. The music itself is, to many, the ideal of concert or opera music; and those to whom it is dull or irritating must make up their minds to hear either this or the "Hamlet" mad scene when a new soprano makes her debut. Miss Abott's success, in this and in her other groups, was notable, and she was obliged to add an encore piece at the end of each group. The personality, and what must be called, for want of a better word, the style of the singer, were largely responsible for the warmth of her reception.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Adamowski maintained well their share in the general interest of the concert. Both are so well known here that it is not necessary to comment upon the quality of their performance, except to remark in passing that the ensemble in the sonata was noteworthy.

Mr. Fox had made an admirable group of solo pieces, which he augmented by a prelude by McDowell, played with characteristic taste, but the intimate nature of one or two of these pieces was somewhat lost in the large hall. During the performance of Faure's delicate Romance many were disturbed by the entrance and the inexcusable rudeness of some late comers.

Mr. North played the flute obligato to the scene from "Lucia" with accustomed excellence, and Mr. Rosenstein's accompaniments deserve a special comment. The audience was highly appreciative.

Men and Things

Mr. Orrin H. Perry, who, as "Eugene Ferralton, the Living Skeleton," was known to thousands, died a few days ago at East Providence, where, tired of the gaping world and its admiration, he had lived for several years as a hermit.

He weighed 80 pounds and he was six feet and one inch in height. The lean fellow, who, according to Old Fortunatus beats all conquerors, was jealous of Mr. Perry's thinness, and, not being able to fatten him and thus remove a rival, sent him down with the celebrated sly the fact is a ways whetted.

The books of wonders abound in accounts of fat men and women; of women like Mrs. Bimby, who married at the age of 50, became mad on her wedding day immediately after coming from church and from her forehead grew a crooked horn six inches long; of men who, sad to relate, also had horns start from their forehead or from the top of their pate; of wild men, and of incredible monsters; but there is little mention of living skeletons.

Atienachs, it is true, gives a list of few. Of them, Cincias was sickly and a bad fellow, far and impious. The most interesting of the group was Philetas, the grammarian, critic, poet, and Cos. He was so short and so thin that he was obliged to put lead into his shoes to prevent his being carried away by the wind, though Aellon did not give credit to this story, for he thought shrewdly that a man who was not able to bear up against the wind would not have been able to wear such heavy shoes. Philetas wrote elegies on the misfortunes of lovers. "In all probability," says the ingenious Mr. Bayle, "he was seldom successful in his amorous pursuits, but met with continual reverses." Thin as he was, he was a man of parts, for he searched keenly after the sophism called "the Liar." Now, the sophism ran this way: "If you say that you tell a lie, and in saying this you tell the truth, you tell a lie; now you say that you lie, and in this you say the truth; consequently you lie in telling the truth."

Mr. Perry left no diary, no volume of memoirs behind him, and we do not now recall any autobiography of a Living Skeleton. We have been told that the Lion Tamer is almost always hen-pecked and timorous at home; that the Bearded Lady compels her husband to shave at least once every day; that the Glass Eater in private life does not eat dumplings and jolly dishes for luncheon; that the Giant and the Dwarf are often rivals in courtship of the Circassian Lady. What are the tastes and prejudices of a Living Skeleton? Artemus told the Londoners that he once took one, the thinnest man he ever saw, to Australia. No sooner was the vessel at sea than he began to eat ravenously. "He had never been on the ocean before, and he said it agreed with him." He ate enormously of beef, mutton, pork, and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. When they arrived at Melbourne, the Living Skeleton weighed 64 pounds more than Artemus weighed. Artemus took him to California, a long voyage, and in San Francisco exhibited him as a Fat Man.

It has been said that female freaks look with more favor on the Living Skeleton than on the Fat Man or the Glass Eater. The ancients believed that those who seek after wisdom should first make themselves thin. There were processes known before that of Banting, the London cabinet-maker. The great Capt. Chippino Vitelli was so fat that he wore a band from his neck to support his paunch, but he rid himself of 97 pounds and then took pleasure in wrapping himself in the skin of the paunch as in a cuirass: "Detumescente abdomine, defluenteque ventris pelle, quæ pset se thoracis instar involubat," as Favianus Strada puts it, in the language of the ancient Romans. We know how Vitelli did the trick, but should we explain it, or tell how Mme. Desmatins' flesh was reduced by a skillful butcher, might lead unwieldy readers to rash, perhaps fatal, experiments.

That even a peerless Circassian Beauty should love passionately a Living Skeleton is not incredible. There is a profound psychological truth in Hugo's description of the Duchess Josiane's infatuation for the ever laughing Gwynplaine. The story of Casanova's grotesque adventure with the hunchback is not beyond belief. Baudelaire wept the death of a few giantesses by consumption and two dwarfed women by gastritis. He would sigh as he lamented them and would end his sad tale: "One of these dwarfs was only about two feet and a half high, but you cannot have everything in this world." Baudelaire, however, delighted in wild speeches to

make a bourgeois sit up. Did he not on a dark, horror-stricken public officer whether he had ever eaten the brains of a little child? "Try the dish; it tastes like walnut meats; it is excellent." And in a restaurant frequented by provincials he began a story in a loud voice: "After I had assassinated my poor father."

Freaks have their perquisites and privileges. Last November a man died at Norwalk, Ct., who preferred the poorhouse to fame and riches. His name was John Harding. Although he was 43 years old, he was no larger than a normal 2-year-old baby. His arms and legs were gnarled and twisted from his birth; he never walked, he never crept. He had been offered \$300 a week to show himself, but pride ruled his days. There are few freaks or normal beings, who do not consent to exhibit themselves, either in a side show or in the great circus of the world.

CHARLES W. CLARK

Mr. Charles W. Clark gave a song recital in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows: Brahms, Die Mainacht, Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Klage, Auf dem Kirchhofe, Meine Liebe ist gruen, Verrath, Martyr, Toast; G. Faure, Adieu; Duparc, Invitation Au Voyage, and La Vague et la Cloche; Handel, "Where'er You Walk"; Purcell, "Ah! How Pleasant"; and "I'll Sail Upon the Dogstar"; Leveridge, "When Dull Care"; Dvorak, Gipsy melodies; Lehmann, "With a Woodland Nosegay"; Blair Fairchild, Grief song; V. Harris, song from "Omar Khayyam"; and Lady Spring, S. Homer, "How's My Boy"; Ferrari, "Joy"; W. Rummel, "Ecstasy." Mr. Jules Wertheim was the accompanist.

Mr. Clark, born in Ohio, studied singing in Chicago and in London. He sang in Boston with the Handel and Haydn Society in "Arminius" Feb. 27, 1898, and believe at a performance of "The Messiah" Dec. 20, 1897, when he was called on to take the place of Mr. Rains. In 1902 he made Paris his dwelling place. He has sung with great success, if there is any fall to be put in newspaper notices, in Paris, Berlin, London and other European cities. The reviews published in daily journals and in the music periodicals have been most flattering.

Small Audience.

Mr. Clark was perhaps not in the vein yesterday; or perhaps he was depressed by an audience that was pitifully small and at first restless, for between the songs of the first group women were allowed to take their seats, or rather to choose their seats, and there was much moving about and some whispering. Perhaps he was suffering somewhat from the epidemic of grip. It is more reasonable and more courteous to assign these reasons than to say that he has been greatly overpraised in Europe.

The programme was in some respects an interesting one. The song by Marty is commonplace, but it was a pleasure to hear the songs by Duparc, which may be ranked with "Phidyle" and "Extase" by the same composer. It was also pleasant to hear the superb songs of Purcell and the ditty of Leveridge, who, at the age of 60, offered for 100 guineas to sing a bass song against any man in England; but the seven songs of the last group might well have been omitted. Fairchild's "Grief" has a certain lugubrious distinction; but the other songs, from Liza Lehmann's commonplace melody after the approved sheet-music pattern dear to bulbous British matrons dozing after a heavy dinner, to Rummel's labored and important expression of ecstasy are unworthy the attention of any singer of great reputation and were a sad contrast to the preceding groups.

Rather Sombre.

Mr. Clark suffered yesterday from the fanfares that announced his coming. His voice is manly, rather sombre, and it does not lend itself easily to effects of color. His mechanism is by no means flawless—witness his singing of "roulades." Nor was there so great a versatility in the interpretation as we had been led to expect; nor was there the emotional intensity that has been praised abroad. The majority of effects were made by contrasts between forte and piano; there was little subtlety in rhetorical expression by varied uses of tone; there was seldom an exhibition of the personal magnetism or the individual power that makes a song a thing of separate peculiar beauty, something more than a succession of notes arranged on the page. Mr. Clark was especially successful in the simple expression of that which was obvious and expected.

'TOM JONES' AT THE TREMONT THEATRE

TREMONT THEATRE—"Tom Jones," book based on Fielding's novel, by Robert Courtneidge and A. M. Thompson, lyrics by Charles H. Taylor, music by Edward German, performed

in Boston for the first time by Mr. Henry W. Savage's company. Mr. Herman Perlet conducted. The cast was as follows:

Tom Jones.....Albert Parr
Mr. Allworthy.....Albert Pellaton
Miss Western.....Vernon Trevor
Benjamin Partridge.....William Norris
Squire Western.....Henry Norman
Gregory.....John Bunney
Grizzle.....Bernard Gorcey
Dobbin.....Howard Worthing
An officer.....Joseph Royer
Sophia.....Louise Gunning
Honour.....Gertrude Quinlan
Lady Bellaston.....May Mooney
Hostess.....Florence Burgett

Characters from Fielding's immortal novel appeared last night on the stage of the Tremont Theatre as at a masquerade. Squire Western was the most easily recognized. Partridge was quickly discovered, and so was Sophia, though the most charming heroine in English fiction had black hair, but donned a wig for operetta. Mr. Allworthy, who in this masquerade was made up to resemble Charles I., the martyr whose death is still mourned by the rising young Jacobites of Boston, would have been as big a bore as he is in the novel had he had as much to say. Lady Bellaston, our old and esteemed friend, the lady of quality, was still passionately fond of Tom, but she yielded weakly to the conventionalities and offered him her hand, heart, real estate and personal property in lawful wedlock. Tom never knew or heard of Molly Seagrim or Mrs. Waters, and he spurned the unladylike advances of Mistress Bellaston in the last act—a most exemplary young man in his operetta dress. It is a pity that Fielding could not see him and applaud his principles. This founding is not Tom Jones, weak, human, lovable in spite of his chief failing. He might better be Bill Smith or Jack Robinson. But in this case there might be no operetta.

Plot is Coherent.

Let us forget the novel, if possible, and consider the libretto of the operetta as a story without a dominating background. It may then be said that the plot is coherent, reasonable enough, interesting in an unexciting way. As produced at the Tremont, with the English music of Mr. German—a Welshman, whose real name is Jones—it is a pleasant entertainment, a good example of the kind that is called "a clean and wholesome show." There is both sentimental and comedy interest, though the former is the more pronounced.

For the comedy of the libretto itself is of the mild and obvious kind still dear to Englishmen. Much is made of Squire Western's gouty foot; there is tumbling down stairs, and there is the eccentric going up stairs of Mr. Partridge. But there is little horseplay, and there are true character parts. The operetta may justly be called a comedy with music.

Mr. German is a composer of talent, who has won an enviable reputation by his light and serious works. In "Tom Jones" his music has the old fashioned, appropriate English character. There is nothing that is borrowed from across the channel, and the waltz song in the last act is not unmistakably of Viennese origin. Both songs and choruses have English flavor. The most conspicuous "numbers" are the trio in the first act, the madrigal in the second, the gavotte and a chorus in the third. The rest of the music, however, shows a sure hand, practised in stage routine. If this music is not striking or haunting, it is not wearisome. It is respectably made; the ensembles are effectively written, the instrumentation is discreet; at times it is colored skillfully, and it then has a real charm.

Character Parts.

There are as I have said character parts to be played by character actors, as those of Western, Gregory, Partridge, Honour. It matters little what or how these characters sing. These parts were, on the whole, satisfactorily impersonated by Messrs. Norman, Bunney, Norris and Miss Quinlan. Mr. Norris gave at first a careful sketch of the garrulous busybody—I refer, of course, to the operetta Partridge, not the Partridge of the novel. Later he became the popular comedian, taking the name of Partridge to reveal freely his own personality. As a result there were gasps and quips, some of which were amusing, but more were not.

Mr. Bunney's Gregory was an excellent impersonation. Mr. Norman's Western was a veritable human being, who suggested strongly his famous original. Nor should the waiter at Ranelagh be forgotten, who mimed his part admirably. Mr. Parr's Tom was inclined to be stolid, but we should never forget that the operetta Tom would not bring a blush to the cheek of the youngest officer of the Watch and Ward Society. This Tom was stolid, then, but with the physical attractiveness that often goes with stolidity.

Miss Gunning was a charming Sophia, fair to the eye and pleasant to the ear. Miss Quinlan was a coquettish Honour who excited laughter and applause. It was a pity that Mrs. Mooney, with her rich, full contralto voice, had no more to sing.

The chorus singers and action were of the best quality, but this is expected of any performance managed by Mr. Savage. The operetta was suitably and handsomely mounted. An adequate orchestra was led with care and spirit by Mr. Perlet. An audience that filled the theatre was evidently much pleased; its appreciation was unmistakable.

COMPARATIVE MODESTY.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer quotes the opinion of a railway conductor to the effect that men are more modest in the act of opening a bag or valise in a sleeping car than women are. Not that the average woman

is brazen in this respect. "She simply hasn't anything in her traveling case to be ashamed of, or if she has, it's tucked away out of sight." The man uses the lid as a screen. If he pulls out his pyjamas "he'll do it with an embarrassed look on his face."

Are women less "modest" than men? It depends, first of all, on how you define modesty. After that is settled there should be inquiry into chronological and geographical conditions. "Modesty" in English originally meant "moderation, self-control, clemency"; then the quality of having a moderate opinion of oneself; and at last "womanly propriety of behavior; scrupulous chastity of thought, speech and conduct (in men or women); reserve or sense of shame proceeding from instinctive aversion to impure or coarse suggestions." Inasmuch as the early Christians taught that the human body is necessarily impure, which led for centuries to a shameful neglect of the ordinary laws of hygiene, it came about naturally that the word "modesty" was applied to a kind of veil for the concealment of the bosom. This veil became a weapon of coquetry, as we learn from the Gentleman's Magazine of 1731: "Sometimes the stomacher rises almost to the chin and a modesty-bit serves the purpose of a ruff; at other times but half-way, and the modesty is but a transparent shade to the beauties beneath."

Surgeons and physicians say that their male patients are the more shamefaced in exposure of any part of the body. The sister of St. Gregory of Nyssa was afflicted with cancer, but she could not bear that a surgeon should see it, and her modesty was rewarded by a miraculous cure. There you have the early Christian idea. We have changed all that. The modern girl, trained athletically, instructed sensibly, has put away all idea of false modesty, and much that has been considered modesty was in reality only prurient or silly prudishness. The ancient Greek and Roman women had no false shame. It was the daughter of Pythagoras, not the sage himself, to whom was attributed the famous saying about the duty of a woman to put aside modesty on certain occasions.

Men are more self-conscious than women in public. A man would be much more disconcerted to find his stocking curling over his boot when he is endeavoring to be agreeable in a parlor than a woman would be if some such trivial accident befell her. Man's modesty is often synonymous with self-consciousness or vanity. The oriental woman veiled her face and was not disturbed if other parts of her body were revealed. What normal man would be brave enough to attend a dinner party with bare shoulders and a low-necked shirt? Modesty, in the conventional meaning of the word, is governed by custom, time and country.

Men and Things.

MAN'S inhumanity to man makes countless thousands cough. You sit in a street car and the man next you or opposite coughs violently and frankly, an open, generous cough, as though he did not wish to keep a good thing to himself. Or in the theatre a woman barks directly behind you and sprays you liberally. Or at a dinner party your fair neighbor assures you that she is coming down with the grip. Your chivalry is aroused and you swear with a melting glance that you will have it with her. She, too, coughs without use of her hand as a screen. The sly, apologetic cough mentioned in "Hudibras" is out of date.

Children were formerly taught that it was rude to cough in a person's face

they were taught table manners and a care of the hands. Today grown men and women are singularly brutal in their manner of coughing, utterly thoughtless of others. We know a man who takes a vial of germicide and a raver with him wherever he goes. He uses sulphur naphthol, an odorous preparation. (Some would prefer the grip, bronchitis, or a bug sore throat.) He is been driven to it by the intolerable denseness of otherwise estimable citizens and citizenesses. . . .

We have received a little pamphlet entitled "The Household Doctor." The only clew to the authorship is the line "Printed in America," which is printed at the bottom of certain pages. There is a passage that bears directly on this neighborly coughing. We quote verbatim et literatim: "Grandpa dreamed that sometimes one boards a car, and, after getting comfortably seated, they discover that the car, the doctor, contains germs that comes direct from the throat and the mouth of individuals who previous to that time was in the capacity of having their seat, under the jurisdiction of it. The Doctor says in such a form that the car is not a healthy state. Then how is it when one boards a car and gets comfortably seated, later on the car becomes packed with humanity, the same as cattle in cattle cars. The Doctor says the car in such a condition is not a particle more healthier." . . .

There is not a page of "The Household Doctor" that does not tempt to quotation, but one more extract must suffice for the present: "Grandpa dreamed that it was not for what a man may eat or drink, such as tea, coffee, and his regular meals, and was to each day indulge in intoxicating beverages, how long would the man's system stand it. The doctor says but for very short period it makes great deal difference with man drinking, that is located in good circumstances and with a man that is exhibited in such important condition as the man in good circumstances have his breakfast, his dinner, his supper, his comfortable bed to lay down on." No family should be without this little book. . . .

We have also received a copy of "Worldward Ho!" by "Pierce, Boston." It is published in a handsome form and can be carried easily in an upper waistcoat pocket. The author, we learn from the notice of copyright, is Mr. George Winslow Pierce, an accomplished mathematician and philosopher, whose previous works—was not one of them "The Love Life of an Algebrast"—excited unusual attention. "Worldward Ho!" is an "American Epic-Allegory." There is an "Ascription"; there is also an introduction. We quote a portion of the latter, for it explains Mr. Pierce's poetical methods:

"Final 'ed's' are syllabicate separate, most cases (carried, 3-, unfastened, 4-syllabic, 6. sonant):

XXXXVI. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Unfastened he to where its starry play
Deflected, kissed, the light of earthly day,
A Conquering Symbol at her fingers' tips
Which she, unparried, carried to her lips.
"And quantification, grocer's scales
led leading poets to the contrary, in-
cluded generous (hanged for hung). Also
that italics should mark only meanings
that might otherwise be overlooked,
vice lost (by the owner first and after-
ward by her captors in the confusion of
the hunt, followed unexpectedly by a
dog), or emphasize the preceding. . . .
Humor is Breadth; Wit, Point: at right
angles in direction; their combination
often effective. (Humor looking back-
ward upon the author; Wit, toward the
adversary, Indulgent Reader.) Pierce's
rhetoric (unpublished)." . . .

The poem itself is not always easy reading. We quote at random.

and ere th' night th' Gu (Gleim) S (ku) m
S. G.
became as thick again as thick can be
with scurf, duck feathers, evidently thatch,
orange twigs and grasses twisted off, and
what
orange appropriates t' breeches patch,
or earlier purpose patented or not;
such lacking your Descriptives and a board
arranto advanced Columbus toward.

Jan 8 1908

GRIP AND INFLUENZA.

The prevalence of the grip recalls a statement made by Turgenev in his correspondence with Mme. Viardot, which was published recently. Turgenev was at Paris in 1847 when he wrote: "Of the 900,000 inhabitants of this city, 899,999 have the grip. The one that is free from it is Louis Philippe, for he has all sorts of good reasons whether you suffer in consequence of the rude and reckless coughing of

another; whether the industrious bug went down your throat in street car or theatre, these are interesting questions; but the origin of the term itself is no less interesting. Many are under the impression that grip, or "the la grippe"—for this blunder is sometimes made, especially by the ultra-genteel—is a new fangled name for an old disease, as for years appendicitis was vaguely called "inflammation of the bowels."

It was in 1776 that Jekyll, writing to a friend, described an epidemic cold that spread itself from London to Barcelona. "In passing through this kingdom (France) it has obtained the name of 'grippe'—a term significant enough from the nature of its attack on the throat." It was in 1803 that the poet Campbell mentioned the fact that it was then the fashion to call the influenza "la grippe." In England the epidemic of 1803-04 was generally known by the imported name—and this name, as some say, was first applied in France by Sauvages of Montpellier in 1722.

It is easy to see why the epidemic is named the grip; but why "influenza"? The Italian word has the various sense of the English "influence," but it has also the idea of the visitation or outbreak of any epidemic which prostrates many at the same time and place. This idea was the result of a belief in astral or occult influence. The "influence" of stars was recognized in English literature as far back as the time of Chaucer. We find the idea of beneficent stars in the familiar line in "Job": "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" An epidemic was the work of malign stars or powers of darkness. Therefore it was an influenza. In 1743 "influenza" was applied specifically to the epidemic, also called "la grippe," which raged in Italy and then spread over the continent.

"La grippe" has been taken into the English language and anglicized as "grip." The first use of the latter word, noted by the New English Dictionary, was in a Boston newspaper of 1891, for Lowell, in 1904, mentioning the disease preferred the French spelling. Yet "grip"—"rapino, violence, or a violent catching, forcible taking of other men's things"—was the spelling of the French word in the 17th century (see Randle Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary," London, 1673).

It is a pleasant thing to know all this, and a sufferer may thus croak at greater length and possibly more entertainingly to a sympathetic visitor, but the discomfort of the disease itself is not thereby mitigated. As Camille Flammarion's encyclopaedia puts it, "the debut of the disease is brusque," and the disease sticketh closer than a brother, and is loath to farewell the victim.

MISS GROSVENOR'S DEBUT

She Makes a Pleasing Impression in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

Miss Charlotte Grosvenor made her operatic debut as Juliet in Gounod's opera, "Romeo and Juliet," yesterday afternoon at the Castle Square Theatre. The audience was as large as the theatre could well hold, every seat and much of the standing room being taken.

Miss Grosvenor, although this was her first public appearance, had previously been heard here in operatic recitals of a semi-private nature, and she is remembered as the possessor of a voice of considerable distinction. Yesterday afternoon she made a very pleasing impression, and if she had not all the passion of Shakespeare's more or less sophisticated heroine, she had in full measure the girliness, grace and charm that the part requires. Her voice is not one of great volume, yet it filled the theatre without being forced, and it may be added that Miss Grosvenor did not make the common mistake of forcing it, even in the ensemble numbers. It is a beautiful voice, of virginal purity and incisive without becoming sharp.

She sang the aria with style and a pure intonation that fell gratefully upon the ear accustomed to many transgressions in that line. In make-up there were one or two points to be improved—a little more color in the cheeks and less about the eyes would suit better her physique, of which the natural delicacy needs no accentuation, but rather for histrionic reasons, such touches as will offset it. In action Miss Grosvenor for the most part sustained the impression made by her singing; for she knows the value of repose, and such slight evidences of nervous intensity as are natural to a first appearance were few and unobtrusive. For the rest there was no evidence of the sort of nervousness that gets across the footlights, for she sang and acted with apparent confidence and ease.

The applause grew heartier as the performance progressed—the best tribute to that performance.

In other respects the cast was as upon the opening night, and the general performance was much improved; the ensembles were smoother, the intonation of the chorus better, and the concerted action was admirable from beginning to end.

Men and Things

ANY who never saw George Dixon in or out of the ring heard of his death with regret, just as they had sympathized with him in his last glorious years. They had read of his courage, coolness, squareness and reckless generosity, and they would have liked to see him downing one antagonist after the other with those "piston rod" blows which once were feared by men of heavier weight.

While Dixon was climbing the hill of fame, and when he rested for a time on the summit, we heard many stories about his loyalty to friends and other amiable and estimable qualities. There was a time when he served as waiter in a restaurant or boarding house in the West end. It was his practice for several years to advise men whom he had served to bet on him in a mill and even to give odds, when he knew that it would be a sure thing. When he was doubtful about the result, he would send a message of caution. The late Otto Langerfeldt, the painter, was one of the men thus benefited, and he had many anecdotes to tell about Dixon's modesty, kind disposition, gentlemanly instincts. All this was in the years before Dixon began the hopeless task of attempting to knock out the Demon Rum. Friends made over a bottle forsake quickly any man who can no longer furnish a bottle, whether it be in the club, at the home of the one that entertains no more, or in a boozing ken. That troops of friends should abandon Dixon when he was down and out was to be expected. It is a pleasure to hear that Mr. John L. Sullivan was faithful to the last.

When Mr. Charles H. Patten, "wealthy owner" of the Palatine bank at Palatine, Ill., was questioned about the report from London that his son, Paul, had married Dolly Powell, a barmaid, he struck a surprised attitude and exclaimed: "Barmaid or no barmaid, if she is worthy she will be welcomed with open arms by this family and me." Much will depend, however, on the tact of the ex-barmaid. She should, above all, refrain from criticising the wines and liquors or the manner of serving them in the father's house. Above all, she should commend the cocktails mixed by the paternal hand. The amateur cocktail reminds the guest either of burning fluid or some highly scented hair oil. If Dolly is wise she will forget her professional training, with its nice sense of proportion. She will not only praise the cocktail, she will inquire curiously into the prescription, and write it out for a dear friend in London.

There is discussion of the question whether the modern bulldog is lacking in expression. The finely bred dog of this kind should have a face distinguished by sourness, "the sourness of aloofness rather than the sourness of ill temper, a sourness that in the human being would probably be described as haughtiness." The Scottish word "dourness," which includes determination with sourness," is preferred by some. The early treatises on dogs say little about their physiognomy, yet the grayhound and the Pomeranian are snobbish in the face; the coach dog has a dissipated air; the bulldog is, first of all, cynical. The word "dour" means hard, stern, severe, also sullen, gloomy, unsocial, and "dourness" means obstinacy, stubbornness, rather than "determination," while it also means melancholy, gloominess. A bulldog with a face of foolish good-nature is wholly wrong, physically, mentally, morally. Children would distrust him.

Wives often annoy husbands by the detail of their devotion, by their wish

to conduct their personality through the journey of life in a manner that would have put the great Mr. Cook to the blush. Arabella, for instance, will say to her Eugene: "My dear, I don't see how you men can wear such thick clothes in the house. It must be bad for the health. Compare the weight you carry with the weight of my dress. No wonder that you catch cold so easily." Eugene should read Dr. Francis Cavanagh's "The Care of the Body," published in "The New Library of Medicine" series. Dr. Cavanagh discusses the great advantage which men have over women in respect to their clothing, as being "preferable in every way and for every reason to that of the average woman. It is lighter, warmer, more suitable to every movement, more sanitary, better adapted to the protection of all susceptible parts, and, even if the weights in each case were the same, is carried with less expenditure of energy, and with a minimum of harm caused by either weight or tightness." Yet, what would he use? Eugene might read aloud with clear, bell-like tones and rhetorical emphasis, but Arabella would not be convinced.

Perhaps Eugene would make a mistake to bring Dr. Cavanagh's book into the house, for the doctor was against "certain absurdities" in man's dress: his stiff, unventilated hat, his waistcoat, the "unwashed trouser-pocket." He declares the white shirt to be "as an article of genuine clothing absolutely contemptible," though it has a scientific function: it is a "revealer of dirt." But why is a waistcoat, properly made, absurd? It is not, when it is buttoned high for ordinary wear. Nor is a gorgeously colored waistcoat to be despised. We found one once at Rome in Italy, not New York. The foundation color was a rich blue and this blue was spotted lavishly with yellow. We have searched vainly in recent years for one exactly like it. Possibly Bathhouse John of Chicago has one in his collection.

It is a pity that Huysmans did not live to record the cure of Miss Daisy Grenet at Lourdes after a paralysis of nine years. Huysmans' book, "Les Foules de Lourdes," is not known as much as it should be. In it Huysmans, the natural born skeptic, and Huysmans, the sincere convert, assist each other in the investigation of the reported cures. This book is a more sincere and a deeper study than "Lourdes" by Zola, which is after the manner of a newspaper report, with photographically realistic descriptions. Huysmans' book is one of art and science, also one of faith, but not of prejudiced, blind and dull-eared faith.

A FEW PUFFS.

In one of Bayard Taylor's novels the hero slowly educates his wife to the enjoyment of tobacco as smoked by him. By puffing cabanas in the sitting room he convinced her that smoking was not a sin, and at last persuaded her that it benefited his health, stimulated his mind and quickened his marital affection. But Taylor did not venture to show his hero tempting the wife successfully to share his nicotine pleasure, for Taylor wrote at a time when the fact that George Sand smoked furiously in her stormy days was considered, this side of the Atlantic, as an indisputable proof of her total depravity.

There has recently been more or less discussion whether a woman should be allowed to smoke in an American hotel dining room or in a restaurant. Here is a matter that should be settled by the landlord. The "morality" of the act itself, to a mind freed from cant, does not appear to be involved, but the conventionality is, according to the period and the place.

Woman has long been sporadically through the centuries a smoker. In the Elizabethan days she smoked, although some may deem it significant that the first Englishwoman to light the weed, Mistress Moll Frith, was familiarly known as "The Roaring Girl." Women and young children used to smoke in the seventeenth century. It was usual to offer tobacco pipes to ladies in the theatre, and this was long before the

of the continuous Jorevin de Rochefort, as in England were published in 1672, tells how pipes and were set on the table in English households after supper, and women joined the men; how mothers filled tobacco pipes for their children to take to school; how, at an appointed hour, the schoolmaster ordered a general lighting and gave instruction in the art.

There were two ways of taking or "drinking" the tobacco in those brave days. The first method, as described by Dr. Venner, was to detain smoke in the mouth and then to thrust it forth at the nostrils; the second was to receive it in the lungs and stomach, "for consuming and deturbing of crudities and windnesses that shall offend in those parts." Yet in certain plays of the Tudor period women cry "Fie!" to the habit.

Spanish women have been reckoned as accomplished smokers, but Beatty-Kingston made the surprising statement: "The home-bred daughter of Iberia is as abstinent in the matter of smoke as she is ravenous in that of garlic." On the other hand, Richard Ford, who knew Spain well sixty years ago, speaking of the prevalence of smoking in that country, and of sharing tobacco, especially when one was to do another a deadly injury, said: "The 'innocent' Isabel, who does not smoke, substitutes sugar plums; she regaled Olozaga with a sweet present when she was 'doing him.'" But the woman of the Antilles smokes like a furnace.

To smoke in public where the public is not accustomed to woman's use of tobacco is an act of bravado. If the offenders say our great grandmothers smoked, the answer might be: Some smoked pipes, it is true, but not cigarettes—and in the kitchen, not at the tavern, not in the meeting house. Is it the custom for swell Englishwomen to smoke? The great majority do this in private, and women of like position in France do not smoke at all, for so fashion now decrees. No man likes to see a woman in his charge making herself conspicuous before strangers. The true amorist has a still more serious objection: Cigarettes stain the fingers and vitiate the breath of his beloved one.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES PLEASING CONCERT

Second Entertainment of the Season at Jordan Hall— Varied Programme.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its second concert of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. Jacques Hoffmann, violinist; John A. O'Shea, organist and pianist, and Grant Drake, pianist, assisted. The programme included Kuecken's "Loyal Song," folk song, "From a Bygone Day," Grossbauer's "Love, Thine Eyelids Close," Weinzierl's "Love and Spring," Debols' "Mysterious Night," Kremser's Serenade, old Scotch song, "Here's a Health"; Juengst's "The Scissors Grinder," Mendelssohn's "The Word Went Forth" and these violin pieces: Wieniawski's "Faust," Fantasia, Wagner-Wilhelm's "Romance" and Sarasate's "Habanera."

The concert was a pleasant one, and the performances by this club are so nearly uniform in quality that to discuss each concert in comparison with those previous would be splitting hairs. Last evening's programme was, however, a singularly uneven one.

In several instances the choruses chosen were wholly unworthy of the admirable performance they received, as Weinzierl's waltz song. This piece pleased, nevertheless, by its tunes and

rhythm, and if it was somewhat long, at least it went at a good, steady pace and got over the ground like a freight train. In marked contrast to this were the Scotch air and the amusing song by Juengst. The former was arranged for a male chorus by Margaret Lang, and it seemed indeed a beautiful and gracious thing. It was sung with true sentiment, and caused a stir of pleasure that was a greater tribute than the applause. The other chorus was sung with keen appreciation of its humor, a humor that, expressed in the music, not in the words, was instantly felt by the audience. There was laughter as well as applause, and the piece had to be repeated.

There were other encores, both by the club and by Mr. Hoffmann, who was warmly applauded for his solo playing.

SOUSA IN SYMPHONY HALL.

Two Excellent Concerts Given to Appreciative Audiences.

Sousa and his band gave two excellent concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday before enthusiastic audiences. Sousa was assisted by Miss Lucy Allen, soprano; Miss Jeanette Powers, violinist, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist.

Mr. Sousa's programmes yesterday introduced something new to Boston. The new feature was the march, "Powhatan's Daughter." It goes into history as another purely Sousa march and takes a place in the music cabinet with his march efforts of the past. It was encored again and again and served to add one more stirring number to the whistler's catalogue.

The two programmes were of the best the popular leader could manufacture. The suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," was one of the excellent numbers, the climax, depicting the destruction of Pompeii and the death of Nydia, being interpreted in excellent manner. Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" was another selection which was rewarded with rapturous applause. By far the most artistic number of the night was Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. Always well received by most audiences, it was certainly given all the applause due it at last night's concert.

The closing number last evening was the Ride of the Valkyries, from "Die Walkure." As graphically described by Sousa and his band, one could almost see the long-haired, wild-eyed maidens flying through the air on fiery chargers. It was indeed a fitting close to an interesting programme.

But the other features of the concert should not be forgotten. Miss Allen's rendition of Meyerbeer's "Roberto" earned applause which resulted in a pretty encore. Miss Powers proved to be a perfect master of the violin, and gave the "Slav" caprice. Mr. Clarke, always a favorite, gave for his solo, a new "Rondo Caprice," written by himself. Mr. Clarke was warmly encored.

CONCERT FOYER

Embalmers of Vocal Faults and Merits; Graphophones Human, Mechanical,

NOTES CONCERNING CONCERTS TO COME

BY PHILIP HALE

It is not surprising that operatic singers charge a large sum for singing into a graphophone. There is a record made of faults, and posterity may wonder at these faults. Mr. Caruso, for instance, has a remarkable voice, a voice without a parallel for golden quality and sensuous charm. Mr. Caruso often sings exceedingly well. He sometimes sings indifferently, and at times he is inclined to abuse the portamento, which being interpreted, means to slide up and down, to slur, to scoop, to shovel the tone. He also is inclined to linger unreasonably on an extreme upper tone, to raise and lower himself from it as from a ring in a gymnasium. These vocal faults are all carefully exhibited in certain records as though they were pointed out by a jealous rival. Posterity will know intimately Mr. Caruso's evil tricks and voice of gold. These tricks are the more apparent when there is no stage illusion, no sight of the singer, no quiet participation of the spectator in the dramatic action.

I have mentioned Mr. Caruso as a shocking example, simply because he is famous. Certain records give an erroneous idea of his indisputable talent. There are records that show him at his best. Probably the most injurious to him is that of his performance of the air in Donizetti's "Elixir of Love." Two of the best are those in which he sings in duets.

It would add to the value of these records if each singer were first to speak into the machine a preface to the air. The New York Times published recently pictures of a few singers and each one expressed a golden thought for the occasion. Thus, Mme. Emma Eames was represented as saying: "I love the role of Tosca as it deals with the elemental emotions and is direct and simple—a rest after Wagnerian brain-pickings." Yes, Scarpi, our old friend Baron Scarpi, is

elemental in his wooing, not unlike a cave-man. But what are "Wagnerian brain-pickings"?

Mrs. Bressler-Glanoli said with reference to her picture: "Carmen is, I think, the most complete, the most original personification of the feminine character, and, therefore, it is so beloved by the artist."

Here is a subject for Tuesday morning, Wednesday afternoon, and Friday evening clubs. Mrs. Beatrice Hart, president of the Century Theatre Club of New York, might take this declaration as the chief theme of academic discussion at the next meeting. At the last, Mrs. Hart held, so we are informed, that when modernity is introduced into opera the "mission of the music" is lost and "the play of the imagination, so necessary to enjoyment of music, receives a jab in the eye." Mrs. Hart was "dead set against checked trousers, cigarettes, highballs, and other features of present-day life, going into opera."

Nor is a graphophone in the house always a wellspring of pleasure. Mr. Preston A. Hubbard of St. Louis, bought one after he had married. He kept the instrument busy far into the night. Mrs. Hubbard's nerves began to quiver and shake. As the correspondent of the Cleveland Leader informs us, "the flat became a temple of embalmed music, and servant girls arrived and departed in sickening succession. They did not mind paring potatoes to ragtime, but when it came to washing dishes to the syncopated measures the dishes generally suffered."

Mrs. Hubbard finally said: "Choose between us" and Mr. Hubbard stepped up to the instrument, put his arm about it, and the graphophone asked: "What You Gwine to Do When the Rent Comes Round?" Mrs. Hubbard snorted defiantly, left her home and opened a boarding house. She also obtained a divorce. Mr. Hubbard had his graphophone as a comforter. "But he had the tremolo stop shoved in hard and his foot on the soft pedal. That is why, when, as his wife passed his boarding house, she heard the plaintive cadence of 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,' a lump came in her throat." She rang the doorbell, fainted on Preston's breast, and slowly regained consciousness, murmured, "Come back dear, and bring the graphophone, I'm so lonely." Preston followed her. "Won't You Come Over to My house?" was followed by "Waiting at the Church." The Hubbards and the graphophone are now happily wedded.

A Chicago critic saw Lina Cavalieri sing at a morning musicale in Chicago. And this is what he said: "Heinrich Conried's beautiful singer manifested little charm beyond the mere pulchritude of physical embodiment to interest a musical audience."

Miss Marcella Craft, who in the late nineties was well known here as a church and concert singer, now known as Marcella Craft, has been engaged as the leading lyric soprano at the Kiel opera house. She sang not long ago with much success in opera at Berlin and Stettin.

Convicts at a French penal settlement in New Caledonia have formed an orchestra. The conductor, who was once connected with the Paris opera, has been thrice convicted of murder; the cornet player killed his father; the trombonist, his mother; the first clarinet, a yellow one, has sent six prematurely to a better world. The other players are among the most desperate men in the settlement. "The composers may or not be murdered by this orchestra, but the newspaper notices will surely be favorable if not enthusiastic."

Mr. Pedro Gallhard, whose management of the Paris Opera came to an end last week Tuesday, is casting sheep's eyes toward Covent Garden. Mr. Gallhard says: "I dream of a national opera for England with a conservatoire and branch institutions in the chief provincial centres. In these schools would be taught the vocal, lyrical and theatrical subjects that are essential in forming the singer. I think the British public would be ripe for this change—ripe for a national theatre with a state subvention—if they could have an example of artistic ensemble, perfect in its way, before their eyes."

Mr. Gallhard is a man out of a job. There are some who dream about ideal opera houses in American cities.

Miss Geraldine Farrar has no sympathy with Marguerite in the opera: "She is simply a flaxen-haired goose. She is neither bad nor good; she is simply stupid." Miss Farrar, speaking of Cherubino, says she prefers taking a girl's part. "I've been a boy before on occasion, but I do like draperies." Is there a sound reason for this preference? Horrid thought! Let us hope for the best.

Denis O'Sullivan, the Irish baritone who happened to be born in San Francisco, made his first appearance in America as a comedian in "Peggy Mahree," in Chicago, Jan. 5.

The concerts next week will be as follows:

MONDAY at 11:15 A. M., Mrs. Hall McAllister's third and last Musical Morning, Hotel Somerset. Miss Geraldine Farrar, Messrs. Charles Gilbert, baritone, and Czerwinsky, violinist; 3 P. M., Mr. Felix Fox's second chamber concert, Steinert Hall, with Messrs. Carlo, Buonamicci, pianist, and Frederick Blair, cellist.

TUESDAY—Miss Lottie Williams' song recital, 3 P. M., Putter Hall; 8:15 P. M., third Kneisel Quartet concert, with Mr. Bauer, pianist, Chickering Hall, pieces by Loefler, Beethoven, Mendelssohn.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., entertainment for the Trade School for Girls. Entertained by "Jack Frost in Midsummer," by J. L. Smith. Music by E. B. Hill. Fifty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Pieces by Berlioz, Loefler, Massenet, Grieg, and others. Mrs. Francis Shaw, contralto; Mrs. R. J. Hall, soprano; Mr. Georges Longy, conductor.

THURSDAY—Mr. Bauer's second piano recital, 3 P. M., Jordan Hall. Pieces by Beethoven, Debussy, Bach, Schubert, Chopin. Jordan Hall, evening. Repetition of the entertainment for the Trade School for Girls.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 12th

Public Rehearsal of Boston Symphony Orchestra. Symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven and Three Waltzes by Mozart.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., Mme. Schumann-Heink's song recital. Aria from "The Prophet" and songs by Schbert, Loewe, Mendelssohn, Jensen, Rubinstein, Nivlin and others. 8 P. M., 12th Symphony concert.

THE GONDOLIERS' AT CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Gondoliers," Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, in two acts. The cast was as follows:

Duke of Plaza-Toro.....Francis J. Doyle
Luiz.....Frank Thornton
Grand Inquisitor.....James Gilbert
Marco Palmieri.....Harry Davies
Giuseppe Palmieri.....W. K. Murray
Antonio.....W. H. Pringle
Francesco.....George White
Giorgio.....Louis Fitz Roy
Annibale.....William Eaton
Duchess of Plaza-Toro.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd

Castilla.....Miss Lois Hall
Glannetta.....Miss Clara Lane
Tessa.....Miss Louise Le Baron
Fiametta.....Miss Maude Nilson
Vittoria.....Miss Irene Ward
Giulia.....Miss Belle Mallette
Inez.....Miss Margaret Cullington

"The Gondoliers" has already proved one of the marked successes of the Castle Square Opera company, and its reputation was well advised. It is well adapted to the resources of the company—and not because it is easy to produce, for an adequate performance of this or any other Gilbert and Sullivan opera is as exacting, in its way, as the average grand opera. These exactations are those of a high quality of comedy, which tests the intelligence and taste of the performers rather than their power of sustained song.

There are in the Castle Square cast some clever comedians, notably Miss Lane, who continually compels admiration for her gift of seeming thoroughly at home in any part, and Mr. Murray, who, at his best is extremely funny. He was at his best last evening, and assumed his role with complete naivete and a spirit of good faith that were irresistible. Whether singing, dancing, or in the background, he never apparently doubted the logical fitness of the situation, and he acted out his conviction with that unquestioning simplicity upon which the movement of the plot depends. He was ably seconded by Mr. Davies in both song and business, and their joint song at the close of act I—it cannot be called a duet, where each took the words from the lips of the other with bewildering glibness—was the hit of the evening.

Miss Lane sang and acted as though she had been impersonating Glannetta all the season, and she was a tower of strength in moments when the performance was halting or uneven. Her capacity for memorizing and assuming new roles is remarkable, and she dons them as one dons and wears a well fitting garment. She was charming in her unaccustomed make-up as a brunette.

It would be a pleasure to enumerate the many good points of the performance, but a few must suffice. Miss Le Baron was happy in make-up and in song. Miss Hall and Mr. Thornton made a new group in the annals of the present season, for, although they have appeared before, they have not before had prominent parts as "opposites." Both added to the pleasant effect of the whole.

There was much laughter and applause, and the solos were encored.

The opera next week, beginning Thursday evening, will be "Traviata."

Men and Things

THE HERALD some time ago commented on an article by Mr. Marcel Prevost, who insists that the great beauties of the past would not excite much attention if they were to come to life in these days; that wit and general conventional ability rather than beauty and physical magnetism now draw men toward women. Furthermore, he believes that women of today are not so beautiful as the women of the 18th century or those of the first half of the 19th. In other words, there is a "downfall of beauty."

Answers to these propositions were naturally expected; supercilious, scornful, coldly argumentative, hysterical. One of the latest answers is by Miss Lina Cavalieri, the professional beauty of the Metropolitan Opera House. Did she write it? Or was it written for her by a sympathetic friend and newspaper man? In Paris each pretty actress has her trained journalist, who is only too ready to write a novel or a volume of light essays for her to sign, or to avenge her wrongs, real or imaginary, by stabbing a rival or a manager with pen thrusts. Miss Cavalieri threatened several years ago to write her memoirs. That was before she had experienced a change of heart and was converted to a belief in grand opera. There was much that she could have told, for her life was neither solitary nor meditative. It matters not, however, whether she wrote this reply to Mr. Prevost or merely inspired it.

Miss Cavalieri has decided ideas about the beauty of women from the early

days down through the centuries. "The Greek women were not nearly so beautiful as their statues represent them to have been." These women, it seems, were "mannish." There was no human softness, "nothing to love." The goddess type was without "delicious lissome lines" and "exquisitely soft curves." Thus in all Greece there was no popular phrase corresponding to our "Get on to her curves."

Marie Antoinette, to make a sudden and long jump, had a cold mouth. The painters from Sir Joshua to Winterhalter painted "insipid, monotonous, little pursed-up lips." Now listen to this fine burst: "Compare the lips before you. They are those of Lillian Russell and those of Marie Antoinette. Which are the more tempting, seductive, kissable? I leave the problem with the on-looker." A man of truly catholic taste, a man of philanthropic nature, a broad humanitarian would kiss both Lillian and Marie, but Lillian has the advantage, for she is living and Marie is dead!

Miss Cavalleri examines the picture of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough. "What knowledge have we of her figure, the sculpture of her bust and waist and feet? * * * It's a composition of draperies, of wigs, feathers, frills and furbelows. Do we know if she possessed a 26-inch waist and a 36-inch bust? Do we know if she had all the requirements of the classic measurements underneath all this external piled up mass of suffocating frippery?" No, we do not know, and we are naturally modest, but we have a blind, unreasoning belief that the duchess was all right. Helen and Cleopatra, Phryne and Lais are still reckoned beautiful, but the measurements of their fair bodies with tape have not been preserved, if they were ever taken.

The matter of corsets is a serious one to Miss Cavalleri. She quotes an epigrammatic statement of that profound thinker, Miss Cleo de Merode: "Corsets are for two classes of women—those who have no figure and those who have too much." From the photographs of Miss Cavalleri we infer that she does not wear corsets.

Miss Cavalleri speaks of the beauties of the bygone centuries with almost personal malice. "They smelled most disagreeably of musk; they didn't take cold water baths every morning; their teeth were often not nice—think of it, they didn't even have toothbrushes!—and they were not overcleanly in their ways." This is unfortunately true of famous French beauties of the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV.; yet men found them eminently desirable and they fought over them and they died for them.

"I wonder if these dead and gone beauties even had that sweet, tingling thrill of clean flesh inside? Or of feeling beautiful inside and outside, even if outside they looked so?" Here the translator probably botched Miss Cavalleri's choice Italian. These intimate questions, if she put them, are for a Tuesday morning club for ladies only, rather than for general discussion in which purely academic inquiry might be misunderstood.

DE PACHMANN AS A PLAYER OF MOZART

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his fourth piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Mozart, sonata in A major; Weber-Henselt, Rondo brilliant; Mendelssohn, Song Without Words, G major, op. No. 25; Schumann, Romanze, D minor, op. 22, "Warum?" "Grillen"; Schubert, Moment Musical, No. 3, F minor; Schalkowsky, "In the Troika," op. 37, op. 11; Chopin, Ballade, G minor, op. 23, octurc F minor, op. 55, No. 1; Polonaise, A major, op. 40, No. 1; Scherzo, C major, op. 39. Again there was a very large audience. Many stood and any were on the platform.

Mr. de Pachmann's performance of the sonata reminded the hearer of certain words of Mozart about piano playing and pianists. There was the sustained ringing of melody for which Mr. de Pachmann is justly famous; there were passages that flowed like oil, to use Mozart's own expression. The music sounded. There was an illuminative illustration of what Mozart said in anticipation of Chopin: "That I always remain strictly in time surprises every one; they cannot understand that the

left hand should not in the least be concerned in a tempo rubato. When they play the left hand always follows."

And Mr. Pachmann might have said to any one wondering, as Mozart said to Richter, who, looking at his fingers, exclaimed: "How I am obliged to torment myself and sweat, and yet without obtaining applause, and for you, my friend, it is more play!" "Yes," answered Mozart, "I had to labor once in order not to show labor now."

The performance of the sonata was thoroughly delightful. The Turkish rondo was kept within due bounds. There was no attempt to turn it into a thunderous parade-piece. The spirit of childish enjoyment was preserved and the jingling at the end, the foolish jingling that amuses Orientals, was reproduced as jingling and nothing more.

To speak in detail of many salient features of Mr. de Pachmann's interpretation of the other pieces is unnecessary.

sary, when it is said that the pianist was wholly in the vein. Weber's rondo recalled the days when such music was accepted as the last word in brilliance.

The song of Mendelssohn is free from the sentimentalism that disfigures many of its companions and yet made them popular. As played yesterday, it had a poetic and intimate meaning so that the transition to the pieces by the greater Schumann was not for once abrupt. It would be hard to say whether the performance of "Warum?" or of Schubert's little piece were the more exquisite.

Mr. de Pachmann has given various readings of Chopin's Ballade in G minor since he first visited us. They have all been interesting and that of yesterday was not an exception, but I should have preferred a more rhapsodic utterance. Always a remarkable player of Chopin's music, his performance of the Scherzo in C sharp minor was indeed memorable and brought a fitting end to this series of recitals.

Thrilling Music.

Never have I heard the capriciousness, the deliberate extravagance of this strange and thrilling music displayed so unmistakably and impressively. The chords in the nature of a chorale and the filmy arpeggios that serve as interludes were played without the rhythmic evenness that too often makes these pages prosaic, and nothing could have been more imaginative in interpretation than Mr. de Pachmann's reading of the unearthly modulation that invariably arrests attention, no matter how familiar the scherzo may be to any hardened concert-goer.

The audience was warmly appreciative, and Mr. de Pachmann added to the programme after the second group and at the end, he may give one more recital here in March.

MR. HAVENS' RECITAL.

Raymond Havens, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He played Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Polonaise in C major, Rheinberger's Toccata in G minor, Schubert's "Moment Musical," op. 94, No. 2, Mendelssohn's Capriccio in F sharp minor, Chopin's Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2, and Ballade in A flat, and the Verdi-Liszt "Rigoletto" Fantasia.

As a general rule a concert by a very young pianist, singer, violinist, is depressing to all except the friends of the performer, for the interest is apt to be spectacular rather than musical, and even when the evidence of talent outweighs the natural crudities of the performance the occasion works upon the sympathies of the hearer. All this is true, but the young pianist showed yesterday that a boy of 14 can give a wholly enjoyable performance, and he proved his right to be judged by musical standards.

It is safe to say that if he had played his programme to a wholly unprejudiced audience the performance would have been a source of pleasure as truly as it was manifestly yesterday to his many friends.

The programme was conventional, but it was, no doubt, a wise choice, as it made few demands upon the musician that he was not equipped, by years and study, to meet. In the two Chopin pieces he was the conscientious pupil, attentive to tempo and expression marks, but in much of the Concerto, in Beethoven's Polonaise, and wherever the requirements were chiefly fleetness, lightness, brilliancy, his playing was delightful.

There was a good sized and most enthusiastic audience, and the young pianist was many times recalled.

Men and Things

Messrs. Johnny Lynch and Ralph Kelly, handy men with their fists, arrived at New Orleans on the steamer Momus from New York. They boxed on the boat, at first privately, for their health and also with a view to the main bout and semi-final at a stag of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club in New Orleans, but when their prowess was recognized by fellow-passengers there was a demand for a public exhibition. "They wanted us to fight, too," said Mr. Lynch, "and so we did. When we got through, the ladies yelled in delight. When we thought we'd take it easy they threatened to throw us overboard."

Some may say that no "lady" ever yells in delight, but they are theorists. We have been assured by those naturally adventurous, bold explorers in the jungles and morasses of society that the ladies of the period are given to yelling on various occasions. Cordelia would be looked on as one painfully shy.

That ladies should become excited over a fight is not surprising. College professors have been known to stand up

and howl: "Soak him! Kill him!" yet in the lecture room or in the parlor they were gentle souls. Women have always admired a fighter. Hippia, who ran away with Sergius, the gladiator, was not the only one, and he was not then in the high noon of his glorious day. The satirist tells us that Sergy's forehead was galled by his helmet, that a huge wen was on the middle of his nose, that a sharp rheum was dropping from his eyes. He was a gladiator—therefore, she preferred him to her husband, a senator, her children and her country. Think of the women at the tournaments, at the football games! Why should they not encourage mills, inspire the "pugs," rain influence and add to the splendor of the scene? Thomas Moore saw the fight between Turner and Randall, the Nonpareil, at Crawley Downs in 1818. He wrote: "A beautiful sunshine broke out * * * and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed by the crowd, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle." It was a great fight. It lasted two hours and 20 minutes, and Keats, who saw it, "tapped his fingers on the window pane" to give Cowden Clarke an idea of the rapidity of the Nonpareil's blows. Mr. Turner's face was a "good deal dehumanized." Only one thing was lacking to complete enjoyment—"a proportionate mixture of women."

Chateaubriand once declared that if the Apollo Belvedere and the Farnese Hercules in flesh and blood wooed a natural maiden, "unaffected by culture and the artificial tastes it generates," she would invariably choose the latter. Is it not said that Mme. Anna Gould is inclined to smile on her ex-husband, Count Boni, because he hit Prince Helle de Sagan over the head with his cane, and clawed his coat collar and kicked his shins?

Parisian children looked in vain this year for penny toys with which they could play fearlessly. The toy of 1908 is a scientific thing. It must instruct, not amuse. The playthings, if that term can be applied to them, are mechanical, electrical, "toys that have to do with radiography and subtle games to teach history and geography." There is a quick-change toy, which can transform itself into a railway engine, an automobile and a power boat. This is perhaps an improvement on the old tin trotting horse wound up with a key, the toy that was a wonder in our boyhood. It is an improvement because inasmuch as it is more complicated, a child will have more protracted pleasure in breaking it in the endeavor to find out how it goes.

The Cleveland Leader published recently an able leader entitled, "No Dodging Chicago Grass Widows." We allude to it chiefly because the writer speaks of Bostonian women as "fair but frigid." It is not worth while to combat the statement. Bostonians know that it is false. The reserve of the Boston woman incites the wooer to greater effort. This reserve is the most dangerous weapon of coquetry.

Mrs. Mary Huler founded the Club of Grass Widows in Chicago with a praiseworthy motive. "I want to help start a club where those of us who have suffered may meet in a social way and help each other, so that we may not be nipped again." This leads the Cleveland Leader to remark: "No sentiment here, you see; no discussion of the thinness of the chat. Just plain heart-to-heart talks on the way to catch new husbands and hold 'em. There will be papers on 'Blonde Typewriters and How to Foil Them'; 'First Aid to Soused Hubbies'; 'Do Breakfast Curlpapers Shorten the Honey-moon?' By means of blackboard and diagrams, an expert accountant will show these divorcees just how to figure out their allowances, letting X represent the admitted income of the husband. Everything will be practical."

AN IMMORTAL.

There has been much talk about the election of Mr. Maurice Donnay to the Academy, not because he is a playwright, for other playwrights have been declared Immortals, but because in the early nineties he recited poems and produced little pieces at the Chat Noir, where the waiters wore the green trimmed coats of the Academy, and where there were many jests at the expense of the academicians. Did not Mr. Donnay himself say in his green and salad days that no man who could bite into a sound apple was eligible for election? But Mr. Donnay

was elected, and in his speech when he was received with pomp and ceremony, he at once alluded to the famous cabaret where he, too, had been a mocker.

Balzac, the elder Damas Gautier, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Daudet, Zola, the de Goncourts, Huysmans, were not members of the Academy. And there are other illustrious names which would have honored the venerable institution. In all probability Flaubert was the only one of them who would have flatly refused an election if it had been the custom to offer a chair. Some of the others applied and made the perfunctory and humiliating calls. Flaubert was surprised that the independent Baudelaire submitted himself to this ignominy and the anxiety of Zola is incredible. It is said that Gautier was kept out by reason of his "Mademoiselle de Maupin," but men of more objectionable books have been admitted and eulogized. Did Daudet secretly wish a chair, in spite of his famous novel thrown in the face of the Immortals? As for Edmond de Goncourt, he founded his own Academy by last will and testament.

Flaubert realized, as others did, the emptiness of the honor, as the honor was then, and is now, awarded. Furthermore, he was not tempted by vanity against his better judgment. He knew that an election would not enlarge the intrinsic value of his literary work, would not make this work the more enduring, even in France, where there is a rage for decorations. Nor would he have found it amusing to dawdle over the dictionary, the solemnly appointed task of the Immortals. Baudelaire and Flaubert were inveterate readers of dictionaries, but what would either one of them have done in that galley?

In spite of the attacks on the Academy, we doubt whether any Frenchman now living would not rush for a chair. Read the bitter "Quarante Médailles de l'Académie," written by Barbey d'Aurevilly in 1864, a collection of vitriolic etchings, in which he portrayed Jules Sandeau as a "femme de lettres," the uncle in fiction of Octave Feuillet. Would not the irascible and fantastical Norman have sat proudly in a chair? Yet there is one Frenchman, the most brilliant of them all, who, though an Immortal, never sits in his honorable seat. Mr. Anatole France at the stated meetings is conspicuous by his absence. Is he bored by his associates? Is he conscious of the nothingness of it all? Does his fine sense of irony prevent him? Or, since he is a Socialist of the highest type, is he too much of a gentleman to pain the thirty-nine by enforced intercourse?

Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, assisted by Mr. Bernhard Listemann, violinist, and Mr. Ernest W. Harrison, accompanist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. She sang the second air of Paris, "Spiagge amate, ove talora," from Gluck's "Paride ed Elena"; Weckerlin's "Menuet de Martini"; Spohr's Romanze, "Die Rose"; Grieg's "Ein Traum," and "Ein Schwan"; Leonora's air from Godard's dramatic symphony "Tasso"; "L'Amore," from Mozart's "Il re Pastore"; Chaminade's "Mon Coeur chante"; R. G. Clarke's "A Bowl of Roses"; Mrs. Beach's "Ecstasy"; and S. Bollinger's "Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred?" Mr. Listemann played the first movement from his brother Fritz Listemann's violin concerto (Ms.), Viextemps' Fantasia on Slav Themes and Hubay's "Hungarian Scenes."

Mr. and Miss Listemann have for some years made Chicago their dwelling place. The father has been at the head of the violin department in a college and the daughter has sung in western and southern cities. They now live in Boston, and Miss Listemann sang here yesterday for the first time. Her voice is a light soprano, well suited to bravura, the lower tones have a peculiar richness, and the voice as a whole is not without the color necessary for dramatic interpretation.

Miss Listemann was heard to her advantage in Spohr's Romanze, with its old-fashioned beauty, which she sang with true sentiment; in the songs by

MUSICIANS TO APPEAR IN BOSTON THIS WEEK



WILLIAM PRUETT
BARIOTONE



MISS
LOTTIE
WILLIAMS
SOPRANO



MME
SCHUMANN
HEINK
CONTRALTO

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Grieg, which she interpreted with genuine and unexaggerated feeling, and in portions of Mozart's air. Gluck's air demands the large and grand style. The minuet might well have been taken at a more moderate pace and sung with more attention to nuances. The feature of the final group was the unaffected interpretation of Mrs. Beach's song.

Miss Listemann has evidently a musical and an emotional nature. She already does many things well, and she also has some things to learn. Yesterday she, at times, began a beautiful melodic line, as in the opening phrase of Mozart's air, and then failed to maintain it. Her Italian and French need attention, and she should cultivate facial repose. She is too good looking a woman to disfigure herself needlessly. While her tones in the upper register might be more sympathetic, she has what many lack: musical sensitiveness and the ability to express the emotion that she feels.

Mr. Listemann, who is remembered here with pleasure and respect by many who recall his honorable work as violinist, concert master and conductor, was welcomed heartily. He often displayed his old-time facility and fire. He and his daughter were recalled several times.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M. Mrs. Hall McAllister's third and last Musical Morning. Miss Geraldine Farrar, soprano; Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone; Mr. Richard Czerwinsky, violinist. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Second chamber concert of Felix Fox, pianist, assisted by Messrs. Carlo Buonamici, pianist, and Frederick Blair, cellist. Liszt, Concerto Pathétique, for two pianos (original version); Liszt, Cantique d'Amour; d'Albert, Scherzo; Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp major; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, C major; Nicodé, Sonata, G major, for piano and cello, op. 25.

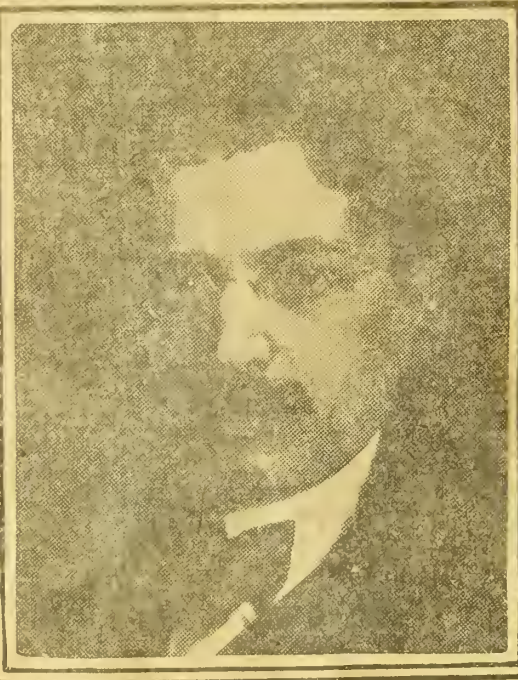
TUESDAY—Potter Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Lottie E. Williams, soprano. Marcello, "O Signor"; G. Faure, "Pie Jesu"; Charpentier, Clair de Lune; Debussy, Clair de Lune; G. Faure, Clair de Lune; Berlioz, Polero; Charpentier, air from "Louise"; Helms, "Vogeln wohn so schneid"; Nachtigall, "Es war ein alter Koenig"; Nachtigall, "La Forge"; "Come Into the Yellow Sands"; Chadwick, "Dear Love"; Rogers, "The Captivity"; Mascagni, Serenade.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Loeffler, Quartet, F major, for three violins, viola and cello; Beethoven, Piano Trio, B flat major, op. 97; Mendelssohn, Quartet, D major, op. 44 No. 1. Messrs. Arthur Arglewicz, violinist, and Harold Bauer, pianist, will assist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, Musical entertainment in aid of the Trades School for Girls. Berlioz, Marche Troyenne; Longy, Rhapsodie (Mrs. R. J. Hall, saxophone); Grieg, Anitra's Dance (Miss Dorothy Jordan, with the assistance of many Arab maidens); G. Guck, aria from "Armede" (Mrs. F. G. Shaw); Massenet, nocturne from "La Navarraise"; Schumann, two pieces in canon form; Saint-Saens, aria from "Samson and Delilah" (Mrs. F. G. Shaw); Loeffler Divertissement Espagnol for saxophone and orchestra. "Pantomime," Jack Frost Comes in Midsummer, by Joseph Linden Smith, music by Edward Burlingame Hall (Jack Frost, Mr. Smith, Mr. M. H. Mrs. George Rublee; The Toad, Mr. J. L. Smith). Mr. Georges Longy will conduct an orchestra of 50 Boston Symphony men.

Dorchester High School, 8 P. M. Concert by the Music Department of the City of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. A. M. Kanrich. Berlioz, "Roman Carnival," overture; Tchaikovsky, Andante from quartet in B flat; Herbert, entracte, "Under the Elms"; Saint-Saens, "Danse Macabre"; Halvorsen, march, "Entrance of the Boyars." Miss Marion Spinney, soprano, will sing Salome's aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," and E. German's "Who'll Buy My Lavender?" Mr. Charles K. North, flutist, will play two movements from Mouquet's "Flute of Pan." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Harold Bauer's second piano recital. Beethoven, sonata, op. 81 (Les Adieux,



FELIX FOX
PIANIST

"L'absence, et le Retour"; Debussy, Estampes (Pagodes, la Soiree dans Grenade, Jardins sous la Pluie); Bach, Toccata and Fugue in C minor; Schubert, andante from Sonata in B flat; Chopin, Ballade in A minor, Polonaise in F sharp minor.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Musical entertainment in aid of the Trades School for Girls. Programme as on Wednesday afternoon.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twelfth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. Haydn, symphony, G major, "The Surprise"; Mozart, Three German Dances (K. 605), first time here; Beethoven, symphony, No. 4.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Mme. Schumann-Heink's song recital. Schubert, "Ave Marie"; Staendchen, Hildegarde, Die Allmacht; Loewe, Das Erkenne-nen, Muerter an der Wiege; Mendelssohn, "Da liegt ich, Guss; Jensen, "Lein! deine Wangen"; Bruckner, "Mir ist's zu wohl"; Rindskopf, Die Waldhaere; Anon, three Hungarian Folk Songs du Hungarian); Nevin, The Rosary; Chadwick, "O let Night

Speak of Me." The Danza; C. J. Bond, His Lullaby; Ganz, Love in a Cottage; Meyer-ber, Pilsen scene from "The Prophet" (in French).

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twelfth Symphony Concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

The People's Choral Union, Mr. Cole conductor, will perform Gounod's "Redemption" in Symphony Hall next Sunday evening. The solo singers will be Mrs. Montgomery Brackett, Mrs. Helen Hunt, Miss Mabel Stanaway, Messrs. Shirley, Flint and Osborne. Forty-five members of the Boston Symphony orchestra will assist.

Mr. Francis Weaver, a graduate of Perkins Institute for the Blind and of the New England Conservatory of Music, will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon the 20th, when he will play pieces by Sclavienka, Beethoven, Schubert, Saint-Saens, Wagner-Brassin, G. Faure, Chopin.

The first concert of the Flonzaley quartet of New York (Messrs. Bettl, Porchom, Aba and D'Archebaeu) will take place in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening

the 21st. Mozart's quartet in B-nat minor; Beethoven's quartet in F-major, op. 135; Sinigaglia's quartet in D-major, op. 27. Tickets are on sale at Symphony Hall.

An orchestral concert led by Mr. Georges Longy will be given in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening the 21st, at 8:15. The programme will include these pieces, which will be performed here for the first time. Symphony No. 2 in B minor op. 5, Henri Rabaud; "Poem of Love and the Sea," for voice and orchestra (Mrs. Schaub, soprano); Balakireff's symphonic poem: "In Bohemia." The performance will also include Vincent d'Indy's Varied Chorale for saxophone solo and orchestra (Mrs. R. J. Hall, saxophone).

Miss Abby Longyear, soprano, and Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre, pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, the 21st. Miss Longyear will then sing for the first time in public, then sing songs by Bishop, Handel, Carey, Henschel, Hopkirk, Molloy, Clough-Leiter, and others. Miss Eyre will play pieces by Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, Fischhoff and Saint-Saens.

Mr. Charles S. Johnson, pianist, assisted by Miss Bessie Collier, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, the 22d. The programme will include Piere's sonata for piano and violin; piano pieces by Bach, Scriabine, Brahms, Chopin, Strauss-Schubert, and violin pieces by R. Strauss and Laub.

Miss Geraldine Farrar of the Metropolitan Opera House, assisted by the Adamowski trio, will give a concert in the City Auditorium, Melrose, Tuesday evening, the 24th at 8:15 o'clock. She will then sing 10 arias and songs.

"The Wonder Wonder Man," libretto by Wendell Endicott, music by Samuel Colburn will be produced at the Tremont Theatre, Feb. 29, in aid of the Morgan Memorial. The libretto is based on poems of Eugene Field. Mr. John Denmore will conduct.

Mrs. Blanche Kiduff, soprano, will sing Micela's Aria from "Carmen" and Henschel's "Morning Hymn" at the Pianola concert in Steinert Hall, next Wednesday evening.

Miss Laura Hawkins' second concert will be given in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, the 26th.

EDWARD B. HILL
COMPOSER



Miss Katherine Melley, in her song recital Thursday evening, the 26th, in Steinert Hall, will be assisted by Carl Webster, cellist, Charles K. North, flutist and Miss Mary Pratt, pianist.

The Combined Musical Clubs of the University of Pennsylvania will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Saturday evening, Feb. 8.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will give his farewell recital in Jordan Hall the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 1. His programme will include Bruch's concerto No. 1, Bach's Chaconne, ballad by Moszkowski, "Rhapsodie Piedmontese," R. Singaglia, "Chanson Meditation," R. Cottenet, "Slavonic Dance," Dvorak, "Danse Espagnole," Tango-Arbois. Mr. Kreisler's engagements for the rest of the season preclude any possible return to Boston previous to his departure for Europe. Tickets will be on sale at Symphony Hall, and Mr. Mudgett will receive subscriptions in advance, if accompanied by check.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto, and Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist, assisted by Mr. Malcolm Lang, pianist, will give a concert of modern Scandinavian music in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 12.

Mr. John H. Loud will give free organ recitals in the First Baptist Church, Newton Centre, on Monday evenings, Jan. 20, Feb. 10, March 2 and 23, April 13 and May 1. He will be assisted by singers and instrumentalists.

Miss Terry announces her ninth series of four chamber concerts to be given on Monday afternoons at 3 o'clock in the Hotel Somerset. Mrs. Cabot J. Morse and Mr. Francis Rogers will sing at the first concert Feb. 3. Mr. Wendling, violinist, Mr. Proctor, pianist, and Mr. Eliot Hubbard, tenor, will appear at the concert Feb. 10. Mr. Cecil Fanning will give a song recital on Feb. 17, and Miss Katharine Goodson a piano recital on Feb. 24.

Late Warren Davenport Influ- ential Talker, Teacher and Critic.

The death of Warren Davenport meant little or nothing to the younger generation of those interested in music. Some of this generation knew that he was a singing teacher; some liked to talk with him, for he had a rich store of reminiscences and his conversation was entertaining. To the great majority of the younger generation he was unknown. Yet, he was a man of singular force, a unique personality. For many years he fought unceasingly for all that is considered to be good and worthy music. He fought in his own way, a way which seemed strange to some, and to the genteel was offensive. His fluency, however, was for a time unmistakable and it was exerted for musical righteousness. It waned when many of the evils against which he had warred had passed away and were forgotten.

As a singing teacher, he was a fierce artisan. It is not necessary now to inquire into the theory itself which he adopted when he was a young man, and which he clung to. It was his intention to make converts by lectures and by publication of a treatise. He was unable to carry out this intention. The appointment was a severe one; not because he was prevented from being prominently before the public, but because he believed that the public would be benefited. His faith in his theory as heroic, sublime. For it he would gladly have gone to the stake.

It was as a writer and talker about music and concerts that he was most influential. It would be easy for any one today looking over the pages of the magazine he edited or the files of the Boston newspapers to which he contributed—among these journals was *The Herald*—to exclaim against the "prejudiced views," the "personalities," the "bitterness" that characterized his articles. His prejudices were principles. He was prejudiced against mediocrity or incompetence in high places; against charlatans, however they were disguised; against snobbishness in taste and patronage.

He was personal in his writing because he was a personality. An aesthetic decision was to him a matter of life and death. An aesthetic position was to be attacked with every weapon or defended at any cost. If a conductor, a singer, a pianist were a false interpreter, Mr. Davenport believed it his solemn duty to report about both the interpreter and the interpretation. Nor could he understand why the target of his shafts should be offended, should show any personal sentiment. If he said in print that Jones was a conductor without authority, that he was cold and dry, that he was a poseur, he was surprised that Jones could look skyward or into a shop window if they passed each other on the sidewalk. If he said in print that Miss Smith had no business to sing in public, that her lower tones had a fog-horn quality, that she scooped and often shrieked, he wondered why the charming Miss Smith glared at him.

He could never be persuaded that the effect of emotional expression in music as given by the Lord to every human being as a birthright; that rank incompetence in art should be applauded or assayed by with a few pleasant and conventional words; that young singers and players should be encouraged, when it was plain to every intelligent hearer that Brown should have learned some made, that Miss Robinson should marry, that he fit himself to be a stenographer, or to go into a milliner's shop. No doubt, he was at times tactless in severity. No doubt his plain-speaking, which to the busy-going seemed bitterness, lessened times his influence. His attack was direct blow. He was not an adroit dancer, whose skill excited even the admiration of the one that was palpably touched. He was not by nature moderate, either in praise or blame. He felt intensely, and his intensity was voiced at a high pitch.

During the period of his newspaper activity, there was need of plain speaking, and there was excuse for screaming in enthusiastic appreciation and condemnation. There was need of a rebuke against hide-bound conservatism, against smug complacency. There were slogans that ruled and endeavored to shape the musical opinion of the town. A stranger coming here to live, no matter how talented he was, found it necessary to join a clique or remain an ignored outsider. The most influential critic at the time, a man of literary rather than musical attainments, was thoroughly Germanized, distrustful of that was new and unfamiliar. There was no one to oppose him successfully until Benjamin E. Woolf came to this city, a professional musician, a man of extensive reading, a wit, a humorist, an

ironist, a master of a direct, forcible, most entertaining style. Mr. Woolf had the advantage of publishing his articles in prominent daily and weekly newspapers. The boldness of his utterances, the vigor with which his views were expressed, the sturdy common sense, the delightful ridicule that exposed shams, snobbishness, and pretentious and applauded ignorance in concert life, soon made him a power, and they that protested and grew angry continued, nevertheless, to read his contributions to the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, and later to *The Herald*.

Mr. Davenport did not have the knowledge, the varied experience, or the literary power of Mr. Woolf, but he was a trained and susceptible listener. Far from being disconcerted by the thought of being obliged to hear something new and then expressing an opinion about it, he welcomed the opportunity of hearing new works. He did not at once cry out against new forms, or new shapings of forms, new harmonic schemes and strange instrumentation simply because his ears were not accustomed to them. Furthermore, after a more intimate acquaintance with a work, he was not ashamed to confess a lack of appreciation at the first hearing. He believed in the development, in the possibilities of musical composition. He was among the first—and they were few at each time—to recognize the talent of Richard Strauss, of Cesar Franck, of Claude Debussy, and shortly before his death he spoke to me enthusiastically about the rare and commanding individuality of Charles Martin Loeffler. And in like manner years ago when John K. Paine was not appreciated by the public at large, when his compositions were considered to be "too scientific"—for this criticism was then made—Mr. Davenport was indefatigable in his efforts to teach the public the true worth of the larger pieces by the most serious, and in those years, the most

thoroughly trained of American composers.

He was susceptible to that which was sensuous or noble, dramatic or serene and mystical in music. Seldom have I known a man of such catholic taste. He had a keen sense of both the beauty of line and the beauty of color. He revelled in brilliance; he was charmed by the cool simplicity dear to the Greeks.

In his expression of thoughts and emotions suggested by music, he was direct, and never subtle. He was so anxious to state them forcibly that he disregarded grace of literary style. A purely literary article that betrayed juggling with words, study of rhythmic sentences and at the same time pitiable musical ignorance was intolerable to him, though this ignorance were shown in what the writer neglected to say, and thus escaped the general reader. Whatever might have been said about the literary value of Mr. Davenport's articles, it was impossible to refrain from admiring his shrewd perceptions, the reasonableness of his adverse criticism, though the expression of his objections were violent, the warmth of his enthusiasm, and the splendid savagery of his onslaughts. He had, as Henley said of William Hazlitt, a fine pugnaciousness of mind and a fiery courage.

As a man in the daily routine of life, he was kind and generous. He helped many in many ways. He was the most loyal of friends. He might quarrel with you bitterly over a question of art, but though your views were as poison to him, nothing could shake his friendship. He was simple and manly in his manner of life.

He was a New Englander of New Englanders. His face, his body, his mode of speech showed this. His was the lean vitality of the old stock. He had the grim determination and the grim humor of the race. To him "Satan and all his works" was not an outworn, unmeaning phrase; but Satan was no longer the Black Man lurking in pine forest or met on lonely road; he was an iniquitous composer, an impotent yet aggressive singer or player; and Satan's works were the compositions that Mr. Davenport knew it was his duty as a Christian to put down under his feet.

I see him now, his face aglow, as he told of going from city to city that he might hear Rubinstein. I see him now, more eloquent in speech than with his pen, moved and shaken by Cesar Franck's quintet as played by the Kneisels and Mr. Bauer. I see him now as he was leaving Music Hall drunk with emotion after hearing for the first time Tschalkowsky's "Pathétique."

His closest friend, a friend of over 50 years, wrote to me after the funeral: "A heap of ashes now represents him; and to such an end come we all." May our ending come after a long and righteous fight for that which we believe in our heart of heart to be pure and lovely in the art which to Warren Davenport was life itself.

Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave, atque vale.

Men and Things

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is relentless in his pursuit of material for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," elephant folio, sold only by subscription—he is now correcting the proofs of the second volume; the publication of the first volume is delayed on account of the recent financial distress. Walking in the Public Garden a few days ago he saw a youth giving marvellous exhibitions of skill and agility on the ice. The youth spun about like a top and then with one skate high in air rushed across the pond as swift as an arrow from the Tartar's bow. He danced, new languorously, now furiously. He cut diagrams with geometrical accuracy and wrote names with ornate arabesques. A wonderful young man! And he did all this without hope of applause, for he was alone. There were no "games confederate," described by Wordsworth, along the polished ice, "imitative of the chase and woodland pleasure." He was alone, but there was an earnestness, a gusto in his performance that would have held hundreds even in a razor-like wind.

Mr. Johnson would then have exchanged his vast sociological knowledge to do all that youth did. He remembered his own inglorious boyhood; how he could neither skate nor swim; how he was always the first to be caught, in yard-sheep; how he could never catch any one in that ingenious game or in duck; how he could never hit a baseball, and that was years before curves and sudden drops, a rising delivery and in-shoots were known, and paid for at a high price. In games he was always "it," contemptuously plied by other boys, or mocked openly in the presence of his sweetheart.

What a bungler he was on skates! For he tried earnestly to skate. His gimlet would not work. He was awkward in putting on his skates. There was Damon's pond, with deep water which in the winter turned to ice that for thickness and clearness is not found in these degenerate days. Why could he not stand confidently on his feet? Why could he not start out in an authoritative manner or compel admiration by grace of movement.

Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz, But his feet wasn't gaited that way.

Mr. Johnson hummed the air of this pathetic ballad of the heart and home. He himself was a McFadden of the ice. It may be remembered that Clarence saw a professor and stated his case, And said he was willing to pay. The professor looked down in alarm at his feet.

As he viewed their enormous expanse; And he tacked on a five to his regular price For learning McFadden to dance.

But there was no professor of skating on Damon's pond or on the Concrete. Roller skates had not given opportunity in the village for indoor practice. What if there had been a professor in a skating rink? The fate of Johnson would have been that of McFadden. The professor

Took out McFadden before the whole class, And he showed him the step once or twice; But McFadden's two feet got tied into a knot.

Sure he thought he was standing on ice. At last he broke loose and struck out with a will.

Never looking behind or before; But his head got so dizzy, he fell on his face And chewed all the wax off the floor.

The new skates came into fashion. It was no longer necessary for the boy Herkimer to bore into boot heels. The new skates were of no avail to him. He was not born to skate. He was not created to play games, sinful or innocent. He could never bluff at poker. He had no luck in drawing. He had no judgment or good fortune in vingt-et-un. Uncle Amos always beat him at backgammon.

These thoughts came to Mr. Johnson in the Public Garden as he watched the youth, who grew more and more wonderful. For over 30 years Mr. Johnson had not seen Damon's pond, but he then had a vision of the old mill, of the diving place. He saw the game of hockey in winter, and the swimming match in summer, the boys drying themselves in the sun. It was only yesterday that he went to the funeral in the Old church of the good boy who was drowned. All the Sunday school classes were there. Dea-

eon Kingsley kept stroking his long nose even while he prayed for a quarter of an hour. They all went down the broad aisle to see the boy in the coffin. Then they walked solemnly to the graveyard. There was a thick-waisted girl with a husky voice who sang "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," close to Herkimer's left ear. Her forehead was like a porcelain door knob, and long black curls hung down each side of it, so that she looked like the Lady Arabella in the Keepsake that was on the parlor table. What became of that girl? And what became of the yeast man's daughter, much older than he, yet his first love? She used to comb his hair at recess.

Mr. Johnson awoke from his trance. The boy, whistling shrilly, defiantly, was taking off his skates. Mr. Johnson felt chilly and old. He made his way to the Porphyry, and when he took his accustomed seat he was unusually quiet until he had given his second order to the waiter. After all, he said to himself, that boy seemed to be a rather coarse fellow. What if he had asked him whether the ancient Romans used napkins at their pompous feasts; whether the old Greeks amused themselves with enigmas and charades. Could that skating boy tell the name of the inventor of the clothespin? Who wore the first pair of Congress gaiters and in what year? Yet that night when Mr. Johnson took up the proofs fresh from the printer he put aside those relating to the first chapter of the section, "Outdoor Games," till a more convenient season.

Prof. Wallace C. Sabine told the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the University of Chicago that a woman at a concert "attired in the usual clothing" absorbs 54 per cent. of the music, while man absorbs only 48 per cent. "Attired in the usual clothing" is vague. Does the learned professor refer to low cut bodices? Suppose a woman wears a dress up to her chin and a chest protector, how about her capacity for absorption? And what difference in percentage is there between the man in a swallow tail and the man with a formally buttoned frock coat?

RAZORS AND MORALS.

Mr. Paderewski's accident has been an advertisement to him and to others. His valet was shaving him in a detached railway car. A switch-engine bumped the car and the razor went into the pianist's throat. The moral to some is obvious, and they have insisted on it loudly. But is there not another moral? "Don't shave."

Here is a subject for academic discussion. On the one hand there is the time spent in shaving or being shaved. Southey reckoned it up. Suppose you spend only nine minutes a day in the operation; there is a total of 54 hours and 36 minutes a year. Suppose the shaver begins to operate every day when he is 20 and shaves for 50 years. He will have consumed 2730 hours in the act of shaving himself, and in that time Southey believes a man could acquire a competent knowledge of seven languages; add a minute a day for stropping, and he could learn an eighth. Furthermore, beards, whiskers, a mustache are thought to give character to the face. A man is thus wiser, more heroic, more distinguished. Before the fear of bacilli made cowards of us all the physician wore a beard for the sake of professional dignity and also to draw custom. The sage, the statesman, the philanthropist, the soldier were represented as bearded. Whiskerage in some form was thought to be indispensable to the make-up, though Byron doubted whether whiskers were indications of valor in the field or elsewhere: "Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Bonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; 'argal' greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together."

A beard is also thought by some to be a coverer of weaknesses. Why show a chin that looks like a poached egg? Why bare to the world a weak or sensual mouth, a mere slit for the receiving of food; or lips "that meet like the two halves of a muffin"? Shave off old Podger's beard and wisdom departs from him. Some years ago there was a man in Boston, a venerable man, whose hair was that of a philosopher and a public benefactor. No one could be so wise and good as he looked. His business was to hang about auction rooms and raise prices by mock bids. His true name was Mr. Peter Funk. For some inexplicable reason he shed his beard one day, and the world saw him as he was, a poor thing. Not long afterward he died, no doubt from the exposure.

One period insists on shaven faces, another demands whiskerage. There was a time in New England, within the memory of those now living, when parents threatened to disown sons with dissipated mustaches or rakish whiskers. Yet for years in England mutton chops were considered the symbol of commercial shrewdness and financial substantiality. A Londoner had the audacity to speculate recently how much of Mr. Gladstone's "tremendous influence with the middle class guardians of morality" was due to his whiskers. But today in England the close shave is in fashion. It is thought to make the face younger. "The hardest face is softened, the oldest thrown back a generation."

Wives and sweethearts have much to say in the matter. When Louis VII. shaved off his beard his wife Eleonore behaved outrageously, so that after a divorce she married Henri, gave him Guienne and Poitou, and made him Henry II. of England. A king in those days was bearded, and Eleonore, as many emancipated women, was bigoted in unessential matters. If Harriet says to Eugene: "You have a beautiful mouth. Why don't you show it?" Eugene shaves close the next morning. There are women who experiment constantly with a husband's facial adornment, and thus have many woosers in one.

GERALDINE FARRAR HEARD IN CONCERT

The sixth of Mrs. Hall McAllister's Musical Mornings—the third and last of this season—took place yesterday at the Hotel Somerset. There was a large and brilliant audience. Miss Geraldine Farrar, who sang here for the first time in concert since she became an opera singer, chose "Batti, batti," from "Don Giovanni"; Strauss' "Zueignung," Chadwick's "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Hensy'suckle," Wolf's "Gesang Weylas," Jacobi's "Papillon," Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" and Benberg's "Valse." Mr. Charles Gilbert sang "Ma Belle Maison" and "Les Bergères et le Loup," from Messager's "Fortunio"; Tosti's "Good-bye" (in English), d'Eranger's "Morte" and "Rose" and Weckert's "Margoton." Mr. Richard Czerwony of the Boston Symphony orchestra played the first movement of a violin concerto by Bruch, Simonetti's "Modrigan" and Wieniawski's "Scherzo."

Miss Farrar as an opera singer owes her success in a large measure to her attractive personality and to her indisputable dramatic ability. In opera her singing is necessarily and rightly one of the mediums of her dramatic expression; it contributes to the general effect. She is not an operatic singer who incidentally or accidentally acts. She is a singing actress. And in opera her singing often charms, moves, thrills. The voice that is often used in opera with marked effect was not so effective yesterday in a concert room. This was natural and to be expected. In the concert room there is no dramatic part to be composed ingeniously, no dramatic situation which without song might move. The voice is then heard simply as a voice, and emotion must come from the unaided singer. Yesterday the lower and middle tones were fresh, warm, and heartily emotional, but the upper tones were not always sympathetic, and, in

fact, they were at times without solidity and they were shrill.

The interpretation of the songs was agreeable and for the most part commonplace. It lacked the qualities that differentiate and vitalize. There was not the one supreme expression of mood or emotion that forbids the thought of other possible interpretations. As an interpreter Miss Farrar was more successful in the song by Wolf and Chadwick's "Du bist wie eine Blume," and she sang the lighter pieces in the last group with pleasing fleetness. Warmly applauded, she added to the programme and sang the old song about the "Endearing Young Charms" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye" to her own accompaniment.

Mr. Gilbert sang with his accustomed vocal skill, and with all the resources of his inimitable diction. He was in excellent voice. The manly beauty and the virile tenderness of his tones; the humor, pathos, intensity and eloquence of his diction; these made the morning a memorable one.

Mr. Czerwony played with a generally fine tone and with taste, and Miss Davis played musical, sympathetic, thoroughly delightful accompaniments, as is her wont.

2D CHAMBER CONCERT.

Liszt's "Pathetic Concerto" on Two Pianos by Felix Fox and Assistant.

By PHILIP HALE.

Felix Fox gave the second of a series of chamber concerts yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Carlo Buonamici, pianist, and Frederick Blair, cellist. There was an audience of good size. The programme included Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique" for two pianos; a group of solo pieces played by Mr. Fox, Liszt's Cantique d'Amour, Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp major, and Dohnanyi's Rhapsody in C major; and Nicod's sonata in G major, op. 25, for piano and cello, which was played by Messrs. Fox and Blair.

The programme stated that Liszt's "Pathetic" concerto was to be played in the "original version." This statement was in a way misleading, for Liszt wrote the concerto originally for one piano. He afterward rewrote it for two pianos and the music was first heard in public in this form. Afterward Reuss, and still later, Burmeister, arranged the work for pianos and orchestra and Burmeister, whose version has been played here at a Symphony concert, took all sorts of liberties with the form of the composition and with its substance. Not long ago the concerto was arranged for a single piano, and so there is at last a return to Liszt's original intention.

The performance of the concerto yesterday was poetic and brilliant. It is the fashion to speak lightly of the music itself, but there are admirable things in it, and the chief melody of the middle section has a sustained line and an emotional warmth and beauty that are not always found in Liszt's larger works. As I have said the performance was of fine quality, both in the accuracy, precision and dash of the ensemble, and in the spirit of the interpretation.

Mr. Fox played the group of pieces so well that it led the hearers to wish that another group had followed instead of the cello sonata. Mr. Fox is ambitious in his desire to produce chamber works that otherwise might not be heard. The ambition is praiseworthy, but it is not always easy to carry out the intention. The general public is more and more exacting. It demands assisting musicians of high rank; it is impatient of players of moderate ability. I heard only the first movement of Nicod's sonata yesterday. As it was played by Mr. Blair it made no definite impression, except one of many notes and a tame, and not always agreeable performance on the cello.

The third concert of the series will take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26.

Men and Things.

THE object of a library catalogue is to give information. The reader should be able to find at least the titles of the books. In the January bulletin of books added to the Public Library of the city of Boston there is a "supplementary list of the works added to the Allen A. Brown Library during December, 1907." For Mr. Brown, not contented with his noble, princely gift of musical compositions and books about music to this city, adds constantly to the special library that is unsurpassed and in some respects is unique.

Among these added volumes are compositions by Dargomyzhski and Rimsky-Karsakoff; but what these compositions are, with one exception, whether they be operas or comic songs, orchestral works or fantasias for the concertina, only a Russian or a person that knows the Russian language can tell. The titles are in Russian and they are not translated into any other language, with the exception of one title to which the German equivalent is added.

Of what use then is this bulletin to the music student or general reader who does not understand Russian? In Belaieff's catalogue of Rimsky-Karsakoff's works published by the firm at St. Petersburg and Leipzig, the titles are in French, and are thus intelligible to the great majority. The card catalogue of the

musical works in the Public Library shows other instances of mistaken accuracy in the preservation of the original Russian.

The story of the ghost standing at the window of a house in Bryant's Pond, Me., and appearing in photograph taken four months after the substantial body was buried is an interesting one. About 30 years ago the city of Lawrence was excited over the face of a woman which was seen at the window of a house then owned by Dr. Cyrus N. Chamberlain. It was supposed by some that the sun had photographed years before the woman, who was unknown to the later inmates and neighbors. Others were inclined to look on the face as a ghostly apparition. There was certainly a well defined woman's face, a face that you would have recognized at once if you had seen it afterward in the street or in a lecture room. We saw this face and remember it well. If the sun took this photograph and revealed it only after many years, is it not possible that sensitive walls may retain conversations and long afterward repeat them so that a house may gain easily the reputation of being haunted?

The conductor of the orchestra at the Variety Theatre at Bezier's offered cake to a performing elephant on the stage. The beast in his greedy zeal lost his balance, fell over the footlights and on top of the musicians, and injured two of them. The audience rushed to the doors, and the elephant, unable to get up, performed a trumpet solo with a brioth at Mr. Kloeppel or Mr. Lafrican might well envy. Little Alexander Pottles wrote a composition on the elephant, and Artemus Ward published it in his first book. "The Elephant is the most largest Anymyle in the whole world. He eats hay and kakes. You must not giv the Elephant Tobacker, becuz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest Anymyle in the world; but as for Me, giv Me the American Egil and the Stars & Stripes. Alexander Pottles, his Peace." The Bezier's elephant will henceforth be suspicious of cake, with or without frosting.

The "authorized biography" of Sir Henry Irving, by Mr. Austin Brereton, will be published next fall. There is no satisfactory biography of the eminent play actor. The most pretentious one, that by Mr. Bram Stoker, should be entitled, "Bram Stoker, His Life and Opinions, with Sketches of Men Whom He Met, Among Them Sir Henry Irving."

A young woman exposed herself a few days ago by standing for hours in a severe wind on a drawbridge which left her without natural escape and then refused to work. She was unwilling to go down a long ladder because she would thus have shown her ankles. Modesty, as The Herald remarked recently, is largely a matter of geography and chronology. It is also directed by circumstances. The modesty of this young woman was intolerable prudishness, unless her ankles would strike terror to the stoutest soul. The heroine in Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Chevalier Des Touches" hid a noble refugee in her bedchamber at night. She then disrobed herself by a window in the brilliantly lighted room. The pursuers, knowing her spotless character, respected the bedchamber in their search and the chevalier escaped. The heroic forgetfulness of self and sex in this instance was the perfect flower, the flawless lily of serene modesty.

England has lost a picturesque object, something that gave color to its landscape. The late Lord Redesdale wore a William IV. body coat and brass buttons; nankeen trousers which were short enough to show his white stockings; he wore shoes, not boots, and his trousers were strapped over the shoes. Does any one in New England still wear a blue coat with brass or gold buttons on formal occasions? And where are the yellow nankeen suits of our fathers?

2 January 15 1908 THIRD CONCERT OF KNEISEL QUARTET

The third concert of the Kneisel quartet took place last night in Chickering Hall. The quartet was assisted by Messrs. Artur Argiewicz, violinist, and Harold Bauer, pianist. The programme was as follows: Loeffler, quintet in one

movement for three violins, viola and violoncello; Beethoven's trio, op. 97, in B flat major; Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, op. 44, No. 1.

Mr. Loeffler's quintet was first played here by the Kneisels about 13 years ago, if I am not mistaken. The composer at that time spoke a language that was foreign to many of his hearers. The Kneisels played the work again, and by that time the audience was more accustomed to the composer's speech. Last night the hearers appreciated fully the beauty of the composition, and the applause which twice compelled Mr. Loeffler to bow in acknowledgment was not perfunctory; it was not merely courteous recognition of the labor and the honorable intentions of a fellow-townsmen.

No doubt Mr. Loeffler himself would find things in the quintet that he would now have otherwise. He has not yet sent the music to his publisher. But how would he better it? He has not been in the habit of rushing hurriedly before the public. His great gift of self criticism prevents the haste that is so often deplorable. If today he has any thought of rewriting certain measures, let him take warning from the shocking example of Mr. Henry James, who has rewritten passages in his earlier novels. If Verdi had written "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto" at the time he wrote "Aida" or "Otello," they would, of course, have been very different works. Whether they would have been any better is another question. Verdi had the good sense to leave them as they were, and they are still effective on the stage; they still move and thrill; they are the direct and poignant expression of elemental emotions and dramatic situations.

Has Survived Criticism.

How beautiful this quintet of Mr. Loeffler is today, however far the composer may be removed beyond the member at the time it was produced there were formalists who objected to it because, forsooth, it was in only one movement! A quintet should have at least three movements, they said, and then they wagged wise heads. If Mr. Loeffler has gained steadily in grasp of subject and power of expression, his hearers have also gained in the ability to listen and appreciate that which is not at once familiar; that which does not resemble something consecrated by time; something that they have already approved. The chief educators of these hearers have been the ultra-modern composers, and prominent among them has been Mr. Loeffler. The debt of gratitude toward him is thus a double one.

The quintet is beautiful music in its constant revelation of moods and nuances of feeling. It is melodically warm, now fantastical, and again unaffectedly simple; but it is always fresh, and the thoughts are those of a rare personage, of a man standing apart from others, but not morosely, not in disdain. Mr. Loeffler was always bold in his harmonic scheme, but the harmonies that 13 years ago shocked the orthodox and perplexed some who were eager to admire, now delight the ear. Even the strict formalist might now be able to speak respectfully of the contrapuntal work in the quintet.

The performance was masterly in the elasticity of the presentation of succeeding fantastical and contrasting episodes; in the clear and at the same time poetic expression; in the euphony which the euphony of the work itself inspired.

Beethoven Trio Admirably Done.

Admirable, too, was the performance of Beethoven's trio. Mr. Baur as a solo player has characteristics that put him in a unique position. He does not remind you of this one or that one. He is himself. As an ensemble player these salient, distinguishing characteristics color the whole performance, which seem to affect his colleagues, as he in turn is influenced by them. It is not self-effacement on his part, as some would have it; on the contrary, it is an artistic use of an uncommonly strong personality. And so, in spite of the fact that with the exception of the andante and certain measures of the scherzo, this trio is conspicuous for form rather than contents, and not a few pages are merely classic twitter and jingle. The performance gave unusual pleasure.

The next concert will take place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 18.

MISS LOTTIE WILLIAMS.

A Pleasant Song Recital in Potter Hall.

Miss Lottie E. Williams, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. Miss Jessie Davis was the pianist. The hall was filled with an appreciative audience. The programme was as follows: Marcello, "O Signor, chi sara mai"; G. Faure, "Pie Jesu"; settings of music to Verlaine's "Clair de Lune" by Charpentier, Debussy, G. Faure; Berlioz, Bolero; Charpentier, "Depuis le jour" from "Louise"; Heitsch, "Voegelin wohin so Schnell"; Nachtigallenlied, "Es war ein alter Koenig," and Nachtigallenlied, "Come Unto These Yellow Sands"; Chadwick, "Dear Love"; Rogers, "The Captain"; Mascheroni, Serenade.

Miss Williams is a young woman who has studied seriously in Boston and in European cities. Her voice has a peculiarly rich quality; it is full of color, admirably suited to the expression of emotion yet it is flexible and it serves the singer well in florid passages. The voice is used on the whole with much skill though yesterday, especially at the beginning of the concert, there was a tendency toward tremolo and at times, as the tones were in danger of not being sustained at the end of a long phrase, there was

stress put on unimportant words that did harm to the rhetorical effect and impaired the beauty of the melodic line. On the whole her mechanism was sure, smooth, polished, creditable to her in many ways.

Programme Unconventional.

The programme was unconventional and entertaining. Marcello is a name that is seldom seen in this city on a concert programme; the beautiful "Pie Jesu" of Gabriel Faure is not so familiar as it should be, nor is the "Requiem" known as a whole, to the general public. "Zaide," the bolero by Berlioz, was unfamiliar to the great majority of the audience, as were the songs by J. S. Bach. It was a pleasure to hear in a group the settings of music by the three French composers to Verlaine's exquisite poem. The one by Gustave Charpentier was composed for tenor solo, six female voices, string quartet, mandolins, two harps, two flutes, a musical organ and a tambourine.

First heard at the composer's own house, it was performed Nov. 8, 1896, in the garden of the Luxembourg, for the inauguration of the monument to Watteau. Charming as it is, and charming as is the music of Debussy in its vaporous, elusive quality, they both yield to the ineffable beauty of Faure's music, in which the voice sings its melancholy yet delicately voluptuous dream of a Watteau landscape, while the minuet is heard as though it were remote from the singer.

et in perfect understanding with the sentiment. Music that expresses the saying of Pater concerning Watteau: "He was always a seeker after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all." Miss Williams was not the first to put these three songs side by side. Miss Laura Van Kuran did this at a private concert a few seasons ago; but Miss Williams sang the three with full appreciation of the prevailing mood, though in the song by Faure she should have given the final cadence a more languorous, a dying fall.

Interpretation Was Good.

As an interpreter, Miss Williams gave pleasure in songs of varied character. While her diction may yet gain in character and authority, she interpreted with intelligence, especially in the songs by Faure, Charpentier, Debussy. In Feitsch's "Es war ein alker Koenig" she struck a tragic note. Miss Davis played accompaniments that were accompaniments. They supported the singer and they revealed the purpose of the composer. The piano parts of the "Clair de Lune" songs, as played by her, were in themselves a rare delight.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his second piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when he will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 81, Debussy's "Estampes," Bach's toccata and fugue in C minor, and pieces by Schubert and Chopin.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, when she will sing songs by Schubert, Loewe, Mendelssohn, Bruckner, Jensen, Novin, Chadwick and others, a group of Hungarian folk songs in Hungarian, and the Prison Scene from "The Prophet."

Mr. Everett E. Truette, assisted by Miss Lillia Snelling, contralto, of New York, will give an organ recital at the Eliot Church, Newton, Thursday evening. He will play Gullman's seventeenth sonata, Boellmann's "Gothic" suite and pieces by Bach, Bruckner, Miller, Wolstenholme and Shelley. Miss Snelling will sing songs by Tschalkowsky, Mendelssohn and Hensel.

Men and Things

IN many American cities for years the first day of the new year was celebrated by drinking potations pottle deep. The most respectable citizens in New York, Albany and other Hudson river towns were especially noted for doing harm to their health in their wish for the health of others. The times have changed, and there is now little staggering up and down formal doorsteps or spilling of punch and wine and strong water in family dining rooms. Even non-alcoholic calls are passing out of date in the towns where once they were rigorously demanded.

*** In Paris, we learn from foreign journals, the first day of the year is given over to superstitious practices. Beggars are allowed to ply their trade in the streets, from fear of the evil eye, from fear of the curse coming from the lips of one who might have queened it in the old Court of Miracles. The blind man on a bridge across the Seine, feeling the coin drop on his hand, cried out, "That brings you good luck." A woman rejoiced in a cafe because her concierge's black cat licked her hand on the New Year's morning. Another said: "My new year should be more successful than usual, for I found a 50-centime piece in the plum pudding and later my husband dropped a piece of silver into my lap as I stood by the fire."

*** In spite of Milton's celebrated declaration the oracles are not dumb, at least they are not dumb in Paris, where astrologists, cartomancists, palmists, seers and all necromancers and soothsayers had busy hours on New Year's day. Mme. de Thebes, the clairvoyant who has been described several times in The Herald, takes a gloomy view of

1903. "During 1903 the earth will be under the influence of Mercury, which is of good augury for stock exchange speculators and investors." Yes, yes; if we are not mythologically mistaken, Mercury was the god of thieves. The struggle over class interests will be more acute than ever. Feminine influence will be more felt in politics, and the year will see several causes celebres, in one of which a noble foreign dame will be the heroine." About the middle of the year there will be grave political, financial, domestic crises. There will be fierce war against revolution and anarchy, and the earth will be pestered by fire and earthquake. England and Russia will have a particularly hard time of it. Yet Mme. de Thebes is not so doleful as our own Prof. Leo Spangler.

*** Then there is Mme. Germaine Bonheur, who says the great financial crises will be in Germany and France, but on the whole she is as chipper as her name. Mme. Werany forecasts the future by the aid of dice, by the aleatory process. Mr. Fallieres will not complete his term of office and the Czar's reign will soon end. The Countess Aurelia believes in a rather pleasant 1903.

*** Christmas was celebrated by the Echo de Paris in a pleasant and at the same time inexpensive manner. The newspaper published the replies of certain well known persons to the question, "What would you like to find in your shoes, if you put them outside your bedroom door and were sure your wish would be gratified?" "Gyp" asked for "a good, absolute king." Mr. Jules Claretie longed for the days when he was 20 "and with them the frontier we then had." Mr. Bordeaux answered: "What I should like to find in my shoes would be the age when I really used to have them by the fireside, believing that the child Jesus visited us." Mr. Melchior de Vogue asked for "The arms of the Venus de Milo," and Mr. Reinach made this impolite answer: "A newspaper that should tell the truth and nothing but the truth." Yvette Guilbert was coquettish: "If I were to put my shoes outside 13, which would be a change for the better; but the child Jesus will never more have this surprise for me." The bishop of the French Congo, Mgr. Audouard, desired the conversion of all Freemasons, "to the end that France might regain her old glory, and that we might continue to make her beloved in Central Africa." All this is sad reading. We prefer to listen to the soothsayers and clairvoyants.

*** There are towns where criticism must be honey-daubing, not destructive, in the hope of raising the standard of art and literature. Deloit, Ia., is one of them. We learn from the Des Moines Register and Leader that a young man named Garry Jurgens attended a minstrel show given by the Deloit Dramatic and Musical Club. He was shocked by the jokes, songs and dancing of prominent business men and on the next Sunday morning he arose in class meeting at the Latter Day Saints' Church and abused violently all those who had attended the show. Mr. Jurgens' home is in Carroll. The citizens of Deloit resented his remarks, called a mass meeting, collected rotten eggs and drove him from the town. "One of the elders of the church in trying to protect him was also spattered with eggs." The Historical Painter is very busy these days.

*** There are many surprising episodes in the history of "The Merry Widow," and the most surprising is this: The composer received from the publisher, Bernhard Herzmannsky, a small sum for his score. The publisher, who has made, it is said, over \$350,000 profit from this score, gave him a new contract with higher royalties. This story is, indeed, incredible.

1 Jan 16, 1908 CONCERT FOYER

Miss Mary Garden's Long and Expansive Kiss in "Louise."

THE New York correspondent of the Chicago Tribune declares that Miss Mary Garden, by her kiss in "Louise," "makes Emma Abbott look like a piker and Sapho an amateur." It is true that this praise comes from the gifted being who wrote the headlines for the correspondent's story, but the story itself inspired the deskman to an unusual flight. Miss Garden, as Louise, kisses the tenor, Mr. Dalmores. "There is nothing platonic

nothing fraternal about it. There is no hint of slurring or shirking full duty. Never before did two performers earn their salaries with such an evident willingness. The kiss has begun, but it doesn't stop. The man in the prompt box lays aside his score, wipes his forehead and lights a cigarette. Mr. Hammerstein stops counting the house and worriedly pulls out his watch. For these two young people on the stage are kissing on his time, and he has to keep on paying them high C prices, just as if they were emitting the golden arias. * * * The audience begins to grow interested. Watches are furtively consulted. Pulses trained to sedate, operatic tempo get clear out of time and scamper off at a furious, erratic pace, and stuffy young girls glance speculatively at their staring escorts. The matrons eye their interested husbands with an unspoken rebuke. Home was never like this! murmurs one rail bird, sadly.

"But still the kiss goes on. * * * Outside, on unsuspecting Thirty-fourth street, the autos whiz eastward past Eighth avenue. They will reach Broadway before that kiss ceases. A man on the corner strikes a match. Light travels 186,000 miles a second. The flare of that match will have travelled 4,650,000 miles before the lips of Dalmores and Miss Garden part. The earth still whizzes through space, in spite of all this oscillatory excitement. It will have travelled 462.5 miles between the start and finish of the kiss. "But still the kiss goes on."

The correspondent makes an exhaustive calculation and comes to the conclusion that inasmuch as the kiss lasts 25 seconds and a fifth of a second, and Miss Garden is paid \$1500 a performance and Mr. Dalmores \$900, the kiss costs \$6.87. "And yet a New Jersey justice lately appraised the best kisses on the local market at only \$1 apiece."

But Mr. Kubelik, it appears, is not anxious to appear in public as a kisser or as a kissee. It was reported not long ago that Mrs. Kubelik said she did not object when women, worshipping her husband for his art, kissed him enthusiastically. Mr. Kubelik, asked in Seattle if this were true, replied: "Did my wife say she didn't care? I never read it, and she did not tell me. When women have tried affectionately to show their appreciation of my work I have always dodged out of the way. I may not be so careful to do so hereafter."

He then said that he had not been kissed by a woman on his present tour, but he "naively intimated" that the fault was his alone, as he had been careful to avoid any such oscillatory manifestations of feminine admiration of his art. "This was not a manly thing to do, but perhaps he feared the fate of one Hobson."

Let us go back to Miss Garden. She knows that Mme. Tetrazzini will be as successful in New York as in London. "I've never heard her sing, yet I am convinced she is a great singing artist. I am almost as positive, too, that she is an acting artist." Miss Garden was even more sisterly when she said of Mme. Tetrazzini: "Her skin is perfectly lovely, it is so clear."

There is a rival coming from Des Moines. Her name is Miss Nona Kirkbride, and she is a toll operator in the exchange of the Mutual Telephone Company. She is also the sole support of an aged mother. The "speaking tones" in Miss Kirkbride's voice were so perfect when she answered calls that they attracted the attention of musicians who will see to it that she has a thorough musical education. She is a born dramatic soprano. "The dramatic fire and shades are hers by natural right." "Her voice has all the dramatic possibilities." Meanwhile, like a sensible girl, she will work at the switchboard and be dramatic in her "Hello" and fiery in her answers to importunate or rude men and women. She told a reporter of the Register and Leader: "I never studied vocal before now." She will make her first public appearance as a singer next Saturday afternoon, and she is not a bit nervous. Messrs. Conried and Hammerstein are already on the way to Des Moines. Where is our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Henry Russell? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

How heartless, then, the recent statement of Mme. Lilli Lehmann that an opera singer needs 20 years' preparation before being perfect. She also said that "in Germany—and I dare say almost everywhere—the art of singing has sunk to an astonishingly low level, yet there is little hope of reform. The average singer knows nothing of his or her singing voice. Worse still, a great many singers of our day lack a correct ear for music. Musicians, too, labor under the same defect. They cannot properly distinguish between the sounds of sung notes. * * * Nowadays smartness passes for talent, but it takes more than smartness to make a success on the operatic stage." Mme. Lehmann is a little bit sour.

Tschalkowsky's opera, "Eugene Onegin," will be produced in concert form by Mr. Walter Dumasch in New York, Feb. 2. "Mme. Butterfly" has been produced at Charleston S. C., and The News and Courier a week before the performance

urged its readers to endeavor to act as if opera were an old story to them. It advised them not to be late. "Don't insist upon pushing forward to your seat, disturbing the punctual people and displaying your bad manners; don't applaud every singer on the stage." The Columbia State added these admonitions: "Don't talk in the theatre for public consumption, the people around you are getting full value for their money from the stage; don't applaud prematurely; don't giggle or guffaw at pathetic periods; don't eat peanuts."

The Flonzaley quartet will give its first concert in Boston next Tuesday evening in Chickering Hall. The concert will be one of three. This quartet was organized in 1903 by Mr. E. J. de Coppet of New York for his own pleasure. At first the quartet played privately at Flonzaley, a villa near Chexbres, in Switzerland. Concerts were afterward given in Switzerland, Holland and Germany. This is the first American tour. The players are Messrs. Adolfo Betti, first violin; Alfred Pochon, second violin; Ugo Ara, viola; Ivan d'Archembeau, cellist. Mr. Betti, a Florentine, studied at Liege, where he received a medal in 1892. He played as a virtuoso in Austria and England, and taught for three years at the Brussels Conservatory. Mr. Pochon was born at Lausanne. He took a medal at the Brussels Conservatory. Mr. Ara, a Venetian, studied at Venice and Vienna. Mr. d'Archembeau, born at Verviers, studied at the Brussels Conservatory and afterward with Hugo Becker at Frankfurt. The European notices of the quartet's concert are highly eulogistic.

Mr. Francis Weaver, who has been blind from birth, will give a piano

recital in Jordan Hall next Monday afternoon. Born at New Bedford, he was educated at the kindergarten for the blind in Jamaica Plain, at the Perkins Institute and at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Richard J. Hall will give an orchestral concert in Jordan Hall next Tuesday night. Mr. Georges Longy will conduct a symphony by Rabaud and Balakireff's "In Bohemia," and the programme will include Chausson's "Poem of Love and the Sea" in three movements for voice and orchestra, and d'Indy's varied Chorale for saxophone (Mrs. Hall) and orchestra.

Miss Abby Beecher Longyear of Brookline, a soprano, will make her first appearance in public as a singer on Tuesday night in Steinert Hall, and Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre of New York, the pianist who came here with Kubelik, will play groups of piano pieces.

Mr. Charles S. Johnson, pianist, assisted by Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's programme for her recital next Saturday afternoon in Symphony Hall is one of much interest. The concert will begin at 2:30 o'clock.

Jan 17, 1908 RECITAL BY BAUER

Harold Bauer gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a deeply interested audience of good size. The programme was as follows: Beethoven, sonata, op. 81; Debussy, "Estampes"; Bach, toccata and fugue in C minor; Schubert, andante from sonata in B flat; Chopin, ballade, op. 38, polonaise in F sharp minor.

The programme was of a nature to make severe demands on any pianist who puts his hope solely in polished and fluent mechanism. It showed Mr. Bauer's command of interpretation; for the romanticism of the Beethoven of the "Farewell, Absence and Return" sonata is not the romanticism of Chopin and Schubert, and although Bach was in his day romantic and also in some of his piano and organ pieces an impressionist in spite of form, the impressionistic pieces of Debussy are of a very different school. It would be hard to say in which one piece yesterday Mr. Bauer excelled. Of the pieces themselves, the one by Schubert was the least interesting, but this was due to the music, not to the pianist.

Plays in Romantic Spirit.

Mr. Bauer is one of the few pianists who have the courage to play Beethoven's Sonatas in the romantic spirit, and no visitor here in many years has given so delightful a reading of this beautiful work, beautiful in its old-fashioned spirit and expression.

Nor was the contrast between this sonata and the pieces by Debussy so violent as it might be thought; nor again was the transition to Bach abrupt. Mr. Bauer's interpretation of Debussy's "Pagodes," "La Soiree dans Grenade" and "Jardins sous la Pluie" was most poetic.

The fancy of the composer was recognized by the pianist and responded to with a like fancy, but there was no descent to the bizarre, and the expression of Debussy seemed natural and unaffected.

This is music of hints, suggestions, reminiscences of strange dreams; music of visions dimly seen by the eye and more clearly seen by the imagination; vaporous music that eludes description; music that may be heard daily by men and women of another planet to whom it is usual and orthodox.

For a pianist to catch these fleeting fancies and make them his own and then to give a superb performance of Bach's Toccata and Fugue is a feat that few could carry successfully to the end. Mr. Bauer is not always at his best in Chopin, but in both the idyllic and the wildly stormy sections of the Ballade and in the great polonaise, which is perhaps a nobler work than the much-abused polonaise in A flat, he rose yesterday to a great height. The Ballade, by the way, was identified on the programme as the one in "A minor." It is generally known as the one in "F major." Chopin, who was here inspired by a poem of Mickiewicz, "The Lake of Wlady," originally ended the composition in F major. He afterward changed the ending to A minor. Schumann, who heard the first version, thought that Chopin inserted afterward the more passionate episodes. Having made these insertions, "after the shuddering terror and tragedy of the coda," the Ballade could no longer end with reason in an agreeably major tonality.

The pianist was heartily applauded, but the absorption of the hearers while he was playing was a still more flattering tribute.

THE WORD "PRAGMATISM."

The part of the Oxford, or New English, Dictionary published on the first of this month continues the words under "P." When announcement of the issue was made, many looked forward eagerly to a discussion of the word "pyjamas." Inasmuch as Dr. Murray, "with the assistance of many scholars and men of science," mentioning "pajamas," refers the reader to "pyjamas," there is natural curiosity as to the discussion of the word. Will there be a full description of the pleasing garments, references to them in the works of profound moralists and romantic poets, and possibly an honorable mention of the first Englishman who donned this raiment of the east?

Alas! The part contains only words from "Polygenous" to "Premious"; but there is still something to live for. Meanwhile a reader may find much to divert him and instruct him in this issue. A word that will undoubtedly draw many is "pragmatism," for how many who lightly use it in knowing talk about Prof. James can define it clearly?

"Pragmatism" has at least four meanings, and in no one of them is the word at all old. The earliest use, as found in English literature, was in 1863: "Officiousness, pedantry; an instance of this." George Eliot later described Mrs. Dollop as obliged to resist "the shallow pragmatism of customers," etc., and the word then stood for "matter-of-fact treatment of things; attention to facts." A third meaning, "a method of treating history in which the phenomena are considered with special reference to their causes, antecedent conditions and results, and to their practical lessons," is said to be obsolete.

The word, as now freely used, is defined by Dr. Murray in two ways. The first definition, according to James, is this: "The doctrine that the whole 'meaning' of a conception expresses itself in practical consequences, either in the shape of conduct to be recommended or of experience to be expected, if the conception be true." The second, according to F. C. S. Schiller, runs: "The method of testing the value of any assertion that claims to be true, by its consequences, i. e., by its practical bearings upon human interests and purposes." Prof. James seems to have been the first to use the word with this meaning in literature. In 1898 he referred to the "principle of practicalism or pragmatism as he (C. S. Peirce) called it when I first heard him enunciate it at Cambridge in the early seventies." The latest reference quoted is from the Academy of Aug. 4, 1906, "Practicalism," by the way, is an older word—it was first seen in print in 1843.

There is something singularly elusive about "pragmatism," although it is used in connection with sternly practical things. We doubt if many reading the definition today could give it accurately tomorrow.

"LA TRAVIATA" STILL HOLDS ITS AUDIENCE

Story of "Camille" Well Presented in at Castle Square Theatre.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"La Traviata," Verdi's grand opera in four acts. The cast.

Violetta Valery.....Mme. Helene Noldi
Flora Bervoix.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
George Germont.....Achille Alberti
Alfred Germont.....George Tallman
Baron Duphol.....W. H. Pringle
Viscount de Lefortieres.....George White
Dr. Grenvil.....Francis J. Boyle
Marquis D'Obigny.....C. A. Fendleton
Joseph.....Joseph L. Guthrie
Maid.....Miss Lois Hall

The story of "Camille" has not lost an atom of its popularity, in narrative, dramatic or musical setting, and, like "Faust," the drama and the opera, will no doubt draw large audiences as long as there are playhouses and a public to frequent them. The story seemed, last evening, as poignant as though it were making its first impression, and the audience as susceptible to the direct pathos of the story and the emotional appeal of the music as though both were wholly new.

The production is announced as being the first one of this opera at this theatre. At any rate, it is one that should be retained upon the company's list, for it is among the best work of the season, and last evening went almost as smoothly as though it had been running for weeks. The solo parts were generally well cast, and the chorus showed what it can do in ensemble singing, at least, for in action there is still a little need of further familiarity with the piece.

Mme. Noldi's impersonation of Violetta was marked by dignity and by much taste in action, and her many solos were heartily applauded. Mr. Tallman made an attractive Alfred, and he wore with grace and ease the costumes that make a man look either extremely well or extremely pitiful. Mr. Boyle had little to do, but he did it well, and the same may be said of Miss Ladd, Mr. Pringle and other members of the cast. Mr. Alberti gave a touching impersonation of the elder Germont. He was courtly, tender and noble in the scenes with Violetta, and dramatic in the interview with Alfred in act 2.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable performance, that bids fair to become one of the landmarks of the season. The opera next week will be Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience."

Men and Things

WE asked a few days ago whether any one in New England now wears a blue coat with brass or gold buttons on formal occasions.

Mr. Stanley, D. Gray of Haverhill writes to us:

"Landlord Moses of the Robinson House, Bucksport, Me., wore a blue coat with brass buttons until his death, less than 10 years ago, I think. The Robinson House is the village inn long famous for its fare. My impression is that the coat was of the general style of a dress coat—long tails, etc."

We have sent a copy of this letter to our friend Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest and Distinguished Student of Sociology, who is now collecting material for the chapters on dress, from corsets to overalls.

But the question is not yet answered. We remember a fine old gentleman who lived in Pittsfield some years ago. We first saw him in the early 80's. He wore a coat as above described, also a superb stock. It was his custom to have his dinner table spread daily for a dozen "who might drop in." At certain hours by the clock during the day he refreshed himself with a glass of rum and water. This man of regular habits was an honor to his sex. He was a preserver of glorious traditions.

Again we ask the question, and again we ask what has become of the yellow nankeen suits dear to our fathers in summer? Sometimes a pair of yellow nankeen trousers was worn with a florid waistcoat and a blue coat with gold buttons. Life was not always drab in old New England towns. Rum and nankeens threw a mellow glow over the most forbidding landscape.

This reminds me that the January volume of the New English Dictionary has a noble word that should never have been allowed to pass from current speech. We refer to "pottle-pot." The word as far back as the 15th century meant a two-quart pot or tankard, but with a keen sense of proportion and an unerring feeling for symbolism it was long afterward applied to a heavy drinker; a toss-pot, or what is known in Maine as "a two-handed drinker."

We are also glad to see the word "pot wrestler" admitted by Dr. Murray "with the assistance of many scholars and men of science." It is defined as the "cook on a whale ship," "a scullion," "a kitchen maid." Pot wrestlers and mutt-luggers! Will the latter word be welcomed by Dr. Murray? At present the section M has only reached "monopoly."

Unfortunately there is no reference in this dictionary to the historic jest about Pottsville, Pa., but the article on "Pompadour" is of local interest and it embodies the names of patriots.

"5. a. U. S. A. fashion of dressing men's hair. Also advb."

After a quotation from the Weekly Examiner of San Francisco (1895) comes this excerpt from the Maiden News (1905), as quoted by the Westminster Gazette: "Because Congressman Roberts has been so successful a campaigner and still had his hair cut pompadour, it does not follow that Gen. Bartlett can win with his hair cut banged." There is, strange to say, no allusion to "Pompadour Jim."

The names of other Americans are preserved for all time in the New English Dictionary. The first volume, "A, B," contains naturally an article on "barrel."

"3. b. (In U. S. political slang): Money for use in a political campaign, esp. for corrupt purposes. 1834, Boston (Mass.) Herald, 18 Sept.: 'There is a plenty of evidence that the head of Mr. Lodge's barrel has already been knocked in.' 1884, Savannah News, Aug.: 'It would be much better for Gen. Butler if he would turn one of his barrels over to the Democratic campaign committee.'"

The Ohio State Journal defends "artistic music" and those who really enjoy it. "Three-fourths, at least, of the men have little or any praise for this high-class music, while the same, and probably a greater proportion, of women enjoy it greatly. This is accounted for by the fact that women have finer and more powerful intuitions than men. * * * It is unfortunate that everybody cannot get into this big world of music. There is something lying over there beyond the horizon of commonplace that makes our friends very happy."

And then the State Journal drops into anecdote: "There was once a man who loved the stars dearly, and one lovely night he was explaining them to a friend. He told of the immense distance, the nice equilibriums, the speed of the stars, the great peopled universe and the daring dreams that dash up against the walls of the infinite, when his friend suddenly broke in: 'I hear Henry Jones is going to open his skating rink next Monday.'"

TRAPPED, HE PLAYS FOR REVOLUTIONISTS

Pianist Hambourg Gagged and Blindfolded, Then Taken to Secret Room.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Shortly after his return from the United States Mark Hambourg, the noted pianist, went to Warsaw to fulfil an engagement. The other evening, according to a dispatch from that city, he was walking on one of the principal streets, when he was accosted by a messenger, who professed to come from Mr. Hambourg's hotel. He informed the musician that an urgent telegram had been received from his wife, in London, who was ill.

The messenger undertook to show Mr. Hambourg a short cut to the hotel, and led him to a door, which he said, was the back entrance of the hotel. Mr. Hambourg entered and was immediately gagged and bound by two masked men. He was then taken to a room where other men were assembled, and was told he was in the hands of revolutionists. He was also informed that if he would play on the piano for them he would not be harmed. Mr. Hambourg had no option but to consent.

Then his eyes were bandaged and he was led down several flights of stairs to what he imagined was a large underground room, where he performed four pieces on an excellent instrument. The revolutionists did not applaud him. After playing he was led back with his eyes bandaged to the first room he had entered, where he was courteously thanked. He was informed that he would not be paid for his services, but that he might expect a satisfactory sequel. He was then released.

Mr. Hambourg, to whom this surprising thing happened, is well known in Boston. He gave a concert with Mr. Kubelik in Symphony Hall just before he sailed for Europe. He is a pianist of great speed and formidable endurance, and inasmuch as he has been called "Rubinstein's successor," he naturally takes pains in his make-up. While he has indisputable gifts as a virtuoso, he has never been a favorite in Boston as far as box office popularity is concerned.

Men and Things

MISS Ellen Beach Yaw, says she can sing within one note of an octave higher than Mme. Tetrazzini. There are others, as Sister Jane in the pathetic ballad of the heart and home; as the young lady who comes to a sad end in the limerick.

This reminds us that they have musicians in Alabama and they are proud of them. Witness this paragraph published in the Attalla Mirror: "Miss Tonkin's brilliant piano numbers and skillful accompaniments proved her a gifted musician. Her wonderful technique gives her complete control of her instrument and they seem in perfect sympathy. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor and Liszt arrangement of the Overture to 'Poet and Peasant' delighted the audience and brought forth hearty encores. The quartette given by Mrs. Allen, Misses Moragne, Stewart and Fariss were beautifully sung and very much enjoyed. Attalla should be proud of these musicians."

"Geminor," as chosen by a composer might sometimes be appropriately spelled Geemnor. After all, this criticism of the Attalla reporter is as gratifying to Miss Tonkin as though it had been written by Mr. Arthur Symonds, and to the Infinite it is just as important. The Western reporter years ago sounded the supreme note of praise, "She done noble, and the audience went home well pleased with the evening's entertainment."

Mr. Pol Plancon has come back to us for his last visit. He says the climate does not agree with him; that he suffered all last summer with gout, which he contracted in New York. He has had the gout, but the climate he complains of is the restaurant climate. This great singer, the greatest bass that has visited the United States for years—only Nannetti can be named with him in the same breath, and Nannetti was younger, less experienced, less polished—this great bass, we say, is given inordinately to the pleasures of the table. If Mr. Plancon would live simply on roots and herbs with water from the spring he would find the climate of New York less rigorous.

The Cincinnati Post says that the women of that city have the smallest feet of any women in the country. It gives figures, which to us are unmeaning. "The average size foot of Queen City women is 3½ B, and there are loads of 1 A's and 1 B's sold. Even 13½ children's size is not infrequently asked for, according to the manager of a large Cincinnati shoe store." It follows naturally that the women of Cincinnati wear short skirts. Will this spasm of local pride be noticed by the journals of western cities, as Chicago and St. Louis? And is there any foundation for the ungentlemanly remarks concerning the women of Chicago? There are large feet everywhere, and they are often needed in the economy of nature. A woman of heroic stature should have feet in proportion. A Brunehilde with little, mouse-like feet, would be absurd. The question is not so much the size in a case like this, but rather "Do the feet spread?" Nor does a woman who wears a small boot always have a slightly foot. There are shoes that are full of feet.

The crusade against cigarettes is bringing about excellent results in England. Only three-fifths of the £25,000,000 worth of tobacco annually consumed in that country goes up in cigarette smoke. There is talk of legislation against the "coffin-nail," but, as a London journal says: "The spectacle of the puffing parcel boy should be as well contrived to drive the cigarette out of fashion as anything that we can think of."

They pay much attention in Chicago to "society events." Miss Helen Bull of 1394 Sheridan road, dressing for her part as libation bearer in "The Burial of Agamemnon" swallowed a small steel white-headed pin about an inch and a quarter long. Dr. Ryerson, who was "among those present," looked into her mouth and had the presence of mind to insist on her eating half a loaf of bread. The Chicago Inter-Ocean described the

MUSICIANS TO BE HEARD IN BOSTON THIS WEEK



FRANCIS
WEAVER,
PIANIST



ABBY
LONGYEAR
SOPRANO



MRS. HELEN ALLEN HUNT



AGNES EYRE, PIANIST



ADOLFO BETTI, VIOLINIST

vent in a quarter of a column, but the headlines were disappointing. "Despite distressing accident," etc., is tame. On the good old days of the Chicago Times!

The husband of Julia Manning was brought before a Philadelphia magistrate a few days ago to answer to the charge of not supporting her and her children. The magistrate committed him to the house of correction for six months. Mrs. Manning was at once tearful. Not because she loved him in spite of his human conduct. Oh, no. She lifted up her voice, and said: "Please don't send him there. He has been there before, and he told me that all he does is to dance and sing, and that they give him three meals a day. It will be a pleasure trip for him." Mr. Manning was then sent to jail in default of bail, and his spouse smiled through her tears. This reminds us that Richard Chancellor wrote in the relation of his trip to the "Kingdom of oscovia," in 1553: "I heard a Russian say that it was a great deal merrier living in prison than forth, but for the beat beating. For they have meats and drink without any labour, and get the merit of well disposed people: But living at libertie they get nothing."

Jan 19 1908

PANTOMIMES THAT HAVE LEFT HOME

Earliest Models, Dating Far into Present Christian Era, No Longer Followed.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith's pantomime, "Jack Frost Comes in Midsummer," with music by Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, pleased children young and old at the Entertainment last Wednesday in aid of the Trades School for Girls. It was observed at the time that Mr. Smith as a toad was more interesting than as Jack Frost. This was natural, inevitable, and women like to see "the lower mals" imitating them. A sentimental or an amorous crocodile impersonation on the stage by an ingenuous person is the vanity of the spectators, who identify themselves to be the superior beings. We would have the honesty to say to Montaigne, "When I am playing with my cat, who knows whether she is more sport in dallying with me, or I have in gaming with her? We entertain one another with mutual apish tricks. If I have my hour to begin or to fuse, so hath she hers." It is a pity that we cannot hear the monkey's account of the dinner given in his honor at Newport. Beyond doubt and peradventure he was the one most amused, if he was too well bred to show his mirth in the presence of his hostess.

Mr. Smith's pantomime pleased the audience and his toad was indeed worth seeing, as were the evolutions of Mrs. Ablee and the graceful dismissal of the lovers by the nymph. Mr. Hill's music contributed greatly to the effect, but the audience, unless it be composed of musicians, is concerned with what is going on the stage rather than in the orchestra. Mr. Hill's music was commenced at short notice for the performance of the pantomime in Chicago. The orchestral parts were delayed in coming back, so that there was little opportunity for rehearsal; but the skill of Mr. Longyear as conductor and the musical ability of the orchestra permitted a performance that gave a good idea of Mr. Hill's purposes and accomplishments. If the music had not aided the pantomime on the stage, the audience would unconsciously have known it. Not listening deliberately to the music, the spectators would have felt that there was something lacking.

In like manner the audience was not much concerned about Grieg's music when Miss Dorothy Jordan danced in a fascinating manner. And no wonder, for Miss Jordan's dance was one of the prettiest things I have seen on the stage for a long time. She compelled attention by her grace, suppleness and beauty, and by the fragrant exotism of it all, yet had other music been played for her, and not the wildly fantastical music of Grieg, delicately sensuous and haunting in its melancholy, the rapt spectator would have missed something indispensable.

At the performance I was seated behind the men of the battery—drums, triangle, tambourine, cymbals, etc., and in front of them were trombones and trumpets, the loud-sounding brass, so that it was by no means easy to form an opinion concerning Mr. Hill's music in full orchestral moments. However, his work is scored so that it was possible to appreciate much of it.

The first duty of the musician that writes for a pantomime is to follow in tones the course of the scenario, to give additional eloquence to the facial expression and the gestures of the pantomimists, to typify the characters, to furnish a running comment. Mr. Hill was often successful in this. His music for the toad is especially good, and so is that for the moth's chief dance and for the entrance of Jack Frost. There are many musically expressive moments, and there are pages of charming color and true fancy. While the music shows the composer's acquaintance with the rhetoric of the modern school—it should be remembered that Wagner is now smug and orthodox, among the conservatives—it is not so influenced as to be merely an echo. Mr. Hill has thoughts of his own.

In this country we still associate pantomime with the clown, the sausage links, the hot poker, the fall on the greased sidewalk. The French understand the art very differently and in this they go back to the ancients. When that admirable example of the French school "L'Enfant Prodigue" was given at the Boston Museum in 1893 with Wormser's delightful music, it was not appreciated, say rather it was not understood by the crowd. Many would not be persuaded that a pantomime could be a blend of comedy and tragedy and they did not even take the trouble to go to the playhouse.

There is no need of going back to the ancients and telling about the invention of pantomime by Livius Andronicus, about 240 B. C. No doubt there were pantomimes years before in cities buried or forgotten when the voice of Livius failed him and he was obliged to carry out his impersonation by dance and gesture. Women shone in those early days: Luccella at the age of 100 and Galeria Capriola when she was 104 "seduced the spectators by graces of attitude and beauty of gesture." The best pantomimists were well paid. The yearly income of Dionysia was a sum equivalent to \$40,000. Aesopus left behind him about \$800,000. At first the endeavor was to provide "intellectual pleasure," but little by little the actors strove to awaken the lower passions. Even the exciting veils of transparent silk disappeared and the women played without a garment of any sort. Some of them swam, as water nymphs in a vast tank placed at the front of the stage. Hence the origin of the tank drama and the tank opera—as "Rheingold" and "The Dusk of the Gods."

Much was demanded of the pantomimist in those days. Lucian tells us: "He should know rhythm and music to regulate his movements, geometry to invent his steps, philosophy and rhetoric to portray manners, and move the passions, painting and sculpture that he might represent and take the attitudes of a character. As for history and mythology he should know perfectly everything that has happened from chaos and the birth of the world to the time of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt."

These ancients put what may be called modern characters on the stage: The banker, the heavy father, the silly fop. The Italians followed them. The clown, pantaloons, harlequin, Columbine, dear to our childhood when we saw George L. Fox or Maffit and Bartholomew—and there are some older ones who remember the Ravens—these came to us from Italy. But Pierrot, the hero of French pantomime, from the elder Debureau, who glorified him to Severin, who is now a master, is a French type.

Pierrot is anything. He is everything. There is melodramatic pantomime in which Pierrot, the sole character, white and dumb, walks through scenes of frightful crime; realistic pantomime; fairy pantomime, and that which is romantic.

There is the Pierrot imagined by Tombre, the pantomimist in Richepin's "Braves Gens"; the new and psychological Pierrot, dressed in a coat, without a trace of linen; face and hands white, but not of a funny white, oh, no! Of a pale, alcoholic, lugubrious whiteness. This Pierrot is a phantom. He makes you shudder; he sets you a-thinking gloomy thoughts. There is the Pierrot imagined by Henri Riviere, the Pierrot that is the incarnation of Satan in this world; not the stage Pierrot in traditional costume, but a pale man with black eyes, tall, well built, with nerves of steel and heart of bronze. He moves in society, exerts enormous power, works evil, an impassible creature, who nevertheless smiles.

There is the Pierrot of Willette, the famous draughtsman, Paul Arène describes him. Pale as a lily or a baker's boy, he is the positive incarnation of desires without aim, mad ambitions, foolish freaks followed by comic despairs of a generation that has voluntarily turned its back on the ideal and is not content with the good and healthy joys of realism. Pierrot is a pessimist. When he looks at the moon, this moon in the shadow of a passing cloud is to him a huge skull rolling in the emptiness of the sky. To some, Pierrot in conventional evening dress, is more characteristic in these jaded days than he is in the old costume. They believe with Baudelaire, that there is a mysterious symbolical charm in a dress coat, which is "the expression of the universal equality of the expression of the popular mind," for the world is "a singular procession of undertaker's men; some of them are politicians, some are amorous, some are most estimable and honest citizens. Each one in the procession celebrates some burial."

How far we are from Fox, with his elephant and brickbats! How far from Columbine, as danced by Fanny Beane in the bygone years!

For the amusing or ghastly scenarios of modern Frenchmen, composers of marked talent have written exquisite and witty music. For Mr. Smith's pretty fancy, Mr. Hill employed the resources of a Straussian orchestra.

There was a man, Jules Fleury, known to the world as Champfleury, who wrote delightfully about many things. He played the cello a little—and nearly 50 years ago championed in a thin pamphlet the cause of Wagner. It was Champfleury who likened the music of Boccherini to a flame-colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an old rosewood bureau.

Champfleury was passionately fond of pantomime. He wrote about Debureau and minor mimes, and he made these remarks concerning the music that should accompany pantomime: "Formerly actors played in pantomime according to the note; the show was then only the

dance treated seriously, didactically. The actor was no longer inspired, his movements were counted and regulated as in a minuet. The orchestra, however badly organized, has often at such a show, thrown me into an ecstasy unknown at a Conservatory concert. Three violins, a viola, a clarinet, a horn and a double bass often play without knowing the fact, pieces by Mozart and Gluck, which are taken from old volumes. The cornet should be suppressed and replaced by an oboe, a flute and a 'cello. When you accompany mimes you need soft music; now lively, now melancholy, which will not disturb this world so full of calm."

The later Frenchmen demand a more elaborate orchestra, though Vidal believes in the piano as sole accompaniment. Pugno asks for brass instruments and a piano, with wood wind instruments and strings. There is a long discussion of the subject in Paul Huguonnet's "La Musique et la Pantomime," published in Paris at least 15 years ago.

Mr. Severin playing in London last month told a reporter that to be a perfect mime the student must give up any idea of playing speaking parts. "One cannot do everything well, and to play in dumb show is exceedingly difficult if one wishes to convey clearly to the audience the sense of the words they do not hear, the emotions one would fain express. Every gesture must be carefully studied and given with a natural air. It is not a question of contorting the face, of moving the legs and arms and hands about; every movement made should have a special relation to the temperament of the character under representation, and especially in the case of Pierrot, who is essentially a product of the south and unstable as the winds."

There was a time when Mme. Bernhardt proclaimed openly that the ideal drama of the future would be a pantomime with most elaborate and expressive music. It has been hinted that the opera of the future will be in pantomime form. In certain modern operas of the hysterical school there is shouting, gurgling, muttering, or plain, ordinary speaking rather than any true singing and the orchestra is eloquent after its fashion. The most striking scene in "Tosca" is that in which Floria after she has killed Scarpia looks at his body and then arranges the candles. In this she neither sings nor speaks. The music here has the say. The most impressive scene in "Mme. Butterfly" is the silent watching and waiting of the women and child. It is true that a song is heard behind the scenes, but this song is not indispensable to the effect.

Victor Hugo said that agony at its height is mute. So is joy. There are pages of both absolute music and programme music that are more dramatic than half the deliberately dramatic music in the opera house. Suppose that there were a dumb show on the stage with music of like passion and intensity?

Let us not forget that the great Pantagruel praised the counsel of dumb men. When Panurge was at a loss whether to marry and went buzzing about asking of this one and that one, Pantagruel said unto him: "Go you take advice of some dumb person without any speaking."

"I am content" (quoth Panurge). "But," says Pantagruel, "it were requisite that the dumb you consult will be such as have been deaf from the hour of their nativity, and consequently dumb; for none can be so lively, natural and kindly dumb, as he who never heard."

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Mr. Adolfo Betti, the first violinist and leader of the Flonzaley Quartet which will play here for the first time on Tuesday night. The quartet was organized originally for the pleasure of Mr. E. J. de Coppet of New York and it was named after the name of his villa near Chexbres in Switzerland. The quartet has played with great success in cities of Germany, Holland and Switzerland and last week when it gave its first public concert in New York, it was highly praised. Mr. Betti, a Florentine by birth, studied at Liege, took a medal there in 1892, played as a virtuoso in Austria and England, and taught for three years at the Brussels Conservatory. Mr. Alfred Pochon, the second violinist, born

at Lausanne, studied at Liege, and was Cesar Thomson's assistant in Brussels. The viola player, Mr. Ugo Ara, studied at Venice and Vienna. The cellist, Mr. Iwan d'Archaumeau, born at Verviers, studied at Brussels and later with Hugo Becker at Frankfurt. He played here once with the Kneisel Quartet when Mr. Schroeder was indisposed.

To C. E. F. No. Nicod's piano and cello sonata was not played here for the first time last Monday by Messrs. Fox and Blair, nor was any such statement printed on the programme. The sonata was played here at a Kneisel concert, Feb. 17, 1896, by Messrs. Stansky and Schroeder. It was then adversely criticized.

Mr. Arthur Symons contributed recently an article about Ysaye to the Saturday Review. It was a purely literary article, in which Mr. Symons showed chiefly a care for the purple phrases. Listen to this: "The playing of Ysaye is a great mystery; it is the mystery of the flesh in which beauty is almost sinful. Other violinists are grave, chaste or passionate; but his is the voice of the unappeasable agony of the senses." And listen to this: "You see the music in the great black figure that sways like a python in the eyes that blink, and seem about to shed luxurious tears (this almost reads like a pronouncement of the lost Stradivarius), the face like an actor's mask, enigmatic, quivering with emotion, listening to the sounds as they float up. The lips suck up music voluptuously; so the faun played on his pipe in the forests, when the wine of Bacchus had maddened him to a soft ecstasy." Marvellous! as Dr. Watson remarked in "The Red Mill."

But the critic of the Plain Dealer (Cleveland), writing about Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, the pianist, may in time be able to give Mr. Symons cards and spades: "Hutcheson has not yet learned to dream. There is no heaving flush upon his playing, little linked sweetness of legato, but he has what the dailies over-performed nocturnes seldom possess—a thorough authoritative technique, and when he shall have learned to fuse the melting and the exalting mood he will be a pianist of rare greatness." We are also told that Mr. Hutcheson's "Allegro" work was remarkably distinct, with a prickly fineness not of Australian parentage.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Concert of the People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole, conductor. Gounod's "Redemption," with the assistance of Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett, soprano; Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto; Miss Mabel Stanaway, contralto; Messrs. Clarence B. Shirley, tenor; and 45 voices. The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Francis Weaver; Scherzino, variations, op. 48; Beethoven, Sonata F minor, op. 57; Schumann, Impromptu, C minor, No. 1; Schmitt, Etude Mizmor; Saint-Saens, Song Without Words, B minor; Wagner, Brunnhilde, Feuerzauber from "Die Walkure"; G. Faure, Impromptu, E minor, op. 31; Chopin, Ballade, A flat major; Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 6, 7, 20, 22; Nocturne, G minor, op. 37, No. 1; Polonaise, A flat major, op. 53.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15. Concert by Miss Abby Beecher Longear, soprano; Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre, pianist. Miss Longear will sing these songs: "A Bishop," "Shenandoah," "Upward," "Hallelujah," "When the Dove," from "Aids and Galathea"; Carey, Pastoral; Herschel, "The Brook Sings"; Hopkirk, Highland Ballad; old Irish, "The Little Red Lark"; Molloy, The Kerry Dance; Clough-Letter, "When Spring Awakes"; "A Little Maiden Loves a Boy," "The World is Full of April," "Gone and I and April." Miss Eyre will play these pieces: Brahms, Scherzo, E flat minor, op. 4; Schumann, "Des Abends"; Chopin, Mazurka, Nocturne, Waltz; Schubert, "Erlknecht," ballad, music from "Rosamunde"; Saint-Saens, Etude in form of a waltz.

C. F. Kerkling Hall, 8:15. First appearance in Boston of the Plozard Quartet; Messrs. Adolfo Botti, Alfred Pochon, Ugo Ara, Iwan d'Archaumeau. Mozart, quartet in B flat major (K. 458); Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 135; Schubert, quartet in D major, op. 27 (first time here).

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concert. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Led by Mr. Georges Loney. Richard, Symphony No. 2; Chausson, "Poem of Love and the Sea," in three movements for voice and orchestra; D'Indy's Varied Choral for saxophone (Mrs. R. J. Hall) and orchestra; Brahms, symphonic poem, "In Bohemia." The orchestra's pieces, except D'Indy's, will be performed here for the first time. Mrs. Elizabeth F. Schupp will be the singer.

Chapman school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Mendelssohn, overture, "Eugene's Cave"; Gaxotte, for strings; Debussy, two Slavonic dances; Saint-Saens, selection from "Samson and Delilah"; Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Miss Helen D. Mahler, soprano, will sing an aria from "La Traviata"; and Nedham's "Haymaking." Mr. Carl W. Lodge, cellist, will play "Seryals," "Le Desir." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Charles S. Johnson, assisted by Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist; Pierre, sonata for piano and violin, op. 35; Bach, Prelude in D major from "Well-Tempered Clavier"; Scriabine, Poeme, op. 22, No. 1; Brahms, scherzo in E flat minor; R. Strauss, Wogened, Luth, Polonaise, Chopin, Nocturne, op. 48, No. 1; J. Strauss-Schmitt, Paraphrase on "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald."

Roger Wolcott school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Schubert, overture, "Rosamunde"; Lieke, Serenade for violin and piano; Saint-Saens, Dance for "S in en and Delilah"; Verdi, selection from "Falstaff"; Beethoven, Turkish March from "Rites of Athens." Miss Alice M. Springer, contralto, will sing Gorka-Thomas' "My Heart is Weary" and Round's "Sunshine and Rain." Mr. E. S. Williams, cornetist, will play Rossini's "Volunteer." Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Thirteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. Strauss, "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"; Schelling, Fantastic Suite for piano and orchestra (first time in America); Chausson, "Niviane." Mr. Ernest Schelling will be the pianist.

Charlestown High School, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde"; Herbert, Canzonetta for strings; Chaminade, Scarf Dance from "Chloris"; Verdi, selection from "Falstaff."

Grieg, Dada! Procession. Mr. Henry P. Dreyer, baritone, will sing "She Alone Charmeth," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and Clay's "Gypsy John." Mr. Kanrich will play Nachez's "Gypsy Dance" for violin. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Thirteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

The second of the series of three concerts organized by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and given under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, will take place in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, the 25th. The programme will include music by English composers of the 15th century. Lawes, anglers' song for two

voices, viols and harpsichord; Anon., "John, Come Kiss Me," with divisions for virginals and octavina; John Jenkins, fantasia for five viols; C. Simpson, divisions on a ground for viola da gamba and harpsichord; Purcell, "Ah! Cruel Nymph" for tenor voice; sonata for violin and harpsichord; four songs, "The Four Seasons" from "The Fairy Queen"; three pieces for harpsichord—ground in C minor, "Lillibulero," hornpipe—song for bass, "Let the Dreadful Engines." The players will be Mrs. Dolmetsch, Miss Alice Kelsey, Miss Laura Kelsey, Messrs. Dolmetsch, Kelsey and Adams. The singers will be Messrs. Lambert Murphy and Alfred Denghausen.

The Adamowski Trio will give two chamber concerts in Steinert Hall Feb. 21 and March 16.

The oratorio of "Elijah" will be performed tomorrow night at the Ruggles Street Baptist Church by the Lister chorus, Mr. Robert N. Lister, conductor, assisted by Mrs. Lister, Miss Isabel C. Melville, Miss Elizabeth A. Lister, Miss Edith Thayer, Messrs. William W. Hicks and Henry Chequer, singers, and Mr. Comey organist.

Mr. John Orth and a few of his pupils will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall next Saturday afternoon.

The programme for the next of Miss Laura Hawkins' recitals in Steinert Hall will consist exclusively of piano music. The date is Thursday evening, Feb. 13, and not Jan. 29, as previously announced.

Mr. Ernest Schelling will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Feb. 18.

The fourth Boston Symphony concert in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre next Thursday evening, Jan. 23. The programme is Gounod's symphony in F major, No. 9; Saint-Saens' concerto for piano in G minor, No. 2; and Bizet's overture, "Patrie." The soloist will be Mr. Louis Bachner.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will make his farewell appearance in this city previous to his departure for Europe, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 1, at Jordan Hall. Subscriptions for seats, accompanied by checks, may be mailed to Mr. Mudgett until next Friday morning, when the public sale begins.

A concert will be given in Ford Hall on next Tuesday for the benefit of the Sir Galahad Guild. An attractive and varied programme is offered. Mrs. Alice Carter Barrell, mezzo-soprano, will sing two groups of songs. Miss Caroline Belcher and Miss Charlotte White, of the Belcher String Quartette, and Miss Mary D. Chandler, pianist, will be heard singly in solo numbers, and together in a trio by themselves. Master J. Everett Collins of the choir of Trinity church, chorister boys, will be heard in solos and in a duet by Mendelssohn. The Sir Galahad Guild was formed for work among boys of the North end. It owes its existence to the efforts of Miss Isabella M. Mollan of 8 Durham street. Although earning her living by her needle, she determined to devote a part of her time and money to work among such boys, and with this purpose formed the Sir Galahad Guild. It aims through social and educational means to train boys to be useful, honest and good citizens.

The Langham Mandolin orchestra by Mr. H. F. Odell, director, will give its fourth annual concert in Potter Hall on Thursday evening. The orchestra will be assisted by Miss Lorette Goodbar, soprano, and Ethel Ebbing, entertainer. Miss Catherine Goodson will be the pianist at the next Kneisel concert, Feb. 18.

Mme. Gadeki will give a recital in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Jan. 31. Tickets for this recital will go on sale at the Symphony Hall box office tomorrow morning, and all orders by mail to Mr. L. H. Mudgett will be filled in the order of receipt.

The Lekeu Quartet—Messrs. George Copeland, Jr., piano; Henry Elmhelm, violin; Alfred Heizen, viola; and dandys Cabot, cello—will give a concert in Chickering Hall on Thursday night, Feb. 13. This quartet was organized by Mr. Cabot for the performance of chamber music written for piano and strings. The programme will probably include Lekeu's quartet, Cesar Franck's quintet and solo pieces for the piano.

12TH SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave its 12th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "The Surprise," Haydn
Three German Dances (K. 605), Mozart
Symphony No. 4, B flat major, Beethoven

There is little to be said at this late day about the character of these symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven and there is little to be said about the performance of them except that it was admirable and that it gave great pleasure to the audience. The symphony by Haydn has not been played at these concerts for several years and it was good to hear it.

It was a good thing to remind the younger generation that there were brave men before Agamemnon; that there were musicians 100 years ago, and over 100 years ago, who in their period were regarded as revolutionary and dangerous, who wrote music that still today is fresh and beautiful

and in some instances wonderful. The symphony of Haydn composed in 1791, pleased at once. The symphony of Beethoven, first performed in 1807, at first perplexed if it did not shock the hearers. Old as they are, they are more modern than many works written within the last 25 years, which had their little day of triumph, found prophets swearing immortality, and are now dead—dead as King Pandion, whose bones centuries ago were lapped in lead, as the poet tells us.

On Plenary Inspiration.

No sane person today believes in plenary inspiration. There are hopelessly antiquated pages of Beethoven; there are pages by him and Mozart and Haydn that are tiresome jingle. To bow down before a platitude simply because it came from a great master is to indulge in fetishism. On the other hand, to decry all music that was written before the time of Berlioz or Wagner is equally foolish; it shows both a lack of discriminative appreciation and a pitiable ignorance.

These statements themselves would be platitudes in an ideal world, one in which music were really held to be an art and not a trade, an agreeable occupation. But these statements cannot be repeated too often, when partisan ship runs high, when the hide-bound conservatives and the wild-eyed seekers after something new are alike intolerant and aggressive.

The dances composed by Mozart in the last year of his life for masked balls in Vienna were played here for the first time. They were interesting in two ways—first, as an illustration of the dance music of the period; also as a reminder of the social life of the Vienna populace. In the trio of the second dance are harmonic progressions that must have seemed strange at the time and are worthy of the great Mozart. The trio of the third waltz, with its posthorn and sleigh bells—for the trio is entitled "The Sleigh Ride"—is charming by reason of its quaint grace, and the Coda is even still more delightful.

As I have said, the performance throughout was masterly. Special praise might be given to the performance of the andante of Haydn's symphony, of the first movement and the adagio of Beethoven's.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Interpretation in Song Recital Showed Versatility.

Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience. Mrs. Katherine Hoffman was the accompanist. The programme was as follows: Schubert, "Ave Maria," "Ständchen," "Haidenroeslein," "Die Allmacht"; Loewe, "Das Erkenne," "Mutter an die Wiege"; Mendelssohn, "Da liegt ich unter den Bäumen"; "Gruss"; Jensen, "Lehn deine Wangen"; Bruckner, "Mir ist's zu wohl ergangen"; Rubinstein, "Die Waldhexe"; Three Hungarian Folksongs (in Hungarian); Nevin, "The Rosary"; Chadwick, "Oh, Let Night Speak of Me"; "Danza"; C. T. Bond, "His Lullaby"; Ganz, "Love in a Cottage"; Prison scene from "The Prophet" (in French).

Mme. Schumann-Heink has often given pleasure in opera by wealth and beauty of tone displayed for dramatic purposes, and she has also at times vexed even her admirers by the reckless expenditure of her vocal resources, by an extravagance that was due perhaps to the excitement of the situation, perhaps to forgetfulness of the necessity of reserve force. At times in concerts she has shown this same extravagance, glorious extravagance in the use of a superb voice if you will, nevertheless an over-doing that was injurious to the artistic effect of an originally impressive conception.

Yesterday she sang with marked attention to grades of vocal force, to nuances of vocal color. She also sang with uncommon care in shades of interpretation in the individualization of the various songs. In other words she was both interpreter and re-creator. Some might say that her reading of "Haidenroeslein" was somewhat mannered, that here absolute simplicity is preferable to palpable ingenuities of diction, but with this songs, which ranged from the purely dramatic, as that of Rubinstein to the humorous, as Loewe's cradle song, was both human and artistic. Her "Allmacht," for example, was not a long and tiresome shout, as though the tributes of omnipotence were most forcibly expressed by a brass band. On the contrary, her performance of this much abused song, abused especially by Americans who strive to sing with the "true German spirit," was full of enchanting detail, nor were the first announcement and the climax merely a series of ear-splitting tones.

In whatever she undertook yesterday, Mme. Schumann-Heink showed an intimate knowledge of the textual and the musical possibilities. The hearer might reasonably have shuddered at the thought of her singing Nevin's "Rosary," when he remembered how great singers often fail in simple songs through an exaggerated effort to be simple, so that they fall into the slough of sentimentalism. But she sang this song with much discretion. So, too, her interpretation of Mr. Chadwick's songs might serve as an excellent lesson to American singers who begin "Oh, let night speak of me" as though they had put on the tragic mask, and sing the "Danza" with laborious lightness.

Nothing could have been more graceful than Mme. Schumann-Heink's fleet delivery of this charming song. The singer is to be thanked for bringing forward the songs of Loewe, who is known here chiefly by his ballads, and for singing the song of Bruckner, which she interpreted with uncommon beauty of tone and with poignant emotion.

The audience was enthusiastic and the singer repeated one or two of the songs and added one at the end. Mrs. Hoffmann played sympathetic accompaniments.

Last for Pension Fund to Be Given Sunday, Feb. 9.

The second and last concert of the season for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 9. Mme. Schumann-Heink has kindly offered her services as soloist and Dr. Muck is arranging an interesting programme of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the Erda scene from the first scene of "The Ring" and the "Waltraute scene from the prologue to 'The Dusk of the Gods'.

AN AESTHETIC PROBLEM.

There is a heated discussion in London over a statue to Sir Henry Irving, which will be erected near the National Portrait Gallery. The question is this: Should the actor-manager be represented in character costume or in modern dress? Mr. Brock, the sculptor of the statue, will give the final answer. It is seldom that such consideration is shown a sculptor.

Suppose the statue, which will be nine feet high, will represent Sir Henry as manager. Will he stand for years in the open air as superintending the stage, pleased or vexed in the box office, or in the act of returning a manuscript play, which, "though original and poetic, is hardly suitable for our purposes?"

Sir Henry was known to the people at large as a play actor, not as a manager, not as a man of private interests, affections, and the right to the franchise. If he is to be cast in bronze as the haunted man in "The Bells," as Hamlet, as Louis XI., or as either of the two chief characters in "The Lyons Mail," will the statue then be in memory of Irving or of the person in the drama? In other words, should the memorial be to Irving's personality, of which the public knows little or nothing, or to his achievement, his impersonation of a fictitious or historical character? A famous general is represented in his uniform; a statesman is often draped in a toga. The play actor in the costume of a romantic character is, of course, more welcome to the sculptor, who is thus freed from the harassing thought of modern trousers and boots, which are a trial whether they be marble or bronze.

Joseph Jefferson was known to thousands as Rip Van Winkle. If a statue were to be erected to him, and he were to stand in citizen's dress, nine-tenths of those who saw it would at once endeavor to trace a resemblance between Joseph the man and Rip the character. Joseph to them was Rip. Why should not the statue counterfeit Rip and be in memory of him?

It is a pity that Sir Henry was not consulted in the matter before he died. Travellers told a few centuries ago of a town where it was the custom for the leading men to have their portraits or busts displayed in the graveyard, with short sketches of their lives and with commendatory verses, so that, living, they could be sure of seemingly remembrance. Sir Henry should have named the character for his sculptor, or said frankly: "Show me as I was in private life, and that I may be identified, carve my name on the pedestal."

SANG THE "REDEMPTION."

Gounod's Work Produced by the People's Choral Union.

The People's Choral Union gave Gounod's "Redemption" in Symphony Hall last evening before a large audience. On account of a recent accident, Samuel W. Cole, the director of the society, was not able to conduct, and Gustav Strube was upon the conductor's stand.

"The Redemption" was last given in Boston in 1901 by the Handel and Haydn society. It has never ranked among the greatest of oratorios, and is in part tedious and monotonous. Yet there are a few more effective choruses than "Unholy, Ye Portals," while the solo and choruses which begin the "Pentecost" are always appreciated.

Mr. Strube conducted firmly, keeping the enthusiastic chorus well in hand. The chorus sings remarkably well considering that so many of its members have little musical knowledge outside of what they have acquired in the society. There is a fine volume of tone of good quality, and under Mr. Strube it was properly applied.

The soloists were: Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett, soprano; Mrs. Helen Hunt, contralto; Miss Alice Mabel Tanaway, contralto; Clarence B. Shriver, tenor; Willard Flint, bass; Ralph Burne, bass.

Men and Things

It is a pleasure to read of step dancers and clog dancers awakening interest and enthusiasm in England. There is soon to be a contest at Birmingham between Miss Madge McCalla, the girl "babe," and Miss Edna Debee, "a youthful colored exponent of the terpsichorean art from New Orleans." They will dance for £50 a side. This is good news for all those who have been mourning the decay of clog dancing.

But nothing is said about statue clogs and we have seen no reference for some time to this highest form of the art. Thirty-five or 40 years ago clog dancers invaded even the villages of New England. As a rule they were slim young men, with a red spot in the middle of each cheek. Their hair was painfully rushed; it was sparse, but it was copiously slushed with grease; for in those days the most rigidly orthodox villager pointed his hair on Sunday morning in anticipation of the stately parade to the meeting-house and the effective walk down the broad aisle to the high and umily pew. These dancers prided themselves on the immobility of their bodies above the waist, and there was little movement, in the straight clog, above the knee. The arms were held close to the body. The face of the dancer was expressionless. He looked far beyond the audience. There was no attention paid to the spectators, not even when a peculiar step aroused them from foolish pathy or the critical attitude to wild enthusiasm. Suddenly the hands of the dancers were in use. They slapped the soles of the clogs. When the dance was over, the young men withdrew after the performance of a sacrificial rite. Healed, they bowed stiffly, without any show of emotion, and in the village hall, where a curtain kept the dressing room from profane eyes, they were heard coughing.

Later in the evening these youths appeared in the grand statue clog dance. Oh, what a change! A few steps, and with a fierce glare defied the lighting; Damon and Pythias clasped hands, faithful even to the altar; Apollo pulled an unseen bow; the Dying Gladiator came to life only in consequence of the applause. Thus was a taste for art encouraged. Marcellus Graves exclaimed: "I, too, will be a sculptor!" Alas for Marcellus! His father, a selectman, apprenticed him to the harness-maker.

Where are the statue clog dancers today? But where are the negro minstrels of our youth? Would any theatre-goer in 1908 smile hearing "The Sam Fat Man"? Would any one applaud an earnest singer in "O, Hasn't he Got the Nerve"? Would Harry Hoodgood set the audience a-roaring at his side-splitting and inimitable crotch, "He's Got to Come"? Where are the members of the strolling company that thrilled the boys at Exeter academy in the early seventies? There are Dolly Bidwell and her supporters, splendid in "Strathmore," never to be forgotten in the blood-curdling drama, "Pretty Panther?" Would the most accomplished mime after a few dazzling steps to be an inexpressive Ajax? Life is now complex, so daily, as Jules Laforgue characterized it. We are not content with simple things, with broad, bold strokes in art, with rude expressions of elemental emotions. We must now analyze. Test-tubes and litmus-paper are in the pockets of the young, who are supposed to be, like the Portuguese, easily amused. Children's boys must be of a scientific nature or parents will not give and the young will not receive. The boy of the late fifties read "Mad Mike, the Death Hot," or "Snaky Snodgrass" behind the covers of his geography set bolted on the desk with a show of furi-

ous application. There are now no novels like them. The tales that have replaced them are sophisticated, to suit the period.

Mr. H. H. Jacobs, warden of the University Settlement, complains that the girls of Milwaukee have no place to spoon. "There are hundreds and hundreds of homes in Milwaukee," said Mr. Jacobs in a fine burst on the 15th, "where families live in such cramped quarters that the girls have no place to receive their sweethearts. When a girl's family is gathered about the one available room and the family is augmented by several boarders or roomers, a girl and her fellow cannot sit side by side on a sofa and snuggle up to each other." In years gone by parents were more considerate. When the doorbell rang father and mother left the sitting room hurriedly and went upstairs. Maria was left below to attend to the curtains and the gas. From time to time the wooer was conscious of sounds above. At last a boot fell and shook the ceiling; then the fall of the other boot reassured the most timid. The lovers were alone. "At last, alone!" to quote the motto of the once admired picture.

This reminds us that Eleanor Agnes Moore has written a volume of poems. The volume is published in Boston. We quote these lines:

Have you ever taken notice at large assemblies,
How some have the floor on all occasions and
such retail?
Nobody but themselves know the why and the
wherefore of everything,
How disagreeable to associate and be friend
with such,
But the quality of a good Christian retains
love, despite all things,
No matter what has been imparted such events
will occur again.
And may the future strengthen the best that we
can do,
To encourage Xenodochy in all circles of so-
ciety.

Mr. S. E. Kiser of the Chicago Record Herald, reading them, was moved to exclaim: "Up with the banner of Xenodochy! We have no patience with people who go about pursuing their own pleasures and leaving Xenodochy to languish in neglect. It was high time that Xenodochy had a champion. We are glad she has arrived." What is needed in Milwaukee is more Xenodochy. Mr. Jacobs should make the word familiar.

We are inclined to think that there is room for Xenodochy and also for winter wooing booths in Boston. There are few more pathetic sights than the fond couples standing along the Arlington Church fence, glaringly lighted, exposed to the gaze of the indifferent or cynical, swept by the malicious wind.

FRANCIS WEAVER

21 1908

Musician, Blind from Birth,

Mr. Francis Weaver gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an audience of fair size. The programme was as follows: Scharwenka, variations, D minor, op. 48; Beethoven, sonata, F minor, op. 57; Schubert, impromptu, op. 90, No. 1; Schuett, Etude Mignon, D major; Saint-Seans, song without words, B minor; Wagner-Braslin "Fire Music," from "The Valkyrie"; G. Faure, impromptu, op. 31, F minor; Chopin, ballade, A flat major, prelude, op. 28, Nos. 6, 7, 20, 22; nocturne, G minor, op. 37, No. 1, polonaise, A flat major, op. 53.

Mr. Weaver is a young man who has been blind from his birth. He was born at New Bedford. He was educated at the Kindergarten for the blind in Jamaica Plain and at the Perkins Institute. He studied at the New England Conservatory of Music and was graduated as a pianist with honors.

The musical instinct and the power of application of many deprived of sight are well known. Their industry and their intelligence often put to shame their fellow-students who have been physically more fortunate. Mr. Alfred Lillins of England visited this country twice and played here at a Symphony concert in 1888. Mr. Perry was known and esteemed here as a concert player some years ago, and during the past three or four years Mr. O'Brien has given recitals in Boston with success. Nor is it here necessary to speak of singers, both men and women, who have given pleasure and excited admiration.

Mr. Weaver's programme was an ambitious one, and it would test the ability of any pianist. He played with an accuracy that, in view of the circumstances, was remarkable, and with commendable clearness in phrasing as well as in touch. He often showed a sense purely of tonal effects and of nuances in color for the sake of greater variety in the expression of emotion. His manner of playing is mainly and attractive. All in all, his recital was interesting from a strictly musical standpoint and without reference to the natural disability which he has so bravely overcome. He was often and heartily applauded.

STAGE VILLAINS.

It was said recently by a theatre manager that there are few good stage villains today. We remember with a thrill Mr. Ralph Delmore in "The Span of Life." We see him poisoning the grapes on a trellis by the ingenious use of a hypodermic syringe so that the little heir may eat and perish miserably. Ha! ha! We hear even now his staccato laugh and the crack of his revolver as he shoots right and left and with unerring aim. No wonder that the gallery hissed him and grew more and more angry at each atrocious deed. But Delmores are few, they say.

Why should there be a decline in the supply of stage villains? As long as there is melodrama there must be a villain, whether he be a baronet who smokes cigarettes in the presence of noble dames and throws his crimes on the honest young blacksmith of the village, or some desperate child of the gutter born to rob, murder, set fire to tenement houses and tie good men to railway tracks. Melodramas are still popular. A leading London critic has argued shrewdly that "Hamlet" is a melodrama.

Mr. Martin Harvey lectured a fortnight ago before the members of the Ethological Society in London. He sought to show in what degree, if any, the lives of actors are influenced by the parts which they assume. "The actor," said Mr. Harvey, "is called upon to interpret a variety of beings noble and ignoble, and we may inquire how these interpretations affect his character. Is it tarnished by the exhibition of the unworthy? Not necessarily, nor even frequently." Mr. Harvey named Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Saunderson and Betterton as shining examples of private virtue in the worst period of the Restoration. "No one would contend that when Sir Henry Irving or Mr. E. S. Willard possessed almost the monopoly for the representation of villains, the daily interpretation of passions which disgrace humanity affected the moral fibre of these gentlemen."

It is a well known fact that a comedian is often singularly quiet, shy, reserved, in private life and that he is inclined toward melancholy, while the tragedian is often a genial soul, given to merriment, hearing the chimes at midnight, not disconcerted by the sight of the seven stars. In private life the professional philanthropist is sometimes a petty tyrant at home; the man of princely public gifts does not give his wife a decent allowance; the writer of amusing essays is dull in conversation. Take our esteemed friend Mr. Delmore: As a citizen among citizens he would not harm man or woman even in thought. A good man of quick wit and imagination will imagine more horrible crimes and invent more adroit means of carrying them to a glorious finish than any dull-pated brute. No accomplished murderer could have written De Quincey's famous essay. Mr. Wainwright, the forger and poisoner, although a versatile writer, preferred to discuss in print pictures, dress and books.

The supreme stage villains, Iago, de Flores in Middleton's "Change-ling," the Italian monsters in Webster's two masterpieces, were the creatures of a romantic and adventurous age. The period in which we live is materialistic and scientific. Heroes and villains seem alike to us extravagant. The villain is essentially a romantic character, and we are all too commercial, too so-

phisticated, to appreciate him, even when he is introduced in conventional evening dress, without a dark lantern or the accompaniment of "sneak music."

Men and Things.

NOT long ago a distinguished man lecturing before law students made the statement that no woman should be believed under oath. Last week Judge Harvey Keeler of Cleveland cleared his throat and also the courtroom. He thus disappointed 200 women who had assembled with joyful anticipation of testimony concerning dancing on a table at a grill room dinner. The judge said, in making the order: "All women are cats. They will turn suddenly on their best friends and spit and claw and scratch them. * * * A divorce trial is always attractive to women. They come to hear of grill room escapades because they probably never have been in one." And he made other disagreeable remarks.

On the other hand Prof. Charles F. Zueblin told the members of the Minneapolis Women's Club that while woman is regarded as the weaker physically, she is in many respects the stronger mentally and morally; that she is now the equal of man and threatens to be the superior. Hearing this, the members of the Minneapolis Women's Club applauded the learned professor vehemently and enrolled him among the deep thinkers of the world.

Miss Mary McDowell, the head of the University settlement at Chicago, spoke, after all, a word that will seem final to many of us: "I'm so tired of the 'man question' and the 'woman question' that I don't wish to discuss what any one says about either one of them."

The ancients named the 30 points of the woman physically perfect and referred to Helen of Troy as an example, but they neglected to take precise measurements which might come down to us. A Cincinnati tailor received from a woman in Atlanta, Ga., a Persian lambskin coat with instructions that "it be cut 40 inches in the hips and 38 in the bust." The tailor, a generous, broad-minded soul, enlarged the hip measurement to 43 inches and then the owner of the lambskin refused to pay. "The tailor declared that such a figure as the one described in the order was unheard-of in the tailor business and the change had to be made." The court of appeals handed down a decision in favor of the tailor. But should not a woman have a hip measurement to suit herself? Hips are what they are, not what they should be, and one woman, like one star, differeth from another woman in glory. Was there expert testimony in the court below? What man conscious of sculptural legs would endure the thought of being compelled to wear trousers like those of the elephant?

Two men in Baker county, Or., were found guilty by a jury of beating a woman with a leather strap. The supreme court of the state reversed the opinion of Judge William Smith who agreed to the verdict. The higher court held that as the men were indicted under a statute which makes it a felony to beat another with a "cowhide, whip, stick or like thing" and the indictment charged a beating with a "leather strap," this indictment was faulty.

As the Portland Oregonian remarks, the woman should have been more attentive to the precise nature of the thing with which she was beaten. "In the future when a woman is beaten by two men who have in their possession a gun with intent to prevent her from defending herself, the victim should take particular notice of the material of which the whip or strap is made, and if in the course of the beating any of the frayed ends of the instrument of punishment should fall to the ground, she should get possession of them and carefully preserve them for the use of the district attorney in preparing the allegations of the indictment."

Neither of the beaters was the husband of the woman, so there was no defence of justifiable marital discipline, nor could the woman, as a wife, burst into tears on the witness stand, declare her undying devotion and plead for a husband. Women who are suspicious of a husband's affection unless he beat her at stated intervals are rare in these days. Russian

wives in old times were said to look forward to these manifestations of love. This was so generally understood that, in the solemnization of matrimony, "when there was love between the parties," the bridegroom sent a claret to the bride and in it, with other things, was a whip. We are also told in the description of a voyage in 1557, "wherein Osep Napea, the Moscovite ambassador, returned home into his country," of another delightful wedding practice in Russia: "When they are going to hedde, the bridegroom putteth certain money, both golde and silver, if he have it, into one of his boots, and then sitteth down in the chamber, crossing his legges; and then the bride must plucke off one of his boots, which she will, and if she happen on the boote wherein the money is, she hath not only the money for her labor but is also at such choyse, as she need not ever from that day forth to pull off his boots; but, if she misse the boot wherein the money is, she doth not only loose the money, but is also bound from that day forwards to pull off his boots continually."

Chicago is agitated over the fact that Mr. Victor Maurel, the baritone, now sojourning there, has a French maid. As a matter of fact, this maid is French, but she is Mrs. Maurel's maid and she is proud of her ability to assist the illustrious singer in making up for Rigolotto or Mephistopheles, in removing the grease paint "with a tenderness," as the intercean puts it, "that would be impossible for a coarse man attendant." She sews on buttons, brings him milk and crackers, presses his trousers. This is no news to Bostonians. The maid is devoted to the Maurels, and she, too, is in the service of art. There is an amusing story by de Maupassant of an aristocratic French woman who learned one afternoon, by the visit of the police, that her maid was an escaped convict in disguise, who had been imprisoned for an atrocious crime. The noble dame mourned the loss of an admirable servant and her pride was wounded, because he had always treated her with profound respect.

1 Jan 22 1908 SYMPHONY PLAYERS AID MRS. R. J. HALL

Mrs. R. J. Hall's first orchestral concert of this season took place last night in Jordan Hall. About 50 players from the Boston Symphony orchestra were assisted by former members of the Boston Orchestral Club, which introduced many unfamiliar works at its public concerts. Mr. Georges Longy was the conductor. The programme was as follows: Rabaud, symphony in E minor, No. 2, op. 5; Chausson, "Poem of Love and the Sea," op. 19 (Mrs. Elizabeth Schaub, soprano); d'Indy, varied chorale, op. 55, for saxophone and orchestra (Mrs. Hall, saxophone); Balakireff, "In Bohemia," symphonic poem.

The pieces by Rabaud, Chausson and Balakireff were performed here for the first time. Of these pieces, that by Chausson is the most original, poetic and interesting. The music is in illustration of verses by Maurice Bouchor, and it might be called a symphonic poem in three sections: "The Flower of the Waters," a short and very beautiful orchestral interlude, "The Death of Love." The composition is not a song in any true sense of the word, it is not a cantata. The voice is an instrument in ensemble. Some of the music written for the voice is unvocal and ineffective.

The charm of the work is in its porture of moods by the orchestra. There are charming effects of harmony and of color; there are passages that suggest the phases of nature described by the poet and are not too pictorial; there is above all the peculiar sadness, characteristic of much of Chausson's music, a sadness that is at times dismal, dismal to boredom. There is also a superabundance of detail, which leads to a frittering away of effects. As a whole the work is impressive by its sombre beauty, by its refined poetry and occasionally by a direct and poignant appeal.

Mrs. Schaub, who comes from New Jersey, as I am informed, studied in New York and in Paris. Her voice is a clear, pure, soprano. Her lower tones at present are not well developed, but the upper part of her voice is skilfully controlled. It would not perhaps be fair to speak of her as an interpreter from hearing her in this one composition. In the more dramatic passages there was a lack of animation and fervor.

Balakireff's symphonic poem was first performed a few years ago. It is based on three Bohemian melodies. It is not a work of importance. There are a few agreeable or surprising orchestral effects, but the composition as a whole is easily forgotten.

The symphony of Rabaud was first performed at a Colonne concert in Paris.

In November, 1888, two of Rabaud's compositions have been played here at orchestral club concerts. This symphony, which preceded them in date of composition, is by far the most important work of the three, not because it was awarded the Monbinn prize, for the crowning of any work, literary or musical, at once prejudices the thoughtful against it.

The symphony might be called a suite, but this might be said of several modern symphonies. The first movement is conspicuous for its verve and the sensuousness of some of the thematic material rather than for force or ingenuity in development. The Andante built on a chorale is less distinguished than the scherzo, which is graceful and rich in unusual orchestral effects. The finale is the weakest of the movements; the least original and the most labored. When the symphony was first performed Rabaud was 26 years old. The work was highly creditable to him at that age.

Mrs. Hall played the saxophone with more than her accustomed fullness and firmness of tone, and she has gained much in the art of phrasing and in general authority. The chorale written for her by d'Indy gains at each hearing. It contains admirable pages.

Mr. Longy's skill as a conductor is highly appreciated here. Last night his reading of the scores was elastic, full of life, highly appreciative of each composer's manner, of speech and individuality of expression.

There was a large audience which was evidently much interested. There was hearty applause for Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Schaub and the orchestra. The music lovers of Boston are again indebted to Mrs. Hall for the opportunity of hearing certain modern works which might otherwise have waited long for a performance.

FLONZALEY QUARTET.

Makes Its First Appearance Before a Boston Audience at Chickering Hall.

Though its appearance at Chickering Hall last night was its first bow before a Boston audience, the Flonzaley quartet has held public performances in New York and European cities. Organized for the enjoyment of a wealthy New York amateur, Mr. de Coppet, the concerts of this quartet have in general been given privately in his New York house or at his summer residence at Flonzaley, Switzerland. Save one, the players are not generally known in Boston, though Mr. d'Archembaud will be remembered as a substitute for Mr. Schroeder at a Kniesel concert. They are Adolfo Betti and Alfred Pochon, violins; Ugo Ara, viola; Ivan d'Archembaud, violoncello.

The programme was well fitted to display the attainments of the players. Quartet in B flat major (Kochel 458), Mozart; quartet in F major, op. 135, Beethoven; quartet in D major, op. 27, Sinigaglia.

The lovely Mozart number, composed in 1784 and dedicated to Haydn, was played with a lightness and delicacy that were charming. A faded lustre seems to linger about these Haydn-dedicated string quartets—a scent as of lavender from old and seldom opened presses—nor would we forego their thin yet unpremeditated harmonies for all that the "Weltschmerz" and later composers (struggling to make the quartet rival the orchestra) have given.

Of the masterful posthumous quartets of Beethoven, perhaps none is more perfect than the F major op. 135, composed October, 1826, and dedicated to Johann Wolfmeier. Allegretto, Vivace, Lento Assai, Cantante E Tranquille (Der Schwer Gefasste Eutschluss), Allegro. Of Der Schwer Gefasste Eutschluss a curious fancy lends words to a theme. This is told by Schindler. His landlady, almanac in hand, assured Beethoven that it was the day on which the rent should be paid. "Muss es sein?" asked the composer. "Es muss sein!" was the reply, and op. 135 being in hand, these words identified themselves with a motive. In his last illness, upon the entrance of the hausfrau to his chamber, Beethoven sang the interrogatory, and the woman, falling into his humor, stamped her foot and answered, "Es muss sein!"

The interpretation was classic, the performance good, with continual expression of little niceties of feeling from players well accustomed to one another. Temperament a-plenty, with fire on occasion—but it was a Gallic temperament, one rather missed the cold German precision—in other words, the extremes were hardly far enough removed from the means.

Admirable was the performance of the new quartet by Sinigaglia, an Italian composer, whose Concert Etude, op. 5, was given in Boston by the Kniesel quartet in January 1906. While composed on classic lines and with a flavor of Brahms, this quartet has not entirely avoided the theatrical effects of the modern Italian school, and in contrast to the Beethoven number gave a touch of brightness to the latter part of the programme. In short, the performance was acceptable, and though perhaps the Beethoven number lacked a Kniesel reading, yet there is room in Boston for both.

EYRE-LONGYEAR RECITAL.

Miss Abby Longyear Sings Here for the First Time.

Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre, pianist, and Miss Abby Evelyn Longyear, soprano, assisted by Miss Ethel Wenk, accompanist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme included these piano pieces: Brahms, Scherzo in E flat minor, op. 4; Schumann, "Des Abends"; Chopin, Mazurka, op. 50, No. 2, Nocturne in G minor, Waltz, op. 64, No. 3, Schubert-Fischhof, ballet music from "Rosamond"; Saint-Saens, study in waltz form; and these songs: Elsie, op. 5, "Should He Upbraid"; Handel, "As When the Dove" from "Acis and Galatea"; Carey, "Pastorale"; Henschel,

"The Brook Sings"; Hopckirk, "Highland Baloo"; Old Irish, "The Little Red Lark"; Molloy, "The Kerry Dance"; Clough-Leighton four songs from "An April Heart."

It was a pleasure to hear a programme of songs with English words; nor was the singer obliged to resort to wretched or mediocre translations, for the programme was interesting and varied, made up, as it was, almost wholly from works by English and American composers. This is by no means a plea against German, French, Italian songs, but it does answer an argument sometimes put forth by the makers of polyglot programmes. Miss Longyear's voice is of small compass, but she used it with so much discretion and skill that her singing gave much pleasure. She had wisely chosen a programme suited both to the limitations of her voice and to the general style of her performance, and she sang with spontaneity and as much expression of emotion as the songs required.

Miss Eyre played with considerable brilliancy, but she was inclined to an excessive use of rubato, which sentimentalized the music and was detrimental to rhythm. This tendency was most noticeable in the pieces by Chopin and Schumann. She was most successful in the ballet music, which she played with much delicacy and grace, and in Saint-Saens' brilliant study.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and both musicians added to the programme.

Men and Things

Mr. Herkimer Johnson received on Monday a letter which he kindly allows us to publish:

Boston, Jan. 17.
Dear Sir: As you are now collecting material for chapters on dress, perhaps it will be of interest to you to know that it is not uncommon for young women—of considerable intelligence, too—to wear concealed in the garter a silver image of St. Joseph to insure good luck in the quest for a husband. Unless certain conditions are observed, the charm will be ineffective. It must be the gift of a friend, preferably a bride who has previously worn it. It must be worn upside down, continuously, and with faith, and must never be looked upon by any one. To wear a St. Joseph one need not be a Catholic, I think, for my young friend who wears one is an atheist. Her friends who wear St. Josephs are Protestant churchgoers. If I can get more information on the subject, I will communicate with you again. With best wishes for the success of your sociological studies, I am Very truly yours,
A FELLOW-STUDENT.

According to a Paris journal, a professor from the Natural History Museum, exploring the catacombs of Paris, came upon a pyramid of cats' heads. The heads on the top were freshly cut, but the mound "had evidently been accumulating for years." It appears that the pyramid stood immediately under the premises of a cheap restaurant "which makes a special feature of jugged hare at popular prices." It also appears that "close by, an airshaft passed through the cellars of the restaurant in question." The Pall Mall Gazette comments on the story: "The 'harmless, necessary cat' (felis sausa-ginea, as science terms her) appears to have racial affinities with another species of Puss which may have been suspected, but never so strongly as they henceforth will be, and the culinary reputation of the great French nation once more asserts itself triumphant."

We have consulted the ancients, and, therefore, applaud the humanity of the Parisian landlord in the cutting off the head before preparing the "jugged hare."

For it was the opinion of the ancients that the brain of a cat is most venomous, "for it being above measure dry, stoppeth the animal spirits, that they cannot pass into the ventricle, by reason whereof memory falleth, and the infected person falleth into a frenzy." Mr. Edward Topsell, in his compilation entitled, "The History of Four-footed Beasts" (London, 1607), says: "In Spain and Gallia Narbon they eat cats, but first of all take away their head and tail, and hang the prepared flesh a night or two in the open, cold air, to exhale the savor and poison of it, finding the flesh thereof to be almost as sweet as a cony. It must needs be an unclean and impure beast that liveth only upon vermin and hy ravening * * * likewise the familiars of witches do most ordinarily appear in the shape of cats, which is an argument that this beast is dangerous to soul and body."

And so the Germans and Rhoetians who ate the flesh of wildcat, accounting it delicate, first cut off the head and tail. Cook visited the island of Savu, which lies between the meridians of New Guinea and Borneo. "The food of these people consists of every tame animal in the country, of which the hog holds the first place in their estimation, and the horse the second; next to the horse is the buffalo; next to the buffalo their poultry, and they prefer dogs and cats to sheep and goats. They are not fond of fish, and I believe it is never eaten but by the poor people."

A good many years ago we spent a summer in Vers l'Eglise in the canton Vaud of Switzerland. The landlord's daughter was a fine figure of a woman, with a remarkably clear, white skin. She told us that, living in that high and remote place, they were often in winter hard pushed for food, and that more than once she had eaten of cat. She neither blushed nor giggled when she said this. Asked how cat tasted, she answered simply: "Oh, it's not so bad." No doubt more than one noble dame during the siege of Paris ate cat knowing full well that it was not hare.

A husband seeking a divorce testified in Boston that his wife frequently pushed him off the sofa and instead of showing affection she would stick her tongue out at him. To stick the tongue out at any one is not a pretty trick, nor does it add to the facial attractiveness of the perpetrator. Some to whom this is done consider themselves insulted, nor are they perhaps unduly sensitive. A few years ago a prominent male Italian singer engaged for a season at the Warsaw Opera House sang badly in a duet with a fine soprano from St. Petersburg. The audience, delighted with the woman, called her out again and again, but the tenor persisted in coming with her. At last, after he had been hissed repeatedly for his impudence, he came on the stage alone and stuck out his tongue. The audience was wild with rage and the governor-general, who was in his box, ordered the contract to be broken, the man paid and sent out of Warsaw that very night.

The San Francisco Call—"and one clear Call for me"—gives a pleasing account of May Yohe's latest adventure. "The shadow of her former self, May Yohe struggled alone with no one to care for her but her press agent." She went to San Francisco as the "head liner in a ten-twenty-third production." A "local millionaire" would not rest till he saw her, such was the pathetic eloquence of the press agent. The millionaire called and invited her to a drive. "It took May just 30 seconds to get on her hat." The press agent prayed that they might be arrested for over-speeding; they were not, but the automobile stopped later in front of a jeweler's and May came out radiant with \$3000 worth of diamonds. There is a moral in this: an "artist" can get along without a husband, without two husbands, but she must have a press agent.

Jan 23 1908 BOSTON SYMPHONY TO LOSE DR. MUCK Emperor Will Not Extend His Leave of Absence Longer Than This Season.

The following statement is made public by Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra:

"Owing to its inability to secure for him further leave of absence from his duties in Berlin, the management of the Boston Symphony orchestra with much regret announces that Dr. Karl Muck will sever his connection with the orchestra at the end of the present season. No arrangements for his successor have been made."

This news, not wholly unanticipated, will cause deep regret in this city and in all cities where the rare ability of Dr. Muck has been fully recognized and warmly applauded.

In Boston, where many have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the man himself, the regret will naturally be the keenest; but inasmuch as the Boston Symphony orchestra has long been more than a local institution and a source of civic pride, inasmuch as it has been a potent educational force throughout the land by reason of the excellence of its concerts and the high purpose and noble aim of its generous founder and maintainer, the character of its conductor is a matter of importance to the country at large.

Dr. Muck as musician, conductor and man has added to the prestige of the orchestra. It is not now the time to review his work or to pronounce a formal eulogy. His leave of absence was extended for a year through the kindness of his Emperor. In recognition of Maj. Higginson's conspicuous service to art, and as an act of courtesy to the United States, it is easy to

see the Emperor William wishes Dr. Mueck back in Berlin. The wonder is that he consented to be without him in the opera house and at state concerts for so long a time. Mr. Ellis says that no arrangements have been made about Dr. Mueck's successor. No one should be disappointed by this statement. When the time comes the successor will be found worthy of the responsible and honorable position.

CONCERT GIVEN BY C. S. JOHNSON

Mr. Charles S. Johnson, pianist, assisted by Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist gave a concert last night in the concert hall. Miss Grace Collier was the accompanist. The programme included Plerne's sonata for piano and violin, op. 36; these piano pieces:relude in D major from Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier," Scriabine's "Poem," op. 32, No. 1, Brahms' scherzo in E flat minor, Chopin's Nocturne, op. 9, No. 1, Schuetz's paraphrase on Strauss' waltz "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald," and these violin pieces: Vlegienly by R. Strauss and Laub's sonata.

Plerne's violin sonata was first played here by Mr. Hugh Codman and Miss Jessie Davis in Stelmer Hall, Nov. 1902. Since that date a brilliant career has followed. The same composer has produced at a concert of the Longy Club (1904), and last season his "Children's Crusade," performed by the Cecilia, provoked discussion. Plerne stands in the middle ground. He has not yet stepped over the line that separates him from the ultra-moderns, yet he is by no means a conservative. He is a fluent writer, with a sense of piquancy and humor; he has been thoroughly trained in his workmanship is sound; but his individuality is not marked, and his expression, while graceful and at times charming, has little depth. Take this sonata, for example.

The first movement is well made and pretty music, but the interest is not maintained after this movement; for the rest of the work has little character and that of amiability.

Miss Collier played the violin part with appropriate sentiment. She was content to let the music speak for itself, although she has virtuosos blood she kept well within the bounds of an ensemble performance. She was heartily applauded for her performance of the piano pieces. Mr. Johnson gave a careful reading of the sonata, and he too was applauded as a solo player. There was an audience of good size.

ILLUMINATED MUSIC.

In a London concert hall the audience sat in almost total darkness while the orchestra played two new symphonic poems. This aid to appreciation is by no means new. Several years ago Mr. Heinrich Pudor, whose fertility as a pamphleteer reminds one of the rabbit, advocated strenuously a dark hall and an unseen orchestra, chorus, singer, pianist. If the hall could not be darkened by reason of some police regulation, Mr. Pudor suggested that the audience should sit with backs toward the platform. A few years ago these ideas of Mr. Pudor were taken up by some musicians and critics in Germany and experiments were made.

But in London the hall was darkened for a special purpose and not merely to aid in concentration of attention on the music played. "The expressions of the orchestra were interpreted by a new poem thrown by an electric lantern on a screen in huge letters of silver light, eight lines at a time." "Expressions of the orchestra" is a misleading phrase. Mr. Herbert French wrote two poems, "Apollo and the Seaman" and "The Shepherd." Music in illustration of these poems as composed by Mr. Joseph Holbrook and Mr. W. H. Bell respectively. This music belongs to the class known as programme music. Such music is often explained by an argument printed in a programme book; the text of the poem, if the inspiring cause be a poem, is often printed, that the hearer may dilate with the proper emotion. In the London concert hall the poems were thrown in sections on a screen, so that the hearer could read while the music sounded in his ears.

In these days many value music only as a transliteration into tones of a poem, picture, metaphysical pro-

blem, or a historical event. Music that expresses simply musical emotions, absolute music in which each hearer finds that which is suggested to him according to his own capacity and nature, is to many vain and impotent. Music, they say, must have "a message." In Mr. French's poem

"the message is that love transcends individuality, which perishes; it points to an active, universal, eternal godhead as inspiring all things that love." Mr. Holbrook delights in fantastical music and he found no difficulty in expressing all this, and no doubt other things, in tones; but a London audience must be helped in every way; hence the screen and the electric lantern.

Why should not experiments be made in Symphony Hall? They need not be confined to new and unfamiliar works. Suppose the overture to "Coriolanus" were to be played. Passages from Shakespeare's text, although Beethoven wrote the overture for Collin's drama, might be thrown on the screen, while portraits of eminent actors, as Kemble, in the part, would furnish agreeable relief. What a wealth of illustration there is for Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" or "Don Juan"! If his "Life of a Hero" were to be performed, the portrait of the composer should be kept on the screen from the beginning to the end. Is not that symphonic poem intensely autobiographic? In case of his "Domestic" symphony, portraits of Mrs. Strauss and the baby, in costumes of day and night, might appropriately be added.

CONCERT FOYER

Sundry Remarks by Maurice Renaud on Composition of His Parts

SCHELLING'S NEW SUITE AND COMING CONCERTS

BY PHILIP HALE

MR. MAURICE RENAUD has never sung here in opera. He sang at one of Mrs. Hall McAllister's musicales at the Hotel Somerset last season. But Mr. Renaud is a singing actor rather than a singer that acts. It is said that some years ago a surgical operation stripped his voice of its bloom. Yet this voice is today an effective organ when it is used to express dramatic emotion. As an actor in opera, Mr. Renaud is one of the most remarkable apparitions in the world of music.

He talked entertainingly and shrewdly a few days ago with a reporter of the New York Evening Mail.

First of all he showed his good sense by refusing to discuss the "musical conditions in this country." He has not heard much music here, and he gave a reason that will seem strange to some: "I love music so passionately that it affects me too violently. * * * When I rehearse, I never go into the body of the house to listen to the performance, because I am swept away by the charm of the work." Mr. Renaud is musically sensitive, almost as sensitive as our old friend, Bill Simmons, who could not keep still when he heard a band or street organ play, though his nervous agitation cost him more than once his position, as when, a waiter, entranced by the spell of music, he let the crockery fall, and heard the voice of the boss saying to him: "Good-by, Bill."

Another reason why Mr. Renaud does not hear music is because he is too busy. At present he is learning the parts of Scarpia and Henry VIII. for Monte Carlo, designing costumes, etc.

When he prepared himself for the part of the Monk Athanael in "Thais," whom he impersonated in New York for the first time, he began by reading the ironic romance of Anatole France on which Massenet's opera is founded. "I read and reread it, to get spirit, atmosphere and everything that was to be gotten from it, entirely apart from the Massenet version in music, that it might inspire me to portray it as it inspired Massenet to write." It may here be said that the libretto of this opera falls far below the

romance of France. The power of the romance is in the ironical treatment of the conversion of the courtesan by the monk, who, at the end, is a sceptic and a sensualist, longing for Thais at the moment she dies in the full odor of sanctity. In Massenet's opera, there is merely a juxtaposition of the religious and the sensual, a dramatic trick that often appealed to Massenet before he composed "Thais."

Among the parts to which Mr. Renaud has given much study are those of Don Giovanni, Don Carlos and "Tigolletto," which is Victor Hugo's "L'Homme Qui Rit." Surely the reporter misunderstood Mr. Renaud. "Tigolletto" was based on Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse," which is not the same as "The Man that Laughs," not the same. "These are what we may call the decorative roles, and they require even greater study than some others. * * * The more superficial the part and the less it appeals to one the more necessary is it that the artist finds absolute conviction somewhere, for if he does not the audience will feel the hollowness of his representation, no matter what art he brings to bear upon it."

To Mr. Renaud, the operas of Mozart are pure Italian, while those of Gluck are pure German, and Gluck laid the foundations on which Meyerbeer built. When the reporter asked Mr. Renaud if he had studied Wagner's music dramas in the same spirit as operas of France or Italy, he answered: "Yes, I know my Norse mythology; I have visited with the Valkyries. I have travelled on the road to Walhalla." This reminds me of the profound student of Greek literature who had soaked with Socrates and ripped with Euripides. "I have sung Telemachus 12 times, Wolfram more frequently, the Dutchman almost as often, and Beckmesser at least 100 times. I love the comedy element in Beckmesser, and the mysterious and fantastic side of the Dutchman—I love variety, that is what keeps up the enthusiasm in one's work."

The part of Dr. Miracle in Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" appeals especially to Mr. Renaud. To him the doctor is a more terrible devil than that of Berlioz, Boito or Gounod. "He represents the spirit of the lie. His evil doings cause him the most ecstatic joy, and his glee is the most frightful thing possible to conceive. He is the concentrated essence of wickedness, and every time I get into the role I am newly impressed with the tremendous power of 'goodness' when it is able to overbalance such original crime and viciousness. No, I do not think that such a terrible being could exist, and you must take it exactly as you do your Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

It is a pity that this remarkable actor in opera is not known to us in Boston except to those who have had the pleasure of seeing him in Europe or in New York. Will not Mr. Hammerstein bring his company to Boston before the season is over? There is a great desire to hear the new operas that he has produced and the men and women of his company.

The Herald spoke some weeks ago about the success of Mme. Clara Butt in Australia, and then reprinted extraordinary things that were published about her in the journals of that country. Again we hear of her. Ponder this praise of the Perth Daily Mail: "Heaven was more than kind to Mme. Clara Butt. It gave her magnificent physique, and, lest that magnificence might make her masculine, added feminine grace of movement and beauty of soul, with a pair of dancing eyes to look out of in heart sympathy with the rest of the world. Then, to crown all, heaven threw in a voice, and the work was complete. A woman and a singer was evolved; and years afterward, in far-off western Australia, thousands of men and women, toil-worn and weary, many of them, were to sit at her feet."

When Mme. Butt entered the hall "gowned beautifully, and looking every inch an empress, her spell was over all." It was felt that here at last was the fulfilment of one of the desires of the people, the hearing of the Queen of Song at the zenith of her power. * * * The audience sat enthralled and remained so until the last lines died away like the notes of a golden bell floating out to sea."

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra tomorrow afternoon will include Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Schelling's Fantastic Suite for piano and orchestra, and Chausson's symphonic poem "Viviane." Schelling's suite will be played for the first time in America and the composer will be the pianist. The suite was performed for the first time at Amsterdam early in the fall of last year. It is in four movements: the first is an allegro marziale; the second is in the nature of a scherzo; the third is an intermezzo-adagio; the finale is a Virginia reel based on "Dixie." "Old Folks at Home," and an original theme, while there are passing allusions to "Yankee Doodle." The orchestra after the concert on Saturday will go on its western trip. The programme of the concert two weeks hence will include Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring." The singer will probably be Mme. Gertrude Reiche of the Manhattan Opera House.

Miss Geraldine Farrar will give a concert in Symphony Hall next Monday afternoon under the auspices of the Students' Association of Miss Hersey's school. The tickets have all been sold.

The second concert of the series organized by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, will take place in Chickering Hall next Wednesday night. The programme is of more than ordinary interest. It will be made up of music by Eng-

lish composers of the 17th century: instrumental pieces by Jenkins, Simpson, Purcell; songs and duets by Lawes, and songs by Purcell.

Miss Katharine R. Miley, soprano, assisted by Mr. Carl Webster, cellist, and Mr. Charles K. North, flutist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall a week from tonight.

Mme. Johanna Gadske, soprano, will give a song recital in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon, the 1st. The programme will contain six songs by Schubert and songs by Franz, Schumann, Grieg, R. Strauss, La Farge and Loewe. Mr. Kreiser will give his last violin recital this season Saturday afternoon, Feb. 1, in Symphony Hall. He will play Bruch's Concerto in G minor, Bach's Chaconne, Sinigaglia's Rhapsodie Piemontese and pieces by Moszkowski, Cottonet, Dvorak and Arbos.

"PATIENCE" SUNG AT CASTLE SQUARE

Castle Square Theatre—"Patience," Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, in two acts. The cast:

Col. Calverley.....Francis J. Boyle
Maj. Murgatroyd.....W. H. Pringle
Duke of Dunstable.....Harry Davies
Reginald Bunthorne.....Alexander Clarke
Archibald Grosvenor.....J. K. Murray
Mr. Bunthorne's solicitor.....Joseph Speare
The Lady Angela.....Miss Louise Le Baron
The Lady Saphir.....Miss Lola Hall
The Lady Ella.....Miss Cora Hayden
The Lady Jane.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Patience.....Miss Clara Lane

The feature of the performance last evening was the appearance of Mr. Alexander Clarke for the first time at this theatre. Whether his impersonation of the immortal Bunthorne was conventional or not, it was amusing, and had excellent touches. He is inclined to depend rather more upon certain physical points of his own—notably the famous legs—than upon illuminative personation of the character he plays, and he went through the part last evening very much as he would go through any musical comedy part of less superior workmanship than that of Gilbert and Sullivan. While his tendency to introduce topical allusions may be deprecated, his general action was good and in places it was admirable. His enunciation is not always clear—but his laugh, his croon of varying emotion, his sighs are irresistible. And his legs have lost none of their expressiveness in pose and motion. The best bit of acting Mr. Clarke did last evening was undoubtedly the short scene in Act II, with Mr. Murray as Grosvenor, and here he was ably seconded by that admirable actor.

Mr. Murray and Miss Lane were equally successful in their scene in act one, where Grosvenor and Patience agree to part because it is their duty to take as little pleasure in love as possible, and here and in other spots the audience expressed its delight by demanding encore after encore, although the best moments of the performance—the action—were such as could not be repeated.

The other members of the cast did good work and all were impartially applauded. Mr. Boyle deserved a special word for his lingual dexterity in his entrance song, and for other work. The general action was smooth and the singing was hearty. After one or two of the principals have become more familiar with their lines the opera will go without a hitch and bids fair to rival the success it made in the summer.

Next week Verdi's "Trovatore" will be given.

Men and Things

The Baroness von Schwitzer killed herself with a pistol bullet at Crajova a few days ago. She was rich; she was 50 years old; she had been famous for her beauty. Her looking-glass was not a flatterer. In a letter she said she could not bear to outlive her good looks.

This reminds us of a story told by Plutarch and Englished by Dr. Chauncy for the edition of Plutarch's Morals, published late in the 17th century.

"A certain dreadful and monstrous Distemper did seize the Milesian Maids, arising from some hidden Cause, it is most likely, the Air had acquired some infatuating and venomous Quality, that did influence them to this Change and Alienation of Mind; for all on a sudden, an earnest longing for Death, with furious Attempts to hang themselves, did attack them, and many did privily accomplish it; the Arguments and Tears of Parents, and the Persuasion of Friends availed nothing, but they circumvented their Keepers in all their Contrivances and Industry to prevent them, still murdering themselves; so that the Calamity seemed to be an extraordinary Divine Stroke, and beyond human Help, until the Counsel of a wise Man was by Record past into Act of the Senate: viz. 'That those Maids that hanged themselves should be carried naked through the Market-place.' This ratified Law did not only inhibit, but quash their Desires of slaying themselves. Note what a great Argument of good Nature and virtue this Fear of Disgrace is; that they that had no dread upon them, of the most terrible things in the World,

viz: Death and Pain, could not endure the Fantasia of an immodest thing, no, not to be exposed to Shame after Death."

You may ask: "What has this Milesian tale to do with the ending of the Baroness von Schwitzer?"

Plutarch attributed the mania of the Milesian maids to some hidden cause, and spoke knowingly of insidious and evil air. The commentators give no more satisfactory reason. The author of "L'Anti-Hegestas," a dialogue in verse on suicide, with whimsical and cynical notes, only cracks an irreverent jest. The celebrated Mr. Boyle says that the remedy of the magistrates only shows that the passion of the maidens was a disease of the mind. "Something like this happened at Lyons toward the close of the 15th century. There is no difference between these diseases, the plague or the smallpox, except that the latter happen infinitely oftener."

It was reserved for Marcel Schwov by a flight of the imagination to solve the problem. In his story "Les Milesiennes," he tells of the crazed maidens, the wretched parents, the vain efforts of the magistrates until they hit upon the cure. A youth who served in the Temple of Athens learned the cause by accident. The side of a room in this temple was one huge metal looking glass. One night he happened to be near this room, and he saw a group of maidens entering. He veiled his head and accompanied them. The first stood before the mirror, loosened her garments, and at last stood resplendent in beauty. Her comrades laughed at seeing her satisfaction, but to them there was no reflected image. The young girl suddenly gave the shriek of a wounded beast and fled. Soon afterward the wail of mourners was heard. The second went up to the mirror and to her the same things happened. The youth then stood behind the third and he saw the awful vision. For the glorious maiden before the glass looked on herself and lo, she saw a wrinkled forehead, eyes with the film of old age, flabby ears, cheeks like pockets, nostrils red colored and hairy, a divided and crumbling chin, shoulders with salt-cellars—in a word, the figure of Villon's fair armoreress in Rodin's statue. The head was hairless and blue opaque veins ran under the skin of the head. Thus the mirror held up to the maiden that which was in reserve for her.

Terrified by the apparition, ashamed, she hanged herself from a trussed beam. The youth had pursued her but she had outstripped him. He took her down tenderly before the mourners came, and he caressed her limbs and kissed her eyes. This was the answer of the youth to the looking glass of the future truth, to the looking glass of Athens.

Had the baroness no pleasure except in coquetry? Was she enamored only of herself? The tale is a pitiable one. And she was only 50 years old! Was she then haggard, or was her loss of beauty merely comparative? Think of the grand coquettes of 60!

Think rather of the old woman described by Whitman:
The old face of the mother of many children.
Whist! I am fully content.
Behold a woman!
She looks out from her quaker cap, her face
is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
The old in an armchair under the shaded
porch of the farmhouse.
The sun just shines on her old white head.
Her ample gown is of cream laced linen.
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her grand-
daughters spun it with the distaff and
the wheel.
The melodious character of the earth.
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go
and does not wish to go.
The justified mother of men.

Jan 25 1908

EDWARD MacDOWELL.

The death of Edward MacDowell ends the tragedy of his last years. To his intimate friends, and to the world that knew and admired him as a composer, the ending is a welcome relief, for his disease was cruel and incurable. The sturdy body had long been helpless; the poetic brain had long been dull or childish; only the sweet and affectionate character of the man remained unclouded and unchanged.

As a composer, MacDowell was prominent among the musicians of the world. His reputation was more than local or national. His best works are individual and imaginative. At first influenced by Raff, his master, he soon found his own lan-

guage for the musical thoughts and moods that were indisputably his, not echoes of another. He had Irish-Scotch blood in his veins, and he had as a birthright the Celtic sense of beauty and the Celtic mysticism. The mist of legends inspired him, and the romantic shapes enwrapped by it moved him to musical portraiture, but he himself was not lost in this mist, and his music was not vague and shadowy. His dreams impelled him to activity. Even in the routine of this "too daily life," he had an ever present sense of

Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

Under a New England sky or in the most material of cities he had ever in his mind

Celtic tales of yore,
Dark Druid rhymes that thrall,
Deirdre's song and wizard lore
Of great Cuchullin's fall.

He was on unusually intimate terms with Nature, with the forest and with the sea. To him there was strange music in a New Hampshire hillside, in an abandoned farm, in the peculiar bleakness of a landscape, in the suggestion of a spring that is a season in other lands. Thus urged to express in tones his sentiments and emotions, he was an impressionist, not given to obvious photography in music, not a slave to form or to precise detail. His music has the tenderness of virility; the force that is innate and authoritative; the rhetoric that is the one and inevitable expression of beautiful and noble thoughts; the qualities that set the poet of high imagination far apart from industrious rhymers of prose and anxious jugglers with words.

Naturally sensitive and shy, he was courageous to the verge of fanaticism in the espousal of what seemed to him a righteous cause, and also in warring against all that was low, mean, selfish in life or in art. To stifle a conviction for the sake of self-advantage was to him the crime of crimes. A man of the utmost purity, one that kept himself unspotted from the world, he was never pharisaical; he was compassionate toward the slips and failings of poor humanity. Gentle, he yet delighted in the sternest athletic sports, and he was boyish in his enjoyment of them. His generosity was so great that in hours that should have been devoted to relaxation he gave free instruction to pupils who had talent and were without money. He was a true patriot, proud and hopeful of his country and of its artistic future, but he could not brook the thought of patriotism used as a cloak to cover mediocrity in art. Interested in questions of science, politics, sociology, a man of reading and reflection, he talked sanely and shrewdly and was a stimulating listener. He was a substantial answer to the charge that a musician is necessarily self-absorbed and narrow.

MacDowell was before the world as a virtuoso, teacher and composer. As a virtuoso his performance was characterized by a certain inimitable fleetness in bravura, an individual brilliance and a force that was at times demoniacal. As a teacher he exerted a deep and beneficent influence which will long outlive him. But posterity will know him as a composer of music, as a poet in tones, who expressed chivalric nature and recounted his visions with eloquence, at times with flawless art; who added without thought of self to the world's store of that which is ideally beautiful, and in so doing won a fame that to him was an incident and not the goal.

Men and Things

AUGUST WILHELMJ, the violinist, who died at London on Thursday, was a joy to paraphraser when he was in this country. He was often alluded to as "William J." Verses appeared with the final word of a line rhyming with "Wilhemj" spelled ingeniously to suit the eye. The composers were prone to turn his final "j" into a semicolon.

He was an imposing apparition on the concert stage, with his thick, powerful body, with his head that reminded one of both Daniel Webster and Beethoven. He was often arrogant in his performance, especially in Berlin, where he would "his fiddle bow with the deliberate purr" of shocking all those trained in the school of Joachim. For Wilhelmj, the intimate friend of von Moltke, was not chummy with Joachim. Did he not once characterize him as "a good summer player"? Furthermore, Wilhelmj was an ardent admirer of Wagner, for whom he served as concertmaster at Bayreuth at the first performances of "The Ring," in 1876, and he fought Wagner's battles wherever he went.

When Wilhelmj first played in this country he was accused of false intonation. He was not accustomed to the high pitch of our orchestras and pianos, and it took him some time to accommodate himself. He was not a favorite here with the average audience; the taste of the people was not then highly developed, though excellent violinists had visited the United States; Wilhelmj would not play "popular music," and he was not a bit of a charlatan. The late Edward MacDowell once said that there is always something of the rope dancer in a virtuoso. But Wilhelmj was free from this reproach. The people hearing him missed something entertaining; they were not forced to sit up; they preferred to hear Remenyi with his greater personal magnetism. Yet Wilhelmj, when he played a slow movement, often moved them by the breadth, the dignity, the intensity of his performance.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, who contributes musical articles to a Los Angeles journal, published recently this paragraph: "Carl Sobeski, who is now located in Seattle as a vocal teacher, is coming to Los Angeles to give a series of recitals. He at one time was a miniature painter in Chicago and posed as a son of a Polish prince. I have just heard from Boston that his name is not even Sobeski, but Smith! and this prince business is merely for advertising matter. 'Why not in all you speak let truth and candor shine!'"

This is a reckless charge and one that is unfounded. Why should not Mr. Sobeski be a prince or a count or a baron? Two winters ago there were a good many counts and barons in Boston, and no drawing room was complete without at least one. They were amiable persons, well disposed toward the unentitled aristocracy of the city, not at all offended when they were invited to dine or sup. We are told that there are several counts here this season; nor are they all idle. On the contrary, they are at work in useful, though humble, ways. We assure Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop that she is mistaken about Mr. Sobeski, who has many friends here, friends that esteem him highly. Even if his name were originally Smith, or Jones, or Thompson, or even Ferguson, he has a right to prefer Sobeski for the purposes of instruction; but we have every reason to believe that his name is Sobeski, and that he came from Sobeskiville or whatever the Polish for that may be.

Announcement was made some time ago in Paris of a great national tenor competition, and the pleasing statement was added that engagements at some of the principal Paris and foreign theatres would be guaranteed to the successful candidates. Two hundred and seventy-five entries were promptly received. It was Hans von Buelow who said that a tenor was a disease. In France he seems to be an epidemic.

A woman in Greenwich, Ct., made the dying request that her coffin should be plain and inexpensive, "covered with purple cloth and white cotton flannel, the woolly side out" that her resting place might "look warm and comfortable, not shiny, cold and costly." A singular yet not wholly unreasonable request! There are men who look forward with pride to being buried in a dress suit. If they were to heed this woman's example they would insist on a sweater and fur gloves. It is strange that she did not ask for a coffin painted a deep red or a flaming crimson. What was it Sir Thomas Browne said? "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."

A correspondent of the New York Sun asked: "To what extent is the vulgar American pleonasm 'I have got' extended over our speech?" The Sun answered that the phrase is a pleonasm, but certainly not an Americanism. The Sun might have quoted Richard Grant White's distinction: "Possession is completely expressed by 'have'; 'get' expresses attainment by exertion. Therefore there is no better English than, 'Come, let us get home; but to say of a vagrant that he has got no home is bad.'" The correspondent does not know his Shakespeare. In "The Merchant of Venice" old Gobbo says to his son: "What a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my phil horse, has on his tail." Swift and Dr. Johnson did not hesitate to use the phrase.

Jan 26 1908

SCHELLING SCORES DISTINCT TRIUMPH

His "Fantastic Suite" Produced First Time in America at Symphony Concert.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....Strauss
Fantastic suite for piano and orchestra.....Schelling
"Viviane," symphonic poem.....Chausson
This concert was one of much interest from the beginning to the end. "Till Eulenspiegel" disputes with "Don Juan" the first position among the symphonic poems of Strauss. The opening of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is colossal in its elemental grandeur; the death music in "Don Quixote" is incomparably beautiful; there are a few pages in "The Life of a Hero" that remind one of Beethoven at his best; the love music in the "Domestic" symphony is memorable; but "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan" are continuously impressive, each in its way, and are free from the suspicion of effects made for the sake of effect, designed deliberately to make the bourgeois stare.

These two pieces differ necessarily in spirit. "Till Eulenspiegel" is a rondo of extravagant mirth, of Rabelaisian humor. "Don Juan" is defiantly sensuous with the tragic ending that is inevitable, the end of every man's desire. Yet each work is complete and rounded each symphonic poem is a continuous work of art without digressions that annoy; without panoramic detail that needs a lecturer with his pointer.

The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was elastic and brilliant. It was a virtuoso performance of a work that, while it is purposely extravagant, is not without emotion, not without the human appeal.

Composer Acted as Pianist.

Mr. Schelling's Suite, composed in 1905-6, and orchestrated in 1907, was performed for the first time at Amsterdam Oct 10 of last year. The composer was the pianist, as he was last night. The Suite was played again in Holland, I believe at Rotterdam. The performance last night was the first in the United States.

Mr. Schelling has characterized his music as "fantastic." In these days the word has lost somewhat its original significance, and in music it too often is without special meaning. A composer fancies that he is fantastic when he is only laborious in search of the bizarre. Mr. Schelling in this suite has true fancy.

The suite is in four movements. The first with its characteristically rhythmed chief motive, its melodic thought, its decided mood of peculiar melancholy is Celtic in spirit. The second movement is a graceful scherzo with a strongly contrasted trio. The third is a highly romantic adagio. The finale is in the form of a Virginia reel based on three themes: the most important of the three is "Dixie"; the second is original; the third is "Old Folks at Home."

This music of Mr. Schelling gave immediate pleasure, nor would this pleasure be abated by a second hearing, for the music has a marked physiognomy. It is modern in sentiment and in expression, but there is no attempt to anticipate the form and expression that may be modern a quarter of a century hence.

Mr. Schelling Is Modern.

Mr. Schelling is a man of his generation not a forerunner, not one born too soon. He neither looks backward with slavish respect, nor does he turn his back on that which has already been done. It is not necessarily the mark of a genius to despise the work and of spirit of one's own age; for all contemporaries are not inevitably old fogies, dull cared, slow of appreciation unless they hear familiar sounds in familiar forms. If a man be really a genius, he cannot escape wholly the notice of some that live in his own period.

Mr. Schelling's music has true charm. Its emotional quality is neither super-refined nor obvious. His melodic thoughts in the first three movements have individuality, tenderness that is not flabby,

...that is not too carefully sought at. Its harmonic progressions are interesting, at times singularly effective. Its instrumentation is often ingenious and almost always euphonious. For his finale Mr. Schelling chose two themes that are very familiar. Dixie," originally a negro minstrel "walk-around," composed by Dan Emmett before the civil war, became ironically the battle song of the South. It is a stirring tune, a tune that is eminently fitting in its recklessness, its defiant mapping of fingers at the universe. No one with blood in his veins can hear it without a thrill, no matter how or where it may be performed. The other melody, Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home," is the one great folk song of this country.

I am glad that Mr. Schelling had the courage in composing the finale of serious work to choose these tunes or themes. He wished to give the tale an American flavor, and he took themes that are distinctively American. He treated these themes in an admirable fashion, now exposing them, now suggesting them, always the musician.

An Enviably Triumph.

Mr. Schelling's performance of the piano part revealed him as a pianist who has gained in breadth and authority, in emotional expression and elegance of bravura and in the repose that suggests mastery and reserve. Thus as pianist and composer he won an indisputable and enviable triumph. Chausson's "Viviane" has been played here before. It was worth the repetition and it is worthy of future hearings. It has been called a pastel, but it is more than that. While it is not so important a work as his symphony, it has a delicate sensuousness, a suggestion of forest atmosphere and woven spells, of unended calls to action, of the world well at for love. Here and there are passages that show the influence of Wagner, but the best pages are those signed by Chausson. The performance was one rare beauty.

GRAND OPERA REPERTORY.

The repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House company for the week at the Boston Theatre, beginning April 6, will probably include Mascagni's "Iris," Leonini's "La Boheme" and "Manon Lescaut," "Il Trovatore," "Die Walkure," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger" and "The Marriage of Figaro." Mr. Mahler will probably conduct the performances of "Die Walkure" and "The Marriage of Figaro." Among the singers who will appear will be Mmes. Cavalleri, Eames, Fremstad, Leffler-Burckard, Brenna, Homer, Jacoby, Kirkby-Lunn and Messrs. Bonci, Burgstaller, Caso, Campanari, Scotti, Van Rooy, Lass, Journet and Plancon.

MUSIC NOTES.

Paul's cantata, "The Holy City," will be sung at the Elliot Church, Newton, on Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Miss Helen Frances Sawyer, a pupil of Joseph Ganz, will give a piano recital at Chickering Hall Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, for the benefit of the House. The programme of the concert of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association, Mechanics Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 2, will include the prelude to "The Mastersingers," Schumann's "Trauermusik," selection from Herbert's "Red Mill,"verture to "William Tell," prologue to Elton's "Golden Legend," selection from Verdi's "Don Carlos," Rossini's "Innamoratus" and a cornet solo by Ernest S. Williams. Emil Mollenhauer will conduct the band of 25.

AMERICA SOULLESS SAYS MISS GARDEN

Miss Mary Garden, undismayed by the criticism that followed Miss Farrar's artless remarks to a Berlin reporter, has been talking freely in New York about America and its pitiable lack of musical "education," "atmosphere," etc. She did not refer to the analyses of her now celebrated kiss in "Louise," possibly because of the Jane Norla's kiss in the last scene of "Aida" is now said to last 295 seconds, a kiss 12 times as long as the one in "Louise," if we believe the affidavit of lightning calculator. Miss Garden said many things. She began with this statement, which may be accepted as authoritative and final: "As for art in your country, there is no thing—at least, not yet. Your people do not judges of art standards. The masses cannot understand what art is, and, like a lot of sheep, the people here follow the leaders—the critics of our newspapers—and what nonsense it is. Why should it be so? It is, I think, the critic who tells your nation that is good work. The fact that the people of France and of Italy and of Germany do their own thinking and listening with their own ears, makes those nations what they are—great in art and art impulse."

It seems from other statements made here that there is no art in America these reasons: Suburbanites, or those who are consuming thirst, grow restless toward the end of the opera, and often before the fall of the curtain. Americans "are content with and revel in the operas of decades ago. Moreover, America is still satisfied with 'tone' as posed to interpretation. That is shown in the popularity of such singers as Melba and Sembrich—the two greatestponents of the coloratura school. Today see the beginning of the great mod-

ern school whose music deals with human truths, which appeals not only to the sense, but to the intellect. What does America know of this new music? Nothing."

While Miss Garden believes that a national conservatory might be useful in educating the masses, "it would fail of its purpose if it were meant for the education of persons of genius. The person of genius needs no national school of music. Let him struggle if need be, starve, but never let individuality be crushed out by more ignorant minds. Send our geniuses away, I say. Into another atmosphere, to learn other languages, to saturate their minds with the art of older countries and they will come back to be the joy and boast of their countrymen."

Although Miss Garden, who was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, applauded Mme. Tetrazzini until she split her gloves, she gives her a shy thrust by her praise of Mmes. Melba and Sembrich, nor is she truthful when she declares that Mme. Sembrich is one of the two greatest bravura singers. As a matter of fact, Mme. Sembrich's coloratura for the last six or seven years has been painfully labored, and often false in intonation.

What ails Miss Garden? Simply this: She never was a great singer in the strict meaning of the word. Her voice, never a remarkable one—and this is admitted by her friends—has lost in quality—within a year or two, if common report is to be trusted. She is, according to the testimony, an operatic actress of extraordinary intelligence and power. In certain operas she won a great reputation by the frank exposure of her body or by the sensuousness of her dramatic action. It is true that in these operas the heroine worshipped Venus rather than the Muse of song, and Miss Garden portrayed the heroine as she was. The librettist and the composer would have with justice protested had she worn a chest protector or suggested by her demeanor Lucretia weeping with the dagger in her hand. In operas where the music demands a continuous display of "bel canto" Miss Garden would probably be an insignificant figure. Even her Violetta was adversely criticised in European cities.

As long as there are great singers, the old operas will draw crowds to hear them. It is so in Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna, New York, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Boston. If a singer has phenomenal beauty of tones and rare vocal skill and is a commonplace actress, the opera house will be crowded, no matter in what city it may stand. If she be a mistress of dramatic coloratura—for coloratura need not be merely unmeaning embroidery—her triumph will be still greater.

Miss Garden labors under a delusion common among her sisters: that opera is the supreme expression in music; that the musical condition of a country is to be judged by the attention it pays to opera. If the coloratura singer is applauded by throngs, the city in which she sings is intensely musical, the citizens and citizenesses are true worshippers of art. They all forget that opera was, is, and will be, the plaything of the rich, the amusement of society, and a luxury for those of modest income. They would stare incredulously if they were told that symphonic music may be more intensely dramatic than any operatic show.

The music critic of Town Topics, discussing "Louise," in which Miss Garden is said to excel, says that without Charpentier's musical carpentry, his opera never would have survived the English translation of his libretto in the 25-cent lobby version. "Many foreign librettos have been butchered to make an operatic holiday in New York, but none quite so badly as the book of 'Louise.' For instance, one of the gems of translation is contained in the passage where the father reads Julien's letter asking for the hand of Louise:

Father—He renews his request. Mother—What a nerve, after all that has taken place.

"There is another choice example of the most up-to-date New York vocabulary, in the famous dressmaking scene. Julien sings his serenade outside, and Elise and Suzanne exclaim together: 'To the hughouse with him.' The Montmartre festival also affords opportunity for a choice line sung by the students. It is this: 'Don't eat too much, young girls, or you'll get big.' However, all the commonplaces of Charpentier's prose libretto are not in slang, although their effect is no less weird in the translation. It is doubtful whether many other composers would have chosen for musical setting such passages as these:

Father—For a long time I've made up my mind when one hasn't an income one must work for others who have it.

Mother—An income is not to be despised. Gertrude (in dressmaking scene)—The folds won't stay in place.

Elise—Pass me your scissors. Marguerite—Will you show me how to whittlebone?

Elise—You take your ribbon like this—you begin low down, but supporting it a little bit.

Gertrude—I can't get hold of the knack of finishing this waist.

Camille—Got to put horsehair under the arms.

Irena—A genuine stuffing, say!

Forewoman—Don't forget the sachet of heliotrope.

Gertrude—Heavens! It's hot; open the window.

This reminds me that Miss Garden says Louise is the embodiment of everything that is vicious and ungrateful. "She exists in the shops of Worth, of Redfern; in fact, she is to be found in every sort of shop and in every establishment. In her way, she is attractive and vivacious, full of life and bubbling over with excitement. She has no thought further than the gayeties and frivolities of the sidewalk, which in her country are harmless in their way, but this would not be within the comprehension of the American."

When Miss Garden impersonates Melba she has a more trying task. "The

whence and the whither become forces with which I seem to be grappling without any mental cognizance of so doing." The "whence and the whither?"

Does Miss Garden know the fine phrase of a once admired New England sage: "A man that issues thinks things things?"

Mrs. Bloomfield Zeisler, who is now characterized in Baltimore as "the Keats of the piano"—What are Keats? asked the English undergraduate—has been talking with a reporter of the Baltimore News about the distinctive colors of individuals. "Colorful music surcharged with emotion," says the reporter, "is that in which she excels." But let Mrs. Zeisler have her say. "Take a quiet, modest, shy, bashful, retiring young girl, you would never think of any vivid reds or yellows in connection with her. It would be a pale blue or gray, or fawn, perhaps. Or take a man with flashing black eyes. You would never suggest neutral colors in connection with him." We see him now with a flaming red cravat and a summer sunset waistcoat.

Goldmark's new opera, "The Winter's Tale," based by A. M. Willner on Shakespeare's comedy, was produced at the Vienna Opera House Jan. 2, with great popular success. The music is said to display a fine sense of euphony, rich instrumentation, a mastery use of counterpoint and interesting harmonic effects. There are reminiscences, but chiefly from the composer's earlier works, and they are shoes, not quotations. There is much that is melodically new and beautiful. The opera is not a music-drama in the Wagnerian sense. Chorus and ballet have important parts; there is a pretty waltz; Perdita sings rousades and trills. At the beginning of the second act an elf enters and tells in a prologue the events that will follow. "The Winter's Tale" served at least two operatic composers before Goldmark. Carlo Barbieri's "Perdita" was produced at Prague in 1865, and Bruch's "Iermlione" was produced at Berlin in 1872. Neither opera had any stage life.

The New York Evening Sun of Jan. 20 remarked: "Carl Pohlig led the Philadelphia orchestra last Friday and Saturday, in his home town, in a performance of his own symphonic poem, 'Per Aspera ad Astra.' The subtitle, 'A Hero's Death and Apotheosis,' most strongly suggested Richard Strauss. An entire programme book by Mr. Philip H. Goepf was given to the exposition of Mr. Pohlig's musical ideas, and their unity of theme was illustrated with printed bars of music, in which the hero theme was put through all the paces of possible tempo and rhythm. When Katharine Goodson played a piano concerto by her husband, Arthur Hinton, one week before, not one note and not so much as one word regarding the unknown Englishman's composition crept into the annotator's pages. Philadelphia is nothing if not loyal to its own."

The prize of £500 offered by Messrs. Ricordi for an opera in English by a British composer has been won by Dr. Edward Woodall Naylor of Cambridge with "The Angelus." The judges were Joseph Bennett, Percy Pitt, Tito Ricordi and Sir Charles V. Stanford. Twenty-nine operas were considered by them. Of the 191 summaries of librettos, "112 were deemed unsuitable, and 27 were disqualified for other reasons." If they were "unsuitable," what were the other reasons? Naylor was born in 1867. He is a son of the late Dr. John Naylor, and is an organist and lecturer in music at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. When will the opera be produced, and how long will it live?

Vincent d'Indy made a savage attack on Carre, the manager of the Opera-Comique, Paris, on account of his production of Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide." D'Indy frankly confessed that he was bored by the performance. I quote from a reference to d'Indy's article by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (London):

"What is more, he tells us why he

and we were bored, in a long article in 'Comœdia,' which is a wonder of acute and profound criticism. It seems that the Opera-Comique's rendering of the work is a perfect example of how not to do it. 'Only one thing is wanting in the performance, one simple, commonplace element—life.' 'Do not let us talk of style or tradition,' he adds, 'a style which is not expressive is false, and a tradition which is wrong ought to be done away with.' He gives examples of the mistakes made. The initial error is the tradition which 'converts Gluck's operas into a succession of funeral marches. * * * There is hardly in all Gluck a recitative or an aria * * * in which the movement must not be varied continually. * * * There are hardly in his dramatic arias three successive measures which ought to be sung in the same movement.' At the Opera-Comique, 'Iphigenie en Aulide' throughout is sung and played according to a falsely 'classical' tradition. One air of Clytemnestra, 'which ought to go like a wind in a storm,' is taken 'like a hymn for a first communion.' A duet between Iphigenie and Achilles is 'not a love duet, but a lesson in selfregio,' at the Opera-Comique. The great scene of Agamemnon's mental conflict with himself becomes meaningless, and the 'wild orchestral motive.' Vincent d'Indy, finally, is not surprised that the opera bored the audience, but it was not Gluck's fault. The fact is, he explains, and an amazing fact it seems—that the director of the Opera-Comique 'does not happen to be a musician.'"

The Guide Musical of Jan. 5 quoted the greater part of d'Indy's article, and adds that Mr. Carre is not the only offender; that the performance of Gluck's "Armide" at the opera was lifeless, colorless, flabby. "Importance is put on some big effects which are wholly exterior, or on insignificant matters of detail, which have nothing to do with the spirit of the work. A plaything is given for this great child, the Parisian public. * * * It

is necessary today to form singers in the true dramatic style which is not that of the operas in the repertory."

Mme. Albani has been singing in India. A writer in the Times of India complains that before she came no great artist had been induced to visit that country. He then said: "Government has established schools of art at great cost in this country. But why have they stopped short and left music to fish for herself? Is not music among the arts? Has her wand less magic as a villager than painting and modelling? In what land of light and sweetness is the singer shoved behind the painter and the sculptor? The painter's work may live after him, but the singer has a finer time, and probably leaves a much larger fortune. No man can tell how much talent in vocal and instrumental possibilities is running to utter waste in this country for want of an academy to foster and produce it. Is India to be left for ever to the barbarous uproar of the tom-tom and the palsy-fainting faculties of screeching girls?"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert of Miss Geraldine Farrar, under the auspices of the Students' Association of Miss Hersey's school. Miss Farrar will sing the Romance from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and these songs: Schumann, "In der Ferne"; Schubert, "Rosesleh"; Strauss, "Allerseelen"; Wolf, Gesang Weylas; Hahn, "Mes Vers"; Chadwick, "Honeysuckle"; Bemberg, "Valse"; Miss Olive Whiteley, violinist, will play Sarasate's "Zigeuner Weisen"; Wilhelmj's arrangement of an air by Bach, Volpe's Mazurka and a caprice by Ogareff. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard will play these piano pieces: Chopin, Fantasia Impromptu; Bach, Bourree; Chopin, valse, op. 42; Liszt's Liebestraum, No. 3, and "Rigoletto" fantasia.

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second of the series of three concerts announced by Messrs. Chickering & Sons and directed by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch: Lawes, "Angler's Song," for two voices, with violin and harpsichord; Anon (about 1600), "John Come Kiss Me," with divisions for the virginals and octavina; Jenkins (about 1620), Fantasia for five voices; Simpson, Divisions on a ground for the viola da gamba and harpsichord; Purcell, "Ah! Cruel Nymph," for tenor voice and harpsichord; sonata for violin and harpsichord; "The Four Seasons," from "The Fairy Queen" (four songs, three for tenor, one for bass, accompanied by harpsichord, violins and viols); three pieces for harpsichord—Ground in C minor, "Lullaburlo" and hornpipe; "Let the Dreadful Engines," song for bass with harpsichord. Mr. Lambert Murray, tenor; Mr. Alfred Denchhausen, bass; Mrs. Dolmetsch, viol; Miss Alice Kelsey, viol; Miss Laura Kelsey, viol and violin; Mr. Dolmetsch, viol, violin, octavina and harpsichord; Mr. Paul Kelsey, viol; Mr. William Adams, virginals and harpsichord.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Katharine R. Melley, soprano, assisted by Mr. Carl Webster, cellist; Mr. Charles K. North, flutist; Miss Mary Vincent Pratt, accompanist. Miss Melley will sing these songs: Paradies, "Quel Ruseletto"; Macaulay, "L'Angelina Della Biondina"; Puccini, "Vissi d'Arte," from "Tosca"; Meyerbeer, Shadow Song from "Dinorah"; G. Faure, "Nell"; Hahn, "Si Mes Vers" and "Mad"; David, "Chant du Mysol"; from "Perle du Breil"; MacDowell, "A Maid Sings Light"; Kellie, "She Liveth Among the Untrodden Ways"; Fox, "Thou Art so Like a Flower" and "Enchantment"; Arensky, "But Lately in Dance I Embraced Her"; Parker "Love Has Wings." Mr. Webster will play two movements from a concerto by Goldtman, rondo by Bocherini, Lied by Schubert and Popper's "Elfentanz."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Johanna Gadsky, of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Frank La Forge accompanist. Schubert, "Fruehlingsslaube," "Die Forelle," "Der Neugierige," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Lied der Thraenen," "Erlkoenig" (by request); Franz, "Maedchen Mit Dem Roten Muedchen" and "Die Trauernde"; Schumann, "Erstes Gruen," "Marienwuermchen," "Intermezzo," "Die Soldatenbraut"; Grieg, "Ein Traum," "Ein Schwan," "Mit Einer Wasserkelle"; R. Strauss, "Freundliche Vision"; La Forge, "Ich Lieb Ich Dich," "Hab"; Loewe, "Niemand hat Gesehen." Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. Concert of the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Bizet, suite "L'Arlesienne," No. 1; Arditi, "La Furosetta," tarantella; Wagner, selection from "Lohengrin"; Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Miss Alice M. Hagerty, soprano, will sing "With Verdure Glad," from "The Creation," and Ronald's "Sunbeams." Mr. Jacques Benavente will play De Lannoy's Fantasia on "Weber's Last Thought," a saxophone. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Last recital of Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Bruch, Concerto No. 1, G minor; Bich, Chaconne; Moszkowski, Ballad; Sinigaglia, Rhapsodie Piemontese; Cottonet, Chanson, "Meditation"; Dvorak, Slavonic Dance; Arbos, "Tango," Spanish Dance.

COMING CONCERTS.

Miss Terry announces her ninth series of four chamber concerts to take place on Monday afternoons at 3 o'clock at the Hotel Somerset, Monday afternoon, Feb. 3, Miss Fay, soprano; Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone; Miss Jessie Davis, pianist; Feb. 10, Mr. Elliot Hubbard, tenor; Mr. Carl Wendling, violinist; Mr. George Proctor, pianist; Mr. Alfred De Voto, pianist. Feb. 17, song recital by Mr. Cecil Fanning, accompanied by Mr. H. B. Turpin. Feb. 24, piano recital by Miss Katharine Goodson. Mrs. Cabot Morse, who was announced for the first concert, has been ordered south by the physician. Miss Cord, who will take her place, sang at the last Worcester festival under the name of Mignon Aurelle. Songs and piano pieces of John Beach will be performed on Friday evening, Feb. 14, in Steinert Hall, by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Mr. Earl Cartwright, and the composer.

The new comic opera "Atlantis," will be sung by the Boston Operatic Society in Jordan Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 4 and 5, under the direction of Mr. Herbert Forrest Odell, the composer, who is also the musical director of the society. The chorus includes 60 trained voices. Among the musical numbers are the soprano solo "Love's Like a Star," sung by Miss

Daisy Pierce, with the full chorus; "In the Summer Land of Dreams," a waltz song; "Gold Lace and Buttons," a march song, sung by V. H. Handy; "The Land of Love," sung by Miss Margaret Covey. Among the comedy songs are "Pirate Pete," sung by Mr. George Elge-

low; "His Other Half," sung by Mr. Wilson, and "Fish Stories," sung by the two comedians. Bright show girls will sing "Birds of Paradise," and have a dance. The male chorus opens both the first and third acts. In the finale of the second act there is also a chorus for women's voices alone. The principal solo-brette song is sung as a trio instead of a solo. The singers will be Miss Fortin, Mrs. Cushing and Mr. Wilson. The scenic and property effects will introduce novel effects.

The Czerwonky Quartet (strings—Messrs. Richard Czerwonky, W. Kraft, K. Scheurer and R. Nagel) will give its first concert in Steinert Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 10.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto, Miss Bessie Ball Collier, violinist, and Mr. Malcolm Lang, pianist, will give a concert of Scandinavian music in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12. The programme will include Sjoegren's violin sonata, op. 24, and compositions by Grieg, Lie, Sinding, Tor Aulin, Sibelius, Alnaes.

The programme of Miss Laura Hawkins' second concert in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 12, will include pieces by Mikorey, Liapounoff, Ravel, Debussy, Moret and others.

The programme of the Kneisel Quartet on Tuesday evening, Feb. 18, will include Schubert's quartet-satz, Richard Strauss' cello sonata and Beethoven's quartet in c sharp minor, op. 131. Mme. Katharine Goodson will be the pianist.

The second concert of the Cecilia will be given in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 11. E. S. Converse's dramatic cantata "Job" will be performed for the first time in Boston. The production of this work at the Worcester Musical Festival of last year aroused much interest. The assisting soloists will be Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Mr. Daniel Beddoe and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza. Dvorak's pathetic hymn will also be performed. The orchestra will be made up of Symphony players. Tickets will be for sale on Tuesday, Feb. 4.

The programme of the first of the chamber concerts given by the Adamowski Trio in Steinert Hall on Friday afternoon, Feb. 21, will include Gretchen's trio, op. 38 (first time here), a sonata for violin and piano by Grieg, and a trio by Mozart.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12.

Mr. Stephen Townsend will give his second song recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19.

Messrs. Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutchinson will give a concert of music for two pianos in Steinert Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 25.

The programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert next week, will include Chadwick's symphonic sketches and Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring." The singer will probably be Mme. Gerville-Leache. The orchestra will give concerts this week as follows: Buffalo, the 27th; Detroit, the 28th; Indianapolis, the 29th; Columbus, the 30th; Cincinnati, Jan 31 and Feb. 1. The orchestra is due to arrive in Boston on Monday, Feb. 3, at 11:30 A. M.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Dr. Muck has arranged a Wagner programme for the second concert of the season in aid of the Boston Symphony Pension Fund, which will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 9. The soloist will be Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who has kindly offered her services to the orchestra, and Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the "Erde" scene from the last scene of "Rheingold," and the "Waltraute" scene from the prelude to "The Dusk of the Gods." The orchestral pieces will be the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the overture to "Tannhauser," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "Parsifal." Tickets for the concert are now on sale at Symphony Hall, Boston.

CURSING AND SWEARING.

A correspondent of the New York Times believes that profanity is on the increase in Manhattan and Brooklyn. His righteous soul is, therefore, reasonably vexed. He asks whether this increase is due to the lack of discipline that is characteristic of the period; to the influence of foreigners, or to "the profanity of some of our politicians and office-holders of prominence."

But is profanity on the increase? We doubt it. We believe that in this country there is less cursing, less swearing than there was fifty, or even twenty, years ago. It will certainly be admitted that profanity in England and America has steadily grown less and less fashionable through the centuries. It is no longer considered the indispensable mark of a fine gentleman. It is not nearly so common

on the stage or in works of fiction.

The vice of profanity is widespread, and has been widespread for years. The Koran says expressly: "Make not Allah the arrow-butt of your oaths," yet the pious Moslem breaks this command nearly every minute. Each country has had its peculiar oaths, as William the Conqueror had his sonorous oath, as Henry of Navarre had his. Nations have even boasted of picturesqueness in profanity. The Dutch and the English have long been rivals. Probably the Spaniards surpass all others in the language of vituperation.

"Why do men swear today?" this New York correspondent might ask. For the same reason that they swore centuries ago. Read John Bunyan's dialogue between Wiseman and Attentive concerning the Life and Death of Mr. Badman; the reasons are all there:

ATTENTIVE. I am persuaded that many do think that to swear is a thing that does bravely become them, and that it is the best way for a man, when he would put authority or terror in his words to stuff them full of the sin of swearing.

WISEMAN: You say right, else, as I am persuaded, man would not so usually belch out their blasphemous oaths as they do; they take a pride in it; they think that to swear is gentlemanlike; and having once accustomed themselves unto it, they hardly leave it all the days of their lives.

It was commonly believed by many English writers that the profane were often punished by divine interference, expressly for the sake of furnishing shocking examples. There are pages of grotesque stories to this effect in "The Theatre of God's Judgments," by Thomas Beard, the schoolmaster of Oliver Cromwell. One of the less incredible of them may serve to show the spirit of the period:

There was upon a time in Germany, a certain naughty pack of a most wicked life, and so evil brought up that at every word he spake almost, the devil was at the one end; if walking he chanced to tread awry, or to stumble, presently the devil was in his mouth; whereof albeit he was many times reproved by his neighbors and exhorted to correct and amend, so vile and detestable a vice, yet all was in vain; continuing therefore this evil and damnable custom, it happened that as he was upon a time passing over a bridge, he fell down and in his fall gave these speeches: "Hoist up with an hundred devils," which he had no sooner spoken, but the devil whom he called for so oft, was at his elbow to strangle him, and carry him away with him.

Many habits are dependent on fashion, and swearing is one of them. It is not the fashion now for a prominent painter to swear violently, and, therefore, his disciples do not feel bound to swear avie. Swearing is no longer encouraged as one of the fine arts. Whether this be on account of a lack of faith in spiritual things is a side question. Theatre managers are strict in their rules against profanity in dramas, sketches, stunts. Yet there was a time when even the orthodox Boston citizen took a fearful pleasure in hearing the "damn" that punctuated many sentences in the "glorious old English comedies" performed at the Boston Museum.

Men and Things

A few nights ago as we were about to enter a theatre a woman ahead of us said in acid tones to her male companion: "And the joke of it is, his wife is a perfect pig." We did not hear any preceding remark; we heard nothing afterward in explanation, comment, protest, acquiescence. The remark will always be to us a fragment, as Sappho's "I do not think to touch the sky with my two arms," or "And I flutter like a child after her mother," or any other Sapphic line carefully annotated by many, among them Mr. H. T. Wharton.

The play was a dull one and we kept wondering how "his wife" showed herself a pig, and why her pigghness was a joke, and whether friends and neighbors laughed at the jest or were sorry for the husband of "the pig." The utterer of the line did not smile; she had a granitic face with a steel trap jaw. The line itself haunts us, as Belot's hero was haunted by the mouth of Mme. A.

Some day we may meet the "perfect pig" and find her delightful, eminently desirable. Our sympathy even now goes out toward her, for we have seen and heard the woman that made the charge.

Words that are thus dropped are often distorted in the hearing. Phrases inherently empty assume monstrous shapes. Fragments of conversation heard in the street are portentous. They suggest some awful or squalid tragedy, when, as a matter of fact, they are the froth of chatter. Go into a large shop where the clerks are girls and at any counter you may hear one saying to the other: "Why, you silly thing, why don't you ask him?" Harun al-Rashid—the name is much more sonorous than Aaron the Orthodox—even the great Caliph who slew the Barmecides, would have been tempted to smile and interpose a "Ask him what, my dear?" For Harun was a loiterer in the street, when he could not sleep, when he was weary of the peerless Zubaydah and his conebulness, his poets, buffoons, wise men; he was a listener under windows and in the crowd through which he made his way, disguised, alone, or with Ja'afar and Masrur, the sword.

Some years ago on a hot night we saw two young girls seated on a doorstep of a house in the part of Boylston street that was then familiarly known as "Murderers' Row" by reason of the doorpiates of estimable physicians. The maidens were apparently shop-girls. Perhaps they were waiting for a car; perhaps they were expecting their sweethearts. One girl spoke to the other—her voice was low and tired: "I said sharing, not shedding my affections." There was a line suggestive of a short story, with a hero who, meeting the girl in a South end boarding house, and at last shaking her by reason of ambition, finally is named chairman of pompous committees and dies in a house on the water side of Beacon street in the full odor of respectability.

We remember a still more tragic line. It was declaimed, not spoken, in front of the Granary burying ground, when street cars passed by it, and crowds stood in front of it. A woman close to us said to a man: "You think you can get away where I can't find you; but I want you to understand that I have money and friends." She was not crying; she did not scream; her voice was quiet and inexorable. She was a handsome creature, and the wonder was that the man should wish to escape her. We see them now. He shrugged his shoulders and fought his way to a car. She walked toward School street. And in her gait the goddess was revealed.

The lines that we have mentioned are, as Sir Thomas Browne said of the Sirens' song and the name assumed by Achilles when he hid himself among women, puzzling questions, but not beyond all conjecture. What is to be said of this speech made by a man to his friend as they were going slowly down Washington street: "It took me six weeks to find her, and the alley was only 10 feet wide." If Sherlock Holmes will solve this problem, Dr. Watson may well exclaim "Marvellous," with a heavy accent on the final syllable. What had the width of the alley to do with the finding of the woman? Or was the object of his search a cat or a dog? Or was he from the provinces where they give a clock the feminine gender?

We have asked for a solution of this problem in print and privately. No one has yet had the courage to be wise or to bluff in answer. Perhaps we have already told the last three stories in print. If so, what wonder? The lines perplexed us when we first heard them; they haunt us now. "And the alley was only 10 feet wide." No doubt the man that made the speech has forgotten all about the incident.

Indianapolis cannot longer boast of being the literary centre of the United States. The announcement of the forthcoming publication in this city of a modern and thrilling dramatic masterpiece, "Belle, the Typewriter Girl; or the Vampires of Chicago," should fill the breast of every Bostonian with pride.

B. K. writes to The Herald: "Are you interested in street and shop window signs? Here are two that I saw last week in the window of a New York restaurant: 'Roast Butchers Tenderloin'; 'Stewed Hare with Potato Balls.'"

Mrs. George Schaaf, 80 years old, lives on a farm near Gallon, Ohio. She helps

with the farm work, does not wear glasses, and has never used tobacco in any form. She is now cutting her third set of teeth. Mrs. Schaaf should not plume herself unduly on this account. "Uncle Bill" Spode of Windham, Me., was 95 years old on May 9, 1906, and he then announced that he was cutting his third set after years of "gumming" his food. Zandies, the Samothracian, brei his teeth again at the age of 104. Some say he was then 140, but we prefer to err moderately rather than extravagantly. Aristotle observed that not only men in old age, but also women, sometimes at 80 years of age, have put forth their great teeth. Mrs. Schaaf may rejoice in her good fortune, but there have been others.

Jan 28 1908 GERALDINE FARRAR HEARD IN CONCERT

Miss Geraldine Farrar of the Metropolitan Opera House sang yesterday in concert at Symphony Hall under the auspices of the Students' Association of Miss Hersey's school. Miss Farrar was assisted by Miss Olive Whiteley, violinist, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. She sang these songs: Mozart, "Voi che sapete"; Schumann, "In der Ferne"; Schubert, "Roseslein"; R. Strauss, "Allerseelen"; Wolf, "Gesang Weylas"; Hahn, "Si mes vers"; Chadwick, "Honeysuckle"; Bemberg, valse. She also sang, in answer to applause, to her own accompaniment, three or four songs, among them "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Miss Whiteley played Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," Wilhelm's arrangement of Bach's too celebrated air, a mazurka by Volpe, and a caprice by Gsareff. Mr. Gebhard played Rachmaninoff's prelude, a Bourree by Bach, Chopin's Valse, op. 42, Liszt's "Liebestraum" No. 3, and Fantasia on the quartet from "Rigoletto."

Grant Drake was Miss Farrar's accompanist and Alfred de Voto accompanied Miss Whiteley. On the stage there were two pianos and about 200 people, for there was a very large audience. There were apparently no vacant seats; many hearers stood. Miss Farrar sang here a fortnight ago at one of Mrs. McAllister's morning concerts, and three of the songs were on both programmes. On neither occasion was her programme skillfully arranged. Yesterday the four songs of the first group were not well contrasted; they were all of a serious, if not sombre, nature, and Weyla's song is ineffective in ending a group. Nor is Cherubino's romance, beautiful as it is, the song with which a prima donna will answer fully the expectations of a huge audience.

The audience of yesterday was most expectant. Its curiosity was not satisfied by the mere appearance of Miss Farrar, for the greeting was one of only moderate rapture. There were no signs of popular enthusiasm until after the first group, when the singer, recalled by the persistent hand-clapping of a minority, sang to her own accompaniment a song inferior in worth to those that had gone before.

As the tune was light and airy, the applause was hearty, and it was still heartier when she added the familiar Scottish melody with which Mme. Patti has for years and years coquetted.

Miss Farrar has an unusually attractive personality and in opera she is a singing actress of rare ability, of remarkable ability if her age and experience be taken into consideration.

In opera she is careful and intelligent in the composition of her parts. She thinks for herself, and is not in awe of tradition, which is too often a sworn foe to budding genius; for if a generation of hearers and spectators has outgrown a tradition, if the tradition seems incongruous, foolish, grotesque, why should it be preserved as a fetish? In opera this singularly gifted young woman shows an uncommon dramatic versatility and genuine dramatic force, and she uses her voice as though it were in each instance that of the heroine impersonated by her.

As a singer of songs in concert, she has yet much to learn. At present her performance is seldom finished, it is at times crude and meaningless. Yesterday she was more successful in the romance from Mozart's opera than in the other songs. She no doubt associated the music of Cherubino with The Page as he appears on the stage and with the situation. It matters not whether she did this consciously or unconsciously.

In the other songs, as a fortnight ago, she did not give to each one a decided physiognomy. Who, hearing her and not knowing well the song, was moved one whit by the emotional contents of any one of the four in the first group?

There was only a faint suggestion of the passionate sorrow with which "Allerseelen" is charged; the song by Wolf as sung by her, was without force; but her present inability to provide a song with its fitting atmosphere was still more strikingly shown by her vague reading of "Si mes vers."

On the other hand, the freshness and beauty of many of her tones, and the sight of the singer herself gave pleasure to many, nor should it be forgotten that in many respects her vocal mechanism also gave pleasure. The brightest lights of the operatic stage are often dim in the concert hall. Mme. Ternina, for example, is a great singing tragedian. What one of her warmest admirers would like to hear her in a song recital?

It is one thing to succeed in the im-

personation of a character; it is another to give character by purely musical means to a melody of short duration, to express unmistakably in a few minutes the full significance of a mood. The voice itself in the latter case is exposed remorselessly. There is no scene, no situation to divert, no orchestra to conceal. There are prima donnas who, at first indifferent as concert singers, have not disdained to learn a difficult art. Miss Farrar has many years before her. Miss Whiteley is a young girl who was graduated not long ago with honors at the New England Conservatory of Music. I am told that she played yesterday for the first time in public since her graduation. Her performance was highly creditable. It is true that she took Bach's air at a snail's pace and was sentimental with the air when she should have been simple; that she was inclined to exaggerate any slowness of movement; that at times in delicate passages her piano was pianissimo, and her pianissimo was of the inaudible variety; but time and experience will correct such failings. Her tone was generally warm and full; she displayed both feeling and agility. She has indisputable talent; she has virtuoso blood.

Mr. Gebhard gave a fine exhibition of legitimate piano playing, a performance that was romantic, brilliant, engrossing. Both he and Miss Whiteley were warmly applauded and recalled. Each in response added to the length of the programme.

Men and Things

CERTAIN Bostonians were distressed last Saturday because "Dixie" was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Ernest Schelling chose the air as a theme of the finale of his "Fantastic Suite," which was played here last week for the first time in America. The finale is in the form of a Virginia Reel.

These Bostonians found the tune "undignified," "unworthy of the orchestra and the occasion." Tut-tut! Likewise, go to! The air is in its way a masterpiece. First of all, it has true character. Its melodic line, its rhythm, and its spirit are peculiarly American in recklessness, in utter indifference to consequences. The quality of its mad jollity is American. What more appropriate tune is there for a Virginia Reel?

If the suite were the work of a German, and if the melody were some foreign folk song, these objectors would exclaim: "How interesting! What a piquant tune!" Possibly there would be a learned lecture on its origin.

There is a dignity that is only characteristic of a constant bluff.

Mr. Jack London turns up, after banks and private citizens had declared him to be dead; he turns up with a new 140,000-word story, written during his lamented absence. There will naturally be remarks on the ultra-modern methods of advertising, and these will be followed by indignant answers.

Looking over the early novels of "Ouida," any sane man or woman wonders at the outcry against their "immorality" when they were first published. Our mothers were not allowed to read "Jane Eyre." They therefore read it in a bedroom with the door locked, or hidden in an attic. Ouida's guardsmen were terrible fellows; they had baby blue eyes, and they were given to wringing the sparkling Moselle from their amber mustaches. Her eloquence was often hifalutin, and she made grotesque blunders when she endeavored to be learned; but she had keen perceptions, no little knowledge of the world, a dramatic touch. Some of her novels and short stories are excellent. The old protest against their immorality now seems grotesque, and no doubt the men and women of 1950 will read with amazement the stuff that is now written against "Three Weeks."

The Milwaukee Journal publishes this advertisement:

WANTED—One old-fashioned man; object, matrimony; by a capable, modern business woman, young and strikingly beautiful.

We should take the next train for Milwaukee, but we have already given hostages to fortune. Stay! The Journal informs us that Miss Adelaide Lander, the owner and manager of a band and orchestra, has a large income, manages 146 men, and wishes a husband with "old-fashioned ideas about women; a man who does not think a girl smiles at him only for the violets, theatre tickets or candy to come, like a kitten purring for cream."

Our regret is turned to gladness. If she manages 146 men, what would she not do with one? Besides, she probably plays the cornet.

There are patriots who insist that perfect Camembert cheese is now made in New Jersey; that it is far superior to that which is imported, just as the best Stilton comes from our own Herkimer in New York. (Query, Was Mr. Herkimer Johnson raised in the cheese region?) There is a fearful joy in ordering Camembert, not because the cheese may be charged with tyrotoxon and

the wretched victim in the course of two or three hours will suffer from violent retching, darting abdominal pains, dryness and constriction of the throat, feeble and irregular pulse, cyanosis; the joy is in the excitement, the uncertainty as to the precise condition of the Camembert when it is bought, whether it will flow as a thick sauce, or be forbiddingly stiff and dry, or whether it will be

Neither soft, nor yet too hard, But in a middlin' way.

to quote from a sweet but humble poet. The favorite cheeses in France of the 16th century were those of Brie, Champagne and Auvergne, but cheeses were not then served as a whole. The books of etiquette give minute directions. There were 10 ways of peeling an apple and 18 ways of peeling a pear or an orange; but there was only one way of serving cheese, which was cleaned before it was brought to the table; it was divided into little pieces, and these, as bits of fruit, were offered on the point of a knife.

Tyrotoxon is to be feared, especially if you eat cheese in Michigan; yet we make bold to say that not enough cheese, especially Camembert, is consumed in this country. Camembert contains a little more than 50 per cent. water and about 20 per cent. each of fat and protids; harmless and enjoyable; strong, but not unpleasant, as the sea captain said of his rum. We have heard of amateurs who insist on making Welsh rabbits with imported cheeses. They sin grievously. The only cheese for this purpose is the plain ordinary cheese of the grocer, the kind that is conveniently near the cracker barrel in the country store. Yet old Venner in his "Via Recta and Vitam Longam" remarks that "roasted cheese is more meet to entice a mouse or rat into a trap than to be received into the body." In the 17th century in England the cheese of cheeses was the Parmesan, and this was held to be a luxury.

Jan 29, 1908

Men and Things

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR has received many tributes of admiration, but none more sincere than this:

BOSTON, Jan. 27, 1908.
Editor of The Herald:
Has not the time come with the coming of Miss Farrar to recall the beautiful lines of Wordsworth:

TO GERALDINE.

I'd hate to be a doctor,
I'd hate to be a priest;
And of all jobs a lawyer's
I think would suit me least.

But I'd like to be a tailor—
The ladies' kind, I mean—
And have the job of fitting
Gowns on to Geraldine.

Respectfully,

J. HANCOCK BROMFIELD.

[We have looked in vain for these verses in a recently published edition of Wordsworth's poems, but it is impossible that an eminent Bostonian should seek to make merry with us. Wordsworth may have thrown off the poem in one of his lighter moments, when he was resting during the composition of "The Excursion." He was first of all a lover of nature, and his life was devoted to the expression of her moods, aspects, and phases. What wonder if a Geraldine of his day moved him to poetic admiration? At the same time, these verses might be called childish, were it not that the childishness of the poet has often been the subject of special eulogy.—Ed.]

There are men who grow milder in temper, more tolerant in their survey of mankind, after they have passed the roaring forties, and not because of parenthood, not because of bodily decay. Take W. S. Gilbert for example. London journals of a week or 10 days ago announced that he was about to attend a dinner in celebration of his accession to the rank of knighthood; that he would attend in a spirit of Christian resignation, if not of active joy. There was a time when wild horses could not have dragged him to any feast in his honor. Nervous over the first night of one of his comedies or operettas, he said: "I should as soon have thought of issuing invitations to a supper to celebrate an operation at the hip joint."

Yet few men are truly happy after a dinner given in their honor. The speakers were appreciative; they were flattering; they even laid on praise with a trowel. Jones writes agreeable essays in editorial form. He published some as a volume, and at a dinner given to him he was hailed by Robinson as the successor of Lamb and Hazlitt, while Slopperton characterized him as the Stevenson of America. Was Jones satisfied? Not a bit of it. He protested, of course, against such comparisons, but in his heart he

wished that Robinson had been more particular in his eulogy, had named certain articles, had even read extracts from one or two. Robinson was vague; he indulged in generalities. Nor was Slopperton's speech wholly satisfactory. Why did he not allude to Jones' magazine work? Poor Jones! Only a week after the dinner he told his wife that he was unappreciated. She was sympathetic; but did she really feel his statement to be true? Who can fathom the depth and breadth and tact of a woman's love?

Many women order goods to be sent home on approbation. The shopkeepers in Boston are unusually courteous and trustful in this respect. Occasionally some woman, usually a woman of wealth, wears something thus sent at a reception, dinner, ball, and then returns it as not suitable, but the shopkeeper smiles and congratulates himself on the fact that the majority of his customers have a finer sense of delicacy. A case decided recently in London may interest both shopkeepers and customers. Mrs. George Dance ordered a fur "necktie" to be sent to her house on approbation. The shopkeeper put in the same parcel a more expensive article, a stole. No sooner had the goods been delivered at Mrs. Dance's house than they were obtained from her maid by a cunning rogue. The question was this: Who should sustain the loss? The judge decided, as any honest man would settle the question proposed to him at a meeting of the village club in the store on a Saturday night. Mrs. Dance was ordered to pay for the "necktie"; the shopkeeper sent the stole at his own risk.

A man in Berea, Ohio, is dying slowly of hiccups. "All efforts of the physicians to aid him have been unavailing." We know of cures that have been cured by giving the sufferer a stiff drink of vinegar. Toppell mentions this remedy in his "History of Four Footed Beasts": "If that any man do get and put up the shoe of a horse being struck from his hoof as he travelleth in his pace (which doth many times happen) it will be an excellent remedy for him against the sobbing in the stomach called the hicket." There are still older remedies. If deliberate and violent sneezing was of no avail, the ancients recommended rue with wine, nitre in honied water, hartwort or carrot or cumin or ginger or calamint or Celtic nard. "The vinegar of squills or oxymel may also be drunk with advantage." Aetius applied a cupping instrument with great heat to the breast, stomach and back. Alaharavius—ah! he was the man for our money!—advised refrigerant draughts containing prunes, tamarinds, camphor. Paulus Aeginata states that many persons are seized with hiccups if they take peppers with wine. They deserved to be seized. Some have the habit of putting pepper in ale and beer. How is it with them? Do they then hiccup more than a gentleman should after repeated and deep draughts?

Second Dolmetsch Concert at

The second concert of the series organized by Chickering & Sons and directed by Mr. Dolmetsch took place last night in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows: Laves, "Angler's Song," for two voices, viols and harpsichord; Anon, "John Come Kiss Me," with divisions for the virginals and octavina; Jenkins, Fantasia for five viols; Simpson, divisions on a ground, for viola da gamba, accompanied by harpsichord, No. 3 in B-flat major, from "The Division Violist"; Purcell, "Ah! Cruel Nymph," for tenor voice, with harpsichord, sonata for violin and harpsichord; "Four Seasons" from the "Fairy Queen," three songs for tenor, one for bass, accompanied by harpsichord, violins and viols; harpsichord pieces—Ground in minor, "Lilliburlero" and Hornpipe; "Let the Dreadful Engines" from "Don Quixote," for bass voice and harpsichord. The singers were Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Alfred Denghausen, bass. The players were: Viols, Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch, Miss Alice Kelsey, Miss Laura Kelsey, Paul Kelsey; violins, Mr. Dolmetsch, Miss Laura Kelsey; octavina and harpsichord, Mr. Dolmetsch; virginals and harpsichord, William Adams.

Full of Historical Interest.

This concert was more interesting throughout than some of those given here in the past by Mr. Dolmetsch, for the music was something more than quaint, and the interest was more than historical. The song from Walton's "Complete Angler" had an agreeable flavor; the variations on "John, Come Kiss Me" displayed the pretty tinkling

of the octavina, a word that is not in the New English Dictionary, and is not mentioned in a separate article in the revised Grove's Dictionary, but, as the programme book informed us, was applied to the octave spinet; Jenkins' Fantasia had a soothing monotony, and Simpson's variations gave opportunity for Mrs. Dolmetsch to show her art on the viola da gamba, but the chief features of the concert were the admirable works of Purcell.

Hearing this music by the "last of the English composers," as Mr. Dolmetsch characterizes Purcell, and not extravagantly, the listener could not refrain from wondering what English music would be today had Purcell lived to a greater age, and from regretting that more of his music is not played and sung in concert halls and sung in church.

Music of 17th Century.

For here is music of the 17th century that is singularly fresh and beautiful and modern—music that is, in turn, serene, melancholy, lightsome, dramatic—and the excerpt from "Don Quixote," to which Purcell contributed music with others, reveals the composer's genuine dramatic force in opera. Here is recitative that is expressive and varied; here is a setting of music to the words of the text and also to its spirit. Not that all the music of Purcell performed last night was representative of him at his best; but the sonata for violin and harpsichord, the introduction to "Winter" and the song of winter, and "Let the Dreadful Engines"—here is music that any composer might have been proud to sign. The sonata is especially beautiful, with sentiment that is for any century and for any land. How simply and how dramatically the change of mood from "Autumn" to "Winter" is indicated by the little orchestral introduction. Furthermore, Purcell had the great gift of humor, which is indispensable to any one wishing to make masterpieces.

Humor in the Music.

This humor is heard, not merely seen on the page, in the "Lilliburlero" and in the conclusion of the air from "Don Quixote," which, by the way, was sung with full appreciation of its character and with marked effect by Mr. Denghausen.

The performance throughout, as well as the music, gave pleasure and an audience of fair size was entertained and perhaps unconsciously instructed. For it is a good thing to know that Purcell wrote a violin sonata which for sheer loveliness and direct personal appeal might be confidently pitted against more pretentious sonatas of modern composers; that Purcell, writing for the stage, had a sure instinct for dramatic expression that might well be envied by those who think that dramatic force is dependent on a complex score for a huge orchestra.

The programme of the third and last concert, Feb. 26, will consist of a concerto and a comic cantata of J. S. Bach.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Boston Operatic Society, on account of the sickness of Mr. Herbert F. Odell, its conductor, is obliged to postpone the performances of the new opera "Atlantis," which had been announced for Feb. 4 and 5 in Jordan Hall, to Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 9 and 10. The original tickets will be good for the corresponding later dates. Mr. Odell, who is the composer of the music of "Atlantis," has undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Frederick S. Converse's "Job," which will be performed for the first time in Boston by the Cecilia Society Tuesday evening, Feb. 11, has been accepted for performance in Hamburg by the Cecilia Society, which is led by Prof. Julius Spengel, at its opening concert next season. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing there the music of "The Woman," as she did when the dramatic poem was performed for the first time at the last Worcester (Mass.) festival.

THE "MODERN HIPPOGRIFF."

At the dinner of the Automobile Club of America in New York Mr. Jusserand, the French ambassador, "dubbed" the automobile "the modern hippogriff" and gave the noisy, gasoline-smelling machine an air of romance.

Long before this dinner Henley and Maeterlinck wrote brilliantly concerning the fleetness of the automobile and the sensations of a man scouring the plain and defying the hillside; but it did not occur to either one of them to characterize the machine as a hippogriff, although Henley was daring in the art of comparison and Maeterlinck is peculiarly imaginative. They knew all about the hippogriff, and possibly had seen one.

The hippogriff, a familiar apparition to poets from the time of Aristotle, to adventurous knights, to noble maidens in distress, was like unto a griffin, but its body and hindquarters resembled those of a horse. The head, forelegs and wings of the griffin were those of an eagle, though there were griffins with the head of a lion. The hippogriff was most at home in the air and there was it seen to best ad-

vantage. Its flight was heroic, sensational. The automobile is normally on the ground. When it would fain rise skyward its course is short, awkward, brutal.

The hippogriff, being a blend of two natures, had, of course, the attributes of both; furthermore, it had its own characteristics, some of which may justly be applied to the devil-wagon. The griffins in India had red feathers on their breasts and in their other parts eyes of fire. The griffins of Greece were sacred to the goddess of vengeance. The automobile at night has eyes of fire; while it often excites thought of revenge, it may easily serve as an instrument of vengeance; it may be typified as pursuing Nemesis. The distinguishing feature of the griffin was his greed of gold; it built its nest of it; guarded mines of it; it slew any man who endeavored to rob it of its plunder. The nest of the automobile is costly, and doth not the machine strip the owner of all that he hath?

Years ago the poet Chester sang: The griffin is a bird richly feathered, His head is like a lion, and his flight Is like the eagle's, much for to be feared. For why, he kills men in the ugly night Some say he keeps the smaragd and the jasper. And in pursuit of man is monstrous eager.

Here we have two distinct prophetic references to the characteristic disposition of the automobile.

Inasmuch as the brain of the hippogriff was that of the griffin, Mr. Jussierand's description has more than romantic grace; it has stern significance.

CONCERT FOYER

Mr. Hammerstein's Inability to Give Opera in Boston Commented on.

HOW CALVE DELIGHTED MEMPHIS; CONCERT NOTES

BY PHILIP HALE.

It looks as though Boston would not have the pleasure of hearing "Louise," "The Tales of Hoffmann," "Pelleas and Melisande," "Thais," or Mr. Hammerstein's singers this season. This is not because Mr. Hammerstein is unwilling to come; on the contrary, he wishes to bring his company here for a week, but he is unable to make a contract with the Boston Theatre before the coming of the Metropolitan House company, and after the week of the Metropolitan, it will be too late for Mr. Hammerstein's company will then be dispersed.

This is apparently the way the matter stands today, and it is a pity. However excellent the acoustic properties of the other theatres may be, the size of these theatres does not permit an opera manager to entertain a reasonable hope of pecuniary success when the productions are on an expensive scale, and a cheap production of "Louise" or "Pelleas and Melisande" would be intolerable, if it were possible.

Mr. Hammerstein has shown a courage in his venture that might be called the audacity of genius. Not only has he brought to this country distinguished singers who had been unaccountably neglected or ignored, but he had the boldness to produce unfamiliar operas in the face of the fact that New Yorkers are not inclined to be curious concerning new works.

I understand that Mr. Hammerstein purposes to come here with his company early in the season of 1908-09.

Apropos of Mr. Hammerstein, the criticism published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 4, 1907, after the first appearance of Mme. Tetrazzini at Covent Garden, is now of interest.

"Mme. Tetrazzini, who appeared at Covent Garden on Saturday night (Nov. 2), is undeniably a singer whose voice and method give one real pleasure to listen to. It may be that the quality in its lower register is scarcely equal in purity to the higher, but it is sympathetic and resonant all through. Those who are interested in technique will appreciate the fact that she can take the high E flat with unusual brilliance and

power. This she did at the end of the third act of 'La Traviata,' in which, of course, she took the part of Violetta. We should have preferred to hear so clever a singer for the first time in a work of more value than Verdi's morbid and sentimental opera, as then it would have been possible to form an estimate of her musicianly qualities. We can only say that she has a good voice, that her technique is excellent, and that she acts with confidence."

This cautious reserve gave way later to rapturous eulogy. How eminently middle-class English was the characterization of Verdi's opera as "morbid and sentimental!"

To "X. Y. Z."—Mrs. Elizabeth Schaub, who sang at Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concert, studied in New York. It is said that Jean de Reszke was much interested in her last summer and wished her to coach with him that he might present her at the Paris Opera. She declined for family reasons to decline the offer. Her home is at East Orange, N. J. She sings there in a choir and she also is engaged for concert work.

C. L. Graves is a man who writes about music and also writes comic verses. Some think he is the more amusing when he discusses music seriously. They do him an injustice. His "Humors of Fray," published recently in London, contains a poetical address to Richard Strauss and stanzas on a new symphony poem. In the latter are these lines:

Plants of hypodermic basil on the margin stood arrayed,
Eden hordes in anti climax bathed in seas of marialade;
And the obstinate allurements of the arrogant blossom
Lent a silken luscience to the mediaeval moon.

The Memphis News-Scimitar heard Mme. Calve last week and was delighted. "The pages of classic operatic history tell of the fury of the enthusiasm that greeted this gifted woman when she dawned upon the musical centres of the old world and this to storm the citadel of admiration with her conquering personation of the warm-blooded maid of Bizet's great masterpiece. * * * It (her voice) has the clarity of a silver bell, a melodious quality only to be compared to the flute, a timbre whose vibration entrances the senses, and a range that is at once the delight and the marvel of all acquainted with the scope of the average singer's vocal possibilities. * * * She is a brunette of that pronounced type peculiar to the Latin countries. Her face is a study. The skin is of a mixed swarthy and ivory hue, and rather pallid except where sharply colored at the cheekbones. It is a face that mirrored a rush of variable emotions and suggested in repose a temperament of volcanic depths. Her hair is raven black and was combed up from her low forehead in a simple fashion that added to the impressiveness of her queenly appearance."

But what does this mean? "Mr. Deereus, the pianist, whom Mme. Calve on several occasions eyed with an ominous gaze that interested the audience," etc.

Mme. Calve sang "Dixie," and in the dressing room "inquired urgently if she had lived up to its demands." There was a scene from "Carmen." "Mr. d'Aubigne detracted from the operatic fragment by his painfully unromantic appearance. We all know Mr. d'Aubigne. He was the Don Jose in the memorable performance of 'Carmen' at the Majestic Theatre by the San Carlo company, when Mme. Duchene as the gypsy tettered all over the stage and kept craning her neck passionately with occasional bursts of song. What became of Mme. Duchene discovered by Mr. Russell, and borne by him to the United States while managers of European opera houses stood by and gnashed their teeth in envious rage? Miss Chemet, the violinist, was also in Memphis. Her face is 'of that type we refer to as 'sweet' of expression." "There was a yearning note underlying all her playing Thursday evening that struck home to the hearts of her audience."

They take the concertina seriously in London. Miss Christine Hawkes gave her second recital there a fortnight ago. The critics said she played well, but they complained of the "limited tone color" of the instrument. Artemus Ward in Utah met a Mormon lady. "She used to sing a ballad commencing 'Sweet bird—do not fly away,' and I told her I wouldn't. She played the accordion divinely; accordingly I praised her."

Emilio Agramonte, known to many as a teacher of singing and as a conductor, has indisputable temperament. He is in the sixties but he was married last October to Miss Charlotte Wetzig of Kansas City, who is 20 years old. The announcement of the marriage was made in Kansas City on Jan. 23.

Mme. Melba said she was going to Australia for rest, but she has been giving concerts there. She purposes to go back to Australia in about three years. She said to a reporter of the Melbourne Herald: "I hope to do something big on that occasion, and to bring out a grand opera company. Nothing definite is settled yet, but it is the dream of my life. I want the people of Australia to hear not only grand opera, but such operas performed by the very best and greatest artists of the day. My idea is to get out the best obtainable in the world." She expects to sing in Paris next April, and at the Covent Garden after that, possibly in "Tosca."

Miss Katharine R. Melley, soprano, assisted by Carl Webster, 'cellist, and Charles K. North, flutist, will give a concert this evening in Steinert Hall.

Mrs. Gadszi at her song recital in

Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon, will sing songs by Schubert, Franz, Schumann, Grieg, Strauss, LaFarge, Loewe. Fritz Kreisler will give his last violin recital in Boston on Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall. He will play Bruch's concerto in G minor, Bach's Chaconne and pieces by Moszkowski, Sinigaglia, Cottonet, Dvorak and Arbos.

The senior class of the New England Conservatory of Music, will give an entertainment under the direction of Clayton D. Gilbert, in Jordan Hall, on Friday night. "The Sorrow of Rohan," and "The Voice of Sakina," from Arlo Bates' "Told in the Gate," will be read by Dr. L. B. Fenderson, and the incidental songs by George W. Chadwick, will be sung. The play "Beethoven," from the German of Hugo Mueller, will be performed. The programme will also include "Pierrot's Pierrette," in original pantomime by Mr. Gilbert with special dances arranged by Mrs. Wyman and music arranged by Mrs. Mary Patten. There are no Symph'ny concerts this week. The orchestra will give concert in Columbus, O., tonight, and in Cincinnati on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

MISS MELLEY'S RECITAL.

Soprano Assisted by 'Cellist and Flutist, Heard in Steinert Hall.

Miss Katharine R. Melley, soprano, assisted by Carl Webster, 'cellist; Charles K. North, flutist, and Miss Mary V. Pratt, accompanist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. She sang Paradises' "Quel Ruseletto," Mariani's "L'Angellin della blondina," "Vissi D'Arte" from Puccini's "Tosca," Faure's "Nell," Hahn's "Si mes Vers" and "Mal," David's "Chant du Mysoli" from "The Pearl of Brazil" (with flute obligato), Shadow Song from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," and songs by MacDowell, Kellie, Arensky, Felix Fox and Parker. Mr. Webster played two movements from a 'cello concerto by Goltermann, a rondo by Boccherini, a "Lied" by Schubert and Popper's "Elfenfantz."

There was a fair sized, friendly audience.

Miss Melley's is a pleasant voice, winning by reason of its gentle quality and freshness. It is of small compass, and while the singer has a distinct style, it is a style suited rather to the modest than to the ambitious pieces on the programme. Her vocal skill justified her choice of the operatic airs, but she was most successful in her interpretation of songs like Hahn's "Si mes Vers," Kellie's "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," the emotional content of which was fully appreciated by the singer, and the agreeable songs by Mr. Fox. Her enunciation in the group with English text was noticeably good.

Mr. Webster had little to do, for neither Goltermann's andante and finale nor the Rondo by Boccherini amounted to much; but he played the beautiful melody by Schubert with much taste, and gave pleasure with Popper's little piece, which might as well be named "Perpetual Motion" as any of the numerous works that do bear that title.

"IL TROVATORE" AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Capably Presented—Chorus Work Excellent—Leading Parts Well Filled.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE. "Trovatore," opera in five acts, by G. Verdi.

Cast:

Leonora.....Mme. Helene Noldi
Inez.....Miss Lois Hall
Azucena.....Miss Louise le Baron
Manrico.....George Tallman
Ruiz.....W. H. Pringle
Messenger.....Louis Fitz Roy
Count di Luna.....Achille Alberti
Ferrando.....Francis J. Boyle

"Il Trovatore" was presented by the Castle Square grand opera company last night to a large and enthusiastic audience.

Miss Louise Le Baron probably scored the biggest individual hit of the evening as Azucena, the gypsy, her acting and singing bringing her repeated applause and a large bouquet.

Mme. Helene Noldi, as Leonora, was also rewarded with a floral tribute. In the prison scene with Manrico (Mr. Tallman) Mme. Noldi was at her best, and Mr. Tallman's rich tenor voice was heard to advantage.

Achille Alberti played the Count di Luna. His singing was warmly received throughout and his solo work was excellent. The trio by Mme. Noldi and Messrs. Alberti and Tallman was one of the best performances of the evening.

The chorus work was excellent and the anvil chorus was encoiled. The opera was put on in workmanlike fashion and there was no trace of hasty preparation.

Men and Things

F. H. asks: "Can you tell me the origin of the use of the verb 'to back' with the meaning 'to address' as in 'How shall I back this letter?' I hear the verb frequently used in this manner. It is an Americanism?"

No it is not an Americanism. "Back" is used with the meaning "to write the

address" in various dialects and colloquially in England and Scotland. Here is an instance in one of Barrie's stories: "He had written a letter to David Alexander and wanted me to 'back' it." There is a verbal substantive "backing"—the act of writing an address, as "It was not the mere writing that dismayed him, it was the 'backin'." There is also a partial adjective "back it," meaning "addressed," as in "an ill-backit letter."

The word does not appear with this meaning in the New English dictionary, otherwise known as the Oxford English dictionary, but we find "back, to write or print at the back of; to countersign a warrant, to endorse a bill or cheque; to print on the back (as well as the front)," and this quotation from Blackstone is given: "The warrant of a justice of the peace in one county must be backed, that is, signed by a justice of the peace in another before it can be executed there."

Years ago, letters were folded, sealed, and the address written on the back. Whether the origin of this use of "back" is in the old practice, we know not (to use the language of the familiar hymn.) Can any one tell us when the first envelopes—envelopes as we now understand the word—came into use in New England? John Neal's "Brother Jonathan," published in 1826, represents the hero as tearing off an envelope, but was not this cover of a letter unlike the present envelope, the little bag as Rowland Hill called it? Swift wrote in 1726:

Send these to paper sparing Pope
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

But this envelope was not the folded and gummed thing of today that usually leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Before the days of penny postage in England, envelopes were little known, for however thin the cover might have been, putting it on converted the letter into a double letter calling for twice the amount of the ordinary postage. Yet a writer to "Notes and Queries," in 1857, said he had an envelope that covered a letter sent by Frederick the Great: "The envelope is like those at present in use, except that it opens at the end like those used by lawyers for deeds." Another contributor said he had an envelope attached to a letter of 1696; the size was 4 1/4 by 3 inches.

The Chicago newspapers resent Mr. Barrett Wendell's remarks, nor do they seem to appreciate his literary qualities. The News remarks in an editorial paragraph: "Prof. Barrett Wendell has to stand during his street car rides. Have great, coarse Boston laborers no respect for perfect ladies?"

Men and brethren, this is not argument.

Mme. Tetrazzini still holds the centre of the operatic stage in New York, and the spot light loves to shine on her. "B. L. T." wrote an amusing poem about her for Puck. He repeats the objections of the professional and hired critics, as

Then again, your rising scale's
Tremulous and throaty;
Lower notes suggest the walls
Of coyote;
and then concludes:
Full of faults your carolling,
Say the critics spleeny.
But—ye gods! how you can sing—
Tetrazzini!

And the fame of her fills the West and Southwest. Thus the Louisville Courier-Journal gives her editorial attention: "A New York dramatic editor undertakes to discuss Tetrazzini philologically. As she is not in light opera it is not important to consider her anatomically."

The following business circular comes from Bordeaux. It was evidently prepared with much care by a French clerk who commands a large salary by reason of his intimate knowledge of English. The cover bears this inscription: "Very Serious. To the Clerks of the Firm." Here is the message itself:

"A new Pocket Walking Stick. This Walking Stick is very elegant, solid, light and comfortable; is to shut in a very Nice Cigarette Case of Nickel, length 9 centimetres, the weight is of 160 gram, with the case. This Walking Stick is very practical for the promenade to can to submit and to set oneself in the Cigarette Case when his to fatigue of to bear, and to can to set oneself very facility in the Pocket of the Waistcoat. I send this Pocket Walking Stick, Free of Carriage per," etc.

MME. GADSKI HEARD

Mme. Johanna Gadske gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Frank La Forge was the accompanist. The programme was as follows: Schubert, "Fruehling'sglaube," "Die Forella," "Der Neugierige," Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Lob der hraenen," "Erlkoenig" (by request); Franz, "Maedchen mit dem roten muendchen," "Die Trauernde"; Schumann, Erstes Gruen," "Marlenwuermchen," Der Nussbaum," "Die Soldat enbraut"; Rieg, "Ein Traum," "Ein Schwan"; R. Strauss, "Staendchen"; La Forge, Schlupfwinkel," "Wie lieb ich dich ab"; Loewe, "Niemand hat's gesehen." The audience was a small one for the size of the hall, but it gave Mme. Gadske cordial welcome, and as the concert went on it grew more and more enthusiastic. Three or four songs were repeated, and at the end Mme. Gadske sang The Year's at the Spring, three times, and added Brunnhilde's call, "Hojotoho! lelaha!" likewise "Heihah! Hojotoho!" Without the spear, that adds so much to the effect when it is brandished according to the conductor's heat. We have long been accustomed to operatic scenes, in costume, as the chief feature of a prima donna's concert. Why should not this Brunnhilde call be shrieked with the kindly aid of spear and helmet? The audience would surely appreciate the innovation.

Sang with Discrimination.

Mme. Gadske sang on the whole with more discrimination than she has shown in previous concerts. When she first gave a recital here there was an exhibition of hearty, straight-forward singing of the notes with undeviating tonal force. Her diction was direct and obvious. She enunciated the words distinctly. There was little thought of the velvet of music and text; the songs did not have respectively a physiognomy. There was no subtlety of suggestion. There was frank, robust singing after the German manner. The singer now realizes that there is a peculiar art in the interpretation of songs, and she is endeavoring to master this art. Yesterday the endeavor was apparent, and the improvement was noticeable. Mme. Gadske's voice, brilliant and effective as it often is in opera, does not lend itself easily to the interpretation of intimate songs, not because it is naturally rebellious, but because the singer has not the imagination that concentrates and directs the tones. Yet in Schumann's "Marion Wuermchen" and "Nussbaum" and in La Forge's "Schlupfwinkel" she suggested a mood and was unusually eloquent in diction. The majority of the other songs were sung without the finesse that is now expected, and not unreasonably.

"Gretchen" Was Dramatic.

There were effective moments in Schubert's "Gretchen," and the singer was truly dramatic in the recollection of the over's kiss, but the song was taken at too fast a pace and the climax was therefore less powerful, and the prevailing expression of abandonment and despair was less poignant. In "Erlkoenig" Mme. Gadske made the common mistake of indulging in ventriloquism. As a result, the unhappy father seemed afflicted with chronic hoarseness, contracted probably through the pernicious habit of riding late at night.

Mme. Gadske has improved in matters of mechanism, but she is still inclined to drag tone, and her attack, as her interpretation is at times indefinite. Her lower tones have gained in richness and were beautiful in the first of Mr. La Forge's songs. The upper tones yesterday were often without body and they were often shrill. As a rule, she was far more effective in quiet passages than in dramatic outbursts.

Mr. La Forge accompanied skilfully, without notes and with an interest in the singer's success that approached unflinching devotion.

Men and Things

CERTAIN newspapers are publishing an article about skating that appeared originally in the Westminster Gazette; now Austria has produced more fine skaters than any other country; Switzerland has few figure skaters and none of distinction; the Norwegians and the Swedes favor speed rather than grace and "the figure department of the sport"; the Dutch, a nation of skaters, are behind the Scandinavians and far ahead of the English; Mr. E. W. Syers, an English authority, says no English skater would have the remotest chance of being placed in any first-class contest abroad, etc., etc.

This is all interesting, although there is no discussion concerning the first skaters. Did the sport go from Holland to England? Englishmen long ago tied bones to their feet. "When the great ten or more is frozen, many young men play upon the ice: some striding as wilde as they may do slide swiftly, some tie bones to their feet and under their heels, and shoving themselves by a little picked staff do slide as swiftly as a bird fleeth in the air, or an arrow out a cross-bow." Old Stowe wrote this in his "London," and he quoted from Fitzstephen, a monk of the 12th cen-

tury. BUT who made the first skates as we now understand the word?

A still more important question, one of vital consequence, is this: When did the slang expression, "He's got a skate," or "He had a beautiful skate," referring to the alcoholic intoxication of a man, first come into use? The phrase is not in the slang dictionaries now before us. Neither is the phrase, "He has a bun," nor the phrase, "He has a dog," which in the case of Gargantuan drunkenness, is enlarged to "He has a Newfoundland dog." A variant of the first phrase is, "Ho has his skates with him." The origin of the picturesque expression is easily conjectured, but when and where did the phrase come into familiar use? It is praiseworthy to know Wordsworth's description of skating from

In the frosty season when the sun Was set
through the passage beginning
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng.
To cut across the image of a star
That gleam'd upon the ice.

But an intimate knowledge of slang associated with skating is much more to be desired. In English provincial speech a skate is a thin, awkward-looking person; a bank of cloud; a term of contempt, as in "Get out my gate, ye blatherin' skate"; and the term is applied figuratively to a light woman.

The French use "patiner" (to skate) as a slang synonym of to paw or ruffle a woman. For there are men, young and old, who merely to show a kindly interest or appreciation, insist on stroking a girl's hair, patting her cheek, ironing her arm, etc. They mean no harm, but they are unwarrantably familiar. Here is a singular essay on this use of "patiner" and on the practice itself in the dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle (Article, "Pays." Note L). It appears that Rénatus le Pays, who passed for a wit and was a member of the Academy of Arles, was not sorry the world should know that he was a great "skater" with the ladies.

There are some who in this weather are more interested in curling. The keener the air, the greater their enjoyment. To an outsider their anxious sweeping of the ice with a broom is amusing, but the pleasure of the sweeper is genuine. The game originally was akin to quoits and a game similar to it was played in Flanders about 1600. In the 17th century in Scotland the curling stone was a natural stone of from 5 to 20 pounds, with hollows for thumb and fingers; in the 18th it was a heavy natural boulder of 50 to 120 pounds and an iron or wooden handle was inserted in the smooth base; later came in the cheese shaped stone of about 50 pounds' weight with an iron handle on the upper surface.

The Duluth Herald publishes a letter received at the United States recruiting office in that city. The writer began: "I would like very much to enlist in the army only one thing disturbs me from doing so is my wife. But I have been told that I can take my wife with me. * * * She is lonesome and hates to be without me." We have often heard of men going into the army in this country and in European lands to get away from a wife or from disappointment in love. Many years ago Thackeray wrote a ballad based on this statement: "A surgeon of the United States army says that on inquiring of the captain of his company he found that nine-tenths of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty." The ballad begins:

Ye Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
Though oft 'tis told one.
So—in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel, in the New,
As in the Old one!

Inasmuch as there is a movement in this country to put men into corsets, the following description of corsets made for men in England is pertinent: The riding corset is about nine inches long; it is of brocaded silk coutille, strapped with kid, and the suspenders attached are of colored frilled silk elastic. The one for evening wear, 14 to 18 inches deep, is made of soft white kid, with the top cut in scollops, pinked out round the edge; it has four suspenders. Especially fastidious men also wear shoulder straps to keep the back in shape. The golfer has a white kid corset with silk elastic gorges; this is "severely classic in style." The morning corset, 14 inches deep, is of white silk coutille lined with satin. A howling swell insists on corsets that are hand-painted.

KREISLER IN LAST RECITAL OF SEASON

Violinist Gives Admirable Performance at Jordan Hall to Large Audience.

BY PHILIP HALE

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, gave his last recital this season in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Bruch, concerto No. 1, G minor; Bach, Chaconne; Moszkowski, ballad; Sinigaglia, Rhapsodie Piemontese; Cottonet, "Meditation"; Dvorak, Slavonic Dance; Arbos, "Tango." Mr. Haddon Squire was the accompanist. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

A violin concerto with piano instead of orchestral accompaniment usually reminds the hearer of cold veal; but Mr. Kreisler played with such breadth, virility, dramatic intensity, that for once the comparison was not inevitable. This admirable performance was followed by an excellent one of Bach's Chaconne, a performance that had many phases of beauty and was throughout engrossing.

The other pieces were vitalized by Mr. Kreisler's luscious tone, dash, charm of phrasing, although his playing in one or two of them was not invariably up to his own high standard. Sinigaglia's Rhapsodie is irresistible by reason of assertive melody and rhythmic fury.

There is a sentimental tune in Moszkowski's Ballad that will always please an audience; and Arbos' "Tango," the Spanish dance fantasia, which was first played here by the composer in 1903, when he was concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is piquant and entertaining.

Mr. Arbos would be pleased with the programme of yesterday which gave his name as "Tango-Arbos." The piece by Mr. Cottonet of New York, florist and a director of the Metropolitan Opera House, is unworthy Mr. Kreisler's attention. Nor has Dvorak's Slavonic dance anything more than a certain exotic grace.

The hall would undoubtedly have been crowded had not the weather been most unfavorable. Recalled again and again after each one of the two groups, Mr. Kreisler yielded at the end of the concert and played an air by Bach.

MUSIC NOTES.

Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House will sing at the Symphony concerts this week. She will probably sing an air from "The Trojans" of Berlioz and the familiar air from Gluck's "Orpheus." Miss Gerville-Reache made her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1900, in the latter opera. She sang here a few weeks ago with marked success at the concert of Mrs. McAllister's morning recitals.

The second concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given on Sunday evening the 9th, in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck will conduct, and Mme. Schumann-Heink has kindly volunteered her services. This will probably be the last opportunity for those who are not subscribers to the regular series of Symphony concerts to hear the orchestra under Dr. Muck. Moreover, it is probably the last opportunity any one will have to hear the orchestra play Wagner's music under Dr. Muck, for it is well known by this time that he objects to Wagner's music in concert form, and it is a concession on his part to allow Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing excerpts from the "Ring." The programme will include the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and the prelude to "Parsifal." Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing Erda's scene from "The Rhinegold" and Waltraute's scene from "Dusk of the Gods."

The band which Emil Mollenhauer will lead at the concert to be given in Mechanics' Hall, Sunday evening, the 16th, will consist of 35 performers, which is said to be the largest military band assembled here under one leader since the peace jubilee. The programme will be as follows: Prelude to "The Mastersingers"; "Trauermel," Schumann; selection from "The Red Mill," Herbert; cornet solo, Ernest S. Williams; overture, "William Tell"; prologue from "The Golden Legend," Sullivan; selection from "Don Carlos," Verdi; "Inflammatus," Rossini.

The programme will also include special numbers for encores. The benefit concert will be under the auspices of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association, local 9, A. F. of M. Tickets are now on sale at the office of the association, 41 Federal street.

The Lekeu quartet (Messrs. George Copeland, Jr., piano; Henry Eichheim, violinist; Alfred Gietzen, viola; Hansdavy Cabot, cellist) will give its first concert in Boston on Thursday evening the 13th, in Chickering Hall. Frank Currier, violinist, will assist. The programme will include Mozart's piano quartet in G minor, Franck's piano quintet and these piano pieces: Scarlatti, Pastorale; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Grieg, Nocturne; Debussy, Prelude.

A NEGLECTED MASTERPIECE.

Mr. Percival Chubb is much exercised with the neglect of the Bible as "a literary and educational force." His own word at a meeting of the Society for Ethical Culture in New York was not "neglect"; it was "elimination." He then declared that the Bible is regarded as a great book which may, not must, be read. "And who reads great books?" asked Mr. Chubb. "The Bible is going as other great things are going." He admits that there are difficulties in remedying the problem. Mrs. Stanton feared that the Bible might impart degrading views of women; some now object to the parables; others shudder at the "unworthy light" in which Deity is often presented in the Old Testament. For this is a notoriously delicate, sensitive, squeamish age.

Mr. Chubb is right in his fear concerning the growing neglect of the Bible, and he may well seek for remedies. We do not allude now to the Bible as "the Holy Book by which we live and die." Let it be considered only as a collection of many masterpieces of literature, with inimitable examples of simple and powerful narration, of pathetic and tragic incident, of biting irony, of sublime poetic rhetoric. We speak now of the King James version, and in no way approve the tinkering of late years in the repairing of "faults and errors" in diction.

Forty years ago in New England men, women and children were as familiar with the characters in the Bible as they were with Dea. Williston in King street and with the neighbors that passed the contribution boxes or ran with the Deluge fire engine. The Bible was then read in church, at prayer meeting, at family prayers in the morning and at evening, in the closet—to use a term that seems foolishly quaint to those now

unacquainted with the Bible, Chaucer, and the old writers. There was continual talk about the Bible in the family. Children asked whether Joseph should have done this, and Abner that; whether Esau was on the whole a bad man; whether it was right to send bears against little children simply because they made fun of a bald head. They asked these questions as children now might question a father about Mr. Roosevelt, the Emperor William, Dreyfus, Mrs. Eddy. There were other books in the house, but the one stimulating force was the Bible.

And so it had long been from father to son. Even the ungodly knew the Bible, and could quote it. The Bible was not only in the air, it was in the daily speech. The sweetheart and her lover, the lawyer in court, the hired man in smock-frock at town meeting, the family doctor, though inclined to kindly scepticism; the cobbler, though a self-proclaimed atheist in accordance with the tradition of his craft—they all unconsciously spoke in biblical terms. Jest was pointed with an allusion to a man in Genesis or a worldly saw in "Proverbs."

It may be said that there has been a decay in faith; that family prayers are not nearly so common as in the past; that magazines and Sunday newspapers have debauched the popular taste; that there are many cheap books—a dozen reasons may be given to account for the present ignorance concerning the Bible, an ignorance that prevails even among highly respectable men and women, churchgoers, believers, who nevertheless cannot identify the old man Barzillai, recognize Balaam without his ass, explain the joining of Ephraim to idols;

who would positively that Solomon could not write: "God tempests to the shorn lamb." It is not easy to state the chief cause of this neglect and ignorance; but it may be said that other books dear to our grandfathers are also neglected: those of Milton, Spenser, Plutarch, Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, Dryden, Pope—and Pope here includes Homer. Mr. Kipling may be a fine fellow, and there are ingenious authors of "quick sellers," but they hardly take the place of those gone before, who are praised vaguely, quoted only after a look into Bartlett's Dictionary and ignored by the great majority in this hurlyburly of materialistic life.

TURGENEV'S LETTERS TO MME. VIARDOT

Letters of Ivan Turgenev to Mme. Pauline Viardot were published recently in Paris—and in them is much that should be of interest to musicians. The Russian referred occasionally to music in his novels, to "La Traviata" in his romance known as "On the Eve," "A Bulgarian," and "Helen." He wrote a remarkable sketch of Russian village singers in his "Tales of a Sportsman," and there is the wild story, "The Song of Triumphant Love," in which Mme. Viardot, it is said, assisted him, a fantastically sensuous story published after his death. Turgenev was not a trained musician, but his criticisms in these letters were shrewd and in certain instances prophetic.

His friendship with Mme. Viardot was long and intimate. It was a friendship of the nature that is often declared to be impossible, a friendship that is more enviable than passionate intimacy with its fervor and its chills, its hysterical protestations and the inevitable disillusion that hardens the heart.

Yet Turgenev was a man who inspired affection and loved women. When the de Goncourts met him in 1863, they described him in their extraordinary journal, which might be entitled, "Indiscreet Reminiscences," as a charming, discreet, a gentle and white-haired giant, who had the appearance of a benevolent genius of a mountain or a forest. "He is handsome, grandly handsome, enormously handsome, with the blue of the sky in his eyes." Turgenev, Edmond de Goncourt and Gautier dined at Flaubert's in Paris, and there was talk of women, of love, and death. Turgenev was still the gentle giant, the amiable barbarian, with his white hair that fell over his eyes, with the deep furrow that divided his forehead, with the irresistible appeal of his voice. He was past the time of love, he said, and as in a chamber an almost imperceptible odor of musk can not be forgotten, so there was about him, he felt, an odor of death and dissolution. His friends praised the literary life, but Turgenev shook his head and told them of a young woman whom he used to meet when he hunted near St. Petersburg. She was charming, very white, with a flash in her eye. One day she said to him, "You must make me a present; bring me from the city a cake of perfumed soap." He brought it to her. She took it, left him, came back, her cheeks flushed with emotion, held out her hands and murmured: "Kiss my hands, as you kiss in parlors the hands of ladies in St. Petersburg." Turgenev then said to his companions: "I threw myself at her feet; do you know, there was no instant in my life that was worth that moment."

Turgenev met Mme. Viardot with her husband at St. Petersburg in 1848, when he was hardly 25 years old. Mme. Viardot was only 22, but she was already famous as a dramatic singer. Born at Paris in 1821, the daughter of the great Garcia and the sister of the greater Malbran, she was in New York as a child in 1825 when Garcia brought Italian opera to this country and da Ponte, the librettist of "Don Giovanni," had the pleasure of hearing the opera performed there. Pauline took her first piano lessons in Mexico, for her father wished her to be a pianist. She afterward studied in Paris with Moysenbush and Liszt. As a child pianist she met young Cesar Franck, also playing in concerts in Belgium. Pauline sang in public at Brussels in 1837 and then abandoned the piano. Her first appearance in opera was at London two years later as Desdemona in Rossini's opera. Viardot, director at that time of the Italian theatre in Paris, went to London to hear her. He not only engaged her, he married her in 1841 and gave up his position to manage her. At the Paris opera she created the parts of Elides and Sappho (Gounod's Sappho), but soon after her superb impersonation of Orpheus at the Lyric Theatre, she left the stage to live for a time at Baden-Baden, and after 1871 at Paris and Bougival. A remarkable woman, a composer of talent, a teacher of distinction, an acute editor of classic songs, she is now living, honored and in the full possession of her faculties. Her husband, a man of varied accomplishments, died in 1883, a few months before the death of Turgenev.

These letters had a singular fate. They were lost when the Viardots left Baden-Baden in 1870 to sojourn in London. They were found only after a quarter of a century. The owner, from whom they were obtained, bought a box at a second-hand shop in Berlin. The box contained these letters and unimportant papers. The shopkeeper had purchased the box from the widow of a French physician. Where she obtained it is not known. Mme. Viardot allowed the publication of the letters dated from 1846 to 1871, but there were letters as early as 1843 and Turgenev wrote to her until his death. Furthermore, Mme. Viardot insisted that many passages should be cut out of the letters that are printed, lest personal remarks, witty but not malicious, should hurt the feelings of some now living.

Thus she would protect her dear friend now that he is dead, as she and her husband were a support and comfort to him when he was unknown, poor and unhappy in exile, for his mother could not brook the idea of her son, a Russian gentleman of the old stock, leading the literary life, and she refused to give him money. The Viardots offered him a home at Courtavenel, their summer place; they introduced him to George Sand, Merimee, Saint-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert, Taine, Hugo, Renan—to whom did they not introduce him? Through them he found publishers in Paris. Mme. Viardot even cared for Turgenev's natural daughter, who was miserable in Russia. She took care of her and saw to her education.

Turgenev undoubtedly grew more and more musical through his intimacy with Mme. Viardot, yet at the beginning of the correspondence, when she was already famous as a singer, he advised her in her art.

He wrote to her in 1843, when she was singing at the Berlin Opera House, that he was happy to hear of her success as Norma. "This proves to me that you have made progress, the progress that masters make and continue to make until the end. You have now the tragic element for your own, the only one that you had not wholly mastered, for those who have seen you in 'Sonnambula' know that you are mistress of pathos. As you are to sing in 'Iphigenia,' read attentively the tragedy of that name by Goethe, since you will have to do with Geimans, who nearly all know it by heart, whose manner of understanding, or impersonating Iphigenia is therefore irrevocably determined by this work. The tragedy of Goethe is indeed beautiful and grand, and the figure traced by him is of antique simplicity, chaste, calm—perhaps too calm, especially for you, who, thanks to God, there is also much of calmness in your character. I believe that the part will suit you marvellously, especially as you will not be obliged to make an effort to raise yourself to all that is noble and grand and true in Goethe's creation—for all this is yours by nature. Iphigenia herself was not a 'daughter of the North'; a fish does not deserve praise because it is calm."

And now let us ponder Turgenev's words taken at random from these letters.

"Mendelssohn is then dead. I knew him slightly. From what I have heard of him, I am ready to esteem him, but to be very fond of him—that is another matter. A man does fine things only when talent and instinct work together, with head and heart; I am so bold as to

think that in Mendelssohn's case the head predominated."

"I have heard Mme. Albani in 'Semiramide.' She has had a very great success. Her voice has wholly changed in character since she was at St. Petersburg. Then it was brutal, now it is too tender, too soft, and she sings a la Rose Cheri. Her bravura is good; the timbre of her voice is excessively mild and insinuating, but there is not enough energy, not sufficient keenness. As an actress she is naïve; her placid, fat face is incapable of any dramatic expression; she confines herself to occasional and painful lowering of the eyebrows."

Coletti has not been bad, although as a rule he sings like a father of a family."

"I heard 'La Dame Blanche.' What pretty music, gallant, witty, chivalric! It is less brilliant than the French, but it is perhaps more French. Boieldieu is sometimes pale, but he is never vulgar, which happens too often to the pupils of 'La Mue' etc."

"There are artists who succeed in ridding themselves of their individuality; but back of the character impersonated, you see, nevertheless, the actor effacing himself, and this species of constraint reacts on you."

"Is there anything more disgusting than a brutality that is not naïve?" This was written with reference to the atrocious effects in Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta." It may be applied to certain orchestral and operatic works of modern composers.

"The majority of literary folk search in music for only literary impressions. They are generally bad listeners and bad judges."

He heard in Paris some wandering musicians singing Gossec's "Mourir pour la patrie." "How beautiful it is! It brought tears to my eyes. Ah! the old composers are decidedly superior to those now living. What serious energy! What conviction! What grand simplicity! Sung in 1793 by hundreds of voices, this hymn must have made the heart beat violently."

Mme. Viardot asked him to criticize her third act in "Roméo." "One can not imagine," he wrote, "anything more frightful than to be near the corpse of everything that is loved; but the despair which then seizes you should be so terrible that if it be not restrained and frozen by the firm resolve to put yourself to death, or by any other grand sentiment, art is no longer in a state to portray this despair. Broken cries, sobs, faintings—this is nature, not art. The

spectator, himself, would not be moved. . . . In general, it is the calm that comes from a strong conviction or a profound sentiment, the calm that enraptures on all sides, the desperate bursts of passion, which communicates to them purity of line, this ideal and real beauty, the true, the sole beauty of art. And that which proves the truth of this remark is that life itself—in rare moments, it is true, in moments when it is freed from all that is accidental and common—raises itself to the same order of beauty. The greatest sorrows, as you say in your letter, are the calmest; and the calmest are the most beautiful. But it is necessary to know how to unite the two extremes, or the actor will appear cold. It is easier not to struggle after perfection, easier to remain halfway in the path, especially since the majority of spectators ask for nothing more, or rather are not accustomed to anything else, but you are only what you are by reason of this noble tendency toward that which is highest."

He saw Grisli in the ballet "Les Cinq Sens" (Paris 1848). "She danced very well, but a ballet is a bore—legs, legs, and then legs—it's monotonous. Before the ballet they gave 'Lucia' with Poulter!! Partheaux!!! and a Miss Rabi, or Riba, or Ribi, or Raba—a name wholly unknown. This anonymous damozel was atrociously frightened, but her voice is very bad; it must also be said that she is ugly, which does not prevent her from being old."

In 1850 he met an old flame in Russia. He pardoned her a husband and children, but he could not pardon her for having become insignificant, sleepy, stupid; nor could he forgive her for adding false black hair to her naturally blonde locks. "She began to play the piano, but the unfortunate instrument was so out of tune that it made me shiver, false with that sweet falsity, which is the worst of all, and she never noticed it, but played pieces that are horribly old-fashioned, and she played them very badly. Alas, and thrice alas! My ancient flame is not even smoke at present; a little heap of cold ashes, that is all."

Asked to define beauty, he replied: "Beauty is the only thing that is immortal, and as long as a vestige of its material manifestation remains, its immortality exists. It shines nowhere with so much intensity as in the individuality of a human being; there it speaks the most to the intelligence, and for this reason I should always prefer great musical power served by a defective voice, to one that is beautiful but stupid, a voice whose beauty is only material."

Gounod was at work in 1850 on "Sappho." "If Gounod is not a great musical power, if he has not genius, I renounce all judgment on men and talent." Halety's "La Juive," in spite of Mme. Viardot's success as Rachel, did not please Turgenev. "I am sure that this lofty and labored declamation left you greatly wearied and with a great emptiness in your soul. They may talk of science, national color, etc., the divine breath is not in it. It is not immortal, as all tone beauty should be."

In Russia he often missed music, although he heard it. There was Mme. Tutcheff, who did play to him, but her husband liked music "only moderately, or rather he likes it, as many do, for every other thing that is in it save music. There are, for example, painters whose musical enjoyment comes from a sense of color, harmony, lines, etc. Tutcheff, who has no speciality, likes in music only that which strikes vaguely certain sensations, certain ideas in him; he likes it only a little, so that he can get along without it, and he prefers that which is familiar."

In 1852 Turgenev declared that there was no overture equal to the "Coriolanus" of Beethoven, and in 1871, when it was not the fashion to admire Wagner, the overture and the "Entr'acte" of "The Mastersingers" as played at a concert in St. Petersburg gave him great pleasure. "The 'Entr'acte' especially is grandiose; it is, indeed, powerful music." Amateurs

afflicted him sorely. The sister of Mme. Tutcheff had "fingers of cotton," when she made mistakes she tried to give to a note a suave expression. "It's something fearful!" He admired Seroff's "Judith" for its passion and grandeur, its original musical physiognomy, in spite of awkward and bothersome passages. "But imagine (I see you laugh) the fifth act. Judith enters with the head of her fine gentleman in her hand, shows it to the people, then sings an air with harp arpeggios, an air that is sky blue, and there is a young man in with a turban, who immediately marries her!" Seroff was "not a bad son of Wagner," and his "Rogneda" seemed to Turgenev still more original than the "Judith." "This little, nervous, bizarre man has a very great talent. Two choruses above all and a youth's air of truly Mozartian purity transported me. . . . He behaved like a devil in front of the piano and sang with an impossible voice. He is a great colorist and handles the orchestra like a master."

In 1864 Turgenev applauded "Fidelio" at St. Petersburg as though he were a "claqueur" and he found that Wenzlowski, the violinist, had gained enormously. Anton Rubinstein's habit "of always wishing to turn the piano into an orchestra" fretted his nerves. "Nicholas plays better than his brother, more simply and more correctly." Laub, the violinist, was "too uniformly gentle for Beethoven's music." In Paris (1868) Turgenev saw Nilsson as Ophelia and found her charming. He described her little brusque movements of the head and arms, a sort of stiffness in her enunciation. "She is attractive, pure and virginal, with a virginity that is almost bitter, 'herb,' as the Germans say. Her voice is pretty, but I fear that it cannot long stand the 'French howling.' The libretto is simply absurd. In the last act the ghost of papa appears, known to everybody and seen by everybody, even by the guilty King, and orders Hamlet to pierce the flank of this tyrant. Hamlet executes the order to the general satisfac-

tion, and the tyrant allows himself to be killed with resignation, as a hare in a battue."

Here is a delightful sketch of Balakireff in 1871: "At night I went to the house of Mr. J.—, the brother of the man whom you saw at Baden-Baden and is such a bore. This one is still handsomer—he has a volcano of gray hair on his head—and he is a bigger bore. I found there several lights of the new Russian musical school (not Cui, unfortunately, but the great Balakireff, who is recognized as their chief. The great Balakireff played very badly some fragments of an orchestra fantasy by Rimsky-Korsakoff. This fantasy, inspired by a bizarre Russian legend, seemed to me to have genuine fancy. Then the great Balakireff played very badly some reminiscences of Liszt and Berlioz, who is to these gentlemen and especially to him, the Absolute and the Ideal. I believe after all that Balakireff is an intelligent man. No talent, yet a character."

It would seem that in 1849 Turgenev composed some songs, words and music. "The pain it has cost me—sweat on the forehead—mental agony—all this beggars description. I found the tune easily—you understand, inspiration! but to pick it out on the piano and to write it! I have torn up four or five sketches; even now I am not sure that I have not written something monstrously impossible. What key is it in, please? I have the headache—Saperlotte! it is as difficult as this to compose music! Meyerbeer is a great man!!!"

These extracts give only a faint idea of the letters, which abound in charming descriptions of nature and mental moods, in shrewd comments on life and manners, in noble observations on art and the soul. There is hardly a page that does not increase the admiration for the writer and inspire affection for the man. The volume should be translated into English.

PERSONAL

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Carmen Melis as Thais, taken from a photograph by Felicetti in Rome. This singer made her first appearance in opera at Novara in "Iris." This was in 1905. Later she impersonated Tosca. At Rovereto she took the part of Desdemona. In other cities she appeared in Montemezzis' "Giovanni Galluresse," in "Fedora," "Albatro," "Hermes," "Mme. Butterfly," and at last at the Costanzi, Rome, she attracted much attention as Thais in Massenet's opera, with Battistini as the converting monk.

The Signale of Jan. 15 mentioned a duel that took place Jan. 11 at Paris between Vincent d'Indy and Jules Bois. There was shooting, but the traditions of the French duel were observed and no one was injured, not even a second, the attending surgeon or a too eager reporter.

Because Dr. Louis, a music critic of Munich, reviewed severely Schneewicht's interpretation of works by Beethoven, Schneewicht, the conductor of the Kaim orchestra, has promised to go no farther with the "Beethoven cycle" which he had announced. The orchestra, by the way, had "made a demonstration" against the critic. The members put down their instruments after they had begun and said they would not play while Louis was in the hall. The public backed the critic.

Mr. Marteau who has been asked to succeed Joachim as violin teacher at the Hochschule, Berlin, tells his countrymen in France that even if he accepts, he will never, no never, give up his nationality and rank of officer in the reserve force of the French army. A year or two ago Mr. Marteau made bitter and offensive remarks about French music and musicians. In his desire to be more German than the Germans he lost his head, as he has lost the full and beautiful tone that once distinguished his playing.

Edgar Tinel, the Belgian composer of oratorios, has composed a music drama based on the life and adventures of St. Catharine of Alexandria. The opera will be produced at the Monnaie, Brussels.

Wolff-Ferrari's new opera, "Honny Solt qui Mal y Pense," will be produced at Munich.

Don Lorenzo Perosi has left Rome to give concerts of his works at Warsaw and St. Petersburg.

Another opera based on the story of Don Quixote was produced Jan. 1 at Munich. The composer is Anton Beer-Walbrunn. "The composer is neither a musical revolutionary nor an innovator; his melodic thought is sufficiently personal and ingeniously humorous, but at

times he allows that which is comical to border on caricature." The opera, led by Mottl, met with great success. The part of Don Quixote was taken by Fernhals.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 3 P. M. First concert in Miss Terry's series. Miss Fay cord, soprano will sing these songs: Weber, "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch," from "Der Freischuetz"; Massenet, "Il Partit au Printemps"; Hahn, "Si Mes Vers"; Bemberg, "Il Neige"; Ronald, "Sunbeams"; MacDowell, "A Maid Sings Light"; Lehmann, "The Cuckoo"; Francis Rogers, baritone will sing: Lohengrin, "Henry, the Fowler"; Brahms, "Immer Leiser"; Schumann, "Belshazzar"; Franz, "Es Hat die Rose sich Beklagt"; "Maedchen Mit Dem Roten Muenchlein"; "Maedchen Mit dem Roten Muenchlein"; "Me Alone"; Grieg, "Zur Johannesnacht"; Sarti, "L'Amor da Cara Bona"; Saint-Saens, "Desir d'Amour"; Schlesinger, "D'une Prison"; Tosti, "Malia"; Arne, "We All Love a Pretty Girl"; Arnold, "Amo Amas." Miss Jessie Davis will be the accompanist.

THURSDAY—Griss' High School, 8 P. M. Concert of the Music Department of the City of Boston. Choral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich; Mendelssohn, overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Elgar, "Chanson de Nuit"; Massenet, "Scenes Pittoresques"; Grieg, Bridal Procession, Earl Cartwright, baritone will sing Wolfram's "Song to the Evening Star," and Cowen's "Border Ballad." Charles K. North, flutist, will play two movements from Mouquet's "Flute of Pan." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" (first time at these concerts), and Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring." The soloist will be announced.

Boston High School, 8 P. M. Concert of the Music Department of the City of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kantrich. Mendelssohn, overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Haydn, Minuet from Quartet in D major; Grieg, Two Norwegian Dances; Saint-Saens, "Danse Macabre"; Liszt, finale from "Egmont"; suite, Miss Bertha Barnes, contralto, will sing Siebel's song from "Faust." MacDowell's "The Beaming Eyes," Stewart's "Awake, Dear Heart."

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

On account of the serious illness of Herbert F. Odell, the Boston Operatic Society has been obliged to postpone its performances of the new three-act comic opera, "Atlantis" (book and lyrics by J. H. Gardner, music by H. F. Odell), at Jordan Hall, originally announced for Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 2 and 5, to Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 9 and 10. The original tickets will be good on the corresponding later dates.

Miss Jean MacLellan will give a song recital in Faelten Hall on Tuesday evening, the 11th, when she will sing songs by Wolf, Strauss, Delbruck, Debussy, Tosti, Pergolesi, Isidora Martinez and others.

Ernest Schelling will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on the 18th.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th, Mrs. H. A. Beach will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall. She will play pieces by Brahms, Bach, Greig, Mendelssohn and Moret; also three small sketches by MacDowell, and, finally, her own "Suite Française." "Les Eves de Columbine." Carl Faelten will assist her in playing the variations on a theme by Beethoven for two pianos, by Saint-Saens.

John Beach will give a concert of his own composition in Steinert Hall, a Friday evening, the 14th. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Mr. Earl Cartwright, baritone, will take part, while Mr. Beach will play the accompaniments.

The first concert by the Czerwinsky quartet, announced for the 11th, will take place until Monday evening, March 2.

E. Ferri, the leading viola player of the Symphony orchestra, will assist Miss Fox at his third chamber recital in Steinert Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 26th.

George Copeland will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on the evening of the 27th.

Mme. Calve will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 22d. Subscriptions may now be mailed to Mr. L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto; Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist; and Mr. Malcolm Lang, pianist, will give a concert of music by Scandinavian composers in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, the 12th.

The Handel and Haydn Society will perform Verdi's "Requiem" on Sunday evening, the 23d.

Mr. Converse's "Job" will be performed by the Cecilia on Tuesday evening, the 11th. Mr. Converse had the assistance of John Hays Gardner of Harvard in the selection of the text from the Vulgate, which presents the essence of the dramatic outlines of the story of "Job." The English version by John Albert Macy seeks to paraphrase the Latin in as close an adaptation of the scriptural language as possible, and to furnish a euphonious basis for enunciation by the singers. In musical treatment "Job" is not an oratorio, but rather an epic, in which the style and development are calculated to emphasize the dramatic structure of the story rather than its lyric details. Wallace Goodrich will conduct, and the chorus of the society will have the support of a large orchestra of Symphony players. The soloists engaged are Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, soprano; Daniel Beddoe, tenor; and Emilio de Gogorza, baritone. Such seats as have not been taken by the subscribers for the season may now be had at Symphony Hall for this concert.

The music department of Tufts College, under the direction of Leo R. Lewis, announces three concerts to be given in Goddard Chapel on the evenings of Feb. 14, March 6 and April 24. The first concert will be given by the Hoffmann quartet and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist; the second by Jacques Hoffmann, violinist; Stephen Townsend, baritone; John Daniels, tenor; the third by the Hoffmann quartet and Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto. The subscription price for the series has been placed very low, as the concerts are intended for the advantage of students and any other music lovers who are interested in an excellent programme.

Feb 3 908

A SUBMARINE WEDDING.

The most modest maiden is often the most flamboyant at her marriage ceremony. She exults in the pomp and ceremony, the pother and the splurge. There are some, singularly old-fashioned, shy, dreamers, who are inclined to think that the solemn contract should be made quietly, far from the gaping crowd, but they are few.

It should, therefore, not excite wonder when a young woman insists on being married in a balloon, at the

bottom of a shaft, in the Mammoth cave, or in a cage of live and performing tigers. The publicity is only a matter of degree.

A wedding is proposed at the Hippodrome, London. The wedding is to be celebrated under water. The chosen bride and bridegroom are to receive £100. Inasmuch as the marriage registrars are of opinion that the wedding will not be legal, eminent counsel are being consulted. From all parts of Great Britain applications for the positions of bride and bridegroom come by every mail. Some of the proposals deserve the attention of the Earnest Student of Sociology.

One man writes—the wonder is that he did not telegraph: "My bride and self could give a good song after the ceremony, as we are both splendid singers." A distinguished athlete is willing to drop from the roof after the ceremony in his wedding suit, provided there be a depth of ten or twelve feet of water. An applicant holds out this inducement: "We have in readiness bridesmaids and best man all ready to be submerged." Here are other applications:

"My fiancée is very pretty, and I myself am not ugly, and I feel sure we should both look particularly well from the stage."

"I don't at all object to getting married under water if the lady won't get wet."

"My fiancée, an Irish girl, owing to the reduced circumstances of the family, is in one of the largest West end millinery establishments."

"As I want to take the lady of my choice to Canada we are willing to take the plunge in both senses of the word."

Observe the fondness of these Englishmen for the vile term "fiancée" when they have as a birthright the beautiful word "betrothed."

If we were in charge of the Hippodrome we should look favorably on the applicant whose best man is an "experienced vocalist," for as the bridesmaids would be "two dainty little dancers," there would be five to take part in a remunerative turn; but we should hesitate between this applicant and "a lady who has been engaged for eight years to an invalid and is in need of the £100 to buy a farm to take him to the country." She possibly thinks the shock will do him good.

These applications are made in

good faith and they are therefore the more amusing, yet are there not more formal weddings, neither under the earth nor under the water nor in the clouds, that would furnish food for laughter, did not pity o'ermaster mirth?

Men and Things

George R. Sims of London, playwright, poet, critic, essayist, proprietor of a hair tonic—or is it a hair restorer which, dropped on a hardwood floor, provides within 24 hours a useful and decorative doormat?—has written for many years a column for the Referee, a column entitled "Mustard and Cress," known to the irreverent as "Custard and Mess." He is often entertaining. When he talks about crime in all its branches, he is engrossing. He chose not long ago the subject of murder and this was his text: "An apparent lack of motive is as disconcerting to an ordinary British jury in a criminal trial as it is to an ordinary British audience witnessing a melodrama."

He alluded to the motive of the man who murdered Emily Dimmock, to the inexplicable crimes of Nell Cream, to murders due to Sadism, to "type hatred," a form of insanity. He described the case of a man whose haunting desire was to kill trained nurses. There was Weisshaar, who slew his master in Paris for a ridiculously small sum, because, as he said in court, "the immensity of the world attracted him," and he wished to begin his travels. Constance Kent murdered her little stepbrother because

she was piqued by some imaginary slight on the part of her stepmother. An English physician conceived the idea that he was divinely appointed to rid the world of tramps. A refined man, fond of flowers, first editions, engravings, he left his house one night and shot and killed the first tramp he saw, an inoffensive one asleep on a bench. The physician had no reason for detesting these peripatetic philosophers. There was Emile Ollivier, who, 16 years old, murdered with a rolling pin an old lady for her watch. He was a collector, as was Jack the Ripper. In Emile's pocket there was this memorandum: "Twelve hundred watches are pawned daily in Paris." Thouviot killed a waitress in a restaurant when she presented the bill. He carved her with the knife he had used for his meat. He was not dissatisfied with her service or with her looks. He had made up his mind while eating to murder any person who handed a bill to him.

Mr. Sims did not mention the excuse given by Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the poisoner and forger, the colleague in literary work of Hazlitt, Lamb and Talfourd. He poisoned his uncle to gain possession of Linden House. He poisoned his amiable mother-in-law for some unknown reason, possibly to keep his hand in. He poisoned Helen Abercrombie, his sister-in-law, for the insurance money on her life, but when he was afterward asked how he had the heart to kill the lovely Helen, he answered: "I am sure I don't know why I did it—perhaps because she had very thick ankles."

Murder cases excite universal attention from the time of the actual performance to that of the execution of the murderer. It has always been so; it will doubtless be so until there is no murderer, cold or hot blooded. The interest taken in these cases is characterized as morbid. We believe it to be natural and inevitable.

Is there any story in the Old Testament that excites the curiosity of healthy children more than the tale of Cain and Abel? The narration is more complete than that of the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, but it is unsatisfactory. We are told the Lord preferred the offering of Abel and that Cain was therefore wroth; that Cain slew his brother; that the Lord set a mark on Cain lest any finding him should kill him. But how did Cain kill Abel? What was the mark?

De Quincey, a supreme judge of murderous artistry, declared Cain, as the inventor of murder, to be a man of genius, but as the art was then in its infancy, "it is no disparagement to say that his performance was but so-so." Commentators on the Bible, divines, deep thinkers have had a higher opinion of Cain's art, and how they have differed concerning his tool! Many argue that it was a stone; that Cain, to quote Milton's words: "Smote him into the midriff with a stone That beat out life."

Some, as Perierus, are confident that Cain used his teeth. Some name the jawbone of an ass, and painters have favored this view. Others speak of a till hook, a husbandman's fork, a scythe, a sword. There are some who maintain that Abel put up a stout fight and at first threw Cain to earth.

Some have maintained that as Abel was 129 years old when he was killed, he was in all probability married. It is first necessary to prove that Abel was 129 years old, for there are many who insist that Cain was only 30 when he slew Abel. Some say that the trouble began with a theological dispute; that Cain talked against immortality and the judgment. Others are sure that Cain had a twin sister Azrun; that Abel had a twin sister Owain; that Cain was angry because Adam gave Azrun, whom Cain loved, to Abel for a wife. (Does any one read Byron's tragedy today?)

Nor is there agreement concerning the mark on Cain. Was it a letter on his forehead, a letter taken from the name of Abel or from the unspeakable name of the Lord? Was it from the word "Repentance"? Were there the three letters that compose the name of the seventh day? Was the mark a cross, or was Cain smitten with leprosy, or had he a savage look, with bloodshot eyes which rolled horribly, or did his hand shake as with palsy, or was there a horn set on his head, or did the earth quake whenever he rested though for a moment?

Thus the first murder has set grave men to cudgelling their own brains.

What boy has not dreamed of being

a pirate with a practical plank on which his dearest foes should walk?—the school teacher, the bigger boy that rubbed his face with snow, the selectman that complained of him to his father and thus brought on a flogging. Old Bodman, because the boy once heard his sire inveigh against his meanness! What boy has not dreamed of killing a far-off mandarin by merely willing it, and thus coming into a great fortune?

Even now when the boy is a smug and respected citizen, a chairman of committees, does he not at times envy the Malay running amuck? Would he not fain gird a crash towel around his loins, leaving the bath, and choosing his keenest razor, make his reckless way down the street? The murderous desire lurks in many of us. Success, a well-behaved stomach, sound sleep and plenty of it, long continued obedience to the conventionalities—these are surer safeguards than the fear of prison, the gallows, the guillotine, the chair, or any other more or less ingenious method invented by man for the final disposal of the unlicensed murderer.

Feb 4 1908

FIRST CONCERT OF MISS TERRY'S SERIES

The first of Miss Terry's series of concerts at the Hotel Somerset took place yesterday afternoon, the soloists being Francis Rogers, baritone, and Miss Fay Cord, soprano. Miss Jessie Davis played the accompaniments. Mr. Rogers sang Loewe's "Henry the Fowler," Schumann's "Beelshazzar," Franz's "Es hat die Rose" and "Maedchen mit dem Roten Mundchen," Tschalkowsky's "Now That Thou Leav'st Me Alone," Sarti's "Lungi dal Caro Bene" from "Giulio Sabino," Schlegel's "D'Une Prison," Arne's "The Plague of Love," and songs by Brahms, Grieg, Saint-Saens, Tosti and Dr. Arnold.

Miss Cord sang "Kommt ein Schlanker Bursch" from "Der Freischuetz," Massenet's "Il Partit," Hahn's "Si mes Vers," Bemberg's "Il Neige," Landon, Ronald's "Sunbeams," MacDowell's "A Maid Sings Light," and Liza Lehmann's "The Cuckoo."

The concert was an agreeable one, and gave much pleasure to an audience that was of good size, although it did not begin to fill the hall. Mr. Rogers' welcome was as hearty as ever, and it was pleasant to hear again his manly and musicianly performance. He was perhaps at his best in the songs of narrative or dramatic nature, even though there was a slight tendency to make them boisterous at moments; for his voice and style are robust and straightforward.

He made a deep impression with the poignant song by Tschalkowsky, and sang Schlegel's setting of Verlaine's "D'Une Prison" with an emotion that suited the words better than the music, the latter being wholly inadequate to the tragic and exquisite poem.

Miss Cord, who was heard at the Worcester Festival last October under a different name, sustained her part of the programme with considerable success. Her voice is not a large one, but is of particularly lovely quality in the middle and lower registers. Her highest notes were a little hard in quality, and were not apparently sung with ease. She did not make the mistake, however, of forcing her voice, and made some of her best effects by the delicacy of her tones and of her interpretation. She repeated Hahn's "Si mes Vers," and Mr. Rogers repeated Franz's "Es hat die Rose" and a stanza of "The Plague of Love."

The Concert next Monday afternoon will be given by George Proctor, pianist; Carl Wendling, violinist, and Elliot Hubbard, tenor.

Men and Things

THERE is an old saying attributed to a sea captain that the Portuguese are "a frivolous people, easily amused." Like many popular sayings, it is unjust, an example, no doubt, of reasoning from a particular to the general. Take the Portuguese scattered along the coast of New England. They are singularly industrious and frugal; they are eminently peaceable; they are also serious and inclined to be dignified.

Gabriel Peignot, the old antiquary of Dijon, compiled a chronological list of sovereigns, princes and princesses of Europe who perished by a violent death from 1437 to 1840. This list began with James the First of Scotland, assassinated at Perth, and ended with the attempt of Edward Oxford on Queen Victoria's life. How many Portuguese figured in this chamber of horrors? Only Prince Ferdinand, husband of Queen Maria. In 1837 a man named Mercier fired at him and missed. There were bad

rulers, thoroughly bad men on the throne of Portugal, but they died peacefully, although they committed murders galore, and knew lives of routine cruelty. Pedro the First was familiarly known as "the Cruel." To avenge the murder of his wife, Donna Inez de Castro, named the lady of the hern's neck and the silver bosom, slain before Pedro ascended the throne, he had Coelho and Goncalves butchered in the palace. He struck the former several blows across the face with a whip handle. Then Coelho's heart was torn through his breast, and that of Goncalves through his shoulders; lastly the two were burnt. "During this time the king was sitting at meat."

Why did not Don Sebastian return to his people last Sunday and claim his own? It is true that according to history he was slain 330 years ago at the battle of Alcacerquivir, but his people would not have him dead. To them he was a redoubtable, as David, St. John the Evangelist, Nero, Barbarossa, the Moslem Mahdi. Sebastian was named the hidden prince, "O Principe Encuberto," and his second coming was a tenet, a religion. The Sebastianistas are possibly not now extinct. Sir Richard Burton talked with some of them when he visited Brazil in the sixties.

One of the most delightful books of travel in existence is "Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal," by William Beckford, who wrote the wondrous tale of "Vathek"; who was mentioned with a savage sneer by Byron in one of his letters; who at the age of 11 succeeded to the worth of a million pounds; Beckford of Fonthill, whose costly bric-a-brac excited the wonder of thousands and the contempt of Hazlitt. Beckford's description of Lisbon is fascinating reading today, and yet we recall with greater ease his remarks about Portuguese cookery than his impressions of the Queen and the court. He wondered how the Portuguese stomachs could endure the food put into them, for poultry, rice, vegetables were all steamed in the essence of ham and seasoned so highly with pepper and spices that a spoonful of peas or a quarter of an onion set one's mouth in a flame.

We once undertook the gloomy task of completing Peignot's list of murdered rulers, but what list, however carefully prepared, could be complete? Think of the thousands of Ireland's kings alone that came to a bloody end! Think of the assassinations in Central and South America! A list of "Monarchs That Have Been Missed" would be more entertaining reading. Who was the last murdered king before Carlos? Was it Alexander of Servia?

Marcel Reja has written a book entitled "Art Among the Insane." He gives examples of drawings, poems, articles in prose by imprisoned lunatics. Here is the translation into English of a poem in free verse by a boarder and lodger at Charenton:

Variety is indispensable
To existence; each has his turn
At dancing
Care must always be exercised
Not to dance in front of the refreshment bar.
My wife is simply my pipe.
Two packets of tobacco a week
Constitute my regular income.
An occasional pinch of snuff
That somebody offers me pleasantly,
And I accept in the same spirit—
That is my little way.
And I walk about in order to study my geography.

It should not be forgotten that some of the greatest poets and painters have been thought mad by their contemporaries. The author of the lines just quoted seems to be wholly sane.

Here is news that should be pondered by all intrepid hunters of the anise seed bag in the neighborhood of Boston. Scarlet is not nearly so fashionable as a color for hunting coats in England as it was even a few years ago. "In the provinces the proportion of scarlet to black is perhaps even smaller than it is in the Midlands, and in proof thereof I may say that only a week or two ago at a certain meet of hounds, a veteran remarked that he had counted 50 scarlet coats in the same place during the seventies, whereas on the occasion referred to there were exactly four, without taking the hunt staff into account."

It must be said, however, that scarlet glorifies the insignificant. The sight of an elderly person with a paunch, in a frock coat and derby hat, anxiously jumping a stone wall, is not one for our esteemed friend, the historical painter, though it may amuse Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his untiring pursuit of sociological material.

Feb 5, 1908 Men and Things

WHY should President Hadley, who is now changing the atmosphere of Berlin with the true Yale spirit, be "greatly annoyed" by cable messages asking whether the report that he had dropped dead were true? The messages show a kindly interest. They should at least flatter his vanity. There should be pleasure in answering or not answering. In the latter case, the pleasure is in keeping the askers guessing.

Germany may be laughing over the ban placed on Goethe's "Faust" by the authorities of the Bavarian Royal Teachers' Seminary, but the opinions of certain famous Englishmen and Frenchmen pronounced years ago on Goethe's "Faust" seem now as laughable as the present ban. De Quincey did not hesitate to write in his article on Goethe, contributed to the seventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica that it was better to say "nothing than too little about 'Faust.'" "How trifling an advance has been made toward clearing the ground for any sane criticism may be understood from this fact, that as yet no two people have agreed about the meaning of any separate scene, or about the drift of the whole. Neither is this explained by saying that until lately 'Faust' was a fragment; for no additional light has dawned upon the main question since the publication of the latter part."

Many have protested against the "immorality" of Goethe's "Faust," as many have protested against any work in which there is not a happy marriage at the end. Charles Lamb was too sane to blunder in this prudent manner, but he preferred, Marlowe's tragedy to Goethe's, and evidently failed to appreciate the latter. All Hazlitt could say of Goethe's work was this: "Goethe, the German poet, has written a drama on this tradition of his country which is considered a masterpiece."

The earlier objectors in England did not really know Goethe's dramatic poem. The earlier objectors in America took objections to the poet's heterodoxy. It is not extravagant to say that nine-tenths of the Americans who know Goethe's poem at all know it through the libretto of the two Frenchmen for Gounod's opera. To them, Mephistopheles is a comic character who sings an applauded song about the golden calf, makes merry with Martha in the garden, and sings a serenade, not always in tune. Faust is any tenor with a high C and queer clothes. Marguerite is a sweet young girl overcome by jewels and an electrically illuminated flower bed. Siebel is a mere matter of legs.

Eugene Maret, a French engineer, says he will soon be able to manufacture several pounds of sapphires daily. This is glad tidings. No household, however humble, should be without a sapphire. The stone cools the heat of burning fevers, doth away envy, putteth off dread and fear, maketh the heart steadfast in goodness. "And if thou put an attorcopp (spider) in a box and hold a very sapphire of Ind at the mouth of the box any while, by virtue thereof the attorcopp is overcome and dieth, as it were suddenly." But why "attorcopp"? The word came from the old English "attorcoppa"—"ator" or "attor," poison, plus "coppa" derivative of "cop," top, summit, round head, or "copp" cup, vessel. The reference was to the supposed venomous properties of spiders. The word was used in English literature until about the beginning of the 18th century, and we believe it is still heard in English provinces, where it is also applied to a small, insignificant person, or to an ill-natured, malignant man, a shrewish woman. The word is a good one, and it is a pity that it has gone out of fashion.

In spite of the fact that Indianapolis boasts of being the literary centre of the United States, yea, of the world; in spite of the attention paid male dress—especially the waistcoat—in Chicago, we are more and more convinced that an eastern town is the only place for a prudent man. Only a few days ago Judge Eben C. Poolé of Evansville, Ind., advised the killing of Mr. Wallace Lawrence, who is insane with murderous inclination, and suffers from an infectious skin disease, which baffles the physicians. "Kill him," says the learned judge; "put him out of his misery. It

would be the humane solution. He has nothing to live for; is a burden to his family, a public menace, an expense to the state." Think of the hundreds suffering from eczema! Physicians are of no avail; the patient is in misery; he often is insane and has murderous wishes, especially against dermatologists. Should he be judicially killed?

There is still more disquieting news from Evanston, Ill. Mrs. George F. Shears recently made a speech before the Woman's Club of that town. She said the members should pay less attention to music and art and more to the education of husbands. They should devote their energy, ingenuity and patience "to introduce intelligence into the masculine members of the household."

We have not the heart to comment on this proposition. "Me for the East."

Feb 6, 1908 CONCERT FOYER

Royalty Eats Refreshingly at
Operatic Performances;
Current Gossip.

FOREIGNERS COMMENT UPON AMERICAN ART

BY PHILIP HALE.

THE Queen of England has her dinner brought from Buckingham palace and served in the rear of the royal box during the interval between the first and second acts of the opera. The Queen has thus set a fashion that society believes will not only become popular for the charm of the idea, but will also solve the practical problem of ministering to the appetite at early performances without missing parts of the opera.

Four attendants, not six, carry "carefully" into the box a table already set "containing the Queen's favorite dishes." The food is cooked at the palace and kept warm by means of patent heat-retaining devices.

Yes, yes, this is all mighty interesting, though few of us would think of four attendants slamming down a table anywhere, in any old place in the royal box. We are also pleased to learn that the victuals are served hot, or at least warm. But there is not a word concerning the precise nature of the dishes served. What does the Queen eat at the opera so as to be in full accord with the music? The opera on this occasion was "Siegfried" in English. Did the Queen eat a bird on toast and look forward to the warnings of the forest bird? Or did she, remembering "Siegfried's" jokes on Mime call for a bear steak and also pay a delicate compliment to Mr. Roosevelt?

Should a heavy opera go with what are described popularly as "light refreshments"? If the opera is long and gloomy, harmonious meal might be made of caviare on burnt toast, black bean soup, black duck, blood sausages on the side, a slice or two of venison, mushrooms, coffee jelly and a dark Grecian wine or a quart of porter. I know a man who always eats a New England boiled dinner when he is obliged to hear one of Wagner's music dramas; he says he needs something to stay by him.

The Queen should eat well in front of the box. Loyal and disloyal subjects alike are curious to know what royalty puts into its stomach. In old times the common people were at stated intervals allowed to see their ruler at meat. They were kept at a respectful distance, and they gaped open-eyed at the knife-play.

And why should there not be a restaurant in Symphony Hall? Ham sandwiches and a few glasses of beer, as they are served in theatres and some concert halls of Germany, would be a sweet boon to those staggered by some work of the ultra-modern school or wearied and dazed by an imported and formidable pianist.

Let us now hear from Madame Rosa Druce-Merola, an Italian prima donna, who opened her heart to a reporter of the Des Moines Register and Leader. She, too, has opinions about America and American art. Miss Farrar and Miss Garden are not the only ones.

Mme. Merola began with a line well calculated to provoke indignant reply. "No, Americkita no lika d' gran' opera. It wanta da leg show or something comique."

"Da west in d's countree is nota so musical as da east. Dis parta da countree dey raisa da pomme de terra. Da people of Americka too busy in grabbin' da money. Dey see 'Il Trovatore' for d' anvil chorine and 'Miserere.' Dey see 'Carmen' for a dramaticque and da cigarette, ha, ha."

But the reporter was not satisfied with the general and the universal. He was after the particular and the local. He put to her a searching question: "How do you like Des Moines audiences?"

"O Des Moines, it alla right. Mon Dieu," as she threw up her hands in the air. "The men no wear da evening dress to d' opera. Dey is so common and looks seedy. An' da laadees, O my,

mon Dieu, such gowns for da opera. Not lika da men and women in New York, Chicago and San Frisco."

Yet she did not blame the citizens for not wearing evening dress in an old theatre. "Da theatre mus' be as old as da manager."

The dear thing then asked the reporter if he had eaten. Possibly he looked like Cassius. Pride compelled him to answer. "Yes," Mme. Merola laughed and said: "I thought a you like da spaghetti. It's a tale da Americkans play. Dey eat more spaghetti than d' Italian. Da spaghetti is not so bad as da pomme de terra. De potat is vnaigar."

Then she walked toward the cafe, "the eyes of the men, lounging about the lobby, following her to the door." There's a local touch that shows the "size of the esteemed Rubberneck family in Des Moines."

Other foreigners have commented on the ever presence of the "potat" on the American table, although a Norwegian pianist once asked me why so many Americans ate turkey and ice cream for the Sunday dinner. Why do they? Why is the hideous mixture thought to be a luxury? Possibly because there are so many cold storage establishments throughout the land.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer informs us that the "sweet strains of the Weston military band are silenced." There is a row over the ownership of a baritone horn. "Mr. Dorellus of 1321 Payne avenue, N. E., says that Martin Sudder, 1131 East Seventy-first street, leader of the band, has a horn that he gave him to sell. Sudder says the instrument is his. Meanwhile, there is no practising; there is no music even of the sheet-iron variety. Saddest of all, a concert that was to have been given has been cancelled."

The Evening Mail of New York, says that Mr. Harold Bauer "beyond being an artist of the first rank is a scholar," and "he has a mind which stops at nothing until he has become satisfied." It appears that "in this manner he has studied America and American conditions from the first day of his arrival." He should meet Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the earnest student of sociology, and cuss and discuss with him.

Mr. Bauer spoke sensibly about "the handicap that you put upon yourselves when you plan deliberately to create or to follow a school. You think too much about an 'American school of composition.' Personally, I cannot see how it is possible for nationality to exist in music when it is sought consciously."

"Nationally depends upon blood more than upon geography, and as yet I have only found geographical music from Russia. From there does come something which is laden with melancholy from the bleak rugged steppes."

"Annie which carries characteristics of a country springs into being unconsciously; it is not created. It comes from national dances or military customs, or perhaps religious intoning may have to do with it to a certain extent. But those who plan deliberately to produce an original school are travelling in the narrowest possible path, and in one from which they may never emerge."

Victor Maurel leaves the San Carlo Opera Company this week. His farewell appearance will be in Chicago on Saturday night in "Don Giovanni." The Chicago newspapers still comment on the small audiences during this engagement. The Record-Herald says that Mr. Maurel will return to Europe.

Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House Company will sing at the Symphony concerts in Boston this week "I Have Lost My Eurydice" from Gluck's "Orpheus" and "My Heart to Thy Dear Voice" from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah." Born in the south of France, she made her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, in December, 1899, as Orpheus. She has sung in Gluck's opera in Brussels and London. In New York she has appeared as the blind woman in "La Gioconda," Anita in "La Navarraise" and Carmen. She has sung frequently in the orchestral concerts at Paris.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK:

SUNDAY NIGHT—The second Pension Fund concert of the Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Mme. Schumann-Heink, in a Wagner programme.

MONDAY—The second of Miss Terry's concerts at 3 P. M. (Messrs. Hubbard Wend-

ling, Procter); last Longy concert at 8:15.

TUESDAY—Cecilia concert at 3 P. M. (first performance in Boston of Converse's "Job"); Miss Jean MacLellan's song recital at 8.

WEDNESDAY—Concert of Scandinavian music by Miss Anna M. Wood, Miss Bessie B. Collier, Mr. Malcolm Lang, at 8:15; piano recital by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, at 8:15.

THURSDAY—Miss Laura Hawkins' second concert, at 8:15. First concert of the Lecky Quartet, at 8.

FRIDAY—15th Symphony public rehearsal, at 2:30; Reger's variations on a theme of Hiller (first time); pieces by Scheldern (first time); Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish rhapsody (first time); concert of compositions by John Beach (Mrs. Bertha Child, and Earl Cartwright, singers).

SATURDAY—15th Symphony concert, at 8 P. M.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who has given her services to the Pension Fund concert in Symphony Hall next Sunday evening, will be put to no little inconvenience to get here. She sings with the Pittsburgh orchestra in Pittsburgh on Saturday afternoon, and will then take a train to New York and come over here Sunday morning. This has been made necessary by the fact that next Sunday is the only date possible for her to come to Boston, when the orchestra is at liberty, and she expressed herself as being only too glad of the opportunity to fulfil a promise she had made some years ago to the members that whenever the dates could be arranged for her and for the orchestra, she would sing for the pension fund.

Feb 7, 1908

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

Double Bill of Opera, "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.—Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore," and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," presented by the following casts:

"H. M. S. PINAFORE."
Joseph Porter, K. C. B. James Gilbert
Sgt. Corcoran J. K. Murray
John Rackstraw George Tallman
Jack Deadeye Francis J. Boyle
Bobby W. H. Pringle
Josephine Miss Alice Kraft Henson
Little Buttercup Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Sally Miss Lois Hall

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."
Antuzza Miss Clara Lane
Alfio Miss Louise Le Baron
Ridu George Tallman
Alfio Signor Achille Alberti
Alfio Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
"Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" combined to fill an evening at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday that, although somewhat incongruous, was not without distinct charm. While the rollicking comedy of "Pinafore" did little to prepare the minds of the audience for the pathetic action of Mascagni's opera, the very contrast in the spirit of the two pieces caused each to serve as a foil for the other.

Long ago the quips and thrustings of "Pinafore" at the social station of the British jacks turned stale, but the look last evening contained a certain tenacity through the prominence recently given in this country to the much mooted sailor lad. The clear, ringing melodies alone more than justified the production, for in spite of familiarity the music was as fresh and effervescent as the curling crest of sea waves.

The actors were agreeably conversant with their roles, almost too much so in fact, for spontaneity was frequently lacking. Mr. Gilbert's Sir Joseph was a clever characterization, while Mr. Murray, as Capt. Corcoran, ceased with his singing. Miss Ladd brought to her Little Buttercup either in song nor in dialogue much of the warmth of expression which cinotes sincerity.

With its sharply lined characters, these marching situations and crisp, driving musical passage, "Cavalleria Rusticana," no matter how presented, scarcely fail to be effective. Last evening's performance was of good average worth. The singers were more brilliant than pliant; more strident than subtle. Yet their very vigor was a boon. Miss LeBaron sang with splendid richness and tonal lucidity, although her singing of Lola savored more of stage conventionality than of human enticement. Naturally, in return, Mr. Tallman's Turiddu impressed with a rather matter-of-fact passion, although his singing was finished, particularly in duet with Santuzza.

In both pieces the work of the chorus was ragged, especially the men's, and was twice the result of the ensemble was almost cacophony.

Men and Things

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Sun recently told the story about the man who stopped in at the shop of Call and Tuttle, and said he had called and "would now like to little." The correspondent stated that his caller was Artemus Ward. Another correspondent says the man was not Artemus, but the Rev. Dr. Chapin. He now it was Dr. Chapin because Phineas T. Barnum told the story in his autobiography and said it was Dr. Chapin. That settles it. There was no higher authority in questions of identification and veracity than the great showman.

But this story about Call and Tuttle as been told of John Phoenix and of others humorously inclined. It is not wholly improbable that the partnership was formed so that there might be this story. Consider the advantages of the advertisement! Where does the surname "Tuttle" come from? Bardsley does not mention it in his book about English surnames. It cannot be a variant of "Turtle," for there are Turtles named after the dove, as there are hallenders, Woodalls, Jays, Peacocks, arrotts, Pinnocks, Ruddocks, not to mention the Birds. There were Tuttle and about London; otherwise, whence the origin of Tuttle-Fields? No, the Tuttle were created that they might form partnerships with the Calls.

The history of surnames is almost as interesting as the history of signs. We had the other day of a western singer named Louise Blish McBean. There is nothing against the name: the clan of McBeans is deservedly famous, but a name might be more euphonious for a singer. There were three sisters in London some years ago; two sang and played the piano, or two played and sang—what is it to the Infinite?—and their name was Thudicum. Not a bad name for a pianist with a stormy nature; there are handfuls of chords in Thudicum; but it was not favorable to a singer. Is it not true, however, that the

names alone of Russian composers inspire respect in Boston? Music by Krylanovsky, Gretcheninoff, Tscherepnine, Zolotareff and others must be impressive. Suppose the names were Thompson and Smith? Would not Miss Gussie Coughdrop be disinclined to play the music in parlor or concert hall? Yet the Adamowskis have the courage to announce a trio by Smith, by David Smith, if we are not mistaken, or is it Daniel? It is not Darius, although Darius was a favorite name in New England forty or fifty years ago, as were Cyrus, Marcellus, Quartus.

The Call and Tuttle story is a good one, and one reason it is good is because it is so old. The older we grow, the greater respect we have for the old stories. Nothing is more painful than to see a white-haired man approach a group with a premonitory giggle and the remark: "Say, boys, I've got a new one. You never heard it." This spectacle is the more painful because the story is mine out of ten instances is merely an adaptation of an old jest to modern circumstances. For example, there could not have been any jokes in the 18th century about the telephone. It is not at all improbable that this ingenious electrical contrivance was known to the early Egyptian priests, but in the 18th century there was no telephone with microbic mouthpiece and "Hello" girl. Yet there were stories in that century that may be altered now to fit a telephone incident.

A good book of memoirs must necessarily contain old stories. There may be some new ones, but the majority must be of a respected vintage. There are many anecdotes in Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's "Rambling Recollections." There are several about Archbishop Magee, and they are excellent, for they are older than the Archbishop. It was Magee, they say, who married a distiller, and when the bridegroom, diffuse in thanks, concluded: "All I can say is, 'The Lord be with you,'" the bishop instantly replied: "And with thy Spirit." This clerical jest has been attributed to others. Then there is the story about Fuad Pasha, the Turkish minister with a bitter tongue. A London woman, wishing to be thought witty, asked him how many wives he had. He pleasantly put the question by, but there were several persons about them and she asked him again. Fuad Pasha answered: "The same number as your husband—two. The only difference is that he conceals one of his, and I do not."

Here is a story, however, in the "Rambling Recollections" that is neither familiar nor poor: "The young ladies in Belgravia were allowed to go to church in the morning and to walk about alone"—this was when the High Church movement emancipated "the young person" to a certain degree. "At the same time the young gentlemen had also taken very much to attending the churches at the early services. A lady, well known for her wit, was told that in that district young ladies walked without a chaperon, and young gentlemen attended the 8 o'clock service. She replied: 'Yes, Belgravia is a country where all the women are bold, and all the men are virtuous.'"

Then there is one of the many variants on "Call me a cab!" "No, you are a four-wheeler," Bernald Osborne at a party asked a young woman to come and sit by him. She sulked, saying "You call me as you would a cab." He answered: "At any rate a Hansom cab." Fortunately jokes on Hansom cabs cannot go back into legendary mist, for Joseph Aloysius Hansom patented his vehicle in 1834 and the word did not appear in English literature before 1852, or the New English Dictionary is untrustworthy.

Men and Things

CIRCUS owners have made Fanny Rice, who once was sprightly in comic opera and farce comedy, an offer of \$1500 a week and all expenses to be a circus clown. They offer her an engagement for 20 weeks, with costumes, a private circus car, and, no doubt, a maid and a secretary. She surely should have a secretary. No virtuoso fiddler is without one.

Many years ago there were women clowns, or fools, in courts and in the palaces of nobles. In the Privy Purse expenses of the Princess Mary there are several notes concerning "Jane, the

fool." In Douce's essay on "Clowns and Fools" there are three illustrations of costumes worn by female jesters, but it appears from this essay that the female fool was generally born so and maintained to furnish mirth by any display of natural idocy.

Is it one of the penalties of declining years that we take little pleasure in the circus clown? That we no longer await his entrance into the ring with the anxiety that set the youthful heart a-beating quicker? Peanuts still delight us, in spite of the fact that they are recommended impressively by deep thinkers as a health food. We still find pleasure in the athlete that makes daring leaps without the aid of the spring-board or any mechanical appliance; in the dashing lady that wishes the banner and the hoop and rides well for one so young. But where are the clowns of our early years? Above all, where is the Shakespearean clown? Even village deacons snickered right out at his refined and scholarly jesting.

We should not like to see a woman clown. A woman as Pierrot is another thing. Pierrot is mute. The figure is androgynous. There is no especial thought of sex. There is no betraying voice. Furthermore, we remember Miss Rice pleasantly, even when she began to assume matronly proportions.

There is society in Boone, Ia., and there are therefore "society women." Probably there are women there who "move in the most exclusive society." In the East there is also the "highest social position," and we have learned by diligent reading of newspapers that whenever a man dies or otherwise goes wrong he was at the time a member of an "exclusive club" whether the membership of the club happened to be 100 or 3575. Mrs. M. J. Foster, "a society woman" of Boone, has challenged a servant girl to a week's contest at housework to show that the modern servant does not know her business. "The chief interest of the ordinary servant girl," said Mrs. Foster, "lies in drawing her wages and bedecking herself in better finery than her employers wear. These girls aren't worth a dollar a day. They know little of household work and are absolutely incompetent as cooks. Why, I have had 'experienced' girls who couldn't peel potatoes." This statement "raised a storm," and there were "bitter" replies.

The contest will be watched with interest. We are willing to lay odds on the servant girl. And, as in a dream, we see Mr. Foster taking his meals at a restaurant during the week of the wife.

Yet Mr. John Hull, 47 years old, killed himself at Pittsburg, where the millionaires come from, because he was dyspeptic and married too late. On the very morning of the day he shot himself he said to a friend: "Don't marry if you're not in good health. If I'd married sooner and got a little more home cooking I'd be a happier man today." This was meant as a compliment to the bride of a month, and yet it might be considered by some as not flattering. They would argue that the cookery should have led him to cling desperately to life, or that his dyspepsia should have grown less tormenting.

"Home cooking!" What a world of disillusion there is in those two simple words!

The bachelor shouters in Paris against hats worn in theatres shouted better than they knew. The monumental hat has disappeared from the orchestra and amphitheatre, and with the disappearance came the revival of the decollete gown in the playhouse. The Parisian women argue that if the head be bare, shoulders and necks must also be bare, or they will "look like governesses." The husband groans because the low-necked dress is more expensive than the high-necked, by reason of the style of the "cut." The ceremonious dress demands jewels—"pearls should encircle the delicate column of the neck and diamonds sparkle in the hair." The husband therefore groans, nor is he consoled by the sight of his neighbors' wives.

It is too early for the annual editorial article on "Boston as a Summer Resort," but it is not impertinent, as long as there is ice on which skaters disport themselves, to state that the Royal Life-Saving Society of England has adopted Schaefer's method of performing artificial respiration in cases of apparent drowning. The subject lies on his face. The tongue cannot then fall back and water or sand will be apt to run out of the windpipe. "The operator stands astride and presses the lower part of the chest—a portion of the body which has a back as well as a front—with his two hands,

one on each side, and may well time his action by his own breathing—assuming that that is not hurried by nervousness."

Feb 9, 1908

PROGRAMME MUSIC IN FOUR CENTURIES

The Herald has received several books pertaining to music, and of these the most important are Frederick Niecks' "Programme Music in the Last Four Centuries," published by Novello & Co., London, and the H. W. Gray Company, New York, and Waldo Selden Pratt's "History of Music: a Handbook and Guide for Students," published by G. Shirmer, New York.

Dr. Niecks is Reid professor of music in the University of Edinburgh and he is a doctor of music. Therefore he must be a deep thinker and a very learned man. He is known as the author of a voluminous life of Chopin, in which the character of George Sand is discussed with a hurrah for the moralities and an incongruous interest in her person and various and successive lovers. This life of Chopin, however, is a vast storehouse of material which later writers have visited and plundered, and in spite of its prolixity the biography is entertaining reading. Dr. Niecks has been for some years busy in writing a biography of Schumann, a much needed work.

This book about programme music is a large volume of 537 pages. It is unnecessarily large and I doubt whether any ordinary reader will have the patience to plod through it without skipping. As Dr. Niecks says in his epilogue: "He who for the first time views the route over which we have travelled, cannot but be bewildered by the sight of the weltering chaos that presents itself to him." I doubt whether a patient reader will be able to give any satisfactory definition of "programme music," though he may study the volume as any text book.

Is music that has merely a title, as Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, programme music? Certainly not in the sense that Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony is programme music. "The absence of programme and title does not prove the music to be absolute; that is music which gives out only purely musical thoughts without any explicit association of ideas that are not musical in the restricted meaning of that word.

But if there is no title, if there is no programme, why is not the music absolute?

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played here last month a symphony by Hermann Bischoff, a follower of Richard Strauss. There was no note in the score explanatory of the musical contents or the composer's intention. The symphony was long, very long, and in certain ways perplexing. When the work was first produced at a music festival at Essen, the composer vouchsafed to give an argument of his musical scenario; how he imagined a wicked young man, given to masked balls, the wine cup, and the light of love, meeting a noble woman and realizing that he was unworthy to find happiness through her; how he was tempted to return to his potatoes pottle deep and his reckless companions; how he found comfort in resignation. But when Bischoff published his score some time afterward, he did not print one word in explanation.

When he gave out, in the first place, his argument, he made a statement that should be pondered: "My piece has nothing to do with 'programme' music. I believe, however, that there is no music, as there has been no music, which is not programme music in any way or another, inasmuch as there is no musical expression which does not find an analogy either in the world of facts and events, or in that of poetic sentiments and sensations."

In other words the composer is moved to express in tones the feelings, the emotions aroused in him by something in nature or in human life.

Dr. Niecks, begins with music of the 16th century and he finds programmes everywhere, as Sir Thomas Browne, according to Coleridge, found quinquines in heaven above and in the earth below, in the mind of man and in the optic nerve. In tones and in the roots of trees. And so this book on programme music is in reality a survey of orchestral, choral, and chamber music from Clement Jannequin to Debussy, who is mentioned as "Charles Debussy" both in text and index. Not Charles, O learned doctor! Achille Claude Debussy is a beautiful name, and the composer of "Pelleas and Melisande" should not be robbed of it.

In this species of encyclopaedia, Brahms is ranked among the composers of programme music. There are at least 19 pages devoted to him. This will surprise many to whom Brahms is the standard bearer of absolute music in modern days. Dr. Niecks admits that his statement is extraordinary; that it cannot fail to shock many or seem absurd to them, for he realizes that the Brahmsites speak of their master only with uncovered head and bated breath. Brahms leads the procession in chapter fourth of the "fifth and six periods," and Dr. Niecks has the courage and the acuteness to say apropos of the heading "In Germany": "The writing of the present chapter cannot be called an inspiring task. Without Wagner's sovereign contempt for the music of his time, and Tschaiowsky's belief in Germany's complete exhaustion, one may yet be unable to grow enthusiastic over the theme. The productivity during the

The Central Figure is Carmen Mells, the Young Italian Singer, in the Character of Thais, in Which She Has Been Very Successful. The Photograph in the Upper Left Hand Corner is of Bertha Cushing Child, Who Will Sing in "Job"; and That Below Is of Miss Gerville-Reache, Who Sang Last Night at the Symphony. The Photograph in the Upper Right Hand Corner Is of Miss Anna Wood, Who Appears in a Concert of Scandinavian Music; and That Below Is of Miss Bessie Bell Collier, Violinist, Who Is to Play in Boston This Week.



period with which we are concerned has been enormous. But how about the really valuable outcome of it? * * * To be sure for some time past Germany has not been abounding in musical genius of the first or even second order.

Since Brahms loved nature and literature, Dr. Niecks argues that he must have often had a programme in mind. Undoubtedly the first ballad for piano, "After the Scotch ballad 'Edward,'" may be called programme music, and there are other early works that may be classed with the ballad in this respect. But Dr. Niecks goes further and believes there must be "some meaning in the tonal combinations of a composer of Brahms' colossal inwardness." Ah, the "true inwardness" of the composer! There were states of mind, the doctor believes, "and trains of thought and feelings necessarily conditioned by remembered, imagined or actual experiences." This is reasonable and here we arrive at Bischoff's statement.

This book on programme music should interest many who read it here and there or refer to it in hope or confirming an opinion. It contains a great many facts which are not tabulated in a forbidding manner; it contains some shrewd criticism, although the sense of proportion is not well developed, nor is the author's discrimination always keen. Take the article on Cesar Franck, for instance. Dr. Niecks dwells on the "programme music" of Franck, "The Daughters of Aëolus," "The Wild Huntsman," "The Redemption," but he does not dwell on the untitled symphony, he does not mention the piano quintet and the string quartet, pieces with a programme, the more impressive because it is not hinted at, but must be supplied by each individual hearer according to his own mental and emotional capacity.

Dr. Niecks mentions many examples of programme music that now seem to us childish or grotesque. Pieces of this character were played in the United States in the 18th century as an "overture expressive of the four different nations, viz. French, English, Italian and German"—which reminds me of the once popular song at Tony Pastor's entertainments, "The Flags of All Nations"—old not Jenny Engel sing it? "And here's to the flag of Ireland" (tumultuous applause). There was Jean Gahot's overture, in 12 movements, expressive of a voyage from England to America, played in New York, in 1792. The second

movement portrayed the "meeting of the adventurers, consultation, and their determination on departure." The fifth describes the "going on board, and pleasure at recollecting the encouragement they hope to meet with in a land where merit is sure to gain reward." Here would be a task for even Richard Strauss, who has put into tones excerpts from Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

There is a kind of programme music that lends itself easily to burlesque. When George Moore's friend Cabaner said that "three military bands would be necessary to give the impression of silence in music," there was the thought of absolute music charged with programmatic suggestion; but the battle pieces and excursions on the Hudson are of a nature that call for burlesque.

It is a pity that Dr. Niecks did not include in his thick volume the description by John Phoenix of "The Plains: Ode Symphonie par Jabez Tarbox." The description was written in 1854, and it is not unlikely that Phoenix had Felicien David's "Desert" in his mind. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the first part of this masterly analytical review:

"The symphonie opens upon the wild and boundless plains in west longitude 115 deg., north latitude 35.21.03, and about 60 miles from the west bank of Pitt river. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E-flat clarinet. The sandy nature of the soil, sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus and artemisia, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon, save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo call the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mesal beans in the foreground. The sun, having an altitude of 36 deg. 27m., blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song of rejoicing to the god of day,—

"Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now, then, we sing;
Beholding in gratitude
Thee in this latitude,
Curious thing."

which swells out into "Hey Jim along, Jim along Josey," then decrescendo, mas o menos, poco pocita, dies away and dries up.

"Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike county, consisting of seven families, with 46 wagons, each drawn by 13 oxen; each family consists of a man in butternut-colored clothing driving the oxen, a wife in butternut-colored

ored clothing riding in the wagon, holding a butternut baby, and 17 butternut children running promiscuously about the establishment, all are barefooted, dusty, and smell unpleasantly. (All these circumstances are expressed by rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the ophicleide played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath—it is impossible to misunderstand the description). Now rises o'er the plains, in mellifluous accents, the grand Pike county chorus:

"Oh, we'll soon be thar
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirits bold—
Oh, we come, we come,
And we'll soon be thar."

Gee uu, Bolly! whoo hup, whoo haw!"

"The train now encamp. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation that a lady sitting near us involuntarily exclaimed aloud, at a certain passage, 'Thar, that pork's burning!' And it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire and the blazing pork extinguished.

"This is followed by the beautiful aria—

"O marm! I want a pancake!"—

followed by that touching relative—

"Shet up, or I will spank you!"—

to which succeeds a grand crescendo movement, representing the flight of the child with the pancake, the pursuit of the mother and the final arrest and summary punishment of the former, represented by the rapid and successive strokes of the castanet."

Mr. Pratt, the author of "The History of Music," published by G. Schirmer, is professor of music and hymnology in the Hartford Theological Seminary and lecturer on music history at Smith College and at the Institute of Musical Art. In spite of all this he has written a valuable book that may be earnestly recommended to students and general readers who wish a convenient handbook for reference.

When Arrey Van Dommer wrote his admirable history of music—the second and enlarged edition was published in 1878—he gave as his reason for stopping that history ended there and there conjecture began. The same might be said by the prudent today, but the publishers and public demand books that are brought down to the present time. It is still too early to assign Wagner his due place,

for we are not yet able to tell where he will stand. He was a mighty influence; he left no school. Already his influence is waning; already much of his music is characterized as orthodox. The ultra-modern French owe little to him; the Russians built on Liszt, Berlioz, Schumann. The ultra-modern Italian composers look toward France (Massenet and Gounod) and have in mind their own Verdi and Ponchielli. Or what could wisely be said today about the music of Cesar Franck? He is not a representative French composer, a Walloon by birth, he was often German in sentiment. The traditional French qualities are lucidity and logic in musical expression. Franck was a mystic and he was often diffuse, prolix. Will his disciples ultimately triumph over the followers of Saint-Saens and Massenet? Gabriel Faure is of closer kin to Saint-Saens than to Franck, and there is no finer musical spirit in France than that of Faure. Will Debussy be a solitary figure? There are Frenchmen who conscientiously write in Debussy's manner, but they are still only sedulous apes. They do not show individuality in a manner that was invented by Debussy; they do not go forward on their own account.

Take the case of Berlioz. Not many years ago he was described as an eccentric apparition, a man of literary ability, who tried to write music. The astounding charge was made against him that he was wholly lacking in melodic invention. He was dismissed as extravagant, insane. But Berlioz today is a name to conjure with. He is among the immortals. On the other hand, see how Raff, once admired beyond measure, is now forgotten. What will be the fate of Tschalkowsky?

Mr. Pratt has compiled his facts with apparent care, though in a work of this kind inaccuracies must inevitably creep in. His critical opinions are necessarily open to discussion. He tells us that Gounod's "lack of vigor kept him from full success in serious drama." The answer to this is "Faust." Offenbach deserves more than three lines, and much more than the characterization "small and trivial." On page 645, Grieg has four lines. On page 678, Leopold Damrosch has 13. Tschalkowski has four lines, Jensen has nine. But each reader can correct Mr. Pratt's judgments to suit himself, and give his favorites their due amount of space. As a whole, the volume is eminently useful, and I know nothing in English to compare with it, if the plan and size of the work are taken into consideration.

Other books will be discussed next Sunday.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck will conduct. Orchestra pieces by Wagner: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "The Tannhauser," "Parsifal," funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods." Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing Erda's scene from "Rheingold" and Waltraute's scene from "The Dusk of the Gods."

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 3 P. M. Second of Miss Terry's concerts. G. Faure, sonata for piano and violin op. 13 (George Proctor and Carl Wendling). Songs—Harris, "In Springtime"; A. H. Ryder, "Reminiscence"; Rachmaninoff, "Floods of Spring"; Gennaro-Chretien, "L'Etoile"; Laurverys, "Ta Beate"; Bizet, "Romance"; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian dances (Mr. Wendling). Piano pieces—Chopin, prelude, D flat; Liszt, "Gnomes-reigen"; Arensky, Melodie; Debussy, Toccata (Mr. Proctor).

Potter Hall, 8.15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Longy Club. Magnard, quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano (fly request); Mozart, trio for oboe, clarinet and bassoon; Bird, suite in D major for two flutes, two oboes, two horns and two bassoons.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Helen Frances Sawyer for the benefit of Hale House.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Cecilia Society. Wallace Goodrich, conductor. First performance in Boston of F. S. Converse's "Job." Solo singers: Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Daniel Beddoe, Emilio de Gogorza. The orchestra will be made up of Boston Symphony players.

Faellen Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Miss Jean MacLellan. Debussy, "Un doux lien"; Debussy, Romance; Godard, "Dites moi"; Mrs. Beach, "Chanson d'Amour"; Foote, "To Blossoms"; Sullivan, "Orpheus with His Lute"; Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Isadora M. Martinez, "Who is Sylvia?"; Cesti, "Intorno All'Idol Mio"; A. Scarlatti, "Se Florido e Fedele"; Pergolesi, "Ogni Pena"; "Stizzoso, Mio Stizzoso"; Wolf, "Zur Ruh"; "Gesang Weylas"; "Verborghheit"; R. Strauss, "Die Nacht"; "Traum durch die Daeumerung"; "Ständchen."

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8.15 P. M. Concert of modern Scandinavian and Finnish music by Miss Anna Miller Wood, mezzo-soprano; Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist; Malcolm Lang, pianist. Sjogren, sonata for violin and piano, op. 24; songs, Grieg, "Farewell to Fvindhovengen," "Morning Dew," "Mother Sorrow"; Sigurd Lie, "Snow," "In the Sunshine." Violin pieces, Sinding, Romance in E minor; Tor Aulin, Cavatina, Mazurka. Songs, Sibelius, "Sunrise," "Was It a Dream?"; Sinding, "A Tana Lies Hid In Forest Deep"; Kyllvin Alnæs, "Sing, Sailor, Oh," "Spring Longing."

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Mrs. M. H. A. Beach. Brahms, Thapsodie in E flat major, op. 119; Bach, prelude and fugue in B flat minor from "Well Tempered Clavier"; Glazunov from Partita in B flat major; Grieg, ballade, G minor, op. 24; Mendelssohn, Scherzo a Capriccio, F sharp minor; MacDowell, "With Sweet Lavender," "By a Meadow Brook," "The Eagle"; Moret, prelude in G sharp minor; Beach, Suite Française, "Les Reves de Columbine"; Saint-Saens, variations for two pianos on a theme by Beethoven, op. 35. Mr. Carl Faellen will assist.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Miss Laura Hawkins' second concert of piano pieces. Mikorey "Morgengruss an die Berge"; Handel, "Fuzze in E minor; Bach-Saint-Saens, undantio in E major; Schumann, aria from "Liederkreis"; Liszt, "Ronde des Sylphes"; Ravel, menuet antique; Moret, "Chanson in E minor; Debussy, ballade in F major; Liszt, legend, "St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds"; Rheinberger, toccata in C minor.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of

the Lekeu quartet (George Coneland, Jr., pianist; Henry Elsbheim, violin; Alfred Gletzen, viola; Handasyd Cabot, cellist). Mozart, piano quartet in G minor. Piano pieces—Schubert, pastorale; Mendelssohn, scherzo; Grieg, nocturne; Debussy, prelude; Cesar Franck, piano quintet.

Curtis Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich: Schubert, overture to "Rosamonde"; Herbert, "Under the Elms"; Bizet, suite from "L'Arlésienne"; Beethoven, Turkish march from "The Ruins of Athens." George Deane, tenor, will sing "Rise and Deepen" and "Wait for the Angel" from Handel's "Jephtha" and Allister's "Song of Thanksgiving." Mr. Kanrich will play Natchez's Gypsy dance. Mr. Elson will lecture.

RIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. Recital variations on a merry theme by J. A. Hillier (first time); pieces by Schjelderup (first time); Rimsky-Korsakov, Spanish caprice (first time).

Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Concert of compositions by John Beach. The composer-pianist will be assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Earl Cartwright, baritone. "In Gondola" (Browning (dramatic monologue for baritone); three intermezzi: "A Garden Fancy"; "Monologue"; rhapsody, Songs: "First Crocus" (Henley), "Twins in a World of Living Leaves" (Henley); Autumn Song (Rossetti); "A Woman's Last Word" (Browning); "Is She Not Pure Gold" (Browning).

ATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

Cecil Fanning, baritone, will sing at the third of Miss Terry's concerts, Monday afternoon, the 17th.

The programme of Ernest Schelling's piano recital, in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, the 18th, will be as follows: Bach-Liszt, Fantasia and Fugue, G minor; Schumann's Fantasia, op. 17; Chopin, Jazcarolle, Etude, op. 25, No. 1, Polish Song, No. 5, Ballade, A flat; Alkan, "Le Tambour Bat aux Champs"; Pugno, "Intermezzo de Clochettes"; Debussy, "Soiree dans Grenade"; Toccata; Paderewski, Nocturne; Wagner-Liszt, Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde."

The Handel and Haydn Society will give a performance of Verdi's "Requiem" in Symphony Hall, Sunday, the 23d, at 3 P. M. Emil Mollenhauer will conduct, and H. G. Tucker will be the organist. The quartet will be made up of Mrs. Killeski-Bradbury, Mme. Isabelle Bouton, Dan Beddoe and Frederic Martin. There will be an orchestra of 64.

This will be the eighth performance of "The Requiem" by the society. The sale of tickets will open on Monday, the 17th. The programme of the fourth Kneisel quartet concert, Tuesday evening, the 18th, will include two movements from Cesar Franck's quartet; Richard Strauss' sonata in F major for piano and cello,

op. 5 (Mme. Katharine Goodson, pianist), and Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.

The first concert of the Czerwonyk quartet (Messrs. Czerwonyk, Kraft, Scheurer and Nagel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) will be given Monday evening, March 2. The programme will include Haydn's quartet in D minor; R. Strauss' sonata for violin and piano; R. Glere's quartet in G minor op. 20.

The second concert of the Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker, conductor, will take place Wednesday evening, March 11. Miss Emma B. Noyes, soprano, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Giuseppe Picco, baritone, will assist. The choral pieces will be by Tschalkowsky, Practorius, West, Arensky, Piusanti, Mendelssohn, Grieg "At the Cloister Gate," Franz, Leslie.

Stephen Townsend at his song recital Wednesday evening, the 19th, will sing only songs by American composers.

The programme of the last Hoffmann Quartet concert Thursday evening, the 27th, will include Schumann's quartet op. 41, No. 2; two movements of Debussy's quartet; Mrs. Beach's piano quintet op. 67, which will be performed from manuscript and for the first time. Mrs. Beach will be the pianist.

Mr. Leslie Harris, "England's greatest entertainer at the piano," will be at Steinert Hall for three nights, the 20th, 21st and 22d. He has an enviable reputation in England and Australia, and he has met with unusual success in New York.

The Caroline Belcher String Quartet will soon give a concert in Steinert Hall.

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES 14TH CONCERT

"A Vagrom Ballad" of Chad-

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, gave its 14th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic Sketches, a suite.....Chadwick
"I Have Lost My Burydice".....Glink
"My Heart to Thy Dear Voice".....Saint-Saens
Overture....."In Spring".....Goldmark

Mr. Chadwick's suite, "Symphonic Sketches," is in four movements: "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin"—with reference to the mischievous Puck; "A Vagrom Ballad." The suite was played for the first time at these concerts. "Jubilee," "Noel" and "A Vagrom Ballad" were composed in 1895-6; "Hobgoblin" is of a later date—1904. At least three of these pieces have been played in Boston, and they were then applauded.

There were some that objected to the finale of Mr. Schelling's Suite a fortnight ago because, forsooth, the chief motive of the finale, a Virginia reel, is "Dixie," and the Symphony orchestra should not play "Dixie," an undignified tune, at a symphony concert.

Rolling back finales with tunes more trivial by Haydn may be performed; little dances with sleigh bells and a posthorn by Mozart may be performed; for Haydn and Mozart are dead and reckoned among the great. Their unbending may be excused or even praised. A contemporary composer must always be smug and dignified, with a double breasted frock coat, choker, chaste and approved cravat. He may have nothing to say but formulas and platitudes; he may not have a spark of originality; he may be ponderous and dull; all will be forgiven him, provided he be eminently respectable in symphony, suite, overture, sonata.

What will the stanch admirers of the conventional, the sticklers for "dignity," say to Mr. Chadwick's "Vagrom Ballad" with its motto:

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the "thirty days" to come.

What, pray, will they say to this? I single out this ballad, for it is the most original, the strongest, the most imaginative and the most characteristic movement of the four.

Sentiment Pleases Many.

The "Jubilee" and the "Noel" have those qualities that make for immediate popularity. The former, with its pleasing suggestion of the double shuffle, its opening burst of joyous recklessness and "whoop-her-up-again" spirit is marred, to my mind, by the length of a section that is sentimental in the male-quartet-on-the-old-plantation manner, yet it must be confessed that this sentiment pleases the many, and it no doubt has its place in a work that does not prescribe to itself too preposterously and is written frankly to entertain.

The "Noel" is a euphonious nocturne.

The "Hobgoblin" scherzo is well made and it has a certain humor in keeping with the Shakespearean motto—the reference to Robin Goodfellow or Puck. But in the "Vagrom Ballad" there is the revelation of marked individuality. Here, the thought as well as the style is the man. There is a picturesque griminess in the music; there is the musical portrait of a typical character.

Here is true imagination and of an uncommon quality. The movement is a capital musical jest, but it is much more than that: It is the work of a thoroughly equipped musician.

Neither the modern composer nor the modern hearer should wish always to be in "Erles vein," nor should either one long to associate, as far as musical enjoyment is concerned, only with Manfred and the melancholy husband of Mrs. Haller. Centuries ago Athenaeus suggested that the purpose of music, especially in banquet halls, is this: "It softens meanness of temper; for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy." We have all gone to the other extreme; to us music is now associated with the spread and enlargement of gloom and

With the attempt to solve the problems of the universe.

It is a good thing to hear occasionally music that is entertaining; music that by frankness of melody, by force of rhythm, and by the expression of animal spirits cheers and enlivens. Nor should it be forgotten that in this same "Vagrom Ballad" there is a section near the close full of mystery and walling. Whether this section had in the composer's mind a burlesque significance, whether it pictures the woe of the tramp sentenced to "30 days," is immaterial. The music is here highly original and effective.

The audience appreciated warmly the suite, and Mr. Chadwick was twice called on to bow in thanks. The performance was an excellent one, though there is a question whether the sentimental nature of a portion of the first movement was not overemphasized.

Manhattan Star Heard.

Miss Gerville-Beache of the Manhattan Opera House sang for the first time at these concerts. She sang here some weeks ago at one of Mrs. McAllister's morning concerts, and then made a favorable impression. It was her intention to sing last night the music of Dido's death scene in Berlioz's "Trojans at Carthage." Inability to procure the orchestral parts prevented the performance.

She gave a superb interpretation of Dello's air of seduction. Her voice is unusual in color, richness, compass. It is a glorious organ for the display of passion, with tones of irresistible appeal. In this aria she sang with a fine appreciation of the melodic line; with phrases that were now as caressing velvet and now as a steady and consuming flame; with dignity in her sensuous entreaty, for the woman that dwelt in the valley of Sorek was no ordinary wanton.

Seldom if ever has this one great melody of Saint-Saens been sung here with such beauty and wealth of tone, with such compelling charm of diction.

She was less successful in the song of Orpheus, which is largely dependent on the situation and the action for its due effect. Count the performances you have heard in concert; how many have moved you? Technically Miss Gerville-Beache's performance of this aria was inferior to that of Dello's air.

The phrasing was too often broken without sufficient reason; the attack was not always precise. Furthermore, the opening section was taken at too

slow a pace, and other passages were dragged. Nor was the diction always impressive. The first section gains when it is sung with suppressed agony, with the suggestion of Orpheus stunned and almost mute. As Miss Gerville-Beache conceived the aria, there was no one and great climax. Yet in this song there were thrilling moments, and there was the sight of a passionately eloquent singer, not a singing machine.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Adolphe Mayer Musical Comedy Company will produce popular musical comedies and new pieces at the Globe Theatre beginning April 20th. The season will open with "1492" and Richard Harlowe will be the Isabella. The list of works already secured includes "San Toy," "The Belle of New York," "A Chinese Honeymoon," "The Runaway Girl," "The Country Girl," "The Girl from Maxhas," etc.

Emil Mollenhauer will lead the monster band concert in Mechanics' Hall Sunday evening, the 16th. The band will number 325. Ernest S. Williams will be the solo cornetist. The concert is under the auspices of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association. Tickets may still be obtained at the office of the association.

Mme. Calve and her company will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 22d. It will be her last appearance here this season.

S. Archer Gibson, a prominent organist of New York, will give a recital at the Pilot Church, Newton, on Wednesday evening. He will play pieces by Mendelssohn, Handel, Bach, Saint-Saens, Guilmant, Massenet, Gibson, MacDowell and Wagner. The transcriptions are his own.

"EGGS IS EGGS."

The advisory council of the simplified spelling board recommends that "egg" should be spelled "eg." "Eg" will then go with "keg" and "leg." The second list of the council gives short notes "to indicate the reason for the proposed adoption or restoration of the simpler spellings mentioned." This statement is under "egg": "Eg" occurs in Latimer, Florio, Sylvester and other writers.

But why not "egge," which was the form in the fourteenth century? Why not "eeg," which was common in the fifteenth? Caxton wrote "egges" and so did Shakespeare. Or why not go back to the tally earlier word for "egg" and spell "ey" or "ay" or "ei"? As Caxton wrote in the prologue to "Eneydos," "What sholde a man in thyse dayes now wryte, egges or eyren, certainly it is harde to playse every man." This was in 1490.

There were these forms: "Eg, egge, eeg, ege, hegge, egg." Why

should not the spelling fit the precise condition of the egg as it is exposed for sale? We refer now to the egg of a domestic fowl as an article of food; to the eggs of the hen. Go to the provision shop, to the market, and you will find all sorts and conditions of eggs. There are distinguishing placards: "Eggs," "fresh eggs," "strictly fresh," "new laid," "guaranteed," etc., etc.

For eggs are in these days adventurous in travel. Thirty years ago, like Hannibal, they crossed the Alps and were at last on the breakfast table of the Berliner. Now they travel from Australia to England. Are they limed? Let us not inquire too curiously. In spite of its fragility the egg has great staying power. Workmen in a village near Lake Maggiore were taking down an old church wall about a century ago. They found three eggs in the middle of this wall, and there was evidence that the eggs had been preserved there for at least 300 years. The brave men broke an egg. "This was done by a servant, who stood at some distance, to avoid the danger that might have resulted from the infection of the egg." The egg was found fresh and fit for eating, and it continued so after having been exposed to the air four days. The others were opened at Milan eight days afterward; they were not strictly fresh; they were rather salty; but they were not "off," nor were they even quibsy. There are other anecdotes relating to the singular preservation of some eggs—but we digress.

It would be convenient to spell "egg" according to the degree of its freshness. "Hegge" may be passed by, save by those born within the sound of Bow Bells, but we are of the opinion that the more ornate spelling "egge" should go with the guaranteed, and that a letter should be dropped with the descent in freshness. The peerless Eustacia Johnson, writing to her provision man, would order "two dozen egges." This should be enough; there would be no need of tiresome explanation as to the quality desired. If Mrs. Slopperton, the boarding house keeper who has seen better days, wishes eggs for omelettes, she will order "egs."

We no way approve the recommendation of the advisory council. To describe a fresh offering of the clucking and exulting hen as an "eg" is to insult the hen, the egg and your own stomach. The man that spells "egs" should be forced to eat "egs."

7-10-1908

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Second of Season Draws Large Crowd That Fills Standing Room.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the second concert in aid of its pension fund last evening in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. There was a Wagner programme, including the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser," the preludes to "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," the funeral music from "Goetterdaemmerung," and Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Erda's scene from "Das Rheingold" and Waltraute's scene from "Goetterdaemmerung."

There was a large audience, every seat and all the standing space being filled. The Symphony orchestra seems to have dropped into a habit—an excellent habit—of giving a Wagner programme every year at one of its concerts for the pension fund, and it is evident, by the size and enthusiasm of the audience that turns out each year for this programme, that the Wagner "cult" has justified itself by a test of time. Perhaps the

Wagnerites of some years ago have been threshed out, and last night's audience was the pure wheat. It was at all events a deeply impressed, sincere and responsive audience.

Mme. Schumann-Heink had given her services, and in doing so had been at notable pains to fulfil a promise made some time ago. Her performance made delight by the dramatic warmth of her voice and singing, but her success last evening was more than a merely professional success. The personality of the singer is potent, by its wholesome and direct appeal and the gracious attitude toward her hearers. Last evening there was the added element of voluntary service and this was warmly felt by both the audience and the orchestra. The enthusiasm after her two solos was extraordinary; the orchestra arose to express its indebtedness, and the audience recalled her again and again. The singer appeared much moved by the warmth and sincerity of the applause, as well she may have been, for the scene was a moving one to many beside.

Dr. Muck also was repeatedly recalled, especially after the brilliant performance of the "Tannhauser" overture, and he made the orchestra rise to respond to him.

FEB 11 1908

LONGY CLUB GIVES ITS LAST CONCERT

The Longy Club gave the third and last concert of its eighth season, last evening in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows: Magnard, quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, piano, op. 8, (by request); Mozart, trio for oboe, clarinet and bassoon; Bird, suite in D major for two flutes, two oboes, two horns and two bassoons.

The suite by Mr. Arthur Bird was played here for the first time. Twenty years ago Mr. Bird gave a concert of his own works in Berlin, and the programme included a symphony and other formidable compositions. Much was reasonably expected of him then, for he had a fluent orchestra technic, melodic invention, an instinct for color. He had fancy, if not imagination.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Nikisch played a composition by him that gave pleasure. Mr. Bird has lived near Berlin for many years. He has heard much music and he has written shrewdly about music, more so at times when he was called on to discuss men of the ultra-modern school. His own output has not answered the promise of his younger years. He has written pieces for organ and pieces for choirs of wind instruments.

The suite played last night is cheerful, amiable music, well put together, the work of a musician that uses easily his tools. It is fresh and spontaneous in an old-fashioned way. As far as harmonic progressions are concerned, the suite might have been written in the fifties. In fact there are progressions in the organ works of Buxtehude in the 18th century that are more modern.

The melodies are of the square-toed variety. There is no doubt after hearing the first few measures how each tune will go on and end. The composer has no tricks or surprises. His music is that of a prosperous man. Yet there is something pleasing about it. The unblushing frankness with which Mr. Bird adheres to orthodox forms and obvious expression is in its way admirable.

Then there is nimble work for flutes, nor are the other instruments neglected so that they would have occasion to sulk. Furthermore, the movements are commendably short, and this also must be said: The music sounds, it is euphonious. The suite was received very favorably by an audience that should have been much larger.

The trio by Mozart is a transcription by Mr. Longy, I am told, of a trio written originally for two clarinets and a bassoon. However this may be, the trio, played exquisitely by Messrs. Longy, Grisez and Sadony, aroused enthusiasm. The music is characteristically Mozartian in its flowing line; in its gaiety tinged with melancholy; in the cadences that are as so many "Amen's truly, W. A. Mozart." One Mozart could have written a trifle that is so simply beautiful.

The performance of the members of the club throughout the concert was most excellent. Mr. Longy, always the rare artist, played, especially in the trio by Mozart, with inimitable grace of phrasing and brilliance, while Mr. Grisez in the long solo in the second movement of the opening piece, Mr. Sadony in both florid passages and in recitative, and Mr. D. Maquarre in the rapid passages written by Mr. Bird were alike worthy of high praise.

This was the last concert of the season. The concerts of this season and of those preceding should have filled the hall. That they have not been appreciated by more is a serious blow to the reputation of this city as the favorite home of the muse, a reputation that is becoming more and more fictitious.

SECOND TERRY CONCERT.

The second concert in Miss Terry's series took place yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Somerset. Messrs. Carl Wendling, violinist; George Proctor, pianist, and Elliot Hubbard, tenor, gave the following programme: Faure, sonata in A major for piano and violin; songs, Harris, "In Springtime"; Arthur H. Ryder, "Remembrance"; Rachmanoff, "Floods of Spring"; Gounarni-Chretien, "L'Etoile"; Lauweryns, "Ta Beaute"; Bizet, "Ro-

manche"; piano pieces, Chopin, prelude in D flat, Liszt, "Gnomonreigen"; Arensky, "Melody"; Debussy, "Toccata"; violin piece, Svendsen, "Romance"; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian dances, Mr. Alfred de Voto played the accompaniments.

The most interesting feature of the programme was the sonata by Faure. The performance by Messrs. Wendling and Proctor was very stirring, and the ensemble was excellent. There was nothing among the solo groups of novel interest, but the programme was well made and eminently suitable. There was much applause, and there were encore numbers.

The third concert, next Monday afternoon, will be a song recital by Mr. Ceell Fanning.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Converse's "Job" will be performed tonight in Symphony Hall by the Cecilia Society for the first time in Boston. Dvorak's "Patriotic Hymn" will precede it.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach will give a piano recital in Steiner Hall tomorrow night, and the programme will include her own "Suite Francaise."

Miss Anna Miller Wood, Miss Bessie Bell Collier and Mr. Malcolm Lang will give a concert of Scandinavian music in Chickering Hall tomorrow night.

The Lekeu quartet will give its first concert on Thursday night in Chickering Hall.

Miss Laura Hawkins will give her second chamber concert in Steiner Hall on Thursday night.

A NOTE ON PUNSTERS.

A new Life of Thomas Hood has raised the question whether he might not now stand among the leading poets of England if he had not been obliged to write daily for his living and, as he himself said, to spit both puns and blood. It might be said that the author of "The Haunted House," "Fair Ines," the "Ode to Melancholy," "Autumn," "Ruth," "The Elm Tree," "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," may now be fairly ranked among the first by those who read poetry, and not merely the commentators and the reviewers. But a question that has excited a warmer dispute is whether a punster is worthy of any consideration whatever. There is only one opinion concerning the excellence of Hood's puns. The question is this: Is even the best pun tolerable and to be endured?

Mr. Marshall Steele champions the pun and invokes the shades of Plato, Cicero and Shakespeare, all punsters. He advances this proposition: "The completed pun will always supply an answer to a conundrum it 'suggests.'" Hood, he says, stands this test. Thus: Why was the gravel-blind Tim Turpin like a Christmas pedagogue in search of pupils? Because he had a vacancy for two. To whom did the sexton communicate the sad news? The sexton told the bell." If the completed pun fails to supply an answer it is incomplete, "and it is the attempt, and not the pun, that disgusts us."

This is ingenious, yet there are many who will not be convinced. They will cite, with a smack of the lips and with an authoritative nod, the definition of a punster in Johnson's dictionary: "A quibbler; a low wit who endeavors at reputation by double meaning." They will not be persuaded by Charles Lamb's example or by Victor Hugo's defence, put into the mouth of one of the students in "Fantine." They will refer you to Pope's—or is it Gay's—tract, entitled "God's Revenge Against Punning: showing the miserable fates of persons addicted to this crying sin, in court and town," with the melancholy examples:

"Col. F—an ancient gentleman of grave deportment—gave in to this sin so early in his youth that whenever his tongue endeavors to speak common sense he hesitates, so as not to be understood."

"George Simmons, shoemaker at Turnstile in Holborn, was so given to this custom and did it with so much success, that his neighbors gave out he was a wit, which report, coming among his creditors, nobody would trust him, so that he is now a bankrupt and his family in a miserable condition."

"Divers eminent clergymen of the University of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories."

"From which calamities the Lord in his mercy defend us all, etc., etc."

The routine punster is as the pestilence that walketh in darkness, as the destruction that wasteth at noon day. He is not to be discouraged, snubbed, brow-beaten. Insult him and he will pun on the insult. And such feeble, stupid puns, unworthy of the most senile in the asylum for decayed punsters visited once by Dr. Holmes! Yet the incorrigible punster has friends who endure him because they pity him. They bring forward mitigating circumstances; they hint at a shock in early life; "he has never been the same since." Yet even they do not honor him with the empty compliment of a forced laugh. He puns at table. They pay no more attention than if he should knock off a sherry glass with a sweep of his elbow or take the wrong fork for the third course. Does he pun when he is all alone, by himself, in the woods, as the late Prof. Hannibal of Yale University used to say? Does he never repent in the night watches and swear with trembling lips that he will never pun again, no, never? Yet in making the vow he would joyfully exclaim that it was a Punic oath!

Men and Things

SOME "coasters" were recently advertised for sale. The coaster today is an anachronism. It belonged to the brave old-three-bottle days, when the cloth was removed from the polished table and the decanter was pushed about on the balze-protected coaster, or "wine-slide"; when the host, formal at the beginning, said to each guest: "Sir, a glass of wine with you." The coasters were of Georgian silver, or of wood, usually mahogany, or of decorated lacquer and papier-mache. Some of them had a star or a circle cut in the centre, so that any wine running down would find a place and not slop over, to the injury of the table. Even as early as 1819 the common wines were often placed on the table so that each guest helped himself according to his thirst, but the wine that accompanied the entremets and the wines of the desert were served by the master of the house. Now at formal dinners, the wines are grudgingly poured out by a waiter, who, male or female, seems to despise both the wine and the guest.

Charles Astor Bristed insisted that each guest at an ideal dinner should have a bottle of champagne placed by his plate, also a bowl of cracked ice, for Bristed believed that champagne should thus be led to the taste of the drinker. We remember that at class suppers in college it was considered the thing for each student to have his quart stand on the table even before the fish was served, nor did a quart always satisfy the heroic stomach of youth. Foolish days and nights! And now the graduate of 30 years or more knows that even a glass of champagne may disturb his rest, increase the eczematous area, inflame a toe, or swell a finger joint. Mr. Woodhouse in Jane Austen's "Emma" was a depressing person, yet his recommendation of a small basin of thin gruel might well be pondered by those tempted to drink one more heath.

This reminds us that Mr. Ballard has written an entertaining article for the Revue Scientifique on the evolution of cookery. He believes that the art really began with the Romans after they had ceased to fight for their independence. It began to revive in France in the time of Charlemagne, but from that time to the Renaissance table luxury consisted in a profusion of coarse meats. In this last statement he is contradicted by other writers who praise the epicurean tastes of the Normans of Angevin times. Mr. Ballard thinks the height of good cookery was reached under Louis XV., though he admits that the Imperial dinners at the Elysees and the Tuilleries and the dinner given by the municipal council of Paris to the lord mayor of London in 1851 were masterpieces. There is no doubt the art of cookery has been sadly debased even in Paris in the course of the last 25 years.

There was a scene for the historical painter in Chicago. A bailiff of that

city served a writ of attachment on Miss Alice Nielsen last week. Some of the items in an unpaid dry goods bill were as follows: Two pairs of hose, \$3.50; one coat (marked down) \$6; one waist, \$15; one pair of leggings, 50c. It appears that a lady's maid, one Daisy Williams, ordered the goods in New York 10 months ago and had them charged to Miss Nielsen. According to the Record-Herald Mr. Henry Russell was sadly upset. "Scoundrels, blackguards, plagues, worms, all of them," hissed Mr. Russell, while his eyes blazed and his hands clenched in a very agony of feeling.

A circular has been received in Boston that reads as follows: "Sir, I keep in Paris, 59 rue —, an hotel, family house, which is recommendable by his good deportment and his aristocratic connection. But these persons deserting, during fine weather, our town to go to country, I want your aid. I will be very obliged to you for recommending my house at the students which go in France during the months of July, August and September, in order to improve themselves in our language. If, however, it was agreeable to these gentlemen, they will be found in saloon, during an hour a day, a person speaking well french language which will be able to talk with them. I annex to this letter my card with cursory view of quite moderate prices, as you can see. Thinking sir, my letter will have a favorable reception, I send you my good and respectful salutations."

We spoke some days ago of an Englishman, a friend of Mr. George R. Sims, who had the mania of killing trained nurses. Mr. Sims, after he had mentioned him pleasantly, if not wholly favorably, in the Referee, received the following letter: "Re your recent notes about people wanting to murder 'types,' I was much amused at the man who had a longing to murder a trained nurse. As a matter of fact, almost every one who has had to do with trained nurses, either in hospital wards or privately, would, if the law allowed it, gladly murder them wholesale. I think it a shame to have put a man who wanted to kill one into an asylum, and I take off my hat to him as a very sensible person. Yours, etc., 'HAD SOME.'"

In this country the trained nurse is often wooed by the grateful patient; sometimes by the attending physician. Is it possible that the trained nurse in England is of the Sarah Gamp order?

Mr. S. B. Mills, a member of the real estate board in Chicago, is a brave man. He makes this pronouncement: "Woman shoppers should buy early and get out of the shopping district before 5 P. M. Then the working girl and the toiling man could get seats in the street cars." He is bitter in the cause of reform, and denies the shoppers the right to monopolize the seats. "They fool around all day when they ought to be at home with their babies. They sip chocolate in some shop and gossip or munch chocolate at some matinee. It takes them half an hour to gather up their bundles and get ready to go home and when they do start it is like the march of a conquering army. They are the ones who cause delay and congestion and trouble."

We have heard similar opinions expressed in Boston. Mr. Herkimer Johnson said to us only yesterday, as he was hanging from a strap in a Boylston street car about 5:30 P. M.: "What are all these women doing here at this hour? They should be at home."

FEB 12 1908

CONVERSE'S "JOB" HEARD IN BOSTON

For First Time Cecilia Society

"Job," a dramatic poem for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ, by Frederick S. Converse, was performed last evening for the first time in Boston by the Cecilia Society, led by Wallace Goodrich. The solo singers were Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Beddoe, tenor, and Emilio de Gogorza, baritone. The orchestra was composed of members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Albert W. Snow was the organist. Dvorak's "Patriotic Hymn" for chorus and orchestra, preceded "Job."

"Job," with text drawn from the Vulgate version of the Book of Job and of the Psalms, arranged with the assistance of Prof. H. Gardiner and

With an English translation by John Macy, was performed for the first time at the Worcester Music Festival. Messrs. Baddoe and De Gogorza sang on that occasion. The mezzo-soprano was Mme. Schumann-Heink, at Worcester the work was sung in Latin; last night it was sung in English. At Worcester Mr. de Gogorza sang the music of Jehovah; last night the music was sung by a chorus of assos.

The purpose of Mr. Converse in framing and composing this work, and the nature of the work itself were discussed at length by The Herald before and after the performance at Worcester. It is not necessary to go over this ground again, but a few thoughts suggested by the performance last night may not be impertinent.

Only a few weeks ago Pierre Quillard, French poet of distinction, a man unusually versed in the classics, an acute judge of the poems of others, reviewed the Schiffmacher's most Orthodox version of the text of "Job." Mr. Quillard commented on the fact that pious worthies have turned the book of "Job" and "The Song of Songs" into works of spiritual edification; yet he called attention to the fact that never were more imprecatory blasphemous and more ferocious ironies addressed to the god of the people than in "Job." It appears that Mr. Schiffmacher softened passages and introduced pretty sentences, so that the "terrible beauties" of the original were weakened.

Mr. Converse is by no means a Schiffmacher, but his Job is not the amillar figure of the man who has passed into a proverb, the patriarch known to the world at large by the story as it is told in the Old Testament, and even better known to a few through the pictures of William Blake.

Mr. Converse did not intend that his Job should be this man. He prefers to present Job as man struggling against elemental nature. This subject has inspired others, as Victor Hugo in "The Fallers of the Sea," as Thomas Hardy in "The Return of the Native," but the man in these instances was a purely fictitious character. Job is to nine readers out of ten as real a being as Peter the Great or Gen. George Washington.

They know all about his sons and daughters; how Satan plagued him; how his wife nagged him; how at last he cursed the day he was born. Knowing Job intimately, they expect that he will behave in oratorio, or in a dramatic poem with music, or in music drama, as he behaved in the Bible. Any protest by Mr. Converse will not shake their opinion. Grant Mr. Converse's premise and his musical reasoning is logical. The trouble is that the average hearer will not accept the premise.

Furthermore, an abstract presentation of a man in faultless evening dress struggling with elemental Nature that is not seen, that is not felt, that is hinted at only by expression in tones, will not interest keenly an average hearer. He will be susceptible only to musical impressions. He hears Mr. Baddoe, for example, lamenting and taking any number of high notes, and he is conscious chiefly of a tenor, his manner of singing and the quality of the music that is sung.

Were this dramatic poem to be performed as a one-act opera with scenery, costumes, stage effects and a mimic whirlwind, then and only then might an ordinary audience realize that there is a dramatic situation. It is not dwell on this point because Mr. Converse may reasonably say that his purpose is misunderstood; that he had no intention of presenting the Biblical Job as an oratorio character in the accustomed and conventional manner.

Whatever Mr. Converse does in music is a matter of more than ordinary interest and it deservedly attracts attention. He is not only a musician; he is a thinker. He has his own way of viewing things; he has the courage to attempt at least to strike out new paths. In his later music he may show here and there the influence of this or that contemporary.

For example, in the sustained phrases of Jehovah, beginning "Enfold thyself in all honor," there is the melodic mould, there is the orchestral arrangement and color there is the mood that we are accustomed to associate with Puccini. But these influences are superficial, and their appearance is fleeting. "Job" is Mr. Converse's own work.

He is more successful in this work with the orchestra for dramatic expression than he is with either a solo voice or a chorus. He is not yet fully master of vocal effects. He does not always write for the voice so that the dramatic effect is inevitable. Nor is he always fortunate in his choice of a melodic line to express appropriately a particular sentiment. An instance of this is the page of Job's lament beginning, "Like unto kings and counsellors mighty." Here the music is not at all a translation of the thought into tones, and the final measures, "where the souls that are weary lie in long slumber," form a most incongruous fortissimo climax. However, in this respect "Job" is an improvement on "The Pipe of Desire."

The chief interest to the musician is the orchestral dress with which the work is clothed. Here Mr. Converse is nearly always entertaining, often impressive. It is here that he shows his strength, his sense of the beautiful, his fine imagination. Here he writes spontaneously and here his instinct seldom fails him.

The performance was, on the whole, an excellent one. The music presents many difficulties to solo singers and chorus. These difficulties were not unduly apparent in the performance of the chorus. The solo singers have a more ungrateful task, for the music written for them is most effective when it is declamatory; the purely melodic phrases are not memorable.

Mr. Goodrich conducted with marked intelligence, and with enthusiasm. The audience, which was of good size, if the capacity of the hall be taken into consideration, listened attentively, and at the end was loud in demonstrations of approval.

The third concert of the Cecilia will take place in Jordan Hall, Tuesday evening, March 31, when Bruhn's "Flight of the Holy Family," Faure's "Birth of Venus" and smaller works will be performed.

Men and Things

THERE is again dispute concerning the origin of the term "Limerick," but no new light shines brighter on the subject than the lantern held some years ago by Dr. Murray: "Said to be from a custom at convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporized 'nonsense verse,' which was followed by a chorus containing the words, 'Will you come up to Limerick?'"

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the anniversary of the death of Edward Lear (Jan. 29, 1883), said that Lear's "nonsense verses" were originally dubbed "Learics"; "a happier designation, it would appear, than 'limericks'; but the latter word had already established itself as the generic name for a certain type of sing-song popular at river picnics, of which a favorite version was:

Won't you come up, come up, come up,

Won't you come up to Limerick?

"The name at first attached to this description of nonsense chant became grafted later upon the more enduring nonsense verse invented by Edward Lear."

What are now called limericks were well known in this country long before this distinguishing term was applied. Some of the best—this being interpreted, means the worst—were current in the early 70's. Why is it that they cling to our memory, these grotesque rhymes about dames of high and low degree, when we cannot quote correctly five lines from "Paradise Lost," or any celebrated passage from Wordsworth's "Ode"? There was one thing to be said in favor of these rhymes—they enlarged one's knowledge of geography.

There is a good specimen of a limerick in Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's "Rambling Recollections." He says it was invented by a bishop of the established church:

There was a young lady of Cheshire,

Who one day sat down on a needle.

But as from its head,

There depended a thread

It was promptly pulled out by the beadle.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has sent us a clipping from the Duluth News Tribune with the remark, "This may interest your readers." The story is the old sad story of loving, but the Duluth newspaper treats it flippantly, as the opening sentence will show: "When Miss Anna Smith of Morey, Ia., whose memory of 'Sweet Sixteen' is rather hazy, passed through here (Little Falls, Minn.) today" etc. Miss Anna advertised for a six-footer husband, "with a bold brow"—not necessarily a high brow—"and a courtly demeanor, a man who could dress with immaculate taste." A matrimonial bureau sent the name of an ideal, a Mr. Ernest Bosh. Not deterred by the surname, she corresponded with him. He procured a marriage license and made the arrangements for the wedding. This was all "sight unseen," to use the phrase of happy childhood. He sent for her, and she went to Villard. When she saw him, she was bitterly disappointed. Did she shriek "O Bosh!"? The Duluth newspaper does not give the ghastly details. The neighbors of Mr. Bosh insisted that he should provide Miss Anna with a railway ticket to her home. He was loth to do this, for he had paid her fare to Villard, but he did. Twice stung!

There are reckless men in Chicago, and they are never so reckless as in lecturing. Here is Dr. E. C. Dudley who told the students at Northwest University that the average woman wears a total of 17 layers of bands of some sort around her waist; "allowing 24 inches as the average waist circumference of a Chicago woman—although there are many who have much larger waists—it means that each woman has a total of 34 feet of bandage tightly wrapped around her." We are told that "wasp-waisted society belles with flashing eyes" are indignant at the slander which outrivals the "malicious falsehood" about the size of the Chicago woman's foot.

But Shakespeare is having a harder time of it in Milwaukee. Lutheran clergymen have protested against the performance of "The Merchant of Venice," by the Walther League, composed of young members of the various Lutheran churches. The clergymen protest, not because the drama will probably be mangled—think for a moment of an

amateur Shylock!—but because this play is "unchristian." "The use of the word 'devil' upon two occasions is in itself sufficient ground to bar the play from persons of the Lutheran faith." They should not take Shylock so seriously. There are some who insist that he was intended to be a comic character. As for Satan, his name is mentioned more than twice in the Bible.

To shoot (or bolt) the moon is a century-old slang phrase to describe the operation of clearing a house at night to evade payment of rent. There are other slang terms: moonshooters, moonlight flitting, lunar shooting. There died in Paris recently a man named Penneller, who had a singular calling, that of aiding those who wished to shoot the moon, or, as the French say, "change houses to the sound of the wooden bell." He formed a society. A member had to prove before admission that he had paid no taxes and that the annual rental was less than \$100. Any member who paid to Penneller five cents a month was entitled to his aid. Penneller's workmen were famous for never breaking anything in the removal. He was equally famous for his ingenuity in foiling landlords, lawyers and gendarmes. He would wait till the last judgment was given against his client in the law courts. This came late in the day, for Penneller was an untiring potfagger. Then his workmen with ropes and pulleys got the furniture out of the house and took it to the home of another associate where it would be stored for a time.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA.

Mr. Conried will retire from the directorship of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, at the end of this season, and Messrs. Gatti-Casazza of Milan, and Dippel of Vienna and New York will rule together in his stead. They will not share in the profits, but will receive an appointed salary. Messrs. Toscanini and Mahler will be the two chief conductors. "Any profits realized will be used for the establishment of an endowment or pension fund, or for some similar purpose for the advancement of the Metropolitan Opera House as an art institution." The directors make this statement and they are undoubtedly sincere in making it.

Whether the Metropolitan Opera House will at last be an ideal "temple of art" remains to be seen. There was a time when it was thought by some to be one: the time when German opera prevailed and only German singers were applauded. Then came in its turn the reign of a tenor, and as long as Mr. Jean de Reszke was the bright particular star there were many that pronounced the opera house ideal. Mr. Grau, a shrewd manager, like Solomon, gat him men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. The great public was delighted and when Mr. Grau retired on account of the disease that killed him he took with him a substantial sum of money.

Mr. Conried, who succeeded Mr. Grau, talked much about art and made many promises. Some of these promises he kept: he produced "Parsifal" in a highly creditable manner and he produced "Salome" in an equally creditable way. The foolish protests of a few against Strauss' opera and the surrender of the directors to the prurient prudes, a surrender that made New York ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world, vexed Mr. Conried sorely. Then came the heavy loss in consequence of the San Francisco earthquake. His health was impaired. Mr. Hammerstein at the moment when it seemed as though he must go under saved the day for the Manhattan Opera House with "Louise" and with Mme. Tetrazzini. The Manhattan, not the Metropolitan, was the talk of the town. It was natural for the directors to ask Mr. Conried "Why did you not give us 'Louise' and 'Thais' with Miss Mary

Garden? Why did you not see to it that your contract with Mme. Tetrazzini held?"

It would be idle to prophesy concerning the future of the Metropolitan Opera House under the new directors and conductors. The invasion of accomplished Italian singers and the untiring efforts of an influential Italian publishing house have brought about an unusual interest in Italian operas, new and old. Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini will naturally look after the interests of their fellow-countrymen. Mr. Dippel, a useful tenor, is also a business man and an acute judge of the popular taste in New York. The two conductors are men of extraordinary ability. Each one is an autocrat. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has been the director of La Scala, but operative conditions in Milan are far different from those in New York. How long will the four men work together harmoniously?

It looks as though the dominant musical spirit would be Italian. This may be deplored by the Wagnerites, but it should not be forgotten that in opera song is after all the first and most important element as far as the public is concerned. The great singers that visit us today are either Italian or French, and the accomplished singing actress, Miss Garden, is triumphant in operas of the modern French school. Italian opera is again in fashion at the Metropolitan. It may reign there as long as the singers are of the best. A Wagnerian music drama may be thrown in by way of contrast, to placate a minority, and to keep Mr. Mahler in good humor. But it should always be remembered that opera is the plaything of fashion and the amusement of the rich.

FINNISH MUSIC GIVEN.

Concert in Chickering Hall Includes Scandinavian Songs.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, mezzo-contralto, and Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist, assisted by Malcolm Lang, pianist, gave a concert of modern Scandinavian and Finnish music last evening in Chickering Hall.

The programme included a sonata for violin and piano by Emil Sjogren, violin pieces, a Romance in E minor by Sinding, and Tor Aulin's Caviata and Mazurka, and these songs: Greg. "Farwell to Ivindehougen," "Morning Snow," "Mother's Sorrow," Sigurd Lie, "Sunrise," "Was I a Dream?" Sinding, "A Tarn Lies Hid in Forest Deep," Eyvind Alnaes, "The Last Journey," "Spring Longing." Miss Grace Collier played the accompaniments.

Half the pieces on the programme, including the sonata and all the songs of Miss Wood's last group, were announced as being played for the first time here. The programme as a whole was successful in conveying an idea of that much-abused term, local color, for while some of the music was without pronounced character, there were distinguished names on the list, and it was extremely interesting to note how varied a programme could be made out of what seems to the layman, at first glance, a restricted field. The new works were interesting first of all as novelties, and it was especially gratifying to be able to hear the songs by Sibelius.

The performance was generally a good one, and Miss Collier and Mr. Lang did some admirable sustained ensemble work in the sonata. Miss Wood, also, was in the vein, and she sang throughout with manifest sympathy. There was a fair-sized audience.

LARGE AUDIENCE GREETED MRS. BEACH

Applause Obliges Pianist to Add to Programme—Carl Faeltten Assists.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. She was assisted by Carl Faeltten, pianist, in the following programme:

Brahms, Rhapsody in E-flat major, op. 119; Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B-flat minor, Gigue from Partita in B-flat major; Grieg, Ballade in variation form; Mendelssohn, Scherzo Caprice; MacDowell, "With Sweet Lavender," "By a Shadow Brook," "The Eagle"; Moret, Prelude in G-sharp minor; Beach, French Suite, "The Dreams of Columbine" (in five numbers); Saint-Saens, Variations on a theme by Beethoven, for the piano.

There was a very large audience, and much enthusiasm was displayed throughout the concert. The programme was generally conventional in structure, the more academic works being relieved by MacDowell's three sketches—the first from "New England Idylls," the second from "Woodland Sketches"—and by Mrs. Beach's own suite, which is cast in alternate piquant and romantic mould, and evoked so much applause that the pianist was obliged to add to the programme. The brilliant variations by Saint-Saens may well have taxed the individual and ensemble qualities of the two pianists, but the test of ensemble playing was well met, and in many instances of difficult passage work the performance was admirably united.

CONCERT FOYER

Perfervid Appreciation of Mr. Paderewski in the Roaring Boundless West.

NEW QUARTET ORGANIZED IN BOSTON.

BY PHILIP HALE.

MR. PADEREWSKI has played in Denver. There was considerable excitement in that city of rarified air. Margaret Tobin, for example, who writes for the News, went "to see him with three burning curiosities." Were these strictly musical? Was she "dying to know" how he plays Chopin? Whether he sits low or high? Whether he favors the damper pedal? Oh, no.

Let the lady speak. "I wanted to know if his hair really was as long as it was pictured, and I had been told by some one whom I always believe, that he wrapped his hands up in fine linen every night, and always ate beefsteak that hadn't been cooked very much." She saw him. She talked with him. She told the Denverites that his hair is coming out. He never wraps his hands up at night, "or if he does he uses the wrong kind of cold cream." They (the fingers) were just short and stubby with a worn-off look across the tips that might have been acquired in thumping a typewriter. She did not dare to ask him whether he liked his steak rare or well done. There were too many about him. As he was "mild and benignant," Margaret concluded he does not eat raw meat.

Dr. George L. Knapp reviewed Paderewski's performance for the Denver News. His article was acutely analytical and at the same time a bold portrait of the man himself. "I wish the press agents wouldn't talk about his Slavie face. It isn't a Slavie face at all; it is Teutonic, the face of a Norseman, except that the cheek bones are a bit out of drawing. His figure still has the straight-front effect, but it is worth a quarter just to see him bow." Dr. Knapp completes the portrait with these nimble strokes: "A middle-sized, middle-aged man, with a pale, lined face, and a pale, tousled mop of hair, bowing like a badly-jointed wooden Indian." Now observe the purely aesthetic side of the article: "He played from start to finish. There was no slighting the work, no soldiering, no ringing in easy things, no indulging in spectacular stunts."

Harold Bauer has been playing in Charleston, N. C., and on his head the News and Courier places the laurel wreath. His recital, it appears, was "somewhat different from the majority of musical entertainments given recently in Charleston." "The proposition of sitting through a programme comprising only piano numbers, and very serious numbers at that, was not relished by many who profess a love for music, but claim that they do not understand the classics, and therefore do not enjoy the finer music that they would say, must be all left to the musicians and those who make it a study or a fad."

They roll high in Charleston: "It was a rarely beautiful programme; some may today complain that it was for the most part sombre—well, why not have some serious music? In the Sonata by MacDowell, there was much to suggest the great tone-poet whose soul passed into the great beyond a short time ago. His music will live, and have its part in teaching the lesson of life and death, years and years after the dust has blotted his clay."

Mr. Bauer's playing is not like any one else's playing. His advice and rule is to forego the 'drudgery' to a great extent. Mr. Bauer controlled the thoughts of his audience. He had essayed to appeal to the higher thought—above the illuminated cover ballad (sold by its red and green picture and reminiscent refrain)."

Ysaye, still inconsolable over the loss of his Stradivarius, although the Russian Society of Music gave him about \$14,000 as a consolation, once said: "A violinist can love as many fiddles as a sultan can love wives, and more. I should like a violin harem—a regular seraglio of fiddles—Strads, Guadagninis, a Guarnerius or two, a few Amatis and even a few Gaglianos."

This is not the first time that a famous violin has been stolen in Russia. A Stradivarius was hought in Paris for the Czar Alexander I, and put in the museum of the Hermitage. Permission was loaned to the first violinist of the court but he did not appreciate its worth and used it as he would have used any fiddle. One day it disappeared. It was found in Berlin and recovered for about 6000 roubles. A fiddle maker boasted that his varnish would do it much good. They

sent the fiddle to him; the result was deplorable; the Stradivarius lost its tone. I do not vouch for the truth of this story, published recently in a Parisian music journal.

The verdict on Franz Lehar's new opocretta, "The Man With the Three Wives," produced in Vienna, Jan. 21, 1914: "A good play completely ruined." The Vienna correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that the libretto by Julius Bauer is miserably inadequate. "Many of Bauer's witticisms are unutterably coarse and vulgar, and entirely untranslatable for the English stage. There is nothing spontaneous about the development of the story, and the feature of the second act—a military academy and girls' school in adjoining houses, and the cadets coming over the garden wall to dance with the girls—is hopelessly antiquated. The music is said to be too high class for the work, to be "grand opera music," with too highly elaborated instrumentation. George Edwardes, who had bought the English rights, was at the performance and said that the operetta would have to be "largely reconstructed" for London. It will prob-

ably be like the historic jack-knife by the time it arrives in Boston.

"Pittsburg high-brows are indignant." And why? Because Mme. Schumann-Helk sang popular songs. At her concert she first sang an aria by Bruch. "Society looked bored," but the intellectuals showed their appreciation. Then she sang Nevin's "Rosary," which pleased society a little better. But when she sang a tinkling lullaby by Carrie Jacobs Beach, whom the high-brows never heard of, and then a Chadwick song, there was almost a riot among the musically inclined. They declared that Mme. Schumann-Helk was insulting them by singing such songs. But society was delighted and applauded to the echo." The critics said the next morning that if Mme. Schumann-Helk wishes to go back to Pittsburg she "will have to do something to square herself."

The Lekeu quartet will give its first public concert in Boston this evening in Chickering Hall. The members are Messrs. Henry Eichheim, violinist, Alfred Gletzen, viola, Handasyd Cabot, cellist, and George Copeland, Jr., pianist, Mr. Cabot, the organizer of the quartet, born in Brookline, a graduate of Harvard University, studied the cello with Wulf Fries, Fritz Giese, Alvin Schroeder and Hugo Becker. He has been a member of the Museum Orchestra of Frankfurt, has had quartet experience and has played much in concerts here and abroad. Mr. Eichheim, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was born in Chicago. He has studied with Carl Becker and Jacobsohn. He was second violin of the Jacobsohn quartet; he was a member of Thomas' orchestra; and he has played in the southern and western states as soloist. Mr. Gletzen, born in Brussels, took the first prize for viola at the Brussels Conservatory, was associated with Ysaye, d'Irby, Thomson and others in chamber music, and has been a member of the Colonne, Covent Garden and Pittsburg orchestra. He is now a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Copeland, born in Boston, has studied here and abroad and is known here as a concert giver. The Lekeu quartet takes its name from the Belgian composer (1870-1894) whose violin sonata and piano quartet (unfinished) have been played here. It is organized for the performance of chamber music written for piano and strings.

Emil Sauer, the pianist, will visit this country for concert purposes next November. He played in Boston at a Symphony concert, Jan. 14, 1899, and he gave recitals here. It was then truly said of him that he was a "slick" player.

Dr. Ludwig Wuehler will also come, they say. He is a baritone and a doctor of philosophy with little voice. He is classed among the intellectual singers, singers that have a fine idea what an interpretation might, could, would or should be.

John Beach, pianist and composer, will give a concert of his own compositions tomorrow evening in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child and Earl Cartwright will sing his songs.

LEKEU CLUB GIVES FIRST CONCERT HERE

The Lekeu quartet (Messrs. George Copeland, Jr., piano; Henry Eichheim, violin; Alfred Gletzen, viola; Handasyd Cabot, cello) gave its first public concert in Boston last evening in Chickering Hall. The club was assisted by Mr. Frank Currier, violin. The programme was as follows: Mozart, piano quartet in G minor; solo piano pieces—Pastorale, Scarlatti; Scherzo, Mendelssohn; Nocturne, Grieg; Debussy, Prelude; Cesar Franck, piano quintet in F minor.

Mr. Cabot organized this club for the purpose of performing piano quartets and also other chamber music. He gave to it the name Lekeu, in honor of the Belgian composer who, a youth of rare promise, died at an early age. Lekeu's violin sonata and an unfinished chamber work have been performed here. There are orchestral pieces by him that should be performed, and there are songs which would tax severely any singer, yet might be interesting.

The concert last night was the first public performance in Boston of the club as it is at present organized.

The quartet by Mozart is the first of a series that he contracted to write for a publisher. He wrote this and a second one, but the faint-hearted publisher told Mozart that they were too difficult; that the people would not understand them, etc., etc.; whereupon Mozart released him from the contract, although he was sorely in need of money.

The quartet is broadly laid out and carefully worked. The first movement has a passionate spirit that was not common at the time—the quartet was written in the year before that of "The Marriage of Figaro"—and is not common in Mozart's chamber music. Possibly for this reason the publisher was frightened. The music seems to us of today singularly clear and well-defined, put together with flawless workmanship, always interesting, and at times beautiful with the beauty that was peculiar to Mozart. Thus is the old lesson taught from decade to decade: Music that seems revolutionary or cryptic, ultra modern, may easily become simple and orthodox.

This quartet was agreeably performed. There was a sense of balance and proportion; the rhythm was well maintained; the interpretation was neither too rigid nor too elastic; it was free and spirited.

The choice of Franck's great quintet was ambitious and it is not surprising that the performance was, in certain respects, of less merit. The intonation of the viola and the cello was occasionally impure, and the ensemble was at times unbalanced. On the other hand, there was an evident appreciation of the grandeur and the beauty of the composition, and the players displayed a fine spirit of enthusiasm.

Music Gave Pleasure.

It was a pleasure to hear the music, even if the performance necessarily was not wholly adequate. For a first public concert of the club in Boston, the work done throughout was generally creditable, and it was often excellent.

Mr. Eichheim has indisputable qualities for the position of first violin in an organization of this kind. He has understanding and sympathy. Nor is he afraid to be emotional with emotion that is contagious.

Mr. Copeland has individuality; he has a marked style of his own. This was shown within due bounds in the ensemble as in the performance of solo pieces. He has an unusually musical touch, clear, sensitive, varied in color. He has a keenness that he should not abuse; he has strength that is not aggressive or jarring. More than all this, he has true poetic feeling and with it an instinct for differentiation in sentiment. Each one of the solo pieces as he played it was delightful, and his performance of Debussy's Prelude was masterly in all respects.

There was an audience of good size and it was warmly appreciative. Mr. Copeland added a solo piece, and the players were recalled at the end of the concert.

PIANIST GIVES RECITAL.

Miss Hawkins Presents Unconventional Programme at Steinert Hall.

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, gave the second of her three concerts last evening in Steinert Hall. She played these pieces: Mikorey, "Morgengruss an die Berge"; Handel, fugue in E minor; Bach-Saint-Saens, andantino in E major; Schumann, aria from sonata, op. 11; Liapounoff, etude, "Ronde des Sylphes"; Ravel, "Menuet Antique"; Moret, chanson in E minor; Debussy, ballade in F major; Liszt, "Legend of St. Francis Preaching to the Birds"; Rheinberger, toccata in C minor.

The programme was interesting because it was unconventional and was made up largely of works which, if not wholly unfamiliar, are at least little known here. Several of them pleased by a certain piquancy, even where there was no great distinction to the music; and it was a pleasure to hear the air from Schumann's sonata, which stands well alone. Miss Hawkins played generally with an appreciation that was of the head rather than of the heart; that was, in other words, understanding rather than sympathy. She differentiated her interpretations to a certain extent, and such works as Debussy's ballade easily spoke for themselves. The pianist was perhaps happiest in her performance of Liszt's Legend, where her playing was both delicate and appropriately grandiose.

There was a rather small audience, but the enthusiasm was marked and Miss Hawkins was repeatedly recalled.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL" AT CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Bohemian Girl," Balfé's opera in three acts. The cast:

Count Arnheim.....	J. K. Murray
Thaddeus.....	Harry Davies
Florestin.....	W. H. Fitzgerald
Devilshoof.....	Francis J. Boyle
Captain of the guard.....	Louis Fitzroy
First gypsy.....	George C. Ogie
Artine.....	Miss Clara Lane
Budd.....	Miss Lois Hall
Queen of the gypsies.....	Miss Louise Le Baron

Last evening's performance ushered in the final week of the present season of opera at this theatre, and there was a large and enthusiastic audience, whose attitude toward the personalities beyond the footlights made the occasion one of general festivity and good will. Not only is Balfé's opera a favorite, as "Jack, the Giant Killer" and "The Sleeping Beauty" are favorite tales—the cast was also a favorite one, as was demonstrated by the welcome given each principal. So familiar are both the music and the performance of the company that detailed comment would serve no purpose. It may be said generally that the parts were well taken, and each member of the cast left a characteristic and gratifying impression with which to end the season.

Of course no review of "The Bohemian Girl" can omit some mention of the immortal Devilshoof, and it is a pleasure to say that Mr. Boyle met every expectation in his assumption of that role. He was amazingly agile, and in spite of his noble inches and girth, he fairly flitted through the scene in Artine's boudoir, with a lightness and poise that would do credit to a danseuse.

If the play became a little farcical, it was not the fault of the actor so much as that of the perennial audience, which would feel cheated were any of the traditional hy-play to be omitted.

Mr. Murray looked well and acted with his usual aplomb. Miss Lane and Mr. Davies gave pleasure in the many popular solos that fell to their share, and Miss Le Baron made an effective gypsy queen. The orchestra under Mr. Mandeville did good work.

"AT EIGHT O'CLOCK."

There is a need of reform in the practice of giving formal dinners. We refer now to the matter of punctuality on the part of the guests. The card of invitation says the appointed hour will be 8 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Herkimer Johnson discuss amiably the question of acceptance. Can Mr. Johnson spare the time? Should he not arrange material for his colossal work on "Man as a Political and Social Beast"? "But I may find fresh material at the dinner," answers Mr. Johnson. Should Mrs. Johnson wear her black or her pink evening dress?

"If a stormy night, we shall have to take a cab," groans Mr. Johnson: "I hope the champagne will be better than it was at the Sloppings' last week." There are the other customary remarks before the invitation is accepted "with pleasure."

Mr. Johnson is a stickler for punctuality, but his wife insists that they should be a few minutes late. "I will not always be the first." If the night is a pleasant one, the Johnsons discover that in front of the host's house there is not a sign of an arriving or departing carriage. "Let us walk a block until some one goes in," says Mrs. Johnson. At ten minutes past eight they are in the respective dressing rooms. At a quarter past eight they descend to make their grand entrance. There are only two or three guests near the hostess, and for fifteen or twenty minutes the Johnsons are obliged to stand until the late comers are assembled. Mr. Johnson's legs are tired. "How can the women endure this torture?" His mind is already wandering over the sociological field. He has already a new chapter for Volume VII: "Man as Stomachic."

Does eight o'clock mean eight-thirty? Nearly a century ago they managed these things better in Paris. If you were then invited to dine at five, you arrived promptly at six; "five o'clock precisely" meant five thirty; "five o'clock very precisely" compelled the guest to arrive at five.

Is it the fashion this season to be late or punctual? Who knows? No word has been passed about. There has been no announcement in advertising or society columns. Is there agreement among dinner givers? If the invitations are issued for eight o'clock, is the cook instructed to have the soup ready for eight-forty?

Men are solemnly informed each season whether dress trousers should be decorated with braid, whether the trousers should be skin tight or bags, whether a gibus is permissible at the opera, or whether a "silkier" is indispensable. Women are instructed each year in minute details concerning dress, cards, all subtleties of etiquette. Why should there not be a positive announcement, on Nov. 1, concerning the matter of punctuality? Boston is sadly in need of a society fogleman of indisputable authority. Men in house coats and plug hats are seen in theatre lobbies, aye, in the sacred corridor of Symphony Hall, thus clothed and not ashamed.

Men and Things

MISS FLORENCE WILSON sued a man named Carnley for damages for breach of promise of marriage. The trial was at Lincoln, Eng., the jury awarded Miss Wilson the sum of £100. At the time the promise to marry was made, the defendant's wife was living. The question was raised on appeal whether, in view of this circumstance, the action could be sustained. The appellant insisted that the contract was void in law as being contrary to public policy and morality. The court of appeals two weeks ago held this view and allowed the appeal with costs.

The promise was given by a married man to a woman who knew full well that she was married at the time. It would naturally be supposed that this promise could be unenforceable in law. We are informed by a London journal that this recent decision was the first definitely stated in England by a court of high authority. The journal adds that the objection to the contract is that it is essentially disloyal to the existing marriage, "and, therefore, subversive of an institution to which society and the law alike attach the greatest importance." It does not take a Solomon to moralize in this manner.

There have always been philanderers and there will always be philanderers. Occasionally one is caught. He did not mean to marry the woman, but she was good looking, or she had money, or he finally thought it would be more prudent for him to marry her. To save his soul, he could not help spooning on other women after his marriage. He is not a deep, designing villain; he is simply a softy, a spoon, the kind of man that his fellows would call an ass, rather than a cad, and they would not dream of honoring him with the title of "scoundrel." Although the statement would seem incredible to an inhabitant of another planet, there are women that like this sort of a man. He says pleasant things to them; he is devoted in little ways. "Poor fellow! His wife does not appreciate him. Yet he is so constant, so true." The fact that Lorena is taking up much time that should be given to Aurelia, the wife, does not disturb Lorena. She has made up her mind that Aurelia is a heartless woman, cold, austere, selfish. If Aurelia would only have the grace to die, then Lorena and Eugene could be happy without fear or reproach.

Eugene, not wedded to Lorena, is constantly uttering the speech of John A. Stevens in the stirring melodrama, "The Unknown": "And I will be your faithful dor-r-r-r-g." Suppose that Amelia dies a natural death and Eugene and Lorena are made one according to law and the proprieties. Within six months Eugene will be devoted to Arabella or Elizabeth. He cannot help it; he was born so. And the tragic part of it is that there is almost always a woman ready to marry him whether he be bachelor, spouse, or the widower of a week.

There is a species of married philanderer who is constantly speculating whether Mary Jane or Ann Eliza would not have made him "a better wife" than the one he has promised to love, honor, and obey. For, though men are not sworn to obey their wives, there is this implied contract. Some of the happiest marriages are those in which the husband is obedient in matters both great and small. He does not know that he is ruled; he thinks he is dictator in his home; his wife has tact, sir, and she is careful to maintain her good looks. The spell that lured him has never been broken. He does not dream of rebelling against an authority of which he has no suspicion.

The husband who speculates as to whether another woman would not make him happier is an egoist. Furthermore he is ignorant. Unless a wife be a fiend incarnate, or unless she falls a victim to strong waters or "dope," she can easily make a man believe that he is the most favored being in the world. If he is not happy with the average woman he would be just as unhappy with another. There is no happiness in him. Nor has he any sense of humor. He should be amiably amused by whims and tantrums. Plutarch tells this story: "The renowned Pittacus, who got him so great a name for his fortitude, wisdom and justice, when he was entertaining his friends at a noble banquet, his spouse in an angry humor came and overturned the table; his guests being extremely disordered at, he told them:

"Every one of you hath his particular plague, and my wife is mine, and he is very happy who hath this only." Thus says Plutarch in the old translation by Mr. Morgan of St. John's College in Oxford.

Some time ago an English painter, Edwin Long, put "The Parable of the Sower" on a canvas 17 feet long and 9 feet high. He was immensely pleased with his work, with "the acreage of his genius," as an unfeeling contemporary said, so pleased that he refused an offer of \$25,000 for the picture. The masterpiece remained in his studio. After his death the widow could not dispose of it and a fortnight ago in London it was sold for about \$575. Was the painter insane to refuse the offer of 5000 guineas, or was the would-be purchaser still crazier? Is the painting a masterpiece, and was it sold at a low price because few could afford to give it wall room? The story is a sad one, but it is only one of many in the annals of painters.

We can understand a painter not wishing to part with a picture he prizes, although he is in need of food, tobacco, first editions and other necessities of life. We have never seen a composer of music who could not be persuaded by a publisher to sell his score if the price offered were a reasonable one. Nor are there many "literary fellows" who are unwilling to have their work published. The painter among artists stands alone in this respect.

Feb 15 1908 BEACH PLAYS OWN NUMBERS FOR PIANO

His Music, However, Is Often
Crude, Inexpressive and
at Times Incoherent.

By PHILIP HALE.

John Beach, pianist and composer, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Earl Cartwright, baritone. The programme was made up of songs and piano pieces by Mr. Beach. Mrs. Child sang "First Crocus," "Twas in a World of Living Leaves," "Autumn Song," "A Woman's Last Word" and "Is She Not Pure Gold." Mr. Cartwright sang a dramatic monologue, "In a Gondola." Mr. Beach played three intermezzi and "A Garden Fancy," "Monologue" and "Rhapsody."

Mr. Beach, I am told, studied here and in Europe. He has lived in the South and in the West, and now his dwelling place is Boston. There are agreeable measures in his monologue composed of excerpts from Browning's "In a Gondola." There are also some poetic ideas in the purely lyrical expression. There is little dramatic force or suggestion in the music that is intended to italicize the sinister allusions in the poem and to enlarge the tragic ending. The sensuousness of Venetian love is here pale or non-existent, and with the exception of the setting of music to the verses beginning "I send my heart up to thee" there is no establishment of a mood. Yet this monologue is on the whole the most striking of the compositions performed last night.

The piano pieces are incoherent ramblings. I do not say "ravings," for there may be something impressive in maniacal ravings. The mind disordered is tragic, though the words may be bombastic or wholly without sense. These piano pieces are without musical or rhetorical character. They have neither the careful finish of miniatures, say by Stephen Heller, nor the enchanting impressionistic effects of the ultra-modern Frenchmen.

Some might object to them because they are without form. By this they would mean orthodox form. For there are other forms in the world than those of the sonata and Pops's favorite measure. If there were any beauty in these pieces of Mr. Beach, however irregular, abnormal or morbid it might be, it would be a duty to recognize it and a pleasure to praise it. The composer may have had charming ideas in his mind when he girded up his loins to the task of putting them into tones. Either he had no definite ideas, or his technical skill was so weak and undeveloped that he was unable to put them into notation.

Here and there in the songs sung by Mrs. Child there were pretty thoughts, but for the most part there was no convincing musical expression of the poets' meaning. There was neither a persuasive

melodic line, nor were there tonal pictures in which the singer recited the suggestive verses. It is not a pleasant duty to speak frankly concerning the compositions of a young man who has evidently a sincere purpose and a praiseworthy ambition, but how wrong it would be, how injurious to Mr. Beach, to pass his concert by with a few conventional and unmeaning words, or to praise that which should not be praised.

Mr. Beach's ambition as a composer is at present far ahead of his technical expression. I do not think he is in any way a poseur. He is, no doubt, honest in his views of art. He feels music and endeavors to express his feeling. He is not yet prepared. A rigid course of study under a pedant would be of value to him. And let him ponder the necessity of rhythm, which he is now inclined to ignore or reject. Let him not despise the incalculable worth of a melodic line, though it may float on strange harmonic waves, or may lie undiscovered by the sworn admirer of the obvious.

Mr. Beach's music is not crude and incoherent because it is unconventional, but because the composer is neither persuasive nor authoritative in the presentation of ideas that are at times fanciful and charming, but as a rule are inherently crude and insignificant.

Mrs. Child sang with beauty of tone and with a fine appreciation of the poetic value of the verses by Henley, Rossetti, and Browning. Mr. Cartwright interpreted Browning's poem with good rhetorical effect.

There was a small but exceedingly friendly audience. Mr. Beach was heartily applauded at the end of the concert.

Men and Things

MAYOR F. P. STOY of Atlantic City said in court that no husband should live with his mother-in-law. This remark provoked rejoinders. One woman wrote to the mayor and said: "I know of good mothers-in-law, and one in question is keeping the worthless husband, and another is supporting the husband that is ill from hard work. There are scores of such cases and the fling is undeserved. There are a few bad mothers-in-law, just as there are bad politicians."

The mayor says his speech was not intended to be serious. It was probably his little joke. But these jokes on mothers-in-law and step-mothers are so old, so very old. Thales, one of the wise men of Greece, is recorded as saying: "In this mistake, however, I'm much of the youth's mind, who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit his step-mother, adding 'My throw is not lost, however.'"

There was a time when comic weeklies in this country contained hardly any other jests than those associated with the goat's indiscriminate greed, the farmer's treatment of summer guests, the awful presence of the mother-in-law, and spring house cleaning, especially the taking down and putting up of a stovepipe.

Mothers-in-law are to be encouraged, not abused. The great majority are unselfish, willing to be household drudges, ready to take the man's side in a domestic disagreement, probably because he is a man. They are often timid but sensible in suggestion. They are thoughtful even to their own discomfort. As for step-mothers, there are many children who, when they arrive at maturity, rise up and call them blessed.

We say this in spite of the old saws: "There is but one good mother-in-law, and she is dead"; "the best mother-in-law is she on whose gown the geese feed"; "the mother-in-law remembers not that she was once herself a daughter-in-law." Nor do we forget that "mother-in-law" is a name given to a mixture of "old" and "bitter" ale.

We read a few days ago of a young woman, characterized by the reporter as "popular" rather than "exclusive," who, knowing that she was about to die, asked her closest friend to play a dramatic song on the piano while she passed away. The friend did this, and the sick girl "exclaimed: 'Oh, how lovely!' and, closing her eyes, died." This reminds us of a motto prefixed to the first chapter of "Red Hand: A Tale of Revenge," by Artemus Ward. The motto was this: "Let me die to sweet music," and the saying was attributed to J. W. Shuckers.

Mottos to other chapters of this undeservedly forgotten romance, contributed to the Cleveland Plain Dealer in 1859 or 1860, are well worth republication.

"Go in on your muscle."—President Buchanan's instructions to the collector of Toledo.

"Westward the hoe of empire stars its way."—George N. True.

"The hope of America lies in its well conducted schoolhouses."—Bone.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want the Union to be reserved."—N. T. Nash.

A recent issue of the Plain Dealer says that first-class restaurant waiters in Cleveland are in the habit of dining in some other restaurant than the one in which they work; that they like to give orders and be waited on.

There is an old story, but it is always good. A man rushed into a restaurant and summoned the head waiter. "Is the cooking good here?" "We think it's the best in town, sir." "Let me see the landlord." "Very sorry, sir, but he's just stepped out to get his dinner."

Several journals, referring to the anniversary of George Meredith, comment on his striking resemblance to Bulwer Lytton. Thus is an old story revived, the one to the effect that among the children born to Bulwer were Meredith, Mrs. Braddon, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and James Thomson, the poet who wrote "The City of Dreadful Night."

One of the most interesting accounts of Meredith is the one written by the late Marcel Schwob, who visited him at his home in Surrey some years ago. Schwob spoke of Meredith's eyes of a deep blue, "eyes, which during the first minutes he spoke to me, were literally drunk with thought." Meredith said to him: "They pretend that the brain gets tired. Don't believe it. The brain never grows weary; it's the stomach that is overworked, and I was born with a bad stomach." He told Schwob that he leathed bells with their persistent rhythm.

Balzac, with tears in his eyes, announced to visitors the death of one of his characters, Lucien de Rubemp. Meredith's brain children were as dear to him. In his secluded workshop with a window which looked out on pine trees—"The brain needs darkness for the free movement of thought"—in this solitude of the cloister he wrote at their dictation. "When Harry Richmond's father first came to see me, when I heard the pompous speech of this son of a duke of royal blood and a 17-year-old play actress, I remember I fairly roared with laughter." As Meredith and Schwob talked together about Renee in "Beauchamp's Career," the former said: "Wasn't she a sweet girl? I think I am a little in love with her yet."

And Schwob made this acute criticism of Meredith: "His talk is like that of his characters who translate into English what they have thought in Italian, in German, or in French." Meredith thinks neither in English nor in any known language; he thinks in Meredith.

Feb 16 1908 WAS JOB A TENOR OR DRAGGY BASS?

Mere Beeper in Opera Not
Consistent with Beard
and Family Bible.

DEEP TONES NEEDED
FOR EFFECTIVE CURSE

Some Justification for Thin
Notes Found in Age
of Patriarch.

It was my intention to discourse amiably today concerning certain books, recently published, that treat of music in some of its entertaining forms. There is "The Appreciation of Music," by Messrs. Surrette and Mason. The ingenious authors, believing honestly that music should be appreciated, show how it can be appreciated even when it is apparently superfluous, vexing, or opposed to public morals. Then there is an anecdotal book by Mr. Edmundstone Duncan, "The Story of Minstrelsy," not negro minstrelsy—would that it were! Would that we had here an exhaustive treatise on negro minstrelsy from the time "Jim Crow" was danced grotesquely to that of the few survivors of a glorious period; but Mr. Duncan speaks of lutes and troubadours and tells stories of gallant knights and noble dames.

These and other amusing, didactic, and both didactic and amusing works should be reviewed at once, but an even more important subject is the question raised by the performance of Mr. Converse's "Job." The question is this—and it has been asked by many, "Should the music of 'Job' be sung by a tenor?"

Let me say, by the way, that I was



ERNEST SCHELLING PIANIST

grievously in error when I said last Wednesday morning that the music of Jehovah was sung at Worcester by Mr. de Gogorza. It was then sung by Mr. Frank Croxton. I know this for I was there and I saw and heard him do it. I also heard Mr. de Gogorza sing the music of Job's friend. I had a dim suspicion when I wrote the name of Gogorza, I should have written some other name. Mea culpa! I would not for the world rob Mr. Croxton of the honor, nor would I put an extra burden on the shoulders of Mr. de Gogorza by an act of carelessness. Singers are of a sensitive nature, more sensitive than Shelley's celebrated plant.

Was Job a tenor? There are two kinds of tenors; the heroic and the beeping. The latter word is not in any dictionary at hand, but it is a good word, admirably descriptive. The heroic tenor may bawl and howl and shriek. The German tenor has great staying power and he can do all this for three or four hours without the slightest evidence of physical injury or weakness. The beeper sings sweetly. He weeps gently in tones. The upper part of his voice is as the spray thrown by the Deluge hand fire engine above the Torrent's at the fireman's muster on the village green. The middle and lower tones are as a reel shaken by the wind. Do you not hear him? "Tis the flower from my angel mother's grave!" "She gave me a pretty red rose!"

"I'll sing thee songs of Arahay." "Touch the harp gently my—something or other—Louise."

"There's one little wish I have, love: See that my grave's kept green."

In private life the beeper wears a muffler and is passionately addicted to soda lemonade.

If Job was a tenor, he was certainly heroic, not a beeper.

How old was Job when Satan obtained permission to try him? We know that he then had seven sons and three daughters, 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, 500 she asses and a very great household, so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East. No young man could have had all this. We know that his sons were grown up, for they ate and drank in their own houses.

Job was along in years, for he said: "When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return." "When I prepared my seat in the Acet," the young men saw me, and hid themselves."

"The Lord had accepted Job," the patient man had 14,000 sheep, 6000 camels, 1000 yoke of oxen and 1000 she asses. Seven sons and three daughters, and all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job. These sons and daughters were born to him after the trials and temptations. Was he then an old man? There were giants in those days. "And after all this, lived Job an hundred and forty years. He died being old and full of days."

We are told by the melancholy Jacques that when the sixth age shifts into the lean and slipped pantaloons, the big, manly voice is turned again toward childish treble, and pipes and whistles. The old men in Gounod's "Faust" sing tenor. But we do not believe that Job was naturally a tenor.

The pictures in the old Bible may have prejudiced me in childhood. What one of us, remembering the illustrated Bible of years ago, is not unconsciously an anthropomorphist? The Lord is to him a venerable man, with a pontifical beard, seated on a cloud, or walking in a neatly trimmed garden and meeting Adam and Eve, to their great discomfiture. The men and women of the Old Testament are as real to us as those depicted in the well known as Uncle George, very hairy, and in his uniform of 1862. Noah's ark must have been exactly like the one the boy found Christmas morning. Then there was the gift-book that lay solemnly on the parlor table—"Women of the Bible"—or was the title "Ladies of the Bible"? It was a genteel age. I remember today a portrait of the Witch of Endor. She had a wild, fantastical beauty, and even as a boy, I found her fascinating and desirable, incomparably more attractive than her righteous, self-satisfied, smirking companions. In the old Bible pictures, Job was an old man, but his figure was muscular, and there was no suggestion of the tenor, either with or without a chest C. "Many a true word is spoken from the chest."

Or look over the pictures of Job imagined by William Blake. "Imagined?" It is not impossible that Blake saw Job and sketched him from memory. He saw spiritual appearances, or he thought he saw them, which is precisely the same thing. He took off his hat to St. Paul in Cheapside. He drew pictures of Moses, Julius Caesar, Cassabellanus, Edward III, as though each one in turn were sitting for him. See, for example, his



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portraits of the man who built the Pyramids, Edward I., and William Wallace. Blake saw also the ghost of a flea, and drew it in a blood-curdling manner.

Examine Blake's pictures of Job, from the first one in which he is portrayed as sitting with his interesting family under a tree, the boughs of which are decorated with musical instruments, to the final one in which he is plucking the strings of a harp while his second brood are singing lustily and playing harps, trumpets and pipes. What a magnificent old man! Look at him as he curses the day when he was born! Could that man have sung tenor? Perish the thought! No, Job should be a basso cantante with a superbly resonant organ, or at least a baritone with a fair bass compass. The friend, who in Mr. Converse's version stands for the advisers and miserable comforters, might well sing with a whining, malicious, sub-acid tenor, or with the smug tones of the conventional world.

Some have protested against Verdi's choice of a tenor to express the tumultuous rage of Othello. Verdi, writing the opera, had no doubt in mind the extraordinary voice of Tamagno, a voice that for the suggestion of physical impact, for animal vigor, was unrivalled. The ordinary tenor as Othello is a poor

thing, no matter how well he may sing according to the rules and regulations.

This controversy over the probable quality of Job's voice might end reasonably in a discussion of old-time views and practices. We know that the ancient Greeks sang; we also know that they sang well, for, as Messrs. Lemaire and Lavoix, the younger, remind us, they themselves said they sang well. In this respect singers are the same yesterday, today and forever. We have reason to believe that the old Egyptians preferred huge choruses to solo singers. The Assyrians delighted in high-pitched voices, the treble voices of women and boys. In his reliefs, Assyrian women pinch their throats with their hands as they sing to force the top notes, and Mr. Rowbotham tells us that this was the habit of Mongini, the Italian tenor, especially to be remarked in the duel scene in "The Huguenots." The Hebrews had their antiphonal choruses, but there were probably accomplished solo singers, and David was the virtuoso of his period.

The word "tenor," as used in the 15th and 16th centuries, had not the meaning it has today. In both sacred and profane music it was the part that sustained the melody on which other singers or another singer embroidered counterpoint, either written down or improvised. It held the middle part between the treble and the bass. This part was usually given on the European continent to a man with the naturally highest voice, and the name "tenor" (the holding, maintaining singer) was at last applied to the voice itself.

There was a time—about 1600—when tenors were highly valued, and some writers, as Cerone, lamented the fact that women should sing at all. But this opinion was by no means universal, for about the time that opera was born throughout Europe, there was Leonora Baroni, daughter to the beautiful Adriana of Mantua; Leonora, beloved for her art, so that a prodigious number of



EMIL MOLLENHAUER CONDUCTOR

verses were composed in her honor, and a volume of these verses in Latin, Greek, French, Italian and Spanish was published at Rome. Milton wrote an epigram in her praise, the epigram entitled "Ad Leonoram Romae canentem." And as a French player of the viol, one Aude Maugars, heard her at Rome in 1639 and described her, let us see what the qualities of a distinguished singer were in those days. I quote from a translation into English published in the edition of Bayle's Dictionary edited by Bernard, Birch and Lockman, and published at London in 1735:

"She has a fine genius, and an excellent judgment in distinguishing good from bad music; she understands it perfectly well, and even composes herself; which qualifies her to be mistress of what she sings and to pronounce and express the sense of the words perfectly well. She does not pique herself upon being a beauty; but she is not disagreeable, and no coquet (sic). She sings with a bold and generous modesty, and with a sweet gravity. Her voice is strong and has a great compass; it is just, sonorous, harmonious; she softens and raises it without any difficulty, and without making any grimaces. Her raptures and sighs are not wanton; her looks have nothing lascivious in them, and her gestures show a modesty that would become the chastest virgin. In passing from one tune" (should this be "tone"? "to another, she makes us sensible sometimes of the divisions of the enharmonic and chromatic kind, with so much address and elegance, that everybody is ravished with that beautiful and difficult manner of singing. She has no occasion to desire any person to assist her with a theorbo or viol, without one of which her singing would be imperfect, for she plays upon these two instruments perfectly herself. In short, I have had the pleasure of hearing her sing several times above 30 different airs, with the second and third couplets which she composed herself. I must tell you that one day she did me the particular favor of singing with her mother and her sister, her mother playing upon the lyre, her sister upon the harp and herself upon the theorbo. This concert composed of three fine voices and three different instruments surprised my senses in so strong a manner and raised such a rapture of pleasure in my mind that I forgot my mortal condition and imagined myself seated among the angels enjoying the happiness of the blessed in heaven."

Leonora's golden voice has long been choked with dust. She went the way of the operas in which she sang, of the men that praised her, of Cardinal Mazzarini that persuaded her to sing in Paris—yet her name is still preserved by the epigram of Milton and by the quaint praise of a viol player reckoned in his day as a surpassing virtuoso but half mad.

The reign of male sopranos and contraltos followed, the reign of the "Castrati." Many of them were marvellous artists, masters of emotion, in spite of Heine's famous and mocking verse. Their skill was of immense benefit to the art of song but at last the insolence of certain popular favorites did harm to composers, who were obliged to suit the whims and caprices of the spoiled darlings; it also debauched the taste of audiences. The tenor became of less and less account. The bass disappeared from grand opera. This voice was used for years only in light opera, but as the "Castrati" began to go out of fashion, their skill diminished, the basses and baritones toward the latter part of the 18th century began to take leading parts. They were employed occasionally, as in operas by Lully, before that time.

There were objections made to this employment. An excellent English critic of Italian opera in London from 1773 to 1834, the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, voiced opinion, when he wrote: "The generality of voices are (now) basses, which for want of better, are thrust up into serious operas. Where they used to only occupy the last place, to the manifest injury of melody, and total subversion of harmony, in which the lowest part is their peculiar province. These new singers are called by the novel appellation of 'basso cantante' (which by-the-by is a kind of apology, and an acknowledgment that they ought not to sing), and take the lead in operas with as much propriety as if the double-bass were to do so in the orchestra, and play the part of the first fiddle. A bass voice is too unbending and deficient in sweetness for single songs, and fit only for those of inferior character, or of the buffo style." And so forth, and so forth. This criticism was made apropos of operas performed between 1814 and 1823; operas by Mozart and Rossini were among them.

It has been said that Mozart was the first composer to recognize the fact that the baritone is the average and typical voice of man. Perhaps for this reason he made Don Giovanni and the Count baritones. Perhaps there was no

tenor in the companies for which he wrote. The fact remains that in many operas since the time of Mozart the baritone, or the basso cantante, is after all the dominating figure. The great tenors, Nourrit and Duprez, inspired composers to write operas for them. "Lucia," for example, was not written that a soprano might sing bravura passages with rolling eyes and straw in her hair; it was composed for the glory of Duprez.

It would be a pleasant task to look over the famous operas and compare the tenor, baritone, bass parts. In "Don Giovanni" the tenor, Don Ottavio, is highly moral and insignificant, a namby-pamby fellow with two pretty tunes. In "The Marriage of Figaro" both Figaro and the superb Count are baritones. "Lucia" was a tenor opera and it was long so considered even in this country, but Ashton is a close second in interest. In Meyerbeer's operas, Bertram, Nevers, Saint Bris, Marcel, Nelusko, Hoel, are

great figures in the operatic gallery, though Marcel is a good deal of a bore. What fine fellows sing baritone in Verdi's operas—our old friend the Count di Luna, Rigoletto, Renato, Amasro, Jago, Falstaff! In Wagner's "Ring" the hero, shabby one as he is, is Wotan, not Siegfried, not Siegmund, not Loge.

Yet it must be admitted that Saint-Saens, a shrewd soul, made Samson a tenor.

It is an interesting question. Personally I am of the opinion that Job had a deep bass voice, possibly one of the kind characterized as "draggy," but not a menagerie voice. I am led to this conclusion because I am prejudiced by the old pictures in the Bible, by Blake's illustrations, and from what we know about Job.

Nor should it be forgotten that today, as in the past, a composer often writes with a view to the character of the singers who will aid in performing his work.

Furthermore, there have been truly heroic tenors. The last great one was Tamagno. To him, goat-like and unrefined as he was in passages of lyric sentiment, Walt Whitman's lines might have been applied:

I hear the chorus; it is a grand opera; this indeed is music! A tenor large and fresh as the creation fills me. The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling me full.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Mechanics' Building, 8 P. M. Concert by a band of 325 musicians, led by Emil Mollenhauer. The concert is under the auspices of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association. Ernest S. Williams will be the solo cornetist. The programme will include the prelude to "The Mastersingers," "The Emperor," Schumann's overture to Rossini's "William Tell," prologue, Sullivan's "Golden Legend," selection from Verdi's "Don Carlos," "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The band will be composed as follows: 80 flat clarinets, 12 E flat clarinets, 35 cornets and trumpets, 2 tubas, 30 horns, 20 flutes, 30 trombones, 10 saxophones, 12 baritones, 10 string basses, 10 oboes, 10 bassoons, 10 tenor horns, 10 snare drums, 2 bass drums, 4 kettle drums.

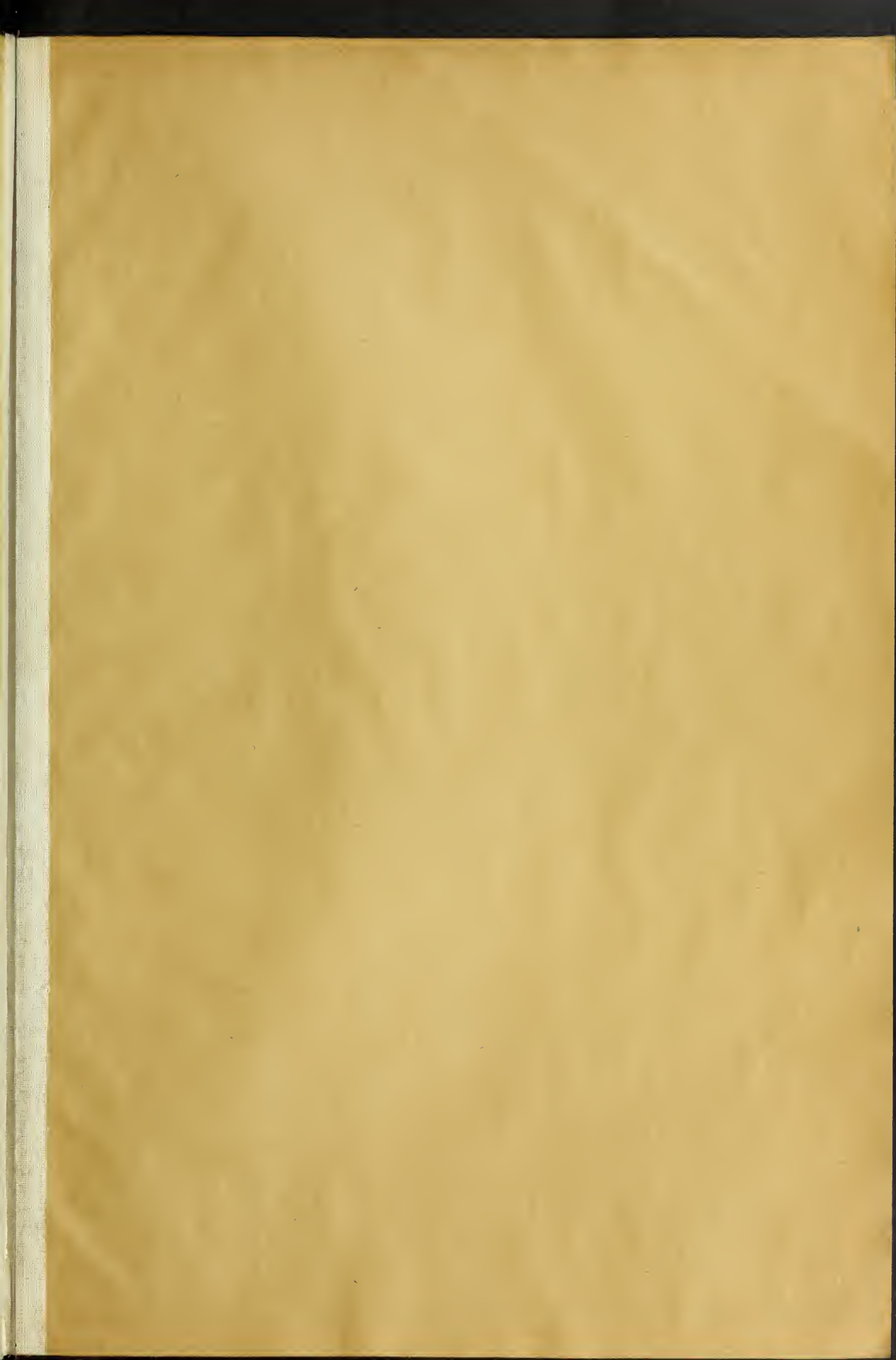
MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 3 P. M. Ernest Schelling's piano recital. Song recital by Cecil Fanning, baritone. Mr. H. B. Turpin, accompanist. Handel, aria from "Julius Caesar"; Schubert, "Der Wanderer," "Wohin"; Schumann, Two Venetian Songs; Grieg, "Ein Schwan," "Kidd Dance"; Strauss, "Caelelle"; Lowe, "Henry, the Fowler," "Edvard"; Debussy, "Vision Fugitive," from "Herodias"; old Irish, "The Minstrel Boy"; old Scottish, "Callie Herrin"; Campbell-Tipton, "If I Were King"; two songs from Liza Lehmann's opera, "Vicar of Wakefield," "With My Bible and My Staff," "The Mad Dog."

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Ernest Schelling's piano recital. Bach-Liszt, Fantasia and Fugue, G minor; Schumann, Fantasia, C major, op. 17; Chopin, Barcarolle, etude op. 27, No. 1; Polish song No. V, Ballade, A flat, Alkan, "Le Tambour bat aux Champs"; Paganini, "Tintements de clochettes"; Debussy, "Sonnet Dans Grenade," Toccata; Paderewski, Nocturne; Wagner-Liszt, "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde." Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fourth concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Cesar Franck, Larghetto and Scherzo from quartet in D major; R. Strauss, Sonata in F major for piano and cello, op. 6 (Mme. Katharine Goodson, pianist); Beethoven, Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Stephen Townsend's second song recital. Foote, "A Wanderer's Song," "The March Wind," "Autumn," "A Good Evening," Chadwick, "Thou Art to Me," Converse, "Canadian Serenade"; Lang, "The Sea Sings Low"; Eullard, "Beam from Yonder Star"; Barney McGee, "The Kavanagh"; Atherton, "Serenade"; Hill, "Bring Her Again, O Western Wind." Pierre de Provence to Magnelone the Fair; Johns, "Where Blooms the Rose"; Townsend, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"; Loud, "Heimweh"; Beach, "Ecstasy"; Clough-Leighton, "The Love of God"; Manney, "Daisies"; Apthorp, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat"; Hopekirk, "From the Hills of Dream." Thy Dark Eyes to Mine? Whelpley, "I Know a Hill," "O for a Breath of the Moorlands"; Colburn, "A Boy's Prayer," "O Like a Queen's"; Fisher, "O This Is My Departing Time."

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Musical entertainment by Leslie Harris of England. His first appearance in Boston. Piano pieces, "The March Wind," "Autumn," "A Good Evening," Chadwick, "Thou Art to Me," Converse, "Canadian Serenade"; Lang, "The Sea Sings Low"; Eullard, "Beam from Yonder Star"; Barney McGee, "The Kavanagh"; Atherton, "Serenade"; Hill, "Bring Her Again, O Western Wind." Pierre de Provence to Magnelone the Fair; Johns, "Where Blooms the Rose"; Townsend, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"; Loud, "Heimweh"; Beach, "Ecstasy"; Clough-Leighton, "The Love of God"; Manney, "Daisies"; Apthorp, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat"; Hopekirk, "From the Hills of Dream." Thy Dark Eyes to Mine? Whelpley, "I Know a Hill," "O for a Breath of the Moorlands"; Colburn, "A Boy's Prayer," "O Like a Queen's"; Fisher, "O This Is My Departing Time."

FRIDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First chamber concert by the Adamowski Trio. Gretschinoff, Piano Trio in C minor; Grieg, Sonata in F major, for piano and violin; Mozart, Piano Trio in B flat major (Peter's edition No. 2).





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